

\$4.25

RTD

A COUNTRY JOURNAL FOR GAY MEN EVERYWHERE

NO. 45 Winter 1985/6



THE INSIDE STORY

This issue has been rather slow in getting started for some reason, and it is a bit late getting done. But, is it somehow done. Unfortunately, Light was unable to help with this issue as he is working in Atlanta. I have been very active with a number of environmental issues in the area which has taken me away from lay out prep work. Thank heavens for Sister Missionary Position who calmly glided in and edited, typed and designed the feature all by himself. So, despite the lateness and lack of Light's beautiful lay out, I feel that we have assembled a substantive issue.

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If nothing else, we seem to have a strong message from the feature material that we need to look seriously at our diet and general health. Our standard American diet (SAD) is generally full of chemicals in additives and preservatives (=poisons) and low in nutrition. That, coupled with the extra stress we as gays living in a homophobic society have along with the frenetic lifestyle many gay males have in the bars, baths, and discos, has conspired to weaken us and make us vulnerable to this raging virus. Apparently the virus is not especially new, but our resistance to it is at an all-time low. So, let's reform our diets and clean up our acts.

I have been most heartened to have received so much financial help from my appeal in the last issue. I am happy to report that we are out of the immediate cash flow problem and can have some equipment repairs. I am banking on the usual renewals, of course, to continue the income, so we are not completely out of the woods yet. But the warm response to the need has been very encouraging.

On the home front, Michael will be leaving for Washington (see item on page 2), and I may be alone for a few months. I have been much too busy with my environmental work, but there is so much that seems to need my attention that it is difficult not to respond. It does little good to work to prepare a "sanctuary" for healing just to have it polluted with fallout from a hazardous waste incinerator (in the county), acid rain, denuded national forests (just above us), or a nuclear dump being placed nearby! I remain single but now have a kitty to add to the menagerie. The plans for the Meeting House are still working but not much has happened in the past three months. We hope to have something started this year, and will try to report on this project in the next issue.

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Ron Lambe
Michael Mason
Sr. Missionary Position

Cover photos by David Kwasigroh

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by Phillip Smith

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RUNNING
WATER
FALL
1985



by Phillip Smith



Michael Mason (pictured on the right) has been staying at Running Water this past year helping with the BBB Pen Pal Program and a lot of stone work among other helpful endeavors. Of special value has been the carving of memorial stones for our brothers who have died. The Meditation Grove is becoming a Memorial Grove, and some of the markers Michael has done have been photographed by Sr. Missionary P. Sition (see pages 29 & 30). The Union stone for the circle is both significant and timely for this feature and the times we all are living in. Michael will be moving on to Washington, DC for the next chapter of his life which holds great promise. He plans to continue his stone carving (and will take commissions) as well as his massage therapy. He will be missed but goes with blessings and thanks. His contributions at Running Water will endure as a testament to his loving and beautiful spirit.



photo by Mark Ansel Eddy

notices



FUTURE FEATURES:

- #46 Spring:** This feature is being done at Short Mt. Sanctuary in central Tenn. and will cover Dish(ing). Any thoughts on the fine art of dishing will be appreciated.
- #47 Summer:** This feature will be prepared in Atlanta and will cover Friendships. Any thoughts on this subject will be appreciated.
- #48 Fall:** This feature will be comprised of reprints from Wiggansnatch, another outrageous little journal.

We welcome groups to prepare feature sections in RFD. It is a wonderful way for groups and individuals to be creative around an issue of concern or their locality. Write for details.

CORRECTIONS:

In the last issue, #45, we misspelled Kevin Roberson's name. It should be ROBERSON, not "Robinson". Sorry, Kevin.

U. S. POSTAL INFORMATION

U.S. Postal Service Statement of Ownership, Management, and Circulation (Required by 39 USC 3685).

RFD (publication #073010-00) is published quarterly (four issues per year). Annual subscription price is \$12.00. The office of publication is at Rt. 1 Box 127-E, Bakersville, NC 28705; the Managing Editor is Ron Lambe. RFD is owned by Gay Community Social Services, PO Box 22228, Seattle, WA 98112. There are no bond holders, mortgages, or other security holders. RFD is authorized to mail at special rates (Section 132.122 PSM) and the purpose, function, and non-profit status of this organization and the tax exempt status for Federal Income Tax purposes have not changed during the preceding twelve months.

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I.T.

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DANNY BASK
ISSUE #93

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RFD

A COUNTRY JOURNAL FOR GAY MEN EVERYWHERE

Winter 1985/6 XII no.2

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Participation in this journal does not necessarily indicate any particular sexual orientation.





Dear RFD:

Last night as I sat eating a TV dinner and reading RFD, I stumbled on to page 50 and Mark McNease's Pastels. Lord--there were tears and a longing to reach out and touch and hold this man--to share with him, to know with him, to feel with him exactly how and what he felt. I've been there, too; I held my mate's hand when he died.

His Pastels was a sensitive expression of what it is like to end a relationship in a positive glorious way. He is fortunate to have shared a relationship with another being that at times was difficult but always worth working for and to finally share with that man that ultimate love experience, death.

When I dealt with the death of my mate, I was surrounded by his family, my family and friends. There was love and caring from all of them. But there was that loneliness, that aloneness that comes only from having lost a part of oneself. I congratulate Mark for his courage and his insight into a subject and an experience that we too often hesitate to discuss but which hopefully we will all have the opportunity to share. Indeed, "Why would anyone wear black to say goodbye?"

Sincerely,

Jerry Stamps, Arkansas

Dear Editors & Chas. Creekmur,

Thanks for the very nice review of Crowstone. Ordinarily I never respond to reviews, good or bad, but in this case I wanted to explain why the price of the book has to be so high; I quite sympathize with the complaint against its expense, but the realities of publishing demand it; that is to say, Coltsfoot, Ltd. of Amsterdam does not charge \$12.50 for a paperback simply because they are greedy pornographers out to squeeze the last guilder from their readers.

...The book has to be expensive because its potential readership is small... Most bookstores will not carry their books... in short, Coltsfoot is reduced largely to selling by direct mail and [is] deprived of

almost all other markets. As a result, their unit cost on each book is depressingly high...

So please allow me to remind your readers again that it's available from Spartacus/Coltsfoot, Box 3496, NL-1001 Amsterdam, [Netherlands] and urge them not to wait till it appears in their local library - which will be never (or not until hell freezes over, anyway).

RE: the boy/love controversy, hail to comrade Adam Selene who has said it all and put it righteously; as for the rest of the fools who wrote you: doesn't it make them a bit uneasy to find themselves so staunchly in agreement with the Rev. Fallout, the Cowboy Pinhead, Mrs. Florida Orange, Mary Whitehouse, and all the Kill-A-Queer-For-Christ Brigade?

Peace,

Hakim Bey, Amsterdam

Dear brothers:

I was very disappointed to see the sixteen page spread in the fall '85 issue on the New Alliance Party. My appreciation for the work of political activism is tempered in this case by the MAP's purported links to the Lyndon LaRouche crazies who sit in the airports and day after day declare that the only way to "peace and security" with the Soviets is by building Star Wars and nuking them off the face of the planet!

I am for pluralistic representation in politics, but I am reminded that Jesse Jackson did not actively seek out gays/lesbians but, rather, only added a lavender stripe to the "rainbow coalition" under pressure. I fault the two major parties for forsaking any kind of human rights ideals that they might have had, but I do not see how the New Alliance Party's recent all-out attempts to recruit gays, Latino/as, and blacks in Chicago (as well as elsewhere) are going to help, unless they build bridges with the powers that be, and not simply criticize.

We must stand up and speak out for the rights of all persons, wherever we find ourselves, and with whatever label we are defined. We do not need any one group (not just the NAP, but the two major parties, also) to tell us how to do it.

Please continue your excellent work, my brothers, but do be aware that there are somewhat better alternatives around than the NAP. For instance, has anyone sought out any of the Green organizations for information? They are much more spiritually oriented and have been receptive to human rights for gays/lesbians from the start, as well as being committed to self-determination, universal ap-

plication of ecology as a philosophy, feminism, social responsibility, and non-violence at every level.

I love RFD, but please continue your radical faerie consciousness/spirituality oriented content.

Shanti,

Jim Lovette, Illinois

Dear RFD,

Thank you, thank you, thank you for the little HOT drawings...they really helped keep my attention while reading Ed Schreiber and Willie Lewis' Gays Facing Fascism Feature (RFD #44) [Quite an accomplishment at my age [40]...yawn...oops]. My first response to their section is that it's good to know we still have BALLS! I've wondered a few times recently if we hadn't lost them...well, maybe only misplaced them, like a transvestite looking for his tits.

So, Ed and Willie, I want to thank you for reporting to your gay country brethren about the trend toward fascism, and the general atmosphere of repression that's growing in the cities, where things had seemed to be loosening up. But I have to come back and ask you, my dears: What do you think we can do about it? I'm not being ornery, I simply somehow missed what you want me to do.

I claim to still want to be of some melp in the struggle for EVERYBODY'S FREEDOM. But, there aren't many blacks or Latinos in the rural North to be friends with, and the lesbian women and gay men in my area are just beginning to meet. I can't believe that the political approach will do much about the problems you call to our attention. It's a matter of the general awareness in our society. And I'm not about to let paranoia nor my own guilt for not feeling it, lure me back into the belly of the beast...when my move to the country was bought at so dear a price. I quit the job in the city and left a secure environment in an effort to save my psychic self. In that sense, I guess I am a survivalist. But I'm willing to take some chances; to try to be my real person each day OUT HERE.

In the country, one learns to have different expectations. Try to live more simply and require less. Be independent. Even most so-called rednecks follow the motto "Live and let live." If what you are trying to warn us about is going to happen, do you think the city is the right place to be? If I am all wet, please let's try to see what we can do about it. And please believe that WE (I) CARE ABOUT WHAT IS HAPPENING.

Sincerely yours,

Bill Murphy, Wisconsin

Dear RFD,

A letter by John Galt in your summer issue (#43) mentions the magazine minor PROBLEMS. As its editor I have ten to thank him (and RFD) for the appeal to support us. Sure we're glad about any help we can get, the more so as we're just now busy preparing its relaunch in a much improved format for 1985.

Unfortunately, John's way of putting things might have caused some confusion. By quoting mP apropos the controversy about NAMBLA (an organization we're fully supportive of) in RFD and listing it together with other mags (not all of which we'd necessarily have a predilection for) he might have given the impression as if ours would be a boy-love publication, too. Not so! minor PROBLEMS is an international review about free childhood and child/adult relations in the broadest possible sense without any self-limitation to sexual issues which I think to be important but not all-that-important in the context of childhood. Certainly we do have a gay and radical bias - but shouldn't the two be synonymous, anyway?

So, if you wish to help those in immediate danger, look at the other names on John's list. But, if you are genuinely interested in children and an uncensored discussion of their issues, ask us for more information.

Mick Licarpa, editor
minor PROBLEMS
POB 196
GB - London N4 4DN



Dear RFD,

In my area recently, a coach was sentenced to one year in the county jail plus three years probation for having sex with a 17-year old female student. Similar 'crimes' involving boys usually get several consecutive ten year sentences in the state prison. This type of injustice is what NAMBLA was founded to combat. In many cases the relationship was a loving, caring, beautiful thing, often initiated by the minor. Police actions in such cases, by contrast, are usually degrading and damaging.

NAMBLA (The North American Man/Boy Love Association) does not advocate or promote any illegal activity. We are primarily an educational organization. Adam Selene in your Fall 1985 issue discussed this point very well. There will always be boys who want and need older sexual partners. Informed consent will always be an issue. NAMBLA works to inform, and to make such relationships safe for all partners.

Sincerely,

Bob Thatcher, Arizona

Dear (RFD),

...The series of letters on man-boy love has certainly aroused interest as the letters from the readers indicate. The writers had knowledge and feelings that did not come from Falwell and other authorities of his ilk. I wonder what the straight reaction would be to learning that gays do disagree amongst themselves. Michael Hile spoke not only with more expertise than most experts and certainly more movingly. I hope you continue the discussion. I would enjoy reading articles by your subscribers about their rural lives...

Yours truly,

Cecil Bethea, Colorado



Dear RFD,

It is beneath me to reply to hate-mongering letters such as Tom Hudson's (RFD #42). Your decision to print it is what worries and puzzles me. By publishing hate literature you are engaging in censorship; legitimate letters don't get printed and the real issues become obfuscated by such fanatical attacks.

Mr. Hudson admits that as a boy of 14 he was tortured by thoughts and longings to fondle, undress, kiss, and caress a male teacher. Perhaps if someone had been there to love him he would not be so filled today with self-loathing and hatred towards others.

But it is not Tom Hudson I indict: it is the entire Gay movement. It is a movement without leadership or morality. Instead of courage of conviction we are offered political expediency. Whether it be boylovers, lesbian, S & M, drag queens, etc., we are all subject to the whims of Gay politics. It is therefore no surprise that the overwhelming majority of gay men (especially boylovers) reject Gay liberation and remain closeted. For it's not fear that shackles us, it's the lack of a viable alternative.

I remain firmly convinced that the common bond that unites Gays is the pain we all experienced as Gay youths. For anyone to claim that Gay liberation is not responsible to Gay youths is to commit Santayana's sin, "Those who cannot remember their past are condemned to repeat it."

James McGrath, Minnesota

[Editor's note: I can't think of a single letter we have not published especially dealing with this issue and our intention is to be a forum for honest discussion. The logic of publishing as censorship evades me.]

I don't agree with NAMBLA as an organization or for their so-called statements that a child of 10 or 11 is a consenting adult. Whether or not there is actual force, it can be implied that a child is wrong to deny an adult's pleasure. To say that a child of 10 consented to have sex with an adult of even 21 does not say what his reasons were. Most of us have heard: "You want to make Daddy or Mommy happy, don't you? Then go up and kiss Aunt Matilda and give her a big hug." Now if the child were afraid of Aunty M., he/she is being coerced by the adults to go against his/her own feelings.

Then too, the statement that 10, 11, or 12 year olds can have consensual sex makes me wonder where it will stop. Will infants be subject to sex with elders? I say that responsible adults should say when a child is old enough to reason and consent of his own free will to an act. Of course, there are exceptions to this.

Now, if these men who want to help children so much could put their sexual interest on the shelf and deny the children (even if initiated by them) from having sex with their elders until they were of age, and provide the children a stable home and loving relationship, fine! But leave the sex out of it.

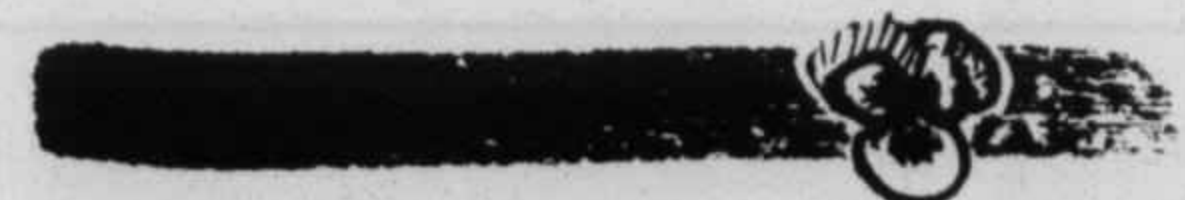
There are an awful lot of sexually abused kids out there who are growing into scared adults. Let's try to help not make more of them.

As for the guy who has cancelled his subscription to RFD because of the NAMBLA letters and articles, just because a magazine prints an article or letter that conflicts with your views, it does not mean that the magazine is condoning or rejecting that issue. I'd rather see an editor let me see the articles so I can make up my own mind.

Oh, for the people who would say I don't know what I am talking about, I, too, have been in love with young men 16 and 18 when I was in my 20s. But I didn't try to get the laws changed to approve of my sexual partners. I prefer to see these boys as men, not as children.

One last thing; I just love seeing these ads from older guys stating the discrimination on ageism and then stating at the end: 50 - 75 yrs. want 19 - 25 yrs. only. Ha! What about someone their own age? Sure, we all want a certain age group usually, but don't yell about something then turn around and do exactly what you have protested against.

Jim Whipkey, West Virginia



RIGHT WING ATTACKS ON N. Z. GAYS

In March of 1985, the Homosexual Law Reform Bill was introduced into the New Zealand Parliament. This bill would decriminalize homosexuality and include sexual orientation in the N.Z. Human Rights Act. On its first reading (three readings are necessary for passage) the bill passed with a large majority.

To the surprise of the lesbian and gay community, a well organized and financed attack against the bill was launched by four MPs and by right wing religious groups. A petition opposing the bill is being taken door to door throughout N.Z. by the Salvation Army.

Many people including gays and lesbians have been pressured into signing the petition in workplaces for fear of losing their jobs, and 60% of the students at a teachers training college signed under threat of being considered unsuitable as teachers if they did not. A climate of homophobia is being created which is intimidating people who are called "anti-petition."

"We think," said Alison J. Laurie, spokesperson for the Gay Task Force of N. Z., "that this campaign is being financed and organized by U.S. fundamentalist groups including the Salvation Army. Apart from the use of American material, the sums of money involved and the style of the campaign bear all the hallmarks of U.S. moral imperialism. Furthermore, it is hardly coincidental that this campaign was started so soon after N.Z.'s implementation of our anti-nuclear policy which forbids U.S. naval vessels carrying nuclear weapons access to our ports."

Laurie asks, "Is the U.S. religious right attempting to destabilize the N.Z. government by scapegoating gays and lesbians?" Leslie Cagan, Program Coordinator of the Mobilization for Survival concludes, "The accumulating evidence and the record of U.S. interventions around the world lead to the conclusion that the involvement of the U.S. government in this matter is not out of the question."

Mobilization for Survival recommends interested people to write N.Z. Prime Minister David Lange (Parliament House, Wellington, N.Z.) in support of N.Z.'s nuclear weapons policy and for his continued support of the Homosexual Law Reform Bill.

ANTI-NUKE PEACE MARCH

The Great Peace March hopes to start 5,000 walking east on March 1, 1986 from Los Angeles over 3,000 miles and eight months to carry the message nuclear disarmament for PRO-Peace. Write: PRO-Peace, 8150 Beverly Blvd. #301, Los Angeles, CA 90048.



DUTCH CONSIDER AGE OF CONSENT 12

The Dutch government is considering lowering the age of sexual consent from 16 to 12 years. Proposed legislation would make it legal for adults to have sex with minors as young as 12, as long as the minors had not been coerced or seduced with gifts or promises. The bill will be submitted to Parliament in February as part of an overall reform of Dutch sex laws. The new package of legislation also would make rape between married partners a criminal offense.

SWEDISH ASYLUM FOR PERSECUTED GAYS

Gays who face persecution in their home countries will be granted political asylum, the government of Sweden has decided.

A report to the Swedish Parliament and government also recommends a constitutional amendment barring anti-Gay discrimination, and would allow common law marriage for couples living together.

The Netherlands is considering several recent requests for political asylum, including one from a member of the Pedophile International, a boy lover, who faces prosecution in his home country, the United Kingdom.

NUCLEAR-FREE SOUTH SEAS

Australia, New Zealand, and six small South Pacific island states have signed a treaty declaring most of the Pacific Ocean south of the equator a nuclear-free zone.

The agreement, called the Treaty of Raratonga, bans ownership, use, stationing or testing of nuclear devices and the dumping of nuclear waste in area defined by the treaty. At the same time, it allows individual governments to decide whether to permit port visits by nuclear-capable ships.

Other signers of the treaty are Western Samoa, Tuvalu, Niue, Fiji, the Cook Islands and Kiribati.

The Raratonga Treaty is the fifth international nuclear-free zone treaty. The others cover Latin America, the Antarctic, outer space and the seabed. For more information, write: Nuclear Free America, 2521 Guilford Ave., Baltimore, MD 21218.

PROPOSED PEACE TAX FUND

A proposed Peace Tax Fund would require conscientious opponents of war to pay taxes but money otherwise earmarked for the military would go into a special trust fund to finance peace research, retraining of workers displaced by conversion of war industries, and other causes. Fifty members of Congress have already been signed up as co-sponsors. Write: Peace Tax Fund Campaign, 2121 Decatur Pl. NW, Washington, DC 20028.

GAY MEN GOOD FATHERS

The Department of Family Studies at the University of New Mexico reports that gay fathers tend to nurture their children more than non-gay fathers. The finding came in a study presented at the First International Symposium of Parenting.

The study also found that gay and non-gay mothers were similar in their approach to child rearing. The study concluded that there is "no indication that being gay and being an effective parent are incompatible."

GAY VIOLENCE STUDY

In a recent comparison of seven independent anti-gay/lesbian violence surveys, NGTF Violence Project Coordinator Kevin Berrill found that the results of the surveys had a high degree of correlation with one another.

The Project found that 20% of gay men and 10% of lesbians have been physically abused because of their sexual preference. Over 90% of the respondents reported having experienced some type of homophobia-motivated victimization. Results from the NGTF survey were used to gain support for a California bill protecting lesbians and gay men from bias-motivated violence and harassment. The bill was signed into law last year.

NATIONAL GAY TASK FORCE

The Board of Directors of the NGTF approved of a move to Washington, DC, a name change, and a \$500,000 budget for the fiscal year 1986. The budget proposes to retire the organization's debt. The board reluctantly rejected a proposal to merge with the Gay Rights National Lobby because the current combined debt would be too great for the new entity. The board also approved in principle changing the name of the organization to the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force; legal technicalities will have to be resolved before the new name can go into use.

The Board also voted to hold its future meetings in different cities around the country.



NATIVE AMERICAN ACTIVIST APPEAL

According to the General Defense Committee, the US government is trying to fence 400 miles of Big Mountain in the Four Corners area of the Southwest, and remove some 14,000 Hopi and Navajo in order to open the region's vast and valuable mineral deposits to commercial exploitation. The government is facing a determined direct action campaign by residents determined to keep their homes. The General Defense Committee has been circulating a petition opposing this action. Write: GDC, Box 6130, Kansas City, KS 66106.

PLANETARY CITIZENS

Planetary Citizens' Security Alternatives program is designed to create change at both the policy level and the personal level, and to activate individual participation. A series of meetings are planned with leaders in the areas of disarmament, international law, peaceful settlement of disputes, the United Nations, and international peacekeeping. A parallel process will be directed at groups and individuals. Upon completion of these efforts, a joint report will be shared with the world's leaders and the general public. Anyone interested in participating in the program should write: PC, PO Box 2722, San Anselmo, CA 94960.

EARTHBROTHERS JOURNAL

Brothersong is a journal for Brothers of the Earth. It focuses on exploring a positive, non-sexist, earth-centered spiritual path for males. It is published quarterly on the Solstices and Equinoxes at \$10 (\$12 for foreign). Single issues are \$2.50. Write: Brothersong, PO Box 13158, Minneapolis, MN 55414.

MISSISSIPPI GAY GROUP CHARTERED

In an important victory won earlier this summer, Lambda Legal Defense and Education Fund, Inc. succeeded in obtaining a corporate charter for a gay/lesbian civil rights group, the Mississippi Gay Alliance, which had been denied a charter because the word 'gay' was in its title.

The Attorney General had originally refused the charter by citing Section 97-29-59 of the 1972 Miss. Code. The Attorney General's office finally bowed to pressure from Lambda, the firm of Baer, Marks & Upham, and Eddie Sandifer and members of MGA.

ALTERNATIVE AND RADICAL PUBLICATIONS

Over 300 periodicals comprise a list of alternative and radical publications for \$2.00 from The Alternative Press Center, PO Box 33109, Dept. L, Baltimore, MD 21218.



TOXIC TIME BOMB

A new report by the World Resources Institute, "Field Duty: U.S. Farmworkers and Pesticide Safety", estimates that pesticides cause illness among more than 300,000 farmworkers in the U.S. each year. In California, the number of agricultural workers poisoned by pesticides has doubled over the past decade. The number of casualties, notes the report, stands in stark contrast to the Environmental Protection Agency's one-person "Farmworker Safety Unit."

Meanwhile, the New Internationalist reports that the number of pesticide poisonings worldwide has been grossly underestimated. New data from individual countries brings the world total to as many as 1.5 to 2 million accidental poisonings annually - double previous estimates.

Field Duty is available for \$3.50 from World Resources Institute, 135 New York Ave., Washington, DC 20006.

NUMBER OF FARMS DROP

The US Dept. of Agriculture reports that the number of farms in the nation declined nearly 2% in the past year, to an estimated 2.2 million, and the average size of remaining farms rose.

NATURAL SWIMMING POOLS

There is a 14-year old company in Miami that builds natural swimming pools with fresh or salt water that stay clean and clear without chlorine or other harsh and harmful chemicals. It took them six years of experimenting to get the right balance of aeration, design, nutrients, and filtration. The process is similar to an aquarium's under-gravel filter.

The first pool built 14 years ago is still working. As the system ages, the water actually becomes cleaner than its original source. Write: Alternative Environments, 12806 Southwest 122nd Ave., Miami, FL 33257.

AQUACULTURE BILL

The House of Representatives has passed a bill to reauthorize the National Aquaculture Act of 1980. The law established a national development plan designed to stimulate and encourage the growth of the aquaculture industry and provide coordination for domestic aquaculture efforts.

FARMERS BUY LESS MACHINERY

U.S. farmers are expected to buy \$6.4 to \$6.6 billion of new and used farm machinery this year, compared with \$7.3 billion in 1984. The estimate is down significantly from projections because of the continued weak farm economy.

PASSIVE HEAT STORAGE

The eternal dream of putting away summer's warmth for winter use can become a reality writes John Hait in Passive Annual Heat Storage - Improving the Design of Earth Shelters. Hait claims he can amass sufficient heat in the dirt surrounding an earth shelter by insulating over a distance of 20 feet from the house. The insulation also serves as an umbrella to stop water from carrying away heat after a rain. Hait's technology is certainly soft: no heat pumps, fans or chemicals. It's not the answer for the owner of the average home, but passive annual heat storage (which becomes cold storage for summer use) has always tempted seekers of self-reliance. The book sells for \$14.95. Write: Rocky Mt. Research Center, PO Box 4694, Missoula, MT 59806.

URBAN HELP FOR GROWERS

City food consumers can come to the rescue of rural growers under ARABLE, an Association for Regional Agricultural Building the Local Economy that has been started in Oregon's Southern Willamette Valley. Members open savings accounts that serve as the basis of ARABLE loans to local farmers to keep food dollars in the local economy. Write: ARABLE, PO Box 5230, Eugene, OR 97405.

SUPERFUND

The House Ways and Means Committee is attempting to devise a way to finance the \$10.1 billion five-year Superfund proposal, which funds the cleaning up of hazardous waste sites around the country.

Of interest to farmers was an amendment approved in the Judiciary Committee which establishes a citizen suit provision permitting citizens or responsible parties to sue the government during a clean-up if violations of law are alleged. The amendment, specifically prohibits suits from being brought to abate the normal application of pesticides and fertilizers. The amendment clarifies the Superfund law by excluding pesticides from the definition of a release and stating that no action may be brought with respect to any release or threatened release resulting from the application of a pesticide product registered under FIFRA or subject to an exemption order by EPA. Fertilizers are already exempt from the definition of a release under current law.



DISABLED GAYS

A network of disabled lesbians and gay men has formed to provide a national and possibly international penpal service and supportive space for interested participants. For more information, write: D. C. Burnet-Focht, PO Box 3308, Teaneck, NJ 07666. Enclose \$1 for a list of prospective penpals.



GAY (EAST)INDIAN GROUP

A couple of men have formed a support group for gay people from the Indian subcontinent. The name of the group is TRIKON which means triangle in Sanskrit. Their goal is to put gay people of the subcontinent in touch with each other to form a support network. Indians, Pakistanis, Bangla Deshis, Nepalis, Tibetans, Bhutanis, Sri Lankans - all have a lot in common and much to share. Write: TRIKON, Box 60536, Palo Alto, CA 94306.



GAY GROUP IN URUGUAY

Scorpio Foundation (Fundacion Escorpio) is the first and only group of "Homosexual Action and Defense" in Uruguay. The goals are the defense of gay rights, integration within society without discrimination, and the development of serious homophile studies. They have written information bulletins and made some radio and TV interviews. They are seeking information, publications, or ideas from other organizations. Write: Fundacion Escorpio Del Uruguay, CC 10.752, Montevideo, Uruguay.



WISCONSIN GAY RURAL PROJECT

Rural Outreach Project is a new program designed to locate and assist lesbians and gays in southwestern Wisconsin. The primary focus is to make available constructive alternatives to the isolation and loneliness which many encounter in a rural setting. The immediate goal is to help persons organize themselves into social groups and support networks. The project has a newsletter, "Entre Nous". The parent organization is The Madison Community United.

Baraboo Area Gays and Lesbians (BAGAL) is one of the local social/support groups that have grown out of the efforts of the Project. For information on BAGAL, write: PO Box 31, Baraboo, WI 53913.

For information on Rural Outreach Project, write: PO Box 310, Madison, WI 53701.



MEN'S PENPAL CLUB

United Brothers is a worldwide penpal club for men only and considers itself to be not just a club but a family. For information, send a self-addressed, stamped legal envelope to: United Brothers, PO Box 1733, Louisville, KY 40201.



GAY RAIL FANS

Hotbox is a national organization of gay rail fans. They are about 200 strong, spread across the country and welcome inquiries. Write: Hotbox, PO Box 67, Florence, OR 97439.



GAY COMPUTER CONTACT SERVICE

The Gay Alliance is a subsection of The Human Sexuality SIG (Special Interest Group) on COMPUSERVE, one of leading and most rapidly growing "Information Utilities" available via a local phone call in most cities (and a toll call in rural areas). Access is gained by means of a personal computer connected to regular telephone lines using a MODEM.

The Human Sexuality SIG is practically an around the clock "rap" group which discusses areas of personal concern to participants, as well as being just a safe way to meet people. Members of the Alternatives group (there are ten subsections) engage in transvestism, fetishism, and a wide range of other options. The group is for people 16 and over. The Gay Youth group is for people ages 16 to 21.

One gains admittance by simply requesting membership, once you have figured out your equipment (computer, software, and modem). Compuserve's toll-free information number is: 1-800-848-8199.



PAGAN NETWORKING

A Pagan Strength Web has recently formed to protect religious freedom for Wiccans and other Pagans. The Web emerged this fall to fight Federal legislation aimed at denying tax exempt status to groups with any connection with Witchcraft. The great response from Pagans and others protesting this attack on religious freedom helped kill the Helms Amendment. However, similar measures are still pending in the House Ways and Means Committee.

Those interested in hooking up with the Strength Web or supporting the effort should write: c/o Circle, Box 219, Mt. Horeb, WI 53572.

GAY MEN'S CO-OP IN ENGLAND

Wild Lavender is a housing co-op for gay men in the north of England. They have been meeting with other gay men interested in nurturing, growth, intimacy, and communality. They hosted two week-long gatherings in Scotland and are also working on other projects including the coordinating of a national register of Alternative Holistic Practitioners and Healers to deal with gay men particularly in relation to the AIDS crisis. Write: Wild Lavender, 1 Vicars Rd., Leeds, West Yorkshire, England LS8 5AS.



GAY COMPUTER TRAVEL SERVICE

The Backroom Computer Bulletin Board System of Kew Gardens, Queens recently expanded the facilities available by bringing "on-line" the country's first exclusively gay computer travel service, Fast Fred's Travel-Data. This new facility puts subscribers in touch with a resident gay travel advisor who is totally versed in most of the popular gay resort destinations.

Anyone with a home computer and a modem can access The Backroom by dialing the "board's" phone number (718) 849-6699 using either the 300, 1200, or 2400 baud modem setting.



BI-SEXUAL NETWORK

Discussions are now under way between the newly organizing "Double Fun" International Bisexual Support Network and a non-profit community center in Long Beach to correlate with their already offered services. For more information, call: (213) 434-3089.



GAY LEFTISTS IN BOSTON

Red Hearts seems to have got its start in San Francisco with a series of monthly potluck Sunday brunches providing a friendly gathering place for leftward-leaning gay men. They are now meeting in Boston on the second Saturday of the month. For more information on this group and how you can start such a group in your own area, write: Birch Paul, PO Box 105, Cambridge, MA 02140.



GAY PAGANS ON MOTORCYCLES

A small group of gay men and lesbians in Minneapolis have formed a new motorcycle club, The Black Riders. They are witches and pagans and will be sponsoring an annual run called W.O.W. (Witches On Wheels) and will begin publishing a small newsletter for those who believe that spiritual development and sane S&M, bondage, leather, etc. need not be mutually exclusive. Sample copies of the newsletter, "The Crucible", will be available later for \$1. Contributions are sought for the publication. Write: Panman, The Black Riders, PO Box 80053, Minneapolis, MN 55408.



workshops

SOUND, MUSIC AND THE HEALING LIGHT

A workshop at the Rowe Conference Center in western Massachusetts on Jan. 17-19 will be held for those who want to deepen their work with sound and music as a healing modality for physical, psychological and spiritual well being. Previous experience with Molly Scott & Sarah Benson or similar training is required. Molly and Sarah are co-founders of the Heart Sound Center for Music and Health. Write: Rowe Conf. Center, King's Hwy. Rd., Rowe, MA 01367; or call (413) 339-4216.

TRANSFORMATION THROUGH IMAGINATION

On Jan. 31 - Feb. 2 there will be a workshop at the Rowe Conference Center in western Mass. for those who wish to work with gestalt and art techniques to engender an environment supportive of personal transformation. The workshop will be led by Marion London, a psychologist, and Peter London, an artist and is involved in Expressive Therapies. Write: Rowe Conf. Center, King's Hwy. Rd., Rowe, MA 01367.

POST AND BEAM CONSTRUCTION

Timber frame builder and author Jack Sobon will lecture on traditional post-and-beam construction, work techniques and the future outlook of this time honored craft at the Woodcraft Catalog Outlet Store in Woburn, Massachusetts. Pre-registration deadline is Feb. 21, 1986, and the workshop will be held at 1 PM on March 8, 1986. Write: Barbara Lev- esque, Woodcraft, 313 Montvale Ave., Woburn, MA 01888.

DESERT STATES CONFERENCE

"Pride in Diversity, Strength in Unity" will be the theme of the 2nd Desert States Lesbian and Gay Conference to be held in Phoenix, Arizona on April 4 - 6, 1986. The Desert States have been defined as New Mexico, Arizona, Nevada, Utah, and Colorado.

Workshops during the three-day conference will address both personal and political concerns of the lesbian and gay community in the nation and the region. Also, nationally prominent speakers, and a number of social events will highlight the weekend's activities. Write: David Lilly, ALGTF, PO Box 1405, Tempe, AZ 85281.

conferences

GAY SPIRITUALITY CONFERENCE

A Conference on Gay Spirituality will be held January 24-26, 1986 at the Shared Visions Center in Berkeley, California. The conference will include talks, workshops, and panel discussions concerning the special contributions of Gay people to spiritual work and the connection between Gay sexuality and spirituality. Representatives of many spiritual traditions have been invited to participate. These include Zen, Yoga, Buddhism, Christianity, Sufism, and Judaism as well as independent New Age spiritual practitioners.

The conference is being sponsored by the River Zen Group directed by Zen Master, Tundra Wind and the Tayu Center directed by Daniel Ennis. Write: COGS, PO Box 11554, Santa Rosa, CA 95406.

FIRST ASIAN GAY CONFERENCE

The first Asian Gay Conference is scheduled to take place in Tokyo April 30 - May 3, 1986. The program will include films, and exhibition on homosexuality, art, photography, video programs, stage performances, and workshops. Write: Teishiro Minmai, Toride Publishing Co., 201 Hohyu Bldg., 2-11-9 Yotsuya, Shinjuku-Ku, Tokyo 160, JAPAN.

MAINE LESBIAN AND GAY SYMPOSIUM

The Maine Lesbian and Gaymen's Symposium XIII will be held on the Presque Isle campus during the Memorial Day weekend, May 23-26, 1986. This is the first time since its inception in 1974 that the Maine Symposium has not been held in the urban centers of Portland or Bangor-Orono. Presque Isle, the farming and commercial center of Aroostook Co., Maine's northernmost region, is a community of 9,500 people.

Northern Lambda Nord, a small, rural-based organization of lesbians and gaymen residing in both northern Maine and New Brunswick, will host the statewide conference. The theme, "Dialogue '86", reflects NLN's interest in promoting discussion between and among the diverse elements in their region: women and men, urban and rural, Canadian and American, French-speaking and English-speaking. Write: Symposium XIII, PO Box 990, Caribou, ME 04736.

gatherings

GAY MEN'S GATHERING IN NEW ZEALAND

There will be a Gathering for Gay Men in Auckland, New Zealand on Jan. 8 - 15, 1986. The theme of the event is Creativity, Spirituality, Learning and Laughter. It will be at a bush-covered farm one hour's drive north of Auckland including a small lake, a stream, woods and a natural "theatre in the woods." This is summer there, and the beaches are nearby as well. The cost is about US\$55, and transportation can be arranged. Write: Richard Clayton & Gary Locker, 1-A Fisherton St., Avery Lynn, Auckland, New Zealand; or phone Gary at 760-158.

MIDWESTERN FAERIE STUDENTS

A conference of the Lambda Student Network will be held March 20 - 23, 1986 at the Holiday Inn in Iowa City, Iowa. The Lambda Student Network is an eleven-state midwestern gay and lesbian student network. A group of faeries in the area is planning to participate with a faerie circle and workshops dealing with faeries and the preservation of a diverse faggotry. They need input on all levels of this project particularly regarding the development and maintenance of diverse and alternative faggot lifestyles.

Write: Michael Blake, 605 E. Burlington, Iowa City, IA 52240; Don Engstrom, 628 2nd Ave., Iowa City, IA 52240.

MAY FAERIE GATHERING IN CALIFORNIA

A Fairy Gathering is being visualized for the early part of May, 1986 in the Santa Cruz, California area. For more information, to volunteer, or for pre-pre-registration, write: S.C.A.R.F., PO Box 487, Watsonville, CA 95077.

MAY FAERIE GATHERING IN TENNESSEE

Short Mountain Sanctuary will host the Rites of Spring and Beltane Bash on April 25 - May 4 in central Tenn. This will be a radical faerie gathering for men, wimmin and children. Registration is \$20 plus \$5 per day for meals. Write: Short Mt. Sanctuary, Rt. 1 Box 98-A, Liberty, TN 37095.

RADICAL ENVIRONMENTALISM

Earth First! ("The Radical Environmental Journal") documents the activities of a new breed of assertive environmentalists, including those who spike trees to disrupt timber-raping of public lands, drape banners across Indian dwelling ruins in the Grand Canyon to discourage helicopter flights of tourists (one every 80 seconds at Point Sublime (!)), and form human blockades to fend off roadless wilderness area road construction. More generally, the journal provides a forum for exploring issues of deep ecology - the commitment to recreate vast areas of wilderness in all of America's ecosystems (by closing roads, removing developments, reintroducing extirpated wildlife, tearing down dams).

Recommended for 'tree-huggers' who admire the gutsiness of Greenpeace and who reject the anthropocentric, anti-earth, anti-woman, anti-liberty worldview of Western Civilization. Anarchistic organizational structure, pagan-affirming, lots of eco-centric pseudonyms (like many faeries), non-sexist bias, but no data re: gay men bias. The journal's motto is "No Compromise in Defense of Mother Earth." It is published 8 times a year based on the old European pagan nature holidays and costs \$15 annually.

NEW BOOK ON FATHERHOOD

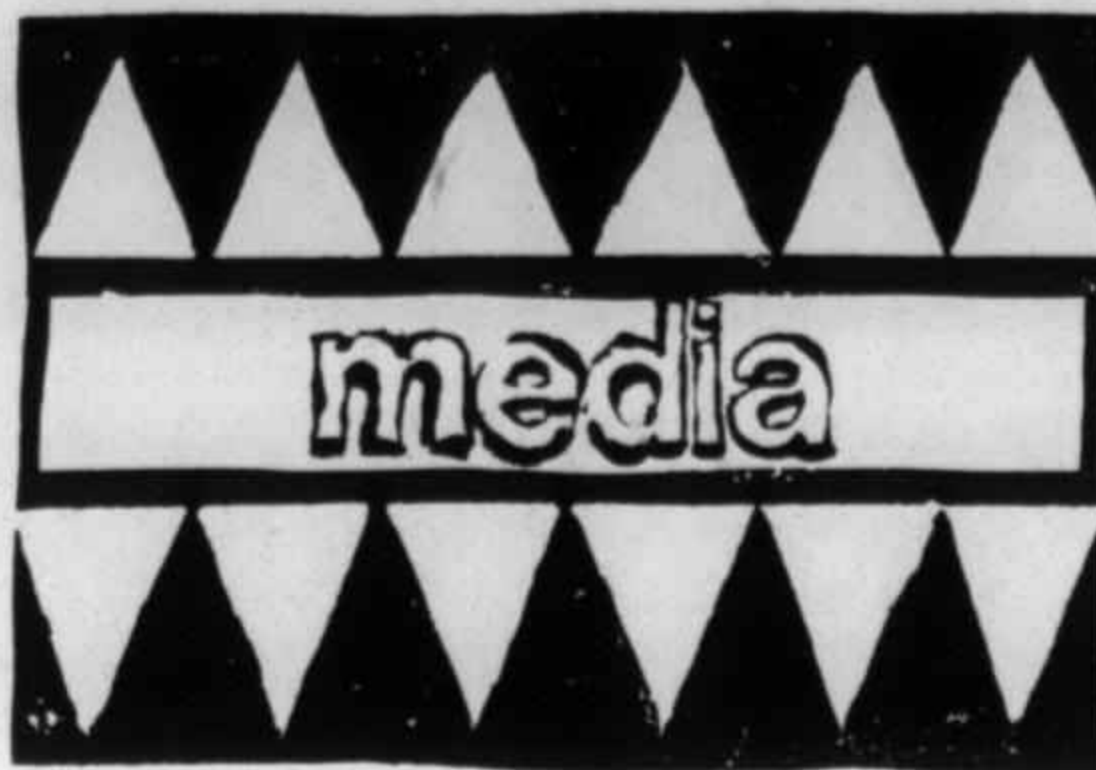
A new book, Dimensions of Fatherhood, edited by Shirley Hanson & Frederick W. Bozlett reflects a new perspective on the ways in which social scientists view fathers and fatherhood. The editors have sought out concerned researchers from a variety of academic and clinical disciplines. The book is 440 pages and sells for \$16.95 (paper); \$29.95 (hard), and is available from Nurturing News, 187 Caselli Ave., San Francisco, CA 94114. Add \$1 for postage and handling.

MAGAZINE FOR MEN WHO THINK BIG

Inches is celebrating its first anniversary in March 1986 with exclusive photos of Dick Rambone - bigger than the legendary John C. Holmes. Since Inches is the premier journal of extremely well-endowed men, Dick (although heterosexual) was anxious to be included. To feast your eyes "on truly monumental meat", write: Inches, 1184 Folsom St., San Francisco, CA 94103.

BOYCOTT GUIDE

A Non-buyer's Guide has been launched by The National Boycott Newsletter. It lists boycotts with their supporters and reasons but lets readers make up their own minds. It also give them alternatives, such as cosmetics not tested on animals. Write: NBN, 6506 28th Ave. NE, Seattle, WA 98115.



GREAT LAKES BIOREGION

After a belated start, the Great Lakes Bioregional Review has made its debut as the newsletter of the Great Lakes Bioregional Congress. Issue No. 1 carries a handy list of groups nationwide with the same goals. Write: GLBR, PO Box 4531, Ann Arbor, MI 48106.

COMING OUT BOOKLET

"Coming Out to Your Parents" is a 16-page booklet published for gay men and lesbians who are considering coming out to their parents. Published by Philadelphia Parents of Gays, the booklet identifies the stages most parents go through when they learn of their gay child's sexual orientation. A list of over 100 parent/contacts in 47 states is provided. For a free single copy send a self-addressed, stamped business envelope to POG, PO Box 15711, Philadelphia, PA 19103.

MASTURBATION BOOK

Solo Flight is an illustrated booklet on masturbation as a self-befriending and self-transcending pleasure. For a copy, send \$3 and a self-addressed, stamped, legal-size envelope to: L.A.C., Box 31027, Santa Barbara, CA 93130.

UNDERGROUND CLASSIC AVAILABLE

Elysian Fields, Booksellers announces the re-discovery of the 1960's underground bestseller Boys For Sale: A Sociological Study of Boy Prostitution. by Dennis Drew and Jonathan Drake. This is a scholarly work and one of the first ever published in this hidden sex activity. This hardcover edition is for sale at its original pre-inflation price of only \$10.00. Write: Elysian Fields, Booksellers, 80-50 Baxter Ave., #339, Elmhurst, NY 11373.

SMALL TOWN GAY NOVEL

The Honesty Tree is a novel set in a small New England town where two enterprising women run a successful nursery/flower business. It incorporates positive portraits of gays and a lesbian couple. It is written by Carole Spearin McCauley and is available at \$7 (plus postage) from Frog In the Well, 430 Oakdale Rd., East Palo Alto, CA 94303.

DRUID JOURNAL

P.E.I. is Isaac Bonewits' druidic research project called "AR ndraiocht fein" (roughly "our own thing"). Bonewits was founder of the RDNA (Reformed Druids of North America). With PEI he plans the creation of a highly structured, hierarchical religious framework, which will eventually be fully fleshed out by serious scholarship on druidic forms and "Pan-Celtic" history, meaning that the researchers will use all valid Indo-European sources and not be limited to Irish Druidism alone.

To participate fully, you must 1) acknowledge Bonewits as your Arch-druid, 2) commit a specified amount of energy, time, and money, 3) like this sort of thing, or 4) just send him \$20 for a year's subscription of three or four "non-scheduled" issues. Write: "The Druid's Progress, PO Box 456, New York, NY 10034.

GUIDE TO PAGAN RESOURCES

Circle Network's Pagan Resource Guide is being compiled and seeks any coven, circle, network, council, or any other group focused on Wiccan, Neo-Pagan, Goddess oriented Feminist, Shamanic, and other Nature Religious groups to send their name, address and brief description of path/tradition and focus for inclusion. Write: Resource Guide, Circle, Box 219, Mt. Horeb, WI 53572.

INTERNATIONAL GAY PERIODICAL DIRECTORY

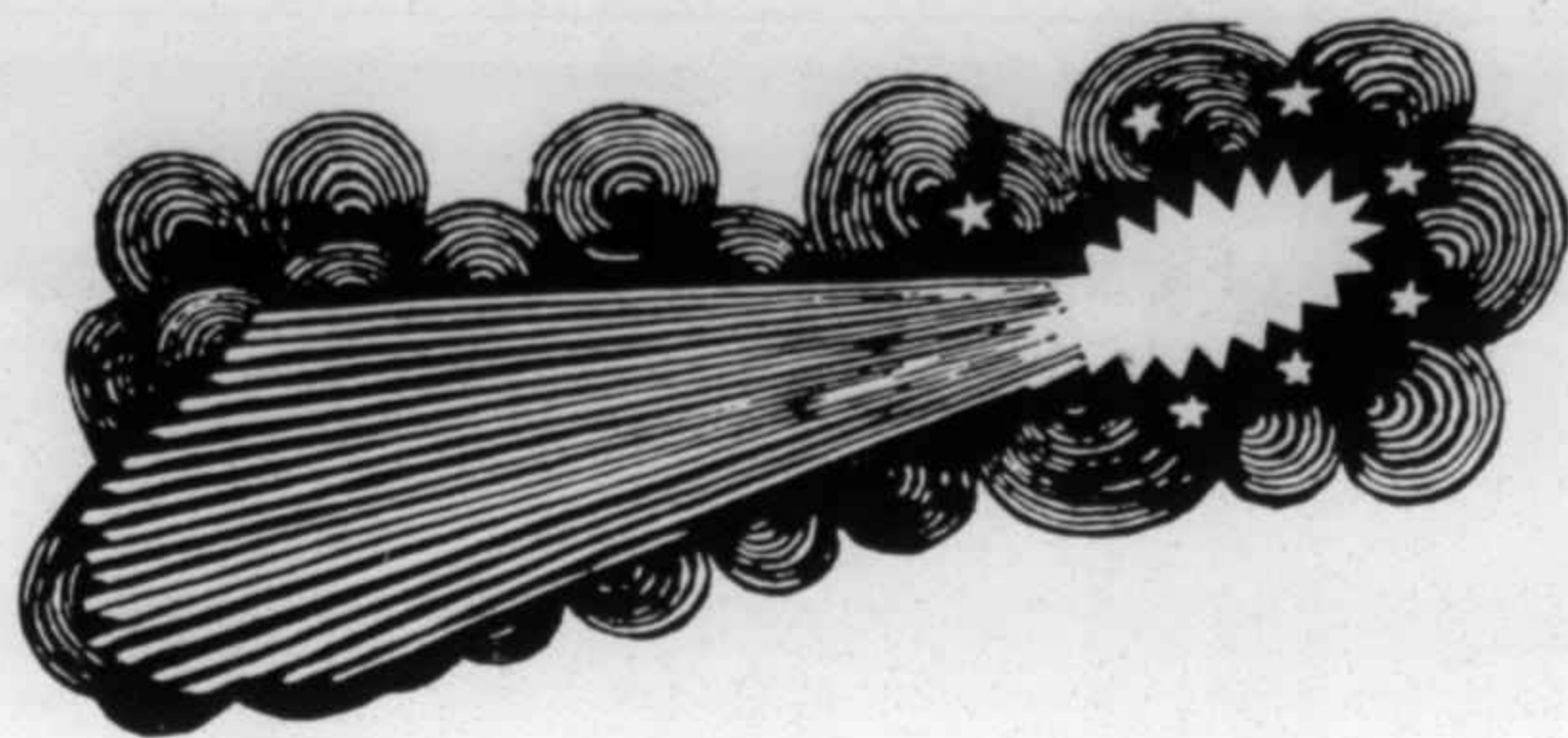
H. Robert Malinowsky has signed a contract with Oryx Press to compile and publish an International Directory of Gay and Lesbian Periodicals. The Directory will include currently available magazines, journals, annuals, irregular reports, newspapers, guides, and newsletters pertaining wholly or in part to gays and lesbians with no title too unknown, too small, too explicit, or too controversial. A list of gay and lesbian archives will be included. There will be subject, geographical and organizational indexes. Those who have not already heard from Mr. Malinowsky and wish to have their publication included should contact him at 211 E. Ohio #2303, Chicago, IL 60611.

VOLUNTEER GUIDE

Volunteer by Marjorie Adoff Cohen lists 175 voluntary service organizations and the opportunities they offer to do almost anything almost anywhere. Some of these volunteer jobs require great skill, others mainly goodwill, but there is an astonishing number of opportunities for the professional, the student, the retired. Write: Intercultural Press, PO Box 768, Yarmouth, ME 04096.

COMET HALLEY

BY STANLEY JOHNSON



Then shall a star blaze forth,
A flame from the mouth of the Goat,
And all shall cry, "Deware! Deware!
His flashing eye, his floating hair!"

Samuel Taylor Coleridge
from "Kubla Khan"

If you ran across those lines in Nostradamus, or one of the biblical prophets, you might be inclined to look for mystical import in the somewhat obscure imagery. On the other hand you might simply dismiss them as an example of florid verse. But read by the light of Comet Halley they become a fairly straightforward description. In the course of its return to perihelion (close approach to the Sun), Comet Halley will be visible to Earth on two occasions. During the late fall of 1985 the comet will be more prominently placed above the horizon to viewers in northern latitudes than during its second appearance, but it will also be farther away and a fainter object. At perihelion, on February 9, 1986, Comet Halley will be obscured by the Sun. Then, beginning in late March and continuing for at least several weeks the comet will again be visible as it streaks back to the outer reaches of the solar system. This time it will be more prominent to viewers in southern latitudes, but anyone at 40 degrees north latitude or lower will have a fine seat. Its approach to the Sun will have thawed out its "atmosphere" and it will be a much more dazzling sight, gaining the tail we associate with comets. This spring apparition of the comet will occur in the sky in the constellation Capricornus, the Sea Goat.

Its highly elliptical and eccentric orbit keeps Comet Halley too far out in the solar system to be visible for most of its period of about 77 years. When it does make its short and startling visit through our skies, it is all the more disconcerting to the conservative-minded because it travels in a direction contrary to the motion of the Moon and the planets. Comets are very little dealt with by contemporary humanistic astrologers, but traditionally comets are evil portents, difficult at best. The last return of Comet Halley, in 1910, was greeted by a combination of wonder, admiration and hysteria, doubtless similar to the greeting it received at the first return of which we have record, in 239 B.C.

The return of Comet Halley is an event that most of us will observe only once. It is also an event that has been observed at least 29 times before, spanning the whole of the present era, and as such is worthy of our consideration. This spring we shall be able to participate in this event merely by our observation. It is not necessary any longer for the shaggy star to be a portent of disaster, as Saturn need no longer be a malefic planet in astrology, or as horned and hairy satyrs need no longer be considered devils.

"Comet Halley" (pronounced to rhyme with "Sally") is the preferred astronomical usage, though "Comet p Hally" would be more precise ("p" for periodic - it being a comet that returns periodically). "Halley's Comet" (also an acceptable usage) is in fact something of an eccentric among eccentrics. Generally, comets are named for their discoverers, or first observers. (As many as three names may be attached to a comet in recognition of simultaneous independent observations.) But Comet Halley is named after its predictor. The English astronomer Edmund Halley studied comet observations from 1682, 1707, and 1731 and postulated that they were observances of the same recurring comet. He accurately predicted its return in 1758, but died in 1742 before seeing it. The comet, named in his honor, was the first to be recognized as periodic.

The Comet Halley appeared in European skies on the Tuesday after Easter in 1066, a year which was to prove difficult and critical for the English. England at that time was a loose association of earldoms and baronies, and it took a strong hand to rule. The comet brought with it rebellion and invasion, though the English can hardly be blamed if they failed to take seriously the first incursion, for it came in the pathetic figure of King Harold's brother, Tostig. Historians concur that Tostig laboured under a host of paranoid delusions and was probably quite mad. The real trouble came in the fall, after Tostig and the comet had faded somewhat from memory. September saw an invasion from Normandy by William, Duke of Normandy, later called "the Conqueror." It was an event that changed the course of European history. William's wife, Matilda of Flanders, commissioned the crewel work now known as the Bayeux Tapestry to illustrate William's conquering of England and the various important events of 1066 and 1067, giving us by the way the first contemporaneous portrait of Halley's Comet. *ISTI MIRANT STELLA* declares the embroidery, "they are in awe of the star."

In 1303 the Florentine painter Giotto di Bondone used a comet to portray the Star of Bethlehem in a Nativity fresco. It was based on his observance in 1301 of a return of Halley's Comet, and bears recognizable similarity to photographs taken of the comet in 1910. Early Christian writers considered it likely that the Star of the Epiphany was a comet because to them a comet was a "new star," one not present at Creation. Matthew is the only evangelist to mention a star in connexion with the Nativity, and his gospel was not written down until after the 66 A.D. appearance of Comet Halley (to which was also attributed the Jewish revolt against Rome in that year).

There is also a connexion in tradition between comets and the death of kings. Shakespeare gives Calpurnia, wife of Julius Caesar, to say, after she has described a multitude of the portents of her husband's imminent death, "When beggars die there are no comets seen. The heavens themselves blaze for the death of princes."

It is typical of Western thinking, and the left hemisphere of the brain, when approaching an unknown quantity to force this unknown into a definition in known terms and totally disregard any mysterious remainders. This of course allows for business to be carried on as usual, but it makes of life a closed system, and in such a system changes of any significant magnitude become psychological catastrophes. We hear of the precession of the Equinox at times in connexion with the Age of Aquarius, but our understanding of all that is involved is perhaps a bit vague. Indications are that at the time of the last changing of the Age (when the Age of Pisces began, about 254 B.C.) people collectively felt the coming of the end.

We are entering the Age of Aquarius. In this period of transition between Ages life will feel precarious at times and the end may seem to be near. But if we are not too attached to our ideas, if we do not cling too fast to the ways of an old order, maybe we can find in these times the ideal opportunity to develop our divinity. It is written for this Age, "Every man and every woman is a star." I am personally fairly optimistic about the coming decades, but if Comet Halley does indeed prove to portend the beginning of the End, let us each kindle the divine spark within our heart, nurture the miraculous child of our soul, that the comet of our being may blazon forth our ascendancy to kingship.



THE KEY ARTS

UNDERGROUND CLASSIC FILM

Curt McDowell's controversial 1975 horror-sex-mystery spoof, THUNDERCRACK!, will be the first release from Videodrome, a new gay-owned video distribution company.

Long acknowledged as the classic American porn spoof (as well as a spoof of every horror genre film ever made), THUNDERCRACK! has managed in the past decade to play every major art cinema, college campus, and revival house in the country as well as international film festivals. It maintains both an awesome sense of humor as well as an ability to shock, mystify, and titillate its audiences.

The Filmex program tried to describe this epic 2 1/2 hour journey through a single stormy night in a dark old house peopled with sexual misfits and outlaws this way: "That the film panders to the hardest of hardcore purient interests is undeniable. That it is also one of the most original and truly funny films in years is without question."

Videodrome is releasing THUNDERCRACK! in its original uncut 2 1/2 hour version, seldom shown theatrically. Also to be released later this summer are four collections of short films by Curt McDowell as video cassette anthologies, including the underground filmmaker's most famous works: LOADS, TABOO: THE LP & THE SINGLE, TRUE CONFESSIONS, RONNIE, PORNOGRA FOLLIES, WEINERS & BUNS MUSICAL and others. Write: Videodrome, 584 Castro St. #391, San Francisco, CA 94114.

GAY GAMES MUSIC AND POSTER CONTESTS

San Francisco Arts & Athletics announces two contests for Gay Games II and Cultural Week to be held in August of 1986. Both are open to gay and lesbian artists all over the world. The first will select theme music for the Games to be performed at the culmination of the Closing Ceremonies. For details, write: Katherine Krebs, 207 Day St., San Francisco, CA 94131.

Artists are encouraged to submit their work for consideration as one of the GGII official posters. The contest will culminate in a major exhibit of gay and lesbian artwork to be held during the week of the Games. The top three finishers will be invited to show more of their artwork during this juried exhibit. For details, write: Poster Competition, Gay Games II, 526 Castro St., San Francisco, CA 94117.



AIDS MOVIE

Award winning gay director Arthur J. Bressan, Jr. (GAY USA, ABUSE, PLEASURE BEACH) has released his latest film BUDDIES, the first dramatic feature film about the AIDS crisis.

Shot independently in New York, Washington, DC, and San Francisco, BUDDIES is the story of a 32 year old Californian dying of AIDS in a New York City hospital and a 25 year old Manhattanite who volunteers to become his "buddy."

Bressan says: "On the surface, BUDDIES is a simple story of two guys who meet incrisis, strike up a relationship, and change each others' lives. On a deeper level, the film is a complex look at a unique love that transcends pain, fear, and even death. I made BUDDIES because a story movie (video) can go quickly and inexpensively to every city and home with a message - that AIDS is not a gay illness, that it hurts everybody, and that more money must be released for effective research and care." Write: Arthur J. Bressan, Jr., 227 West 15th St. #4, New York, NY 10011; (212) 206-0309.



SILENT PIONEERS AVAILABLE

SILENT PIONEERS is a documentary film on gay and lesbian elders. Older gay men and lesbians are now coming out of the closet as a generation and number close to 3.5 million. They live in rural areas, small towns, and urban centers. This documentary tells their story. It shows the universality of forming relationships, earning a living, and finding a place in society. The film is important for general audiences, both gay and non-gay.

The film is in 16mm, in color, 42 minutes (a 30-minute version is available on video cassette only) and rents for \$65, sells for \$650. 3/4" videocassette is \$575. Write: Filmmakers Library, Inc., 133 E. 58th St., New York, NY 10022.

GAY MEN'S ART SHOW

The International Gay and Lesbian Archives is preparing the largest and most comprehensive show of Gay Men's visual arts ever assembled. The event will be staged in Los Angeles on the weekend of Valentine's Day, 1986 (Feb. 14 thru 16).

Nearly 100 artists, 50 photographers, video and film artists have been invited. Also in attendance will be dozens of the top male models in the country.

Proceeds from the Festival will go to the Archives' art department for acquisition, preservation, the establishment of a permanent international museum/gallery of Gay & Lesbian art, and for the Archives AIDS History Project.

Write: The International Gay and Lesbian Archives, 1654 Hudson Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90028.

MUSICAL MAJORITY

A committee of artists, managers, publishers, broadcasters, agents, publicists, and others in the music business has been formed by the American Civil Liberties Union to oppose proposals to institute standardized ratings, similar to movie ratings, for records, tapes and videos. The committee includes representatives of such superstars as Tina Turner, Cyndi Lauper, Don Johnson, Don Henley, Chicago, Prince, Lionel Richie, Dolly Parton, The Pointer Sisters, John Cougar Mellencamp and members of Kiss and Duran Duran.

The Musical Majority will function as a public relations organization to the media expressing the point of view of this large cross section of music business leaders. Chairman Danny Goldberg said that the committee will embark on a campaign to get music fans to write their representatives opposing any government interference in music.



CHARLIE MURPHY

Fierce Love From Good fairy To Out Front Musician by Franklin Abbott



Charlie Murphy is a singer/songwriter/culture worker who lives in Seattle. He has produced three recordings of high quality since his first recording with the Walls to Roses Collective (a group that produced the first album of anti-sexist songs by men). His premier album "Catch The Fire", released in 1981, contains nine songs including an upbeat version of "Gay Spirit", one of the songs he was best known for at the time, "Burning Times", a very potent magical song and "Under Capricorn" whose lyrics came from a poem by Jerah Chadwick, who with Charlie and Steve Wells formed Good Fairy Productions. GFP is a collective of gay men "committed to the development of a healing, life affirming culture among men in harmony with women, children, spirit, and the earth." "Catch The Fire", produced with the help of another pro-feminist singer/songwriter, Geof Morgan, also featured cellist Jami Sieber who has become Charlie's chief partner in music making.

With Jami, Charlie recorded "Canticles Of Light", a highly spirited album on cassette. Her cello solo on the album is exquisite as are the chants she and Charlie do together. Another featured performer on the cassette is Pat Wright, a Seattle woman who performs with the black gospel teenage choir she directs, The Total Experience Gospel Choir. With Charlie and Jami Pat's rendition of "We Remain Faithful" is a powerful work of spirit that transcends the frame of any particular religion and calls us back to commitment with these words by Charlie:

We remain faithful
To the work that must be done
We remain faithful
Joining hearts with everyone

Part of the commitment Charlie pursues in his music is to human liberation everywhere. Last year he and Jami travelled to Nicaragua to share their creative energies with the people and artists of that country. Of that journey they wrote:

One of the most moving experiences we've ever had was a July trip to Nicaragua at the invitation of the Association of Sandinista Cultural Workers. The inspirational spirit of the Nicaraguan people was like nothing we've ever witnessed. These people who live in extreme economic hardship and with the daily devastation of a U.S. war, are a peaceful, land-loving people who have reclaimed their own future and take great hope from their revolution. Although it is impossible not to be overcome with remorse over what our government is inflicting upon these people in our name, the overriding emotion we both felt was one of renewed hope and challenge. Given all the Nicaraguans are accomplishing with their limited material resources, one can only imagine what we could do with their resources of spirit. While we were there we performed at the National School of Music in Managua and at a gathering of Sandinista Cultural Workers. We would like nothing better than to develop a unity tour of Nicaraguan and North American musicians raising the U.S. consciousness on Central America. Until that is possible we will do what we can with workshops, strengthened ties with the international solidarity movement, and by playing songs that Charlie has written since our return. We urge you to do what you can as well.

Charlie's latest recording is "Fierce Love", an EP containing the title song and two others. Highly danceable rock 'n roll is a new direction for Charlie who is joined by Jami on cello, Stephanie Ozer on synthesizer, Arturo Peral on bass, Bob Congrer, drums, June Hoffman, congos, and Steve Jones, timbales. Without moving away from political commitments (in fact moving more strongly in that direction) Charlie and Jami through their new collective, Out Front Music, are reaching out to new audiences with a new band. The band can be booked both for concerts and dances. The beat is rock 'n roll with an Afro-Cuban influence.

Charlie toured the west coast recently and plans another tour for spring. He also hopes to tour the East and Midwest in early summer. He has recently made a video and worked on a film on earth-centered spirituality with Starhawk sponsored by the National Film Board of Canada.

For information on booking concerts and dances, Charlie can be contacted through Out Front Music, PO Box 12188, Seattle, WA 98102; (206) 323-5334. "Catch The Fire" and "Canticles Of Light" can be ordered through that address for \$8.95 each. "Fierce Love" is \$5.00.

Circle Magazine has written of Charlie: "Charlie knows how to sing from the heart and to reach the hearts of others as well." This has been proven true over and over again from the folk festivals of Canada to Men and Masculinity conferences, from Gay Pride in San Francisco to Seattle discos. Charlie Murphy sings from his heart about the courage we all need and the "fierce love" required to make a better world for each and all.

Note: An interview with Charlie by Peter Burkholder was published by RFD in issue #26, spring 1981.





Faerie Relationships

By DAVID SUNSERI



In an attempt to transcend monogamous heterosexual relationship models, some faeries condemn committed relationships between gay brothers as somehow exclusive and therefore not collective or valuable. There seems to be something "wrong" with commitment.

I want to express ideas about relationships that I feel need to be talked about more in the faerie world. At the base of all this issue lies karma, the constant action/reaction of all we do and are.

When two people (of any sexuality or sexual orientation) are connected to each other in ways that are more than the obvious (looks, common interests, etc.), when one discovers inner movement, psychic energies, and emotional oneness existing with a certain person that does not exist with others, there is strong karmic activity occurring. These people (faeries or not) have an obligation and usually a desire to pursue all the levels of that connection or are simply doomed to repeat it all at some other time or dimension. Exploring each other takes place in many ways - sexual/emotional, shared vision, quality time, playing together, as well as discovering more about the connection through astrology, tarot, past life regressions, psychic readings, rituals, art, music, all the ways faeries create and share who they are. So, the commitment is to each other but also to the common vision of both individuals.

Also, there exists, whether we admit it or not, a wonderfully expressive depth of feeling that happens when two people share themselves with each other in a full way. This is no myth. With those to whom I am especially connected, a love arises that is intensely healing that does not come from any other source including faerie circles or other rituals. It is the giving up of self, the breathing together of two soulmates who are united by the cosmic dance, that rarely exists in any other situation -- the morning time between waking and sleep, when we know there is no place to go, no one to "be", when we are "at home" and at peace. That connection should not be sacrificed for some vague political notions or fears. We need all the healing we can conjure up -- why forfeit the most profound sharing? But, these relationships are hard. They demand that we know ourselves and our spirituality. They must be exclusive in the sense that they must be nurtured and worked on. Other relationships are possible,

but they must always be acceptable to both parties and understood fully. Too often we fall for the attractive face or body or certain style and neglect or reject our karmic connections. We do it but eventually will suffer. Our feelings of loneliness and pain come out of too many unaware liaisons with people we are infatuated with. Healing ourselves means being honest with ourselves and our partners and not playing out the same old tired gay games of subtle seduction, half truths, images, manipulations. If a person does not love me as I am, then s/he is no soulmate. If the emotional exchange occurs at any deeper level, it will most likely bring suffering at some point.

Not everyone needs the fullness of an ongoing relationship. Some people are spiritually advanced and are no longer working on the relative earthly plane. Maybe the greatest reason for not wanting a commitment is very simple -- fear of intimacy. Being involved deeply with another person is very scary business, and faeries are not immune to the hurt and confusion that arises from investing so much of one's self to someone else.

At faerie gatherings there is the game of infatuation or fleeting affairs which has almost become institutionalized. I'm not talking about casual sexual sharing (which can be beautiful and fun), but rather a "supposed" connection with another faerie that both people know is an emotional game. These are the most destructive of all because they produce more karma. We are playing with each other's inner lives in the most frivolous way. We pretend some great connection is going on, when in reality it's a physical attraction that would be better played out sexually than emotionally. We damage ourselves when we pretend we are "in love" or play act various emotions. This we used to call "mind fucking." It's much more karmically responsible to have (safe) sex with those we are attracted to than to endlessly play out emotional games when we know quite well that the relationship is limited. Real connections with others are usually mutual and somewhat rare.

Being warm and open to other faeries or people generally should be the way we approach the world, but romantic games are best played on TV soap operas where they entertain us, but not in our real lives where they cause pain.

Blessed be.



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right brain
 RANDOM
 abstract
 holistic happening:

GUIDE
 to

A • FAERIE • GATHERING

by Cal Nelson

We are gathered to experience the fullness of each of us;
 to follow our individual inner rhythms;
 to move in rhythm with the energy of others--
 be the 'others': the earth, the rocks, the plants, the
 animals, other humans, etc.

The structure used to focus group energy is A CIRCLE --
 where all are of equal value and of equal influence and
 power.

The circle usually moves through three phases: centering
 raising
 energy
 grounding

CENTERING is a phase where individuals become aware
 of their own inner nature and begin to
 become aware of the nature of the whole
 group.

RAISING ENERGY is the phase where the groups become
 aware of the 'work' to be done during
 this circle: be silly, share problems,
 welcome newcomers, take care of business
 (food preparations, clean-up, finances,
 etc.), learn skills, set up 'workshops',
 perform a ritual, celebrate, etc.

GROUNDING is the phase where the group and then the
 individuals focus on what has just been
 experienced and release it back to the
 earth or release the energy to empower
 individuals.

Some more specific ways for centering, raising energy, and
 grounding are listed below. You may be interested in ex-
 perimenting with some of these suggestions. Feel free to
 ask other brothers what they personally find helpful to do
 in each of these 'phases'.



CENTERING

RAISING
 ENERGY

GROUNDING

- * focus on one sense at a time becoming aware of what am I seeing? smelling? touching? hearing? tasting?
- * begin breathing deeply; breathe in rhythm with your neighbor.
- * imagine yourself to be a tree, flexible and deeply rooted, your branches intertwining with the branches of other trees.
- * begin to have eye contact with as many in the circle as are open to that.
- * send loving energy to those in the circle you feel close to.
- * send loving energy to those in the circle you are most distant from.
- * hold hands with those beside you.
- * pass a pulse of energy through the linked hands around the circle
- * if you feel something within yourself that you must express, then express it -- through word, sound, chant, rhythm, dance; express your honest self.
- * be open to the reality that others may not be moved by your expression -- they may not join in your chant, your song, immediately agree with your suggestions, not watch your dance, etc., AND be aware that this expression of your heart is valuable even if others do not match their energy with yours.
- * be accepting of the expression of another brother even if you do not feel moved to join his expression.
- * allow space for others to express themselves.
- * allow space for non-verbal expression.
- * when you realize your mind has been wandering, express the wonder!
- * when you realize your mind has been wandering, gently focus your attention back to the whole circle or to the expression of a particular brother.
- * be aware of what has been particularly valuable for you as this circle is now ending.
- * be aware of the various contributions of particular brothers who have contributed to this valuable experience.
- * allow yourself to believe that the contributions of those that have not been valuable to you have been the expression of their hearts, of their honest selves.
- * image yourself as a tree, still flexible, still rooted but with branches no longer intertwined.
- * send the energy raised in this circle back to the earth through your roots.
- * thank yourself for your contributions to this experience.
- * become aware of what you are moved to do, if anything, for yourself or for this community after the ending of the circle.

If you are interested in reading more about circles, the following books may be both useful and enjoyable:

Diane Mariechild: Mother Wit, The Crossing Press 1981, Trumansberg, NY. A feminist guide to psychic development, exercises for healing, growth, and spiritual awareness.

Starhawk: The Spiral Dance, Harper & Row 1979, San Francisco, CA. A rebirth of the ancient religion of the great goddess.

Michael Rumaker: My First Satyrnalia, The Grey Fox Press 1981, San Francisco, CA. A novel of a winter solstice experience in a back room bookstore in NY and a faerie circle in a loft.



Personal Glimpses From The Midwest Men's Festival 1984



by Stan

Thursday evening: Ceilee (3 1/2) and I (38) arrive at the Lake of the Ozarks, hot and tired. The six-hour drive turns us into zombies, but in the last few winding miles through the state park, we perk up. We're getting close; we both get agitated. What does this year's festival have in store for us? Ceilee: "Sometimes I get so happy and excited, I wanna cry." Me too, I assure him. So we whoop and holler and cry and laugh -- happy to be here.

For the next three days, we hang out, talk and play with the other 75 men and four kids at the festival. There are none of the distractions of ordinary life here. We have morning and evening circles to take care of business and to check in with everybody. We cook, eat, swim, and mostly hang out, yakking. Conversations soon turn personal, sharing where we're at, coming out stories, recent joys and heartaches, relationships. I'm surprised again -- so many wonderful people in one place: men from cities, small university towns, and creeping out of the Ozark woods.

I'm becoming aware of the magic-ness of this gathering. It manifests in different ways. There is Mish and Crazy Owl's travelling magic (or is it medicine?) show. Crazy Owl, angular, lean, general practitioner of Chinese medicine, shaman; Mish, jolly, the court jester, in the guise of a gay (male) nun - Sister Missionary Position of the Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence. Mish is a master of ceremony, atmosphere, joviality, and sincerity. They're a team and reek with magic.

Ceilee and I trade some of our homemade sorghum molasses with Mish and Owl for two crystals. "Crazy Owl picks out his crystals by passing his hand over all of them. You can tell which one is for you by the energy coming from it. Your hand can feel it," states Mish. We try it. Without hesitation, we each find our crystal. Ceilee is pretty amazed; me, too.

Of course, I'm not always engulfed by the magic around me. Ceilee and I have some hard times. We're together all the time; it's too much. Neither one of us is used to it. (At home on our little commune, there are five adults to share his energy.) Initially, Ceilee was quite outgoing at this gathering; but then it got to be too much -- too many people at once. He retreats to the safety of our relationship, and I do, too. But, I also want to connect with others. Ceilee's need for attention is stifling me. I acknowledge it to Beautiful Day. He turns it back on me; "Ceilee's a beautiful boy. There are a lot of men here who would love to spend time with him." He's right. Many have tried to interact with him, but for now Ceilee prefers to play alone rather than with anyone else, and that means I have to keep an eye on him. I'm never totally free. Saturday afternoon, I blow up at him. I want to go to Crazy Owl's workshop alone. He won't go with someone else. I rant and rave at him: "Give me space." Ceilee's hurt and we both cry. It's all so confusing. I know I'm not pure - when he loses his crystal later, I come down on him: "I guess you're not ready to take care

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photo by Phillip Smith

of precious things." (That's crap; he's only 3 1/2 but he's had the same pocket knife now while I've lost two. Just my wounded ego lashing out.)

By now, I have a terrible headache. We go walking and meet Greg who is making paper decorations for tonight. He shows us the process: fold, cut and then pull it apart and magickazoo! Ceilee is enthralled. I leave the two of them and head over to Crazy Owl's hemorrhoids session. I walk in on Owl blowing on something that looks like a cigar and billows smoke like incense. "It's a moxa stick," he explains, and holds it so that the smoke pours on a reflex point on Beautiful Day's foot. He does this for 5 to 10 minutes. The two men are silhouetted against the late afternoon sun streaming through the windows. I see an energy field around Owl. Is this his aura? I see the shaman in him. "Ouch," Beautiful Day yelps with pain. "That's normal," continues Owl, "the pain means that the energy from the burning moxa has dispersed the resistance to the body's natural healing process." I walk out into the bright sun to find Ceilee playing on one of the massive stone drinking fountains. An oversized bird splashed in the water. I smile and see his magic again. How did I get uncentered so easily?

That evening, my headache comes back full force. This ain't fair, not tonight -- the night of the party. In desperation, I seek out Les who brought a massage table and set it up for all to use. I asked for help which I still find hard to do. Les is tired, but senses my need. Patiently, soothingly, he works out all the tension, and I feel whole again.

Saturday night is faerielandish. The mess hall is all decorated and we even have a stage -- for an impromptu fashion show. It's great, very festive. We laugh and holler so much that we wake up the kids sleeping in the corner; just in time for the parade up to the bonfire. What a parade! Glenn brought a bunch of brightly colored paper lanterns all the way from Germany. The candles inside light them up. Imagine it! 75 people winding their way through the woods with candles and these gaily colored globes. Ceilee and I linger at the back of the line watching the lights and voices snake through the darkness ahead of us. Faerieland.

It's a long walk, maybe a mile or so. By the time we get there, the fire is lighting up the clearing in the woods. Flickers of light, darting shadows, bodies milling around the fire, dancing, chanting, singing. Ceilee tries to get into the dancing, but can't. He stands at the edge of the circle enchanted by the whole scene. Earthlings dart about a fire in the woods, some gaily clad, others clad only in hiking boots. One elf roasts marshmallows and passes them out. Then we join hands and sing:

Old friends, new friends,
Let me tell you how I feel,
You have given me such pleasure
I love you so."



We sing it over and over again in a round, in unison, in as many different ways as we can think of. Finally, Michael breaks the circle and winds back so that we all pass by each other face to face, while still singing. (There is definitely a mushiness/gushiness in this part of the men's movement which I love!) The energy is in soft waves, bobbing colored globes, nurturance. No need to be tough here. I notice Mark's body, so primal when he dances. I wonder if he knows that? I must tell him. That's another thing: we're really into giving positive feedback here. Lots of strokes are passed around: on the massage table, in hugs, in our twice daily circles.

We leave the bonfire and walk back through the woods and turn onto the path toward the beach. It's all lit up with candles in paper bags all the way down to the water. The rocky road is transformed into a majestic approach to the lake. Down below, candles float around the dock which is very pretty. Then we have a huge chocolate cake that Peter baked. The frosting spells out "Third Midwest Men's Festival". Communion, chocolate wafers. Ceilee and I settle down on one of the big air mattresses and gaze at the stars. Part of this magic is that it's all done by and for men.

Sunday: Most of us are leaving today. It dominates the morning circle. We linger on, holding hands, wanting to

keep this group energy going. We're amazed at how good we feel together. Some of us have never shared this easily and openly before.

"It's non-threatening here; a womb-like feeling."

"My walls are crumbling."

That's it. The magic of the festival is that it's a safe men's space; a loving, nurturing, sharing environment without the ambiguous sexual energy of other men's spaces like gay bars.

"Hey, y'all, why don't we do this 362 days of the year and go back there for three days instead of the other way around?"

We're aware of the specialness we've shared together here. It becomes an issue during the planning for next year's festival. Do we want it to be bigger? Part of us retreats. No, let's keep the intimacy of our small group. Les explodes: "Well, I think there's a lot of men out there who deserve this kind of enriching experience. If you want to keep this an exclusive club..." He doesn't finish; he doesn't have to. We all feel lucky to have been part of this magical adventure, and everyone deserves to be here.

A TIME BEFORE AND YET TO COME



By RIC MEACHAM

I remember as if it were yesterday, a time long since forgotten. The vegetation was lush and green. The air was charged with energy.

I walked naked down a narrow silver beach, the sand kissing my feet. I listened to the birds and fish; we understood. All was good.

In the distance I heard laughter like a thousand tinkling bells; my heart leapt. I closed my eyes; the wind rushed by. I opened them and I become a part of the merriment. The sun is warm, we love the warmth. We are thankful. We raise our hands and give praise. It is good to share this feeling.

Tonight is the night; the celebration of life. We walk up the rocky mountain to prepare for the celebration; we are anxious.

We reach our destination, a flat hill overlooking the sea. The area is strewn with boulders the height of a grown man. We circle the largest rock, join hands and hum the chords as given in the oracle. We close our eyes. We are one. We lay our hands on the rock in the center of the circle, the tune still reverberating, we are one.

The boulder rises as if weightless. It isn't long before the rest of the stones are moved.

I feel the excitement build as we enter the dance of hands, sanctifying the clearing. The air is full of the pungent incense from the blessed cedar tree. We sweep the ground with boughs of the same tree. Counterclockwise, round and round. My feet and hands tingle.

The moon is full. Small luminary globes mark the circumference of the circle.

The rite begins. I am drunk with the energy flowing through the circle. We are one. One thought, one act,

one body. Again the vision is seen by all.

Tonight is the night; the great water comes.

We close the circle; touching, sharing, silent, knowing. Again, the dance of hands.

After we rinse our hands, we depart. One by one, two by two, some with tears reflecting the moonlight. This is the night, the night of the big waters.

It was written in the oracle; the vision confirmed it.

I walk silently with three others down to the beach. The salt breeze beckons us.

I lay on the sand, waiting, feeling the warmth left from the day. I hear the fishes' lamentation. They sing for us.

I close my eyes. I can count the grains of sand against my flesh. Warm lips touch my forehead, moving down closer. Fingertips trace patterns across the hair on my chest.

All of my senses are alive with yearning:

I reply with my offering and wonder how long till I again know such joys in the flesh.

I hear the fishes' lamentation. The time has come.

Ocean roar fills my head. Water surrounds; engulfs us. My breath escapes.

No more the trees that offered us life, nor the hills that we walked that afternoon. Gone, the sweet smell of fruit.

I am one with the ocean, I am one with the fish; I am the fishes' lament.





Who Are The Fairies?



BY
*Joe
Lawrence
Lembo*

"You should be women, yet your beards forbid me to interpret that you are so." - Shakespeare, *Macbeth*

Many children grow up reading fairytales or leave their teeth under the pillow for the tooth fairy, but few adults believe in the existence of fairies. Yet, fairies really do exist -- not just as storybook characters, but as actual, loving, human beings.

The dictionary defines 'fairy' (or 'faerie') as: "an imaginary being or spirit, usually represented by a small, delicate, dainty human being, supposed to have magic powers." Originally, the term came from ancient Celtic mythology and in more recent times has become a contemptuous slang word for male homosexuals, or more specifically -- gay hippies.

Contrary to the dictionary's description, I have met fairies who are very masculine and muscular in appearance (by no means considered to be "delicate" or "dainty") and some as tall as 6' 7". Physically, they come in all sizes, shapes, colors and ages. Many appear androgynous with their long hair and colorful (unisexual) garments from India. Which brings to mind a quote from Alexander Pope: "For spirits freed from mortal laws with ease, assume what sexes and what shapes they please." But not all fairies have long hair and beards. Some resemble truck drivers or lumberjacks with their flannel shirts, jeans and boots. While others dress more conservatively and are often hard to single out from the look of mainstream society.

Fairies have a very playful and almost childlike sense of humor. Many have changed their names, e.g. Snowflake, Starfish, Beautiful Day, Oakleaf, Crazy Owl, Zorrus, Light,

Sundance, Wildflower, etc. They've adopted a new identity and rarely take themselves seriously.

Many fairies are self-employed artists, poets, musicians, clowns, farmers, gardeners, carpenters, and flea market dealers. Others work as bicycle messengers, bakers, janitors, hospital aids, and even computer operators. Some fairies live in urban apartments decorated with plants, tambourines, oriental carpets, incense burners, astrology posters, crystals, tarot cards, and second-hand furniture. Others choose to live in communes or self-sufficient farms in rural America. A "back-to-the-land" consciousness has always been a strong element in the fairy movement.

Many are non-smoking, vegetarians, who are very concerned about their health. When they do get sick, they often treat themselves using alternative or holistic methods, e.g. vitamins, herbs, bodywork, diet, creative (positive) visualization. If unable to grow their own food, they shop in health food markets selecting fresh fruits and vegetables uncontaminated by pesticides. Often fairies bake their own breads and cakes, leaving out processed sugars and sweetening with natural honey. Whole wheat, rice, nuts, grains, granola, beans, yogurt, pastas, soy and tofu supplement their diet. Most fairies avoid caffeine, preferring the subtle high of herbal teas.

A common thread that binds the fairie movement is spirituality. Tired of the religious dogmas imposed upon them as children, they often turn to the East and adopt the practices of Zen Buddhism, Hinduism, Sufism, Taoism, etc. Others are born-again Pagans and worship the great Goddess (Mother Earth). In their quest to create the ideal Utopia,



many embrace the Feminist view, and dream of a non-patriarchal society. Shamanism, witchcraft and magic also have their place in the fairie world. Yet, all fairies seem to have a deep respect and love for all living things.

Politically, fairies may be considered counterculture, radical or simply Left. They've lived through the Viet Nam war and now have the possibility of a nuclear holocaust to contend with. They're still shouting: "Love, Peace, Brotherhood!", but America remains deaf to their plea. Co-operation is of more interest to fairies than is competition. And the idea of capitalism often seems repulsive to many who seek out non-profit organizations to work with. Fairies seem to be the most democratic, i.e. sympathetic to the needs of Blacks, Jews, Gays, Handicapped, Women, Old Folks alike. "Liberty and Justice for all."

The Fairy Movement began in the mid-seventies when Arthur Evans (author of Witchcraft & the Gay Counterculture) formed a fairy circle in San Francisco. Evans was also one of the founders of the Gay Activist Alliance in New York. He felt that the intuitive ways of being, which vanished with the onslaught of Christian/Western culture, needed to be revived. A renaissance of gay consciousness was hovering on the horizon. It was Evans who reintroduced the trem 'fairy' -- referring to his gay counterculture brothers. The embryo of Evans' vision began to grow.

In 1978 plans for the first big radical fairy gathering were underway. John Burnside, Harry Hay (founder of the Mattachine Society in the homophobic 50s), Don Kilhefner (a Gay Liberation Front vet), and Mitch Walker (author of Men Loving Men and Visionary Love) organized the gathering in Arizona. In the summer of 1979 about two hundred men attended the gathering -- seeking refuge from the mainstream gay culture that failed to inspire them. Instinctively, they knew there must be a better way to relate to one another, without hanging out in bars, baths, parks, bookstores, tearooms, and truck stops. With their arms around each other's necks they danced to the rhythm of a new and loving gay world.

Since then, gatherings have been held all over the U.S. in San Diego, Oregon, New York State, Key West, North Carolina, New Mexico, Los Angeles, as well as Australia. Many gatherings are held during the time of the full moon or during the equinoxes and solstices. Fairies are so in tune with nature they love to celebrate the seasons. Attendees come by car pool, in old pickup trucks, busses, motorcycles, or just hitch a ride across country. Usually, the gatherings are held on large farms or remote private property far from the maddening crowds of urban life. Fairies bring food, sleeping bags, tents, insect repellent, flashlights, musical instruments, and costumes to these informal gatherings. Everyone is more or less on his own. Many leave all clocks and watches behind, enjoying what is known as "fairy time". And the lack of plumbing and electricity doesn't stop them from coming. If you're used to a jacuzzi and microwave oven, don't come to a fairy gathering! Your bath may consist of someone dumping a tepid bucket of water over your head, and your meal will most likely be prepared over a campfire.

Some gatherings can last as long as one or two weeks, consisting of circles, workshops and rituals. Individual participation is stressed without imposing the usual structure found in classrooms. Rituals help focus the group spirit and oneness. Elements of earth, water, fire, air -- as well as candles, chanting, touching and singing -- all lead to a very healing experience during rituals. Meditation and the joining of hands in a large circle rejuvenate the participants and strengthen their spirits. It's a good way to recharge your "batteries".

Many fairies choose to abandon their clothing, since nudity seems to decrease sexual curiosity and get down to the basics of relating to one another. Fairies often equate sexuality with spirituality and seldom look at sex as something "dirty" or to be "ashamed of." They merely follow their natural instincts -- in spite of what society deems correct or incorrect.

Other fairies paint their faces, put on old wigs, wrap around skirts, beads, shells, feathers in an attempt to unleash their androgynous or primitive natures. Female drag is not intended to be serious. It is intended to be a light-hearted, gay, ritual of genderfuck. Dancing is always a fun part of gatherings too, as is impromptu mini concerts using flutes, harps, tambourines, guitars, drums, and dulcimers. The natural environment, coupled with the general abandonment of worldly problems, tends to make everyone loosen up both mentally and physically. These festive gatherings of gentle and loving men being themselves are a blessing to the soul, a magical experience.

Of course, some fairies are into drugs, but no more than the Yuppies who snort cocaine and use designer drugs or ecstasy (MDMA).

In these times of pesticides, preservatives, prejudice, nuclear war, toxic wastes, disease, inflation, etc. it is very comforting to know that there are still a handful of men who think with their hearts (and less with their heads). Yes, fairies really do exist! Sometimes we just sit and contemplate mushrooms and other times, as Jim Long said in an RFD article, "We'd rather pick violets than run over them with a four-wheel vehicle."

Joe Lawrence Lembo is currently working on a book, Fairy-men USA: A Photo Essay and encourages readers to send their fairy photos to him at PO Box 640444, San Francisco, CA 94164.





The American Farm Crisis by Kim Grittner

American agriculture is going through the most financially devastating period since the 1930's. Debtor distress is once again haunting rural America as it did in the 1930's.

As more than one third of our farmers slide towards insolvency, some lenders are having trouble as well. According to a preliminary report on the US farm credit system which was released in November of 1984, rural lenders may turn to larger farm operations or non-agricultural customers in the future. The report also predicted a dismal future for small and medium sized farms and cooperatives served by the network of Production Credit Associations, Federal Land Banks, and the Bank for Cooperatives.

What this all translates into on a local level is profound loss and hardship for the farmers, particularly the small farmers. One young farmer described the situation by telling State Senators, "The number one cash crop is a job in town."

The statistics are very grim in Wisconsin, one of the hardest hit states of this crisis. Wisconsin is now losing about 2,000 farms annually, with about 86,000 remaining at the end of 1984. This loss of 2,000 farms a year has continued since 1981 when there were still 92,000 farms in the state.

A 1984 government report addressing the problem cited a 2% decline in the number of farms and an increase in farm size. If this trend continues, we may be watching the extinction of the small farm occur at this very moment.

CAUSES:

The following causes have contributed greatly to the current farm crisis:

- a) Rising taxes, especially on farm property
- b) High interest rates
- c) Farm commodity prices are too low
- d) Too much emphasis on costly technology which forces farms to keep getting bigger to stay competitive

One complaint being made against State Revenue Assessors is the failure to recognize deflation in the farm land values as a fact. This has put the "tax squeeze" on farm owners even when taxes haven't gone up significantly.

FEDERAL GOVERNMENT ACTION:

The Reagan Administration has taken a staunch, "market-oriented" view of the farm economy. During a tense visit to Green Bay, Wisconsin, Secretary of Agriculture John Block said in part, "Farm programs are costing more but farmers are worse off." "We have to solve the real pro-

blems facing agriculture and not just throw money at them." Needless to say, such news was not greeted with cheers by the rural audience.

Block also displayed the Reagan plan to strengthen agriculture:

- 1) Reduce the budget deficit and thereby drop interest rates and reduce the export problems caused by the strong dollar.
- 2) Increase exports by "getting tough" with quotas and other "unfair" trade practices which restrict free trade.
- 3) Reform the tax structure so that non-farm investors lose existing tax advantages.
- 4) Pass a 1985 farm bill aimed at a market-oriented agriculture. The idea is to help agriculture in the long run and give the government some cost controls.

All of these measures are long range solutions, and many of them are dubious at best (remember Reagan's promise of a balanced budget by 1984). I think Block summed up the Reagan boot strap philosophy best when he stated "Government programs aren't healthy. Farmers are doomed if they become more dependent on government. There's no dignity in that."

MORE BAD NEWS:

Even if the Reagan plan is more than hot air, it offers nothing to the truly needy farms. Their problems are much more immediate than can be affected by the long range "solutions" of the federal government. As economist Neil Hart points out, "Indications are 10% to 14% of the farm borrowers are unable to obtain credit for their crops in some parts of the country."

Lenders are faced with falling collateral values on one hand and stringent examiners on the other. As borrowers become unable to obtain production credit, they lose their land and machinery. This causes an unprecedented amount of land and machinery to be forced onto already weak markets. This in turn causes land and machinery values to decline. As these values decline, the collateral values for all borrowers and lenders declines further.

Still more bad news for middle-sized farms was released in March of 1985 in a special report produced by the Office of Technology Assessment. It states that new technology and genetic engineering methods will accelerate the trend towards larger farms in the next 15 years unless the government provides more help for middle sized farms.

ALTERNATIVE SOLUTIONS:

In response to difficult agricultural times, thousands of farmers are trying "conservation tillage". One such farmer



is Wayne Frederick of West Branch, Iowa.

Instead of tilling the soil each year, he plants under the residue each spring. This technique has saved Mr. Frederick about \$20.00 per acre or \$8,000 a year. This savings is enough to make the difference for many struggling farmers.

About 87 million acres were tilled by such methods nationwide in 1983, representing about 30% of all acreage under cultivation. That is up from 55 million acres in 1979 and 36 million acres in 1975.

An estimated 30,000 to 40,000 farmers have taken "conservation tillage" a step further. These farmers use alternative techniques, stressing the importance of weaning their farms from heavy dependence on agricultural chemicals (and the high cost associated with them) to renewables. They diversify their operations, use crop rotation, and fertilizing systems that include legume covers and animal manure where available. Chemical fertilizers and pesticides are used in reduced quantities. While these techniques are not fully organic, they represent a big step for many "traditional chemical" farmers.

New tools like microcomputers are now being used for many purposes to increase efficiency.

While the yields are sometimes a little lower than those from conventional farms, production costs are much lower. The result: greater profitability, improved soil quality, reduction of erosion, reduced chemical water pollution.

In an age where the federal government is cutting support to farmers, these alternative methods may prove to be the best hope for many ailing small farms. Furthermore, these alternatives have ecological benefits by reducing water pollution and preserving topsoil for future generations. The use of local resources for agriculture also strengthens our fragile rural economies by making them less dependent (and thus the country at large) on expensive petrochemical imports.

One big question is whether farmers can make the transition from "big is better with chemicals" to alternative techniques before they go under. The answer to this question may well determine whether or not there will be many small and medium sized farms 20 years from now.

Homesteading Advice

BY Jim Whipkey

My thoughts and advice to people who wish to get back to the land or a kind of natural living would be:

- 1) Try to save a little money. You'll do better if you have a job or skills which you can use for money-making almost anywhere.
- 2) Get some practical experience in the country to be sure you can handle it. It's bad if you only envision country living as cool (or warm) days, slow easy-going lifestyle, cute animals, fresh milk and vegetables, and then after you have moved and committed yourself to realize that the reality is different from what you had heard. There are cold, wet days and the stove won't fire-up; you have to get in hay or the feed put up for the animals before the storm sets in; or, you wish for a holiday away from the homestead, but wonder who's going to feed the animals, clean the barn, cut and haul the wood, work in the garden, or put up all that can be preserved to avoid any waste.
- 3) Learn to get along by yourself. Even if you have a friend to join you, sometimes you are going to be all alone out there in the country.
- 4) What if you are without electricity or city water or gas? Could you get by for a week or more? Could you see yourself carrying your drinking water from the neighbors? Could you adapt to no electricity, no TV, no instant lights or heat?

What about medical help? Are you able to get along without seeing a doctor every time you turn around? Seeing doctors could cut into your cash reserves. Also, what would you do about an accident or health problem? This is an important point to consider.

What about transportation? Leg power may be good enough to get around your place, but what about getting into town for shopping or picking someone up for a visit? What is the most appropriate kind of vehicle?

Not all country people are laid back and easy going. So, how open are you going to be? There is a lot of prejudice out here until folks get to know you, and even then, things might not be "cool". So think about that, too.

Don't be afraid of getting your hands dirty. Cleaning

out the barns, working in the garden, or almost anything can be a dirty job, but it'll wash off.

Get advice from various people and other sources. Where one could give you his advice from his studies, another could have on-the-job experience. Even two people next to each other could have conflicting experiences, so don't take one opinion as the final say on a subject.

Draw up a plan of what you expect to do: what crops and animals you want to raise. Try to get all your thoughts down, then go over and make a separate list of each major item and put down all your thoughts that go with it. For example, the house. What needs fixed right away, what is okay, what is okay for now but needs to be replaced, etc.

Are you going to use wood for heating? Where are you going to get it? How are you to haul it, cut it? How much is enough?

What about your food and its preservation? How will you get your staples? How much will you rely on your garden produce? What kind of storage will you need?

Getting back to experience, this is a necessity. Even if you have to spend a little for visiting someone who is living in the country, it is better to spend some now than have regrets later. Apprenticeships with just room and board are a possibility. A one or two-week vacation can be a good trial run. A part-time job on a homestead would offer even more experience.

What to do for extra cash? Haul junk, sort out different metals. Collect from neighbors, junk piles, or dumps; pick up aluminum cans along roadsides. That puts money in your pocket and cleans up the countryside at the same time. What about flea markets or community affairs? Do you have a hobby that you can turn into cash like drawing, painting, making some small inexpensive object, or even something big? Maybe you can buy things at auctions and resell them for a markup at flea markets or a yard sale. Furniture refinishing or repairs is another possibility. There are probably many such ideas for making some money if you just put your mind to it.

So, think about it, and look before you leap.



brothers behind bars

The Brothers Behind Bars Program is an outreach to our gay brothers in jail. It has three major activities: 1) providing space in the journal for a forum of ideas, information, and other prisoner writing; 2) developing a Pen Pal program whereby we maintain lists of prisoners seeking correspondents to furnish those interested along with guidelines; and 3) providing prisoners with free subscriptions to RFD whenever possible.

If anyone is interested in writing to a prisoner, please write us for the local list and guidelines. It is also a good idea for folks receiving mail from prisoners from the Contact Letters to get the guidelines before responding. Since we have a waiting list for free subs, we welcome gift subs (\$12). Please specify if you want your name to be given to the recipient. As with Contact Letters, one can also write to prisoners through RFD.

ACLU CASES

In a pair of cases, the Court will decide the extent to which federal courts will continue to hear cases involving the treatment of state prisoners. In Daniels vs Williams, the Court will decide whether the theoretical availability of a state court action for personal injury, practically unavailable because of a state immunity provision, prevents a federal court from granting relief to a prisoner injured by a state employee's negligence. In Davidson vs Cannon, the Court will review a ruling that an inmate stabbed after after he warned prison officials that he had been threatened, to no avail, has not been deprived of any federal rights.

Prison officials are seeking immunity from suit for cruel and unusual punishment and excessive force inflicted during a prison riot in Whitley vs Albers.



GAY PRISONER'S POETRY BOOK

A gay prisoner is putting together a book of poetry and sketches on the theme of life and love in prison. Explicit references are okay but no "downer" poetry is encouraged. Some payment is possible upon publication. The editor is also looking for black and white sketches. Write:

SLS, Ed. GPP
PO Box 149
Dublin, NH 03444



ANARCHIST PEN PALS

TETTIX is an anarchist pen pal network which aims to foster communication between anarchists, anti-authoritarians, rebels in U.S. prisons. The cost is \$1 monthly, free to prisoners in U.S. Write:

TETTIX
CP 95 STN Place D'Armes
Montreal, PQ, Canada H2Y 3E9

ESCAPE

by SLS

A whisper, a plan to escape.
He shivers at the thought of the
Route.
Where the throat meets the groin
And the nape feels
Delicate love (crammed)
- short and secret -
Hidden behind a half-inch of
Steel
Making sex seem like a traffic jam.

CAPTURED

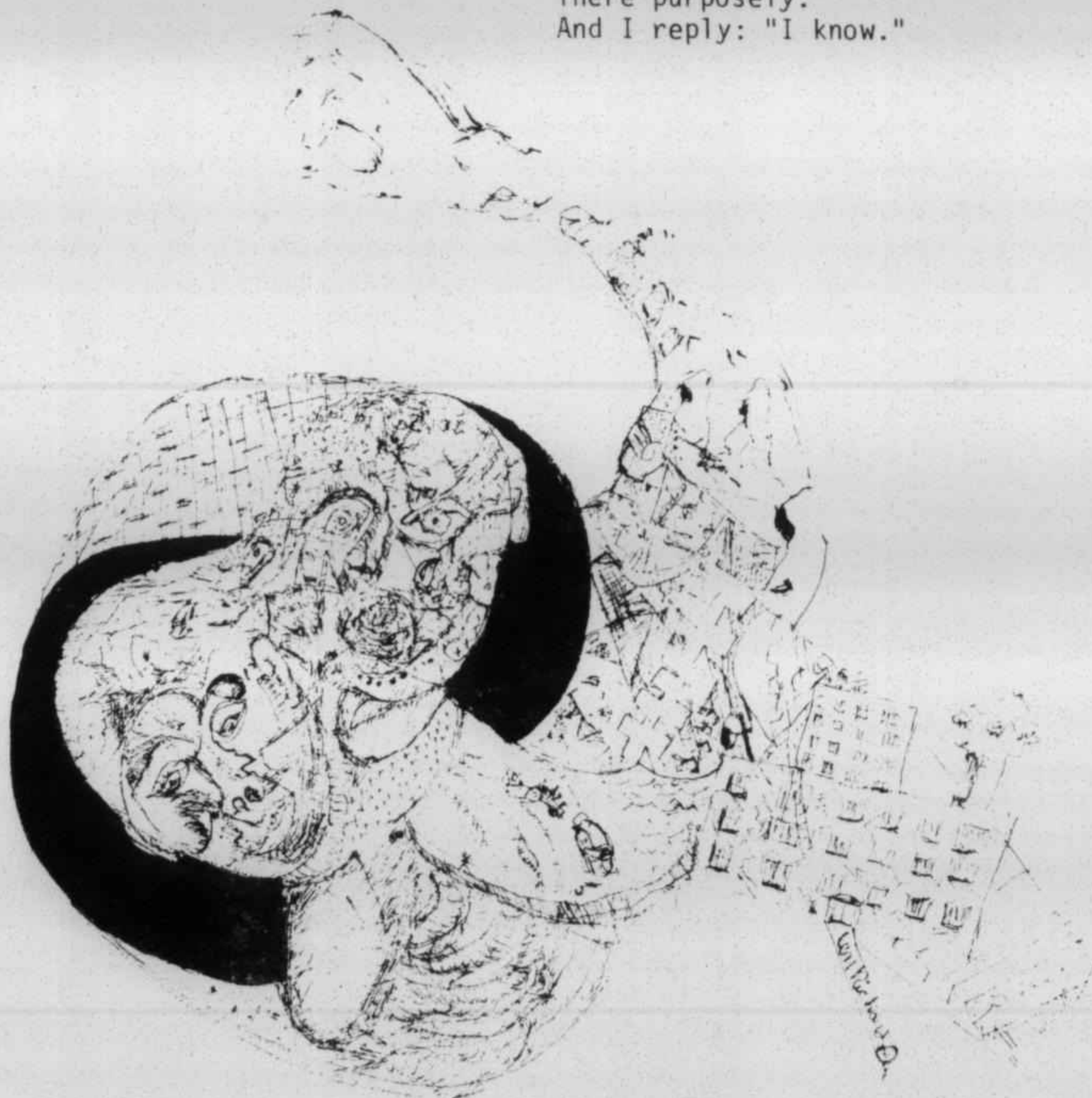
by SLS

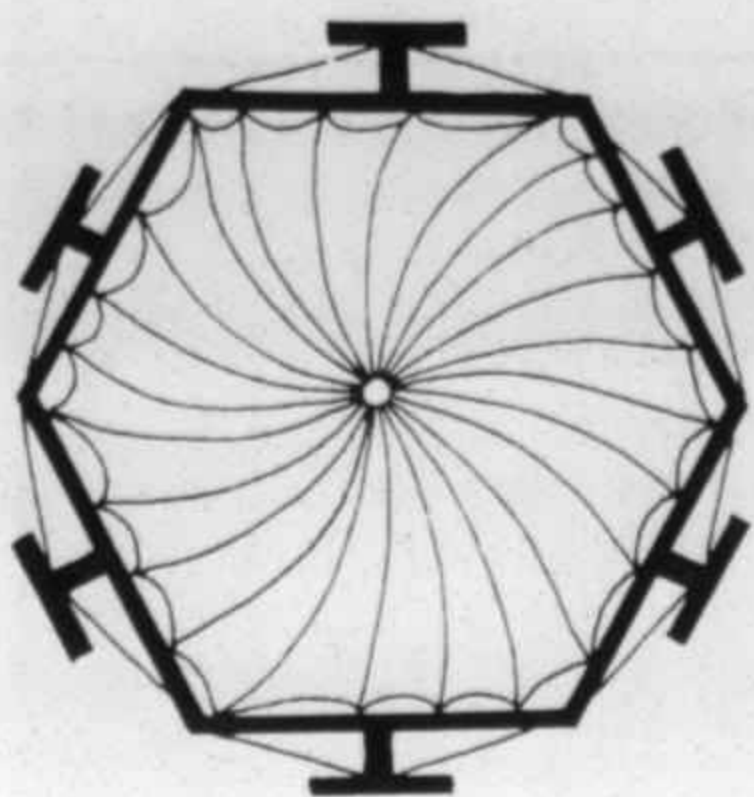
I held you and I
On the prison bottom
Bunk
Wrapped bodies heated
Under sheet...

I reached
For your genitals
Touching your heart
Boldly.

While you meekly let
Your hand slip,
Mistakenly on my
Heart ticker,
And suddenly
The guard's light shined
And we feared
Separation more than
Being captured
In a 'wrong love.'

Now in our cots apart
I hear you whisper:
"I placed my hand
There purposely."
And I reply: "I know."





CRIMINAL OR VICTIM?

by Russell Allen Hux

Is it possible for a criminal, in some sense, to be a victim? The answer, unfortunately, is "yes." There are cases where a person may become a criminal, not by choice or intention, but by error in the judicial system.

And, it would more than likely start at an early age. It may begin with detention homes, juvenile halls, foster homes, reformatories, clinical schools, state institutions, and jails. More than likely he will finally end up in prison. Because of the years spent in institutions, he wouldn't get the education he needs to make something out of his life or the professional help each individual should have. All he learns is manipulation of others, physical and mental abuse by officials and fellow inmates. He comes to feel total emptiness and loneliness, having one's morals sink so low or taken away completely.

To have a better understanding of what I'm talking about, I will bring my own case to you. In this way, you may be able to decide if a criminal can be a victim of circumstances or not.

My case began in 1965, the beginning of my school year. I was two weeks from turning six years old. My parents went to Chesapeake, Virginia to enroll me in hopes that I would get a good education. Soon, their hopes and dreams began to fade. One month following the beginning of school my parents received a notice from the school asking them to keep me home because I was not yet six. My parents were upset and gave the school board quite a hassle. Soon the school board came to dislike my parents, my sister, and me.

In 1966, just before the beginning of school, my sister became ill and needed to be hospitalized. While my sister was in the hospital I was taken to a neighbor's house. My mother stayed at the hospital with my sister, and my father continued to work to meet the medical expenses. The neighbor took good care of me and saw to my every need.

Just before the school year started in 1966 my parents received another letter stating that before I would be

treatment, and again, I had to stay out of school.

One day while my mother was at the hospital with my sister and my dad was at work, the court send a policeman to the neighbor's house in which I was staying, and had me taken to Tidewater Detention Home in Chesapeake. My parents were told that if I didn't go to school, that they would be sent to jail. My parents didn't have a choice in the matter. They tried to receive assistance from the city and state for the treatment the school board was demanding. In the end, it was more of a mistake.

I was taken to a state institution in Richmond. I don't remember much of the place due to my only being there for a few months. I was taken back to Chesapeake, and placed in a foster home. While at the foster home, I was visited by a psychotherapist. That was the extent of my treatment.

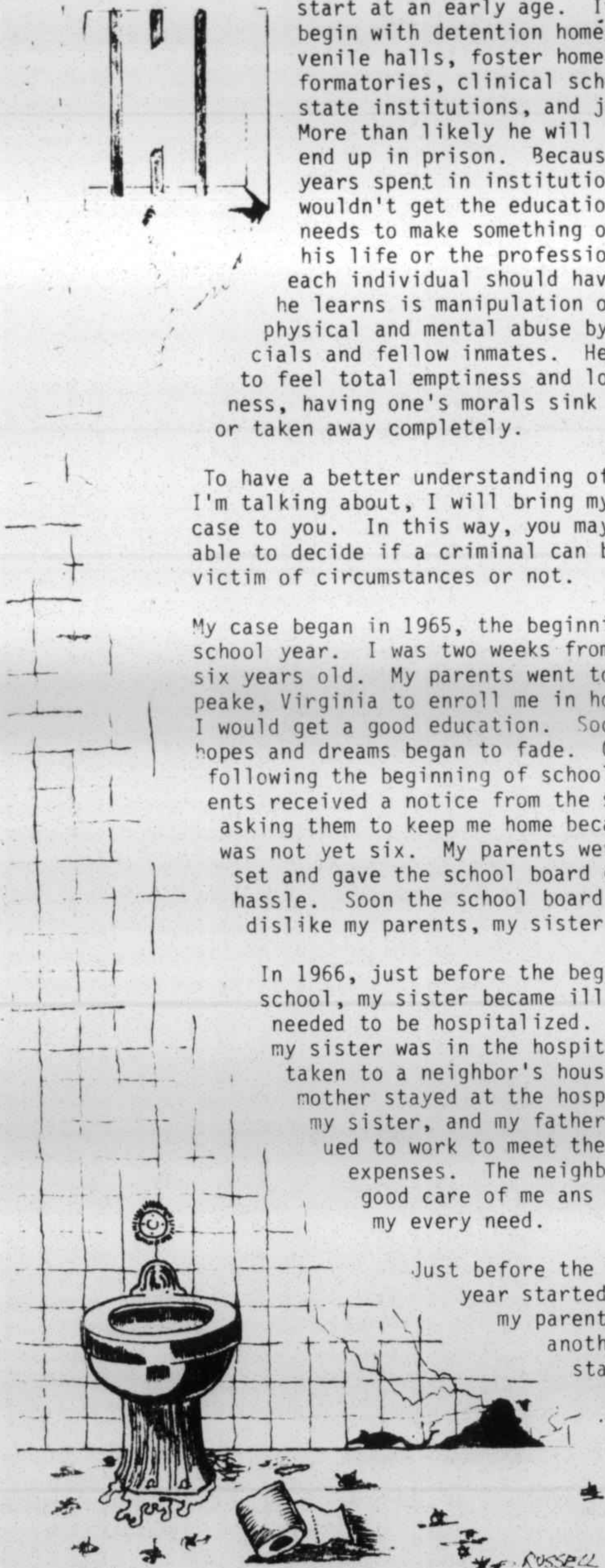
While living in the foster home, I started school. I was seven years old then. I didn't last very long. I had an attitude problem. At the time I had no idea what caused the change in myself. Now, I believe, that it was hatred I felt towards my keepers and those who wanted me to see doctors. I was feeling sorry for myself. I didn't feel that I was loved by my parents. I wasn't allowed to be with them, and that was difficult for me to accept. I was being moved from one place to the next and wasn't aware of what was happening. The other kids found out I was living in foster homes and would make fun of me. I had a bad temper and would usually get into fights. I would cry at times because I was lonely and it really hurt. Soon, the school started kicking me out because of those fights. No matter what school I went to, it was always the same.

At that point it didn't seem like anything else could go wrong, but it did. The school system wouldn't take me back because of my temper and behavior. The Social Services and Jevvenile Court informed my parents that something had to be done, that I had to be in some type of school. The court said that I had some type of mental problem. Also, they informed my parents that they could and would provide me with adequate help. At the time, it occurred to my parents that I did need help -- help they couldn't provide because of my sister's needs. The court said that I would be made a ward of the state and the state would see that I received everything I needed. They also said that I'd be returned home within a year.

Neither my parents nor I knew what the state had planned for me in the next five years, nor were we prepared for what was to come. All the stories the state gave my parents about the education and professional help I would receive were only lies. My parents had believed what the courts and the state said would be done. They were only to be disappointed.

Those five years were the longest five years I ever spent -- five years of loneliness, heart-aches, and emptiness in my life and spirit. My family and their love were taken away, and for what reasons? What crime did I commit to live the way the courts forced me to live? I was only a child, nine years old and never did harm to anyone.

In those next five years of my life, I went from one institution to another. I had several tests performed on me including a brain-wave test to see if I had any mental problems. The state of Virginia played with me like a



pawn on a chessboard moving me at random. I was only money in someone's pocket.

A few months after my 10th birthday in the beginning of 1970, I was taken to Byrd Airport in Richmond along with three other kids and placed on an airplane. I was sent over 1,000 miles from home and the parents who loved me. For some reason, the State of Virginia saw cause to place me in the Montanari Clinical School in Hialeah, Florida. I didn't know what was going on. I didn't know why I was there. No one would tell me anything. All I knew was that I was somewhere I shouldn't have been and couldn't do anything about it. This was to be my home for the next four years.

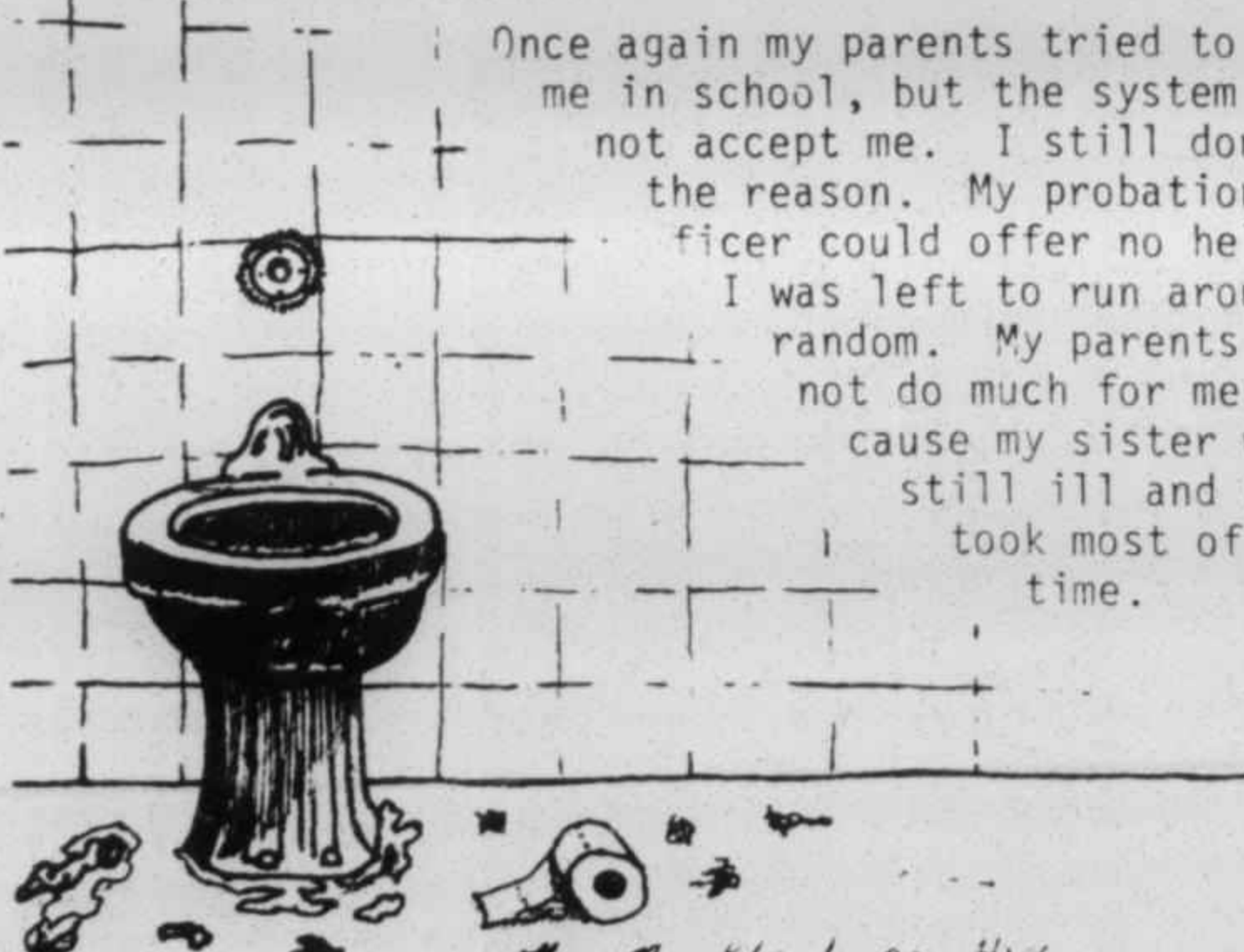
The school was one big office building with houses all around it. I knew I didn't want to stay there and was determined to do whatever I needed to get away, even if that meant running away. I had made up my mind; I wasn't going to stay there.

While I was in Florida, there seemed to be a bureaucratic mix-up in Virginia. No one had told my parents where I was. They tried to call inquiring as to my whereabouts but could get no reply. My parents felt a conspiracy was going on in keeping my whereabouts a secret. They called the FBI. The FBI returned the call and informed them that I was in Florida. My parents asked if anything could be done to return me home. Since I had been made a ward of the state, nothing could be done. It hurt my parents a great deal knowing that they had no authority over me.

The clinic was set-up a lot like a foster home, and a child had no professional therapy, little education, and no love there. Oh, they had a school, but it was mainly a show-case. I became very nervous and depressed. Some of the houses had retarded children who would sit all day on the lawn rocking back and forth and talking to themselves. Every so often, one or two of them would start jumping up and down or running across the yard pulling their hair, or beathing their arms or hands. I couldn't understand what they would be yelling about. It really made me sick seeing things like that, and it made me want to get away even more.

It wasn't long before I started having nightmares about the place and about my parents never seeing me again. Soon, I started trying to run away. Every chance I got I'd make a break for it. I wouldn't do anything I was told and was belligerent. There were times at night when I would wake up from nightmares crying and yelling for my mother. She wouldn't be there to hold me and tell me everything was all right or to show her love to me when I really needed it. Soon, the doctors at the clinic put me on the tranquilizer called Thorazine. It was meant to slow me down but what it did was to make me lazy and high so that I couldn't comprehend what was happening to me. After a year or so I forgot I had a family and stayed like that til 1974 when I was finally allowed to go back home.

Upon returning home in the middle of 1974 more difficulties arose. The lost time couldn't be made up. Five years changes people and for a while it seemed that we were all walking on eggs. I was to be on probation until I was 19.



Once again my parents tried to place me in school, but the system would not accept me. I still don't know the reason. My probation officer could offer no help. So, I was left to run around at random. My parents could not do much for me because my sister was still ill and she took most of their time.

I was still taking the drug Thorazine, but it wasn't helping me at all. I remember my mother crying a lot and couldn't understand why. Things were really getting to me, so one night I took about 30 of the pills and tried to kill myself with an overdose. I thought death would be a lot easier than life considering all the misfortune I had experienced. My mother found me and after I told her what I had done, I was soon on my way to the hospital. Afterwards, I was sent to a mental hospital in Norfolk, Virginia. I was sent home a month later. However, my troubles were not over. I didn't act as instructed by my probation officer and I was taken back to the courts.

The court ordered me to the Tidewater Detention Home. From there I went to the Diagnostic Center and finally to the Hanover School for Boys in Hanover, Virginia. This process took about a year. I was 15 years old. I can't see how I was helped. In some ways, I was crying for help but only receiving more pain.

Soon after I turned 16, I got a job as a stock-boy in a store down the street from my parent's house, but it only lasted for a few weeks.

The next few years, two of which were spent in foster homes, four months in Chesapeake City Jail for larceny and 18 months in a North Carolina jail for larceny. When I got out I made up my mind to do right even if I didn't have an education.

Between the ages of 9 and 18, I had spent eight years in some type of institution. It was mostly working and not education. My past childhood was an absolute hell. I realize some of it was my own doing, but I blame the State of Virginia for not giving me the right kind of help when I was very young. I soon realized that I needed to make something or someone out of myself and was going to try very hard.

In 1979 I was back home. My parents got me an old car and talked to one of their friends about helping me find a job. I did pretty well working, but my dad and I had our differences of opinions, and he kicked me out of the house. I did okay until my car started having its troubles. I had a job as a bricklayer's helper, and our work moved from one place to another. I needed my car for transportation. Eventually, my car quit running altogether, and I lost the job.

I started committing burglaries. It was the only thing I knew how to do, so I could eat from day to day. I wasn't into drugs. In 1979 I was put in jail for seven burglaries and eight larceny charges. I received a total of 24 years.

Since that time, I have learned a great deal about myself. I have gotten my G.E.D. and feel some self-esteem in having it. I have some idea now of what I want from life. I would like to help kids who are institutionalized. Maybe I feel this way because I never received the help I needed. In all the institutions I was in, I was never taught to be responsible. I had become so institutionalized that I couldn't handle the pressures of life on the outside. Institutions were, and still are, the only kind of life I've ever really known.

I went up for parole in 1984 and was denied it because of the usual attitude and misconduct reports. But, I've always been confronted with rejections, so I am familiar with that. I suppose they feel I haven't served enough time yet.

Do you think a so-called criminal could have been a victim of society and all its pressures? Is it justifiable to force a child to spend years in an institution because of behavioral problems? Was I a victim of society and its courts? You be the judge.

Considering these issues, I ask you to remember that if something isn't done to help those poor kids, then they too will one day end up where I am today. And I can truthfully say that this place is not any kind of life for anyone.

Sexual Abuse of Boys: Issues for the Counselor

By KENNETH E. DEVOID, JR.

Many school counselors and mental health clinicians are now confronted with a new and growing concern. The sexual abuse of boys is currently receiving attention due to increased reporting of child abuse in general and to some extent, the slight increase in research available on the subject of sexually abused males.

In reviewing the most recent literature regarding the sexual abuse of boys, it becomes apparent that this is a rather special clinical group whose needs have not been addressed sufficiently. "Ten years ago it would have been possible to describe the 'state of the art' in male child-sexual-abuse-intervention in a few paragraphs or less" (Jones & Jenstrom, 1980) (Sgroi, 1982, p. 1). As with other forms of child abuse, the effects on the boys and girls are similar. There are some differences in occurrence, prevalence, and nature of the offense, but there is no sexual discrimination as to the trauma and emotional upheaval that sexual abuse of children incurs in its victims. Much of the information in studies of sexually abused boys is applicable to girls as well.

Methods to inquire about the current degree to which clinicians are confronted with sexual abuse of boys includes surveys of counseling professionals and national statistics gathered from a number of United States child abuse reports. A critical issue appears to be that the number of boys involved in reported sexual abuse has risen substantially in recent years. Professionals involved in child abuse projects indicate that boys now comprise 25% to 35% of their case loads. Even with this increase, it is estimated that perhaps as few as one in twelve of the estimated 46,000 to 92,000 boys who are sexually abused in the United States each year come to the attention of a professional (Finkelhor, 1979).

Analyzing available information is a task of interpretation from a psycho-social model. For instance, boys are less likely than girls to report sexual abuse and are more resistant to discuss their molestation experience when referred for treatment (Nasjleti, 1980). A boy may not report because he feels guilty about having received money, presents, or pleasure in exchange for sexual activity. Analysis must determine if he may have been sworn to secrecy, or if he may have been threatened with harm. Fearing something harmful will happen to an offender who is loved and respected is a common concern. A child may have been warned that he will be responsible for any bad things that happen to his family if he tells anyone.

Other implications have been found in the available data. These are far reaching because of the impasse presented to therapists and counselors. Boys in America grow up being taught not to be dependent, vulnerable, or helpless, or at least keep such feelings to themselves. A boy's resistance to asking for help may stem from a reluctance to identify himself as helpless or passive. As most offenders are men, reporting a homosexual assault may be viewed by a young male as tantamount to admitting homosexuality, even though he was forced into the activity. This particular stigma, a formidable one among many male peer groups, might cause worry about being labeled 'gay' if the molestation experience becomes known. Thus, fearing a challenge to his masculinity, he may choose to remain silent (Finkelhor, 1979, Nasjleti, 1980).

Findings most important for social workers, counselors, and therapists involves information about offenders derived from data currently available. Because incest by its very nature tends to remain a family secret, it is the most difficult form of sexual abuse to detect. Boys are less likely than girls to be abused alone; 60% of the time there are other victims in the home. Often sisters are abused conjointly with male children when forced into sexual activity by the father figure. The adolescent male

victim of incest is a shadowy figure who has rarely been described (Sgroi, 1982, p. 31).

Findings further reveal that boys are most often exploited sexually by an older male who is not a family member. There is evidence that most perpetrators are heterosexual in orientation, even though they may abuse male children. No offenders with a homosexual orientation were found in a study of 175 males convicted of sexual assault against children. It has been suggested that the adult heterosexual constitutes a greater risk to the underage child than does the adult homosexual male. Offenders who are exclusively attracted to children show a slight preference for boys over girls. These same individuals are often uninterested in adult homosexual relationships, frequently expressing a strong sexual aversion to adult males. They find attractive the immature boys' feminine features and absence of secondary sexual characteristics, such as body hair and muscles (Groth & Birnbaum, 1978). Psychotherapeutic treatment of the pedophile offender has met with little success in changing behavior (Costell, 1980; Martin, 1978).

Conclusions and implications for counselors suggest that the emotional trauma may be vastly increased by insensitive intervention. The distressive reaction of child victims generally correlates with the reaction of parents and authorities who become involved (e.g. doctors, counselors, police, attorneys). Professionals who will not acknowledge or do not understand the dynamics of child sexual abuse are seriously handicapped when involved in such cases and will likely fail to elicit or appreciate pertinent information or misinterpret the significance of what is revealed. Counselors need to become educated about this prevalent intergenerational, multifaceted problem and come to grips with their own fears and vulnerability surrounding child sexual abuse. Because 90% of reported perpetrators are men, an additional consideration for the male professional is learning to avoid defensive responses (Courtois & Watts, 1982).

Because sexually abused children are often referred to counseling for other problems, it is of the utmost importance that counselors be trained in recognizing behavioral indicators of sexual abuse, as well as in the dynamics, treatment, and prevention of family violence and sexual assault. Existing treatment for sexually abused boys is primarily confined to symptom control. Research is greatly needed in exploring effective facilitation for boys' disclosure of sexual exploitation (Sgroi, 1982).

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TIPS FOR LIVING A BETTER LIFE

by Russell
E.

Brooker, Ed.D.

Dr. Brooker is a practicing psychologist in the Atlanta area. For the last fourteen years he has been extensively involved in counseling and psychotherapy in the areas of interpersonal relations, sexual dysfunction, and eating disorders. He received his doctorate from Ball State and trained with Masters & Johnson and Dr. Joseph LoPiccollo. He is interested in helping individuals create more productive self-concepts and in teaching people how to work through roadblocks in relationships.

BE HONEST

Being honest about your thoughts and feelings is an integral part of personal growth. By honestly revealing who you are, you align yourself with others in a way which allows trust and communication to develop. This may seem like a difficult task at first, but as individuals around you recognize your integrity and reflect it, a sense of well-being develops which leads to peace and joyfulness. Truth, beauty, and love are all related qualities of the human experience and contribute greatly to quality of life.

Being honest does not necessarily mean telling intimate things about yourself to people at cocktail parties. It does mean revealing yourself to people that you want to be close to.

TAKE RESPONSIBILITY FOR YOURSELF

People often blame others for their unhappiness or their failure to be as productive as they would like to be in life. This puts a terrible burden on the person assigned the blame or responsibility. It also leaves the individual who blames others for his or her plight with a sense of hopelessness and helplessness.

Often I have heard persons say something like, "If only my spouse or lover were different I would be happy." This statement is not only untrue, but it also implies that in order for one to be happy, other people have to change. As you may have noticed, getting other people to change is no easy task.

This type of attitude results in feelings of not being in control of one's life. These feelings of not having control are much like those of an infant. As an adult, feeling infantile is less than desirable, especially when you realize that an infant is dependent upon the goodwill of those around him/her. Although we all have extremely valuable parts of ourselves that are childlike, we are

better off to recognize that as adults we are, in large measure, in charge of our own fate.

ASK FOR WHAT YOU WANT

When parents who are burdened with worries and responsibilities hear children asking for attention and material things, they often feel overwhelmed. When children are responded to negatively in terms of the things that they want, they soon learn to ignore their wants and begin to depend more upon their parents to give them what the parents can emotionally and materially afford.

In this way, children lose touch with themselves. They learn to look to others for what they want and after a while, may even lose awareness of what it is they want or how to find it within themselves. Then as adults, they wait for others to anticipate their wants and needs. This leads to trouble.

It is very important to let people around you know what you want by asking for it. If you ask for what you want, you are likely to hear "no" on occasion. However, by asking for what you want, many of your wants will be fulfilled and the rejection implied in the occasional "no" will be easier to take.

KEEP YOUR WORD

When we make a commitment to someone by indicating that we will accomplish a certain task or be at a place at a specific time, we are saying to others and to ourselves that we can be relied upon. When a person commits to something and doesn't follow through, they become incongruent with themselves. When they set this incongruence up on a regular basis, they will come to wonder if they can trust themselves to handle their own lives. "Am I able to take care of myself" the unconscious mind might begin to ask. The answer, which often comes back in the form of vague feelings and beliefs is often--"no, I can't take care of myself."

Of course there will be times when the expense to the self would be so great that keeping a commitment would be foolhardy. This will cause only minimal distress.

Before making a commitment, ask yourself if you will be able to follow through and be honest with yourself in your answer. Many of us find ourselves saying yes to things in order to gain approval. This will inevitably lead to trouble. If you make a commitment, make sure that it is something that you want to do or can do without extraordinary emotional expense to yourself.



DEVELOP A SUPPORT GROUP

Many times because of time commitments, people begin to drop close personal friends from their lives. This is particularly common among couples, who then begin to depend more and more on their partners for the majority of their support.

This practice begins in the infatuation stage of relationships--a period when time spent with a partner is most wonderful. Generally, however, it is wise to maintain close friendships no matter what your couple status. For one thing, no one person can always be available for support and counsel. If a person has several people to turn to at a time of stress, there is greater likelihood of getting good support.

Men often, for a variety of reasons, tend to let go of personal friendships when they couple. When they realize that their partner is not always available, there is a tendency to feel abandoned. This may lead certain men to use power maneuvers including manipulation to regain the partner's support. This rarely works on a long-term basis and can be the beginning of the end.

Keeping and nurturing your friendships is an important part of living a better life.

DRUG AND ALCOHOL ABUSE LEAD TO JOYLESSNESS

We are all aware that drug usage for recreational purposes is widespread in this country. There are many reasons for this: personal insecurity, fear of failure or success, a desire to escape, and the desire to "loosen up." Another reason is that in the initial phases of drug usage, people find a sense of well-being that is often lacking in their lives.

This condition, unfortunately, is not maintained over time.

With repeated usage of drugs, people lose more and more sense of themselves. The things which bring joy are less available to the drug user. In addition, most types of drugs used for recreational purposes are addictive, which is a problem in itself. So if you want more joy and happiness in your life, consider finding natural things to accomplish this. And if you need help, find it.

LEARN WHAT RESCUING IS AND DON'T DO IT

The term rescuing has a specific meaning in the study of human behavior. It means doing something for someone that you don't want to do or taking responsibility away from someone and assuming the responsibility for yourself.

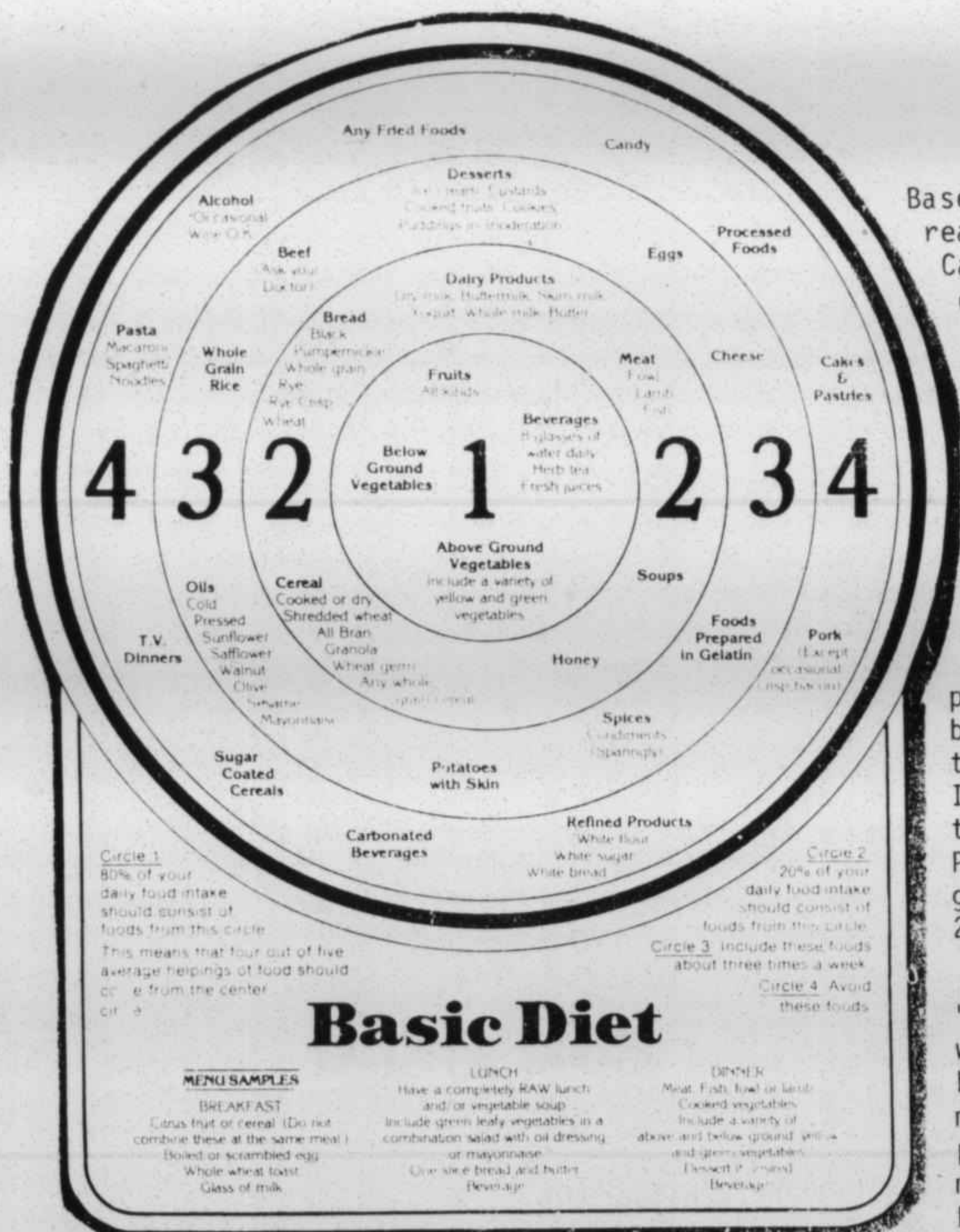
When a person rescues, he or she begins a chain reaction of events which lead to unpleasantness, psychological games, and feelings of helplessness and resentment. A person who rescues someone generally does this because he or she wants to be liked. This never happens! The way to develop closeness is through being yourself, not through being a rescuer.

LEARN TO FORGIVE YOURSELF

We all make lots of mistakes in life. This is OK because we can learn about ourselves from our mistakes. If we allow ourselves to be paralyzed by guilt for having done something inconsiderate or thoughtless, we interfere with our natural tendency to correct our mistakes.

If you make an error, acknowledge it to yourself (and perhaps to those you have affected) and forgive yourself. Vow not to repeat the same mistake if you can help and get on with your life.

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Based on the psychic readings of Edgar Cayce, the physicians, nurses and staff of the A.R. E. Clinic in Phoenix, Ariz. have developed this Basic Diet chart which is available as a poster. Printed in attractive colors of green and gold, each poster is 8 1/2" by 11" and laminated in plastic. It is \$2.95 from the ARE Bookstore, PO Box 595, Virginia Beach, VA 23451.

"What we think and what we eat--combined together--make what we are, physically, and mentally." Cayce Reading 288-38.

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Late Winter Meditation



BY RANDEW SCHRECK

I drove home on winter roads with turns in brown, miles dormant as trees stood my passing. Turning left and turning right, my eyes were 27, my heart older. Far below the road edge ran an ice-chunk river -- they call it Hood in this valley, but it runs on the same, miles dormant as trees stand its passing. Cows and geese stood like rocks and watched my rolling stone cast through the valley toward a winter night, alone.

Guiding the car toward another winter fire and toward solitude as self-inflicted as the bleeding of a wound, I thought nothing. I felt the browns and darkening fir greens. Below me ran a river, its light fading.

The air chilled and a waxing moon rose behind winter clouds as the river below me rambled, roared. I walked blankly in the failing light as a deeping landscape went to roost and stood my passing. The ridge became a darkened backdrop of jagged fir spikes, the frozen ground cracked beneath my boots in a pattern which carried me above the house into the meadow. It seemed the landscape lay mute, drugged. It seemed I waded in a sea of lengthened shadows, that I alone was fluid as moist breath marked my passing. Winter grasses lay crushed by a series of snowfalls, and naked branches stood erect as night began.

What cut the air sharply was the voice of scattering hooves. Twilight deer ran spooked, away from my footsteps and my moist breath and pounding heart. They ran for the woods to be swallowed by night. I stood but ceased being, fir branches beckoned them come.

One must have stumbled. One must have fallen, for an unearthly screaming and a tremendous thrashing shot the air. It broke my lungs and shattered my ears, the meadow was

filled with wave, with motion. Did the river below me roar? From the screaming it was clear to me that the distressed deer was a winter baby -- it screamed piteously to the others whose hooves were already past earshot. Terror edged its cries. In all of heaven and in all the earth, this was the only sound.

I ran without knowing into the forest, and the dark consumed me as the deer thrashed deeper into the night. Holding a stick, for I was frightened, I listened as the noise pushed further and further into the black, bursts of new screams on and on. The noise faded and silence slid between the trees. I turned to find the meadow once more, and walked back to the house, torn, ravaged.

And, somewhere in the night stumbled a baby who wanted its mama, who did not want pain as the coyotes filtered from unseen valleys. Death is the very fabric of life. How many times have I thought that, and my thoughts turned cold? How many times have I sunk?

I've been a guest on this stage before, and I've smelled this bitter wind. My own death is lurking. I myself will become spectacle and stumble further into the forest of time; it's nothing new. As I walked to the house I felt this. Death is the very fabric of life said my feet as trees stood my passage.

Those trees will fall. I will fall. It is a motion of pure beauty; death holds beauty aloft. There are animals who make the bloody swipe and animals that wrench meat from the bone. And, the world whispers beauty in every fold. My pace quickened and I awoke. Two gentle eyes watched two winter hands lift wood off the pile; my cat Cabbage called from the porch. A flame in my chest burst into praise as the river below me roared.



Taking Control of Our Bodies

BY Barry Yeoman

As human beings, we have lost control of our bodies. Society's "moral" code has dictated whom we may love, and how. A sort of fashion fascism has dictated how our bodies must look to be desirable, and how we must decorate them.

As gay men, we have lost even more control than our straight counterparts. Our sexual activity is regulated by the lawmakers, the courts, and for some, the churches. If we demonstrate our love, we subject our bodies to assaults by knife-wielding fagbashers. For some, our desperation for love has reduced our collective body image to that of cocks groped in the back rooms of adult bookstores. Our pornography has trivialized our lovemaking, making it seem like a mechanized activity not unlike milking a cow.

Most recently, some of our brothers have lost almost total control of their bodies to a mysterious and often fatal syndrome called AIDS.

If there is one thing that must unite the gay men's movements, it is the concept of wresting back control of our flesh. No matter where you are in your personal development -- a leader in the National Gay Task Force, a fairy, an apolitical city dweller, a teenager grappling with his homosexual feelings -- that goal is fundamental to your happiness as a gay man. We cannot flourish until we have the power to flourish, and we won't have the power until we take it.

Some of the ways one can work for gay men to reclaim their bodies are obvious:

* Those men working in the mainstream gay movement are trying to change laws that prohibit us from loving one another freely. They are also working to end discrimination against those who are called by their bodies to demonstrate that love.

* At fairy gatherings, one thing we are trying to relearn is that touch is not shameful, that we needn't depend on the ritualized and mechanized sex of the bathhouses in order to satisfy our deeply felt physical needs. Simply by touching each other (usually platonically, and occasionally - if two people connect - sexually) in a non-threatening environment, we are reclaiming the right to use our bodies in ways that truly feel good to us, spiritually as well as physically.

* Many gay men working in the health care professions are helping men with AIDS fight against the power that the syndrome tries to steal away from their bodies. As a wonderful by-product of a terrible phenomenon, they are teaching the world that physical love can come from avenues other than sex -- that we can rediscover a wide range of ways to satisfy the skin hunger so many of us feel.

But, you don't have to be a gay leader, or a fairy, or a health care worker to start to reclaim control. In our everyday lives, we can focus on the forces that make us yield our power. We must recognize that we are voluntarily giving it away, and that we have within ourselves the ability to take it back.

Taking back that power isn't an easy task. We must break difficult taboos and perhaps subject ourselves to penalties, either material or intangible. But those penalties are less severe than the penalty of having a lifestyle that someone else is regulating.

Below are a few suggestions for actions that we, as ordinary people can take:

1. Touch someone--and not necessarily on the crotch. To reclaim our bodies, we must begin to see ourselves and one another as more than roving penises. You may have an acquaintance or friend whom you have rejected because he's "too old" or "too young" or not your "type", or because she's a woman. That doesn't mean you have to reject your friend's flesh altogether. Does he or she need a backrub after a long day of work? Do you both take pleasure in holding hands at the movies without an implied sexual contract? Do you want a cuddle-buddy who's not necessarily a fuck-buddy?

Once we remember that we can find sensuous, non-sexual pleasure from a wide variety of people -- older people, children, relatives, even colleagues at work -- we will cease to be slaves to the phallogocentric values that have permeated gay and mainstream cultures. We will recognize that our whole bodies are enjoyable, that we have multiple pleasure centers, and that the greatest pleasure center of all is the brain.

Non-genital touch can even be a special experience in the most anonymous of sexual settings. Some of my most memorable experiences with tricks have involved kissing, or long backrubs, or hours spent naked performing erotic mime. Who says you can't be playful at the baths?

2. Question the institutions that keep your body enslaved. Face it, most of us hate the protocol of gay bars. We need the tenderness of kisses and hugs and scratches behind the ears. Instead we settle for "Do you come here often?" and "What are you drinking?", and an hour later, "I'll suck you if you suck me."

Maybe we can't change that tradition, even on a personal level. Perhaps we are too inhibited to walk up to someone in a loud disco and say, "You look like a warm, sensitive person, and I'd really like to cuddle in front of my fireplace and talk."

Too many people take that dreaded gay bar protocol and transfer it to situations outside the bar. They forget there are places where they don't have to perform, where they can be vulnerable and loving, and where they can begin to truly fulfill their needs.

Too many times in an intimate group of people -- a gathering, for example -- I'll see someone who has forgotten how to be honest with himself and others. He will run through all the pick-up lines he had learned at the bars and, once exhausting them, will have nothing left to say. And, his needs will remain unfulfilled.

Once we identify the things that oppress us (and perhaps the greatest self-imposed one is known as "attitude"), we can begin to purge them from our lives and substitute healthier, more empowering behaviors.

3. Recognize that other people, most notably women, are also fighting for control of their bodies, and join them in their fight.

Several years ago, I was on a Gay Pride Day steering committee, and we were debating whether to support abortion rights for women. The group was divided almost 50-50. I'm glad we ultimately decided to support those rights. Like gays, women find that straight male legislators are passing laws to regulate their bodies, trying to take away their reproductive freedom.

Some say abortion is morally wrong, just as some say that gay love is morally wrong. There are no cut-and-dry answers to these questions; philosophers have debated them for decades. But, one thing is clear: when an issue concerns our own bodies -- be it sexuality, reproductive freedom, euthanasia, or anything else -- we should have the right to determine what is right or wrong for our own selves.

As gay men, we are a small minority, as a diverse group of people trying to gain back self-determination, we are a much bigger army. Only by banding together can we win.



THOUGHTS ON COMMUNITY

by Michael Mason

Given space to write here, suddenly my mind draws a blank. What anyone doesn't know of me already I prefer to keep to myself. What does occur to me are all of the many people associated both with this magazine and within this network, whose work often goes unnoticed and far too often goes unheralded. There are persons functioning here among us whose every energy is devoted to the promulgation of the network, to the continued smooth operation of RFD, and to increased fellowship among our diverse and separated brotherhood. These persons are unique in that, for little or no pay for their performed tasks, they give wholeheartedly of themselves because they BELIEVE in the ultimate good of the things which they strive towards. They see the ultimate vision of gay brotherhood not as personal gain but as a collective unity, whose depths and horizons we all must share in if we, any of us, are rightfully to reap enjoyment. They believe, as do I, that our individual freedoms are bound up within the destiny of the whole; that by casting our lots as one we stand to gain, as one; whereas individually we have little chance of circumventing the odds placed against us (as gays) by humanity as a whole.

Given space to be creative, I would like to appropriate this space further to express my personal appreciation for these persons, and by so doing also draw their efforts to your attention. These folks are common folks: it is their vision which makes them larger than life. It is a vision whetted by courage, and the courage derived from being faced with great difficulty and no operative funds, and finding a victorious -- if modest -- way beyond.

* Ron Lambe, who has lovingly kept all the myriad details of RFD in balance, who has seen so many issues through from start to finish, from rough draft to layout to lugging it all off to the printer, and finally to sealing the envelopes and mailing it, while he himself has a great many other irons in the fire. Also for making Running Water accessible and available for guests and for persons like myself who have used the space to undertake lengthier projects of self-healing and 'vision quest'.

* Dwight (Light, Lucia, et al), who with his artistic skills and talents jumped in and (fretfully) transformed RFD to a pleasing-to-the-eye journal.

* Faygele ben Miraim, who was for the most part solely responsible for keeping RFD alive and afloat during the "Dark Years" between Wolf Creek and and the journal finally coming to live at Running Water; and who also makes incredibly good breads and cheese cakes and who knows how to cook a good scandal to perfection.

* Sister Missionary Position, whose manifold talents are everywhere evident at any faerie event which he attends; whole marathon 36-hour stint is single-handedly responsible for the AIDS Feature in this issue (and all without benefit of coffee or other drugs).

* Franklin Abbott, whose calm steadiness always urges a bit more love will show us the way.

* Raphael Sabatini, who is the life of EVERY party (and non-party!).

* Milo Guthrie, whose strength of vision and strength of body begat and maintained Short Mountain Sanctuary from its inception until the present day (and so much more!).

* Stevie, Beautiful Day, Sandy, Dan, Mike Burke, all of the Short Mountain Community who help very actively to promote the flowering of community on the actual physical, mechanical level.

* Gabby Haze, who is a shining light with sparkling eyes and such warm, given love. His vision includes (foster) fathering children through his and his wife Merrill's influences, that they have a better chance at maturing without so much of the societal trappings which snare so many of us and keep us down for too long.

* Crazy Owl, who lends of his knowledge of herbs and the body very unstintingly, and with love.

* Every household and community whose belief in this common dream (which is hardly common) of unity kept, and keeps, the doors and hearts open for weary travellers and the burgeoning dream.

* Every person within these households and communities who do the work physical and mental, like Byron chopping the onion and Phillip chopping the wood; to the making of coffee in the mornings, sweeping the floors, emptying the shitters and taking the trash away...

* And lastly, every person, living or dead, whose lives have been led for one reason or another to this network of activities, and thus to each other. We are a family of society's black(lavender) sheep who have found through banding together, that we can not be herded up and banished to "disregardment" beyond the polite definitions of God and country, to graze on some remote pasture.

My gratitude is, finally, reduced to mere appreciation, that from within the strictures of a hostile world we do have what of ourselves we have discovered; and that we have discovered this by sharing of ourselves with one another.

The point is that the circle of fellowship continues expanding outwards, until what we feel within ourselves as individuals and as a group we are also able to give and share with the world at large. The gratitude comes, in the end, to the unimpeachable God and Goddess who inspire us from within to a collective love and unity through the varying contexts of a shared struggle.



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photo by Phillip Smith





Running Water
Thanksgiving, 1985

Dear Readers,

I break from typing and editing this RFD feature on AIDS to walk thru Meditation Grove. The 'Union' stone Mason carved on this granite rock of Roan Mt. is close by. Its message helps me reaffirm my dedication to a life of cultural work and missionary service. As so many forces from within and without seek to separate us, we must heed the call to unite.

Early on in collecting material for this feature the decision was made to focus on a holistic approach that offered messages of hope and countered the view of AIDS as an automatic death sentence.

photos by Sr. Missionary Position



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Thanksgiving, 1985

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photos by Sr. Missionary Position



We felt the nationwide gay press has been quite competent in covering and updating the progress (and lack of it!) on the part of Western medical science. No doubt gay men who read *The Native*, *The Advocate*, or any of the fine regional gay papers know more about immune suppression, retroviruses and HTLV-8 blood tests than the public health officials who increasingly are spouting knee-jerk quarantine plans.

The popular media from *Time* and *Newsweek* to the *Evening News* and Phil Donahue have covered this health crisis from the perspective of the scientific establishment. That their views of AIDS are often packaged like the Anacin TV commercials of old with its panels of throbbing TENSION, PRESSURE, PAIN is not surprising. It is post-1984. Big Brother is obviously doing more than just watching! So we have dedicated our time and space to a presentation of AIDS that takes us out of the high tech laboratories and into the realms of the healing arts both unorthodox and more traditional.

John Ferguson, an RFD reader engaged in his own planetary healing thru music, contributed greatly to these pages by rounding up the information on Joan McKenna's Thermobaric Re-patterning and got permission from Richard Miles to print his analysis. It's one that succinctly capsulizes the orthodox medical view and demonstrates that other views can co-exist and just possibly make more coherent sense. (Sister's biases do show!)

John also sought out Chief Two Trees, a reputed Native American healer, and synopsised his prescription for health. He also faithfully recorded, transcribed and edited an RFD commissioned session with "Sabrina," a psychic channel living here in North Carolina.

A reader in Kentucky, Harold Cole, provides a cautionary "editorial tone" with his observations on the media marketed fear of AIDS and some of its implications for our lives. That history is repeating itself so quickly is needful for us to ponder. And the Sr. Cassandra in me calls out to remind us that the coming quarantine squads will be yet another test of our union. We must hold together.

The epidemic of fear is echoed and expanded in Dr. Hall's reflections, along with a healthy dose of traditional Chinese medicine with its emphasis on the balanced Five Element Medical Diet.

Diet is another major theme manifest in most of these articles and provides this issue's translation of RFD: Re-Forming Diet.

Our poetry editor directed us to one of the major selections, the story of AIDS survivor, William Calderon. Originally printed in *New Realities*, this abridged version is faithful to Calderon's pursuit of recovery thru a holistic approach using creative visualization, attitudinal and diet change, psychotherapy, vitamins and some chemical medicine.

Franklin Abbott's poem, "We All Fall Down," is powerful and immediately real: I know a man with sores in his mouth/ glands swollen hot/ sweating the night's passage/ . . . The poem has us confront our fears of death and in the end offers transcendence with its invitation to "trade place/ with/ the sky."

The central piece of this issue is Allan Troxler's essay, "Wandering the Woods in a Season of Death." His personal experiences with a friend's death is marked by profound insights and brilliant poetic and photographic expression.

Allan helped birth RFD in Iowa City over ten years ago and to have him so movingly present in this issue strikes a cord of family unity and continuity that inspires us.

We have rounded out this feature with resources, short news stories and items of pertinence and reflection, not the least of which are the timely AIDS IS mantra sent in by David Alder of England, Sr. Kave Sera's letter (written under his lay name, Den Kelley) on PWAs and sex at the baths; and a favorite is the safe sex calendar pix from Chicago by Glenn Mansfield, photographer, model and PWA committed to helping us all to love, to pleasure, and to empower ourselves.

We give thanks to all of you who have contributed to this feature, apologize for any credits that have been overlooked, and entreat all to pause for a moment, draw a deep yogic breath, and as you exhale, inhale, and exhale again, visualize for yourselves that special place in you "dedicated to our holding together."

With Hope and In Joy,

Sr. W. J. S.
Sr. Missionary Position, SPT
for RFD



LEFORD
FP4
SAFETY
FILM

NEWS

MORE EVIDENCE AGAINST POPPERS

The evidence continues to mount against isobutyl nitrite--'poppers.' Scientists at the National Jewish Center for Immunology and Respiratory Medicine conducted research with mice that had been specially bred with AIDS-like immunity problems. After breathing isobutyl nitrite, the mice became susceptible to disease and death. The researchers noted in a press release, "The animals exposed to the compound had decreased numbers of lymphocytes and macrophages, blood cells that are important in defending the body against infections."

The Denver-based research group issued a direct warning to gay men: "We believe our findings establish that inhaling isobutyl nitrite should be considered dangerous to homosexuals and others at high risk for AIDS."

--Michael Helquist
The Advocate

FEDERAL PROTECTIONS FOR THE DISABLED

Federal Lesbians and Gays (FLAG) remind AIDS patients that--indirectly--the federal government prohibits discrimination against people with AIDS. Section 504 of the Rehabilitation Act of 1973 (29 U.S.C. 794) provides wide-ranging protection of the rights of persons who are disabled or perceived as being disabled. For general info about Section 504 or complaint filing procedures, call (415)556-3505, 8:30am-4:30pm PST, or write FLAG, 584 Castro #464, San Francisco, CA 94114.

--George Lyon
The Advocate

AIDS DATA BASE IS ONE

The Computerized AIDS Information Network (CAIN) celebrated its first anniversary Nov. 1 as the only national data base specifically dealing with AIDS. CAIN provides general AIDS information, announcements and events, and research and resource data to computer users in 48 states and four countries. Accessible thru the Delphi data base in Cambridge, Ma, CAIN also features professional conferencing and electronic mail. With hundreds of sources for information, such as the CDC and research labs of UCLA, the network is accessible 24 hours a day, 365 days a year, for use by individuals or organizations, and is administered thru the Los Angeles Gay and Lesbian Community Services Center and the San Francisco AIDS Foundation.

--Elliot Tomblaton
The Advocate

MAJOR LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY PLANS TO SCREEN WITH HTLV-3 ANTI-BODY TEST

Certain applicants for life insurance policies at Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company will be required to undergo an HTLV-3 antibody test and if they test positively, will be uninsurable says the company's Assistant Medical Director Robert Gleeson, M.D. Northwestern Mutual, based in Milwaukee, is the 10th largest life insurer in the United States. The plan could go into effect before the end of the year.

--The Gayly Oklahoman

GAY AND LESBIAN INSURANCE PROFESSIONALS ORGANIZE

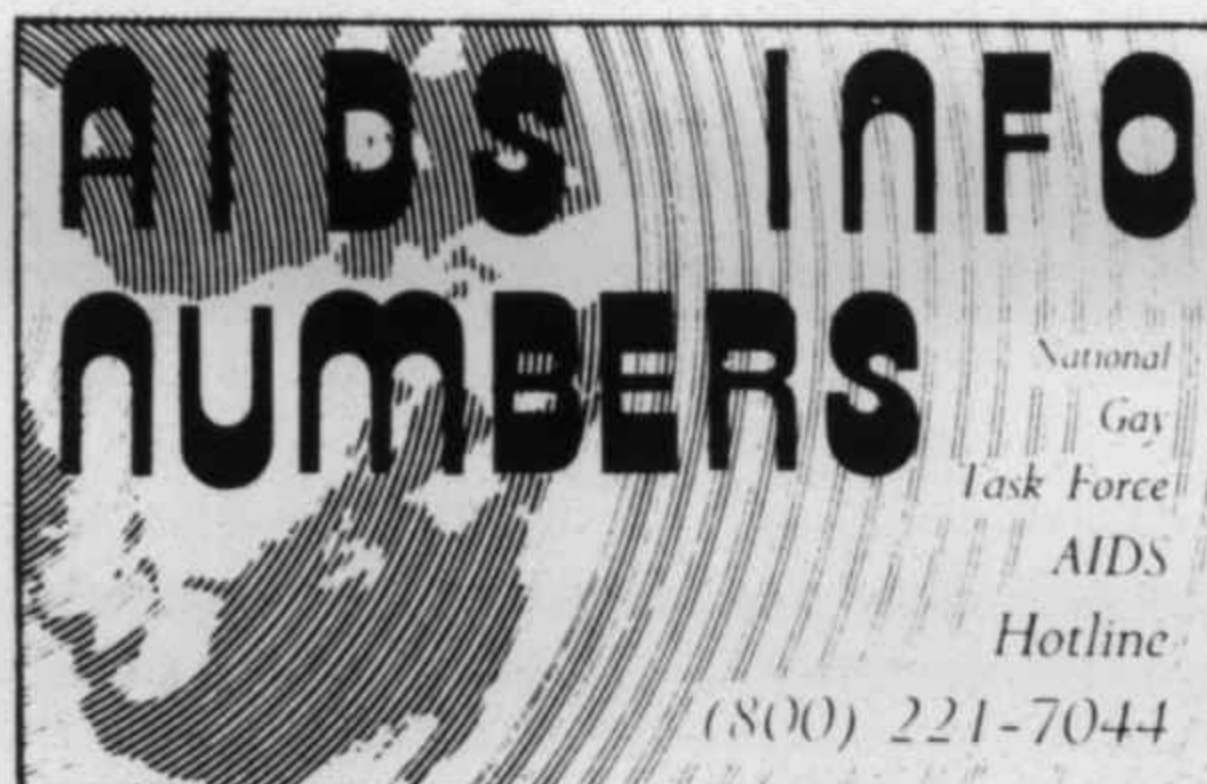
Gay and Lesbian Insurance Professionals Organize

Los Angeles. Concerned Insurance Professionals for Human Rights (CIPHR) has been formed to address discrimination relating to gay and lesbian concerns.

Membership will be open to friends of the lesbian and gay community within the insurance industry. Because of current insurance industry practices, the complete anonymity of all members will be assured.

Interested persons can contact CIPHR at POB 691006, Los Angeles, CA 90069. Phone messages can be left by calling Brent O. Nance, CLU, at (213) 854-3322.

--The New York Native



[The listings below are not complete but the best we could compile. Not all numbers are strictly AIDS Info lines but hopefully will offer direction and guidance. Many numbers will not be a 24-hour service.]

(800) 221-7044 NGTF AIDS HOTLINE
(415) 864-4376 SF AIDS FOUNDATION
(415) 864-6606 SFAF (Hearing Impaired)
(619) 543-0300 AIDS PROJECT SAN DIEGO
(415) 558-9644 SHANTI PROJECT
(213) 461-1333 LA AIDS PROJECT

ALABAMA: (205) 939-0440 Birmingham Aids Outreach
ARKANSAS: (501) 663-6455 Gay Switchboard
CALIFORNIA: (see above)
COLORADO: (303) 831-6288 Denver Community Center

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA (Washington):
(202) 332-AIDS (4-10)
(202) 833-3234 (7-11)
FLORIDA: (305) 634-4636 Miami
(305) 582-HFLP W. Palm Beach (noon - 9)
GEORGIA: (404) 872-0600 Atlanta
HAWAII: (808) 528-1919 Honolulu
(808) 572-1884 Maui
(808) 572-1996 Shanti
(808) 244-7407 Kokua
(808) 944-0178 Big Island
ILLINOIS: (312) 871-5696 AIDS ACTION Chicago
(312) 472-9104 AIDS Ass.

(312) 644-9585 PWA Housing
INDIANA: (317) 543-6200 Indianapolis Switchboard

KANSAS: (913) 233-6558 Topeka AIDS Project

MAINE: (207) 775-1267 Portland

MARYLAND: (301) 837-2050 Baltimore Community Center

MASSACHUSETTS: (800) 235-2331 Boston AIDS Hotline

(617) 536-7773 AIDS Action Line

MISSISSIPPI: (601) 353-7611 Jackson Switchboard

MINNESOTA: (800) 752-4281 AIDS Hotline

(612) 339-4992 Minn. AIDS Project

(612) 876-8657 ARC/AIDS Support Group

(612) 871-0882 PWA Support Group

MISSOURI: (816) 931-4470 Kansas City Gay Talk Hotline

(314) 768-8100 x2437 St. Louis AIDS Contact Line

NEW YORK: (212) 685-4952 NY Gay Men's Health Crisis

NORTH CAROLINA: (919) 286-0079 Gay & Lesbian Health Proj.

OHIO: (614) 464-2437 Columbus AIDS Hotline

OKLAHOMA: (505) 525-AIDS Oasis AIDS Support Program

OREGON: (503) 223-5907 Cascade AIDS Project

PENNSYLVANIA: (215) 232-8055 Phila. AIDS Task Force

TENNESSEE: (901) 726-4299 Memphis
(615) 326-0288 Nashville

TEXAS: (800) 392-2040 AIDS Hotline (except Houston)

(713) 792-3245 AIDS Hotline
(713) 666-8251 AIDS Houston

VIRGINIA: (804) 423-5859 Tidewater AIDS Crisis Taskforce

WASHINGTON: (206) 323-1222 Seattle AIDS Action Comm.

(509) 838-4428 Spokane Gay Info Line

WISCONSIN: (414) 273-AIDS Milwaukee AIDS Project

(608) 257-7575 or 255-8582 Madison AIDS Support

NATIONAL NUMBERS: (800) 342-2437 or (800) 243-2437

CDC, Atlanta tape
(800) 447-AIDS

CDC, Atlanta human

CANADA: (604) 687-AIDS Vancouver
(403) 424-8361 Edmonton

(613) 238-1717 Ottawa
(416) 926-1629 Toronto

(819) 937-7596 Montreal



DEFUSE AIDS PANIC!

by Harold R. Cole

While it is commendable that members of the gay community in general are responding to the AIDS situation with caring, sharing and concern, I believe we also have to be aware of the other side effects to AIDS now developing in the community at large. Daily the general public and the gay community are deluged with news of AIDS confrontations which result in restricted freedom for PWA's.

Let me share with you some of the pressures being created by pulp newspapers responding to whatever they believe will make their papers sell. A typical example is the Weekly World News, dated 8/27/85. Words spread throughout this issue are intended to inflame and increase fear such as "Gay Curse," and "Plague and Transfusions of Death." One article states four women contracted AIDS through a sperm bank. But when one reads further, only one is showing possible symptoms and the other three nothing. Another article states that a gay terror group in West Berlin plans to threaten every man, woman and child on earth with AIDS and backs up their story with evidence from an East German intelligence officer helped by the KGB! The leader of this "group" states that "Members of the terrorist group around the world are spreading the disease to non-gays to increase the pressure on the government." Never mind that you acquire AIDS by exchange of body fluids. The article fails to elaborate how the groups intends to do that with every man, woman and child.

Daily the general public and the gay community are deluged with news of AIDS confrontations which result in restricted freedom for PWA's (persons with AIDS).

Other examples--real enough--England has already passed laws to incarcerate persons in hospitals having AIDS anytime the government decides to do so. This same law also gives the government the right to refuse to release the body after death. Remember, dear brothers and sisters, what Margaret does, Ronnie is quite likely to do. Especially if the fear is continually fanned by pulp newspapers and magazines to people who are less than discerning and respond rapidly to fear.

Other fear responses: a TV camera crew refused to interview a PWA; the telephone company refused to fix lines for an AIDS hotline; some airlines are now refusing passage to PWA's. France recently used AIDS to justify a grand sweep of homosexuals on the street. Many hospitals have refused to admit PWA's and funeral homes have refused to handle bodies. Movie and TV actresses are refusing to kiss male actors for fear of AIDS. Now the misleading blood test for HTLV-3 antibodies becomes a major threat in the hands of insurance companies, employers and the military.

What this amounts to is that there is a lot of unorganized activity going on "out there" establishing a very strong basis of support for fear of AIDS--as irrational as it may be. All of us should know that air and water kill the AIDS virus and prevent it from maintaining an existence and that you cannot get AIDS by kissing, or eating in the same restaurant, or living in the same building. But this rational perspective is being downplayed by the purveyors of fear and the fast buck. Layer this situation with the far right like the Moral Majority who are fearful of their own sexual orientation and you have a potential for some very scary actions to be taken against gays--legal or otherwise.

If the community that is fearful and paranoid of AIDS does not perceive that the government is protecting them, then they will begin more and more to take matters into their own hands. We all know the US government is playing the game of token effort. After all, Ronnie's popularity is based on his ability to make America comfortable with its prejudices and we are one of them. But, I assure you, when people get afraid, they do things they ordinarily wouldn't. Look what happened to honest, patriotic, US citizens of Japanese ancestry during WWII--just 40 years ago!

My dear brothers and sisters, we must be very aware of these possibilities. The Center for Disease Control doesn't really know what it is doing. Most AIDS research is treading mud in political and grant activity. Many physicians are not identifying PWA's because then they can't get them proper medical attention. Floundering appropriately describes actions at the scientific level.

If this fear is allowed to build, it will have to explode and the result could be detention for PWA's, ARC's and possibly any high-risk person. We could be eliminated for the "good of the whole." Think these possibilities are too far-fetched? Listen to what Peter Socum of the NY State Dept. of Health is quoted as saying in Native American(4/21/85): "There are no extraordinary measures in this country because public health officials do not believe they are necessary yet." (emphasis mine)

All of the responsible gay press and most of the baths have taken measures to inform and influence safe sex practices; but little has been done in the straight community to educate them about AIDS and alleviate the fear. Responsible gay organizations must do everything in their power to communicate to those around us, gay and straight, the facts regarding AIDS.



Mass execution of citizens of Haarlem as disciples of the Devil, under Fernando Alvarez de Toledo, Duke of Alba, after the conquest of Haarlem in 1573.

What specifically must we do? We must convince our friends that safe sex is essential for all of us. In addition we must alter attitudes so frequently expressed that "there is nothing I need do because I'm already exposed and I might as well continue as I have in the past." This argument is naive because it assumes that one exposure is needed to implant the virus effectively so that the immune system is threatened. It could be one exposure for some, but it could also be that multiple exposures are needed to compromise the immune system. Therefore, it would seem prudent to restrict one's future exposure to the AIDS virus and to practice safe sex techniques.

Look what happened to honest, patriotic, US citizens of Japanese ancestry during WWII--just 40 years ago!

We must become aware of the need for moderation in the physical aspects of our being which tend to strengthen our immune systems: the way, amounts and kinds of food we eat; the hours we demand the body perform; the rest we provide the body; and the peace and calm without stress which we make available to our emotional, mental and nervous systems. True, many of us have already been exposed to the virus. But we do have choices about the nurturing of our defense system and rates of future exposures. By caring, sharing and respecting each other's immune systems we build a defense strong enough to deal with the virus.

All of us should know that air and water kill the virus . . . you cannot get AIDS by kissing, or eating in the same restaurant, or living in the same building.

In the straight community we need to expand and utilize all information channels to counteract the fear being promoted and emphasize that the virus is contracted only through body fluid exchange. You can't get AIDS by talking, living, eating or being in close association with a PWA. Ordinary sanitary precautions suffice to provide the protection needed.

If we can surmount the resistance and keep our focus on health and reasonable facts, we may be able to penetrate that solid wall of fear that is growing every day. Every small effort we make may be the space needed to prevent that fuse from being lit while effective solutions to AIDS are developed. ◀



by David Adler

- AIDS is Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome.
- AIDS is dealing with my stuff about being ill, helpless, without energy or hope, needing support.
- AIDS is the equivalent of global nuclear destruction angst carried in the warm and intimate exchanges of casual pick-ups, friends, lovers.
- AIDS is waking and seeing the trail of cum across my belly and thinking, "it's deadly poison."
- AIDS is recognizing how little I understand bodies, how they work, how they defend themselves against disease.
- AIDS is asking yourself how you feel about dying young.
- AIDS is supporting and nurturing my friends as they waste away, painfully, resentfully, and die.
- AIDS is seeing friends go through similar anxieties: rage, fear, refusal to acknowledge AIDS at all, or withdrawal from intimacy.
- AIDS is not being able to change my sexual habits overnight and feeling obsessed with lust, out of control.
- AIDS is some part of the deepening commitment between me and my lover to the re-vision of ourselves as safer sexual partners.
- AIDS is more conversations with friends about fears and inadequacies as well as who we're flirting with at the club.
- AIDS is increased understanding of my body and health, the importance of stress reduction, massage, exercise, eating well, not smoking . . .
- AIDS is once again the opportunity to listen and to talk in groups.
- AIDS is rebuilding community, networks.
- AIDS is the hope that it might not happen to me and mine if . . .
- AIDS is Actions of Individual Despair and Support.



© Gay Chicago Magazine

"We Can Still Play, Just Play Safe. . ."

"On June 18, 1985, I received a shock I thought only happened to other people. I had AIDS."

A few weeks later Glenn Mansfield, model, photographer and businessman embarked on his project of selecting models for a 1986 "Safe Sex" calendar.

All of Glenn's time and talent plus that of the models, along with the typesetting, graphic design and layout have been donated to turn this project into reality.

Mansfield said, "I don't give up easily. I am continuing to fight. The idea to do this calendar came to me in the hopes that I can bring a message to the community that each of us can do something to help curb the spread of AIDS.

"Safe sex not only can be great sex, it also is our best line of defense. We can still play--just play safe.

"I approached this project with the philosophy that safe sex is not so much about what we have to give up in our sexual behavior, but rather how erotic, sensual and sexy the touching, holding and body rubbing of safe sex can be."

The 1986 "Safe Sex Calendar" is available by mail order from:

GAY CHICAGO MAGAZINE
1527 N. Wells St
Chicago, IL 60610

Cost of the calendar is \$9.00 plus \$1.25 for first class postage and handling for each calendar ordered. The calendar will be mailed in a plain brown envelope with a return address of Ultra Ink, Inc.

All proceeds will be donated to the AIDS Action Project of Chicago's Howard Brown Memorial Clinic.

[Editor's note: Sister testifies to the calendar's efficacy in safe sex solo sessions--with one caveat. The closest thing to a man of color among the 25 b/w juicy photos is a black dildo! Surely a producer's oversight in this era when ALL of us should be encouraged to explore safer sexual practices.]



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EFFECTIVE REHABILITATION OF IMMUNE DEFICIENCY

by Richard B. Miles

Origins of Disease

Some one hundred years ago, the French bacteriologist Louis Pasteur and his countryman and colleague Claude Bernard had a long standing discussion concerning the true origins of disease. Pasteur insisted that the critical factor was the presence of, or invasion by, the infectious agent. Bernard pointed out that many infectious agents were almost universal or could be found in healthy individuals who had been "exposed," but did not become ill.

Bernard, a physiologist, preferred to study and understand the "milieu interior," the homeostatic, self-regulatory functions of the organic systems and how they interacted with one another. He hypothesized that distortion or failure of these relationships was the precursor of all disease which created an environment in which infections or dysfunction could flourish.

Although Pasteur eventually agreed with Bernard, and admitted that the general condition of the host individual was a more significant factor than the invasion of an infectious agent in determining the onset of any disease, scientific medicine in the twentieth century has almost forgotten the discussion. The "germ theory" of disease, with research focused on the small end of the microscope to identify and label the micro-organisms dominates Western medicine, even for the chronic, degenerative disorders which are known not to be infectious in origin. There is little research in, nor understanding of, physiological systems and their relationship to one another.

The Sufi teachers tell a story about a man who was crawling around on his hands and knees on the sidewalk. A friend happened by and asked him what he was looking for. "My house keys," he replied. The friend paused to help him look. After a short while, the friend asked, "Where did you last see your keys?" "In my room." "Why, then, are we looking out here?" "There is more light out here!"

Western medicine's heavily entrenched belief in laboratory science has looked "where there is more light" at the end of the microscope; outside the highly responsive life systems in which disease and dysfunction occur, and with little perspective on the actions and interactions of those systems. Specialized medicine, treating each organ system or part of the body as if it were somehow isolated from other functions somehow fails to perceive a larger, interactive picture.

AIDS an example

The current investigation into the phenomena of AIDS is an acute example. AIDS (Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome) is not a disease. It is a syndrome, or panorama, of physiological phenomena, indicating a debilitation of the immune system. Kaposi's Sarcoma, Pneumocystis Carinii, Candida Albicans, and other symptoms associated with AIDS do not seem to be easily related to one another if one looks upon them in the current scientific view.

Acting from the prevailing "germ theory" of AIDS etiology, the major research expenditures focus in the AIDS crisis has been the identification of the invading agent and the hoped for development of strategies to halt its spread. But just as Bernard pointed out to Pasteur one hundred years ago, we are already aware of many in the population who evidence exposure to the identified virus but have not manifested the syndrome.

These seem to be the assumptions of the current investigation:

- *▶ HTLV-III viruses are transmitted among reasonably healthy gay males (other populations are now creeping into the 'infected' group).
- *▶ These viruses "incubate" for varying periods of time. The length of incubation is computed by assessing when the individual might have been exposed by the assumed transfer of body fluids and noting how long it was before any AIDS symptoms were diagnosed.
- *▶ Once the virus takes hold, it proliferates and debilitates the individual immune system, somehow "attacking" the T-Cells and sharply distorting the helper/suppressor ratio.
- *▶ Opportunistic disorders then surface to thrive in the weakened system. KS, Pneumocystis, etc. appear. Since these disorders are difficult to treat, and the virus is not absolutely identified or stoppable, the individual diminishes and dies.
- *▶ The appropriate response is to identify absolutely the invading agent, clarify how it is transmitted from individual to individual, and how to "kill" it.
- *▶ If the exact invading agent can be identified, and an appropriate vaccine or treatment designed, AIDS will be "cured" and the crisis will disappear.

In this model, the HTLV-III virus is the current leader as the probable invading agent. Official announcements carry the message that until the vaccine and treatment can be found to stop it, medicine is somewhat powerless to act and patients will continue to die.



Western Medicine's heavily entrenched belief in laboratory science has looked . . . outside the highly responsive life systems in which disease and dysfunction occur.

Community Response

Based on this perspective, two fairly predictable results have developed: One, the sufferers or probable sufferers are left in a panic and fear there is little hope of positive action. Second, the public health machinery has set into motion a massive and incredibly expensive process to isolate the exposure to the HTLV-III virus and limit its potential transmission.

Out of this has come the widely discussed blood tests for HTLV-III exposure. About this, Ronald Bayer and Carol Levine report, in *IRP, A Review of Human Subjects Research*, Nov/Dec 1984:

A high percentage of persons in AIDS risk groups have positive results from the test; that is, their tests show they have been exposed to the retrovirus. But, as Dr. James W. Curran, Director of CDC's AIDS program, acknowledges, "The meaning of a positive blood test for an individual is unknown. It will be important to determine whether co-factors play a role in the development of the disease!"

If the meaning (or lack of it) and the possible implications for both individuals and the public are to be clarified, carefully designed research must be conducted over a long period of time [emphasis mine]. But the participation of subjects depends to a large extent on their confidence that the test results will not be disclosed in ways that would jeopardize their interests. (Paranoia and fear are in immense factor in a stigmatized gay community.)



Already some leaders of the gay community, including physicians, are advising gay men not to take the test. As Dr. Stephen Calazza, President of New York Physicians for Human Rights, sees it, "This is a pernicious test which will inevitably cause incredible personal and social pain and damage."

Thus, in this model of the problem, the present sufferers have little hope of any immediate relief. Those at risk can supposedly determine the level of that risk by checking for exposure to HTLV-III, but the very act of testing may disclose nothing. However, a positive test "revealed" could seriously damage careers and personal relationships.

Millions in public and private funds are now being spent within the parameters of this model. The effort, as of now, holds little promise for the present sufferers, most of whom are assumed to be dying. And, the community outcomes of the effort are themselves producing extensive stress and mistrust of the medical community.

A New Viewpoint

Into this arena some months ago stepped research physiologist Joan McKenna of Berkeley. McKenna is an information scientist who looks at phenomena in terms of organized systems, system interactions, perceived trends, and factors which regulate system change.

Looking at the AIDS phenomena, McKenna asked some systems questions:

- *► What do the symptoms of AIDS tell us about the functional condition of the patient's physiological systems? (kidney, liver respiratory, etc.)
- *► What have patients experienced in recent years which would seriously distort the optimal function of these systems?

Looking at the symptoms of KS, pneumocystic, candida, etc., her hypothesis was that she would find case histories replete with cumulative insults to renal (kidney), hepatic (liver), lymphatic, and respiratory systems. Also, that she would find conditions of dehydration and distorted fluid dynamics alongside emotional histories resulting in repeated stress on the kidneys.

This viewpoint is based on a systems theory approach to physiological function, asking how effectively each body system can function in its present condition, and what the consequences of malfunction are likely to be. Based on McKenna's concept of the THERMOBARIC MATRIX (temperature, pressure, and motion focused in fluid dynamics), she evaluates the health history of each individual according to the potential distortion of the body's capacity to regulate temperature and fluid dynamics. The primary factors are effective kidney, liver, and lymphatic function.

If adequate pure water resources are not available to the body to both flush toxic wastes and cool organ system function, there are physiological consequences: increasing heat and pressure which distorts organ function, and increasing accumulation of acid salts and precipitates in tissues and organs. The resulting hotter, more acidic environment becomes an ideal incubator for any number of opportunistic growths, cellular, cystic, and viral. (Viral research bloomed in the 1930's when it was discovered that healthy cells would interact with viruses only if they were harassed and overheated.)

Perhaps the most dramatic validation of this approach occurred at a panel discussion on alternative approaches to AIDS held by New College in San Francisco on March 4, 1985. McKenna asked some 125 people in the room (mostly people with AIDS, ARCS, or at "high risk") how many had suffered hepatitis within the last ten years. More than 50% raised their hands. Asking how many had experienced significant kidney/bladder/urethral infections treated by antibiotics, again more than 50% responded. Pneumonia or other serious respiratory problems? About a third.

Venereal disease more than once in the last five years treated with antibiotics? All but five people raised their hands! People who were regular users of alcohol or recreational drugs? At least two thirds of those present. And, we must note that many of the hand raisers were answering yes to every question!

In several of the individual AIDS case studies McKenna has undertaken, serious dysfunction of the immune system, kidneys, liver, and lymphatic systems originated in childhood, with episodes of hepatitis as early as age five. The detailed life-line pattern chart compiled on each individual's physiological system history quickly illustrates in every case that these individuals have not suddenly "acquired" immune compromise due to an invasion by some mysterious organism. Their systems have been in distress for years, and the chart illustrates an exponential growth of dysfunction and insult within the last three to five years. Thus, the AIDS cases seen in the San Francisco gay community are comparable to the pre-gay definition of AIDS: individuals with a number of environmental and health history factors which have compromised immune competency.

Who is truly at risk?

From this perspective, those at greatest risk, even considering the presence of HTLV-III or other viruses, are those with a cumulative history of hepatic/renal insult and a present condition of thermal imbalance and dehydration. A most common and detectable factor in past system compromise is repeated or long term treatment of any disorder with antibiotics.

Individuals can quickly and easily assess their possible physiological system compromise by reviewing their medical history. This approach opens a door for system rehabilitation as a healing resource not previously available for sufferers and those at high risk--and redefines who is at high risk.

Assumptions of the Thermobaric Model

In comparison to the conventional "germ theory" virus model of AIDS, these are the assumptions in the "physiological approach used by McKenna:

- *► Immune system compromise is usually the result of a long history of insults to the primary fluid management and toxic waste disposal systems in the body: the liver, the kidneys, and the lymphatic system.
- *► Compromise of liver and kidney function leads to chronic distortion of thermal regulation and fluid dynamics throughout the body.
- *► Chronic distortion of thermal regulation and fluid dynamics leads to system dehydration. The kidneys and lymphatic system in sub-acute dehydration can not effectively cool core organs and also eliminate toxins, cell wastes, and accumulating acid salts.
- *► Accumulation of acid salts and cell wastes creates deposits of these materials at stressed sites in the body. As these stressed sites become foci of irritation, they become "hot spots" operating at abnormally high temperatures, and acting as incubation sites for aberrant cell growth, viral proliferation, and other opportunistic events.
- *► If thermal regulation and dehydration are not addressed, the entire body becomes out of balance and acidic, offering the ideal environment for candida, other yeast infections, pneumocystis, and many opportunistic infections--especially at cooling sites: the lungs and the skin.
- *► Therefore, the condition of these physiological systems can be a more accurate predictor for the possible development of serious illness such as AIDS than the presence or absence of a virus. ►



*► If the physiological systems are rehabilitated through detoxification and rehydration, the deterioration process will be reversed and symptoms will gradually disappear.

In this perspective, the individual's immune system is not suddenly devastated by the arrival of a virus, but has been harrassed and fatigued over time by a series of factors. If anything, the virus is the straw that breaks the camel's back.

If this perspective is valid, identification of "the" causative virus, and development of vaccines or treatments for it, will do no more than divert the process of debilitation onto another track. For, in the conventional virus approach, once the virus has been "managed," little will be done to deal with the general condition of the physiological systems, which from our view were seriously depleted when the virus arrived.

If McKenna's "thermobaric" description of the AIDS phenomena is an accurate one, then rehydration, detoxification, and rehabilitation of the kidney, liver, and lymphatic function should reverse the syndrome. Through a program of diet, pure water intake, stress management, and mechanical cooling, McKenna has worked with five AIDS cases to date. Significant reversal of disease trends has occurred in each case.

In every case in which the client has maintained the protocol, relief of physiological system pressures, rehydration, and cooling of core organs through simple, non-invasive daily routines has resulted in consistent reversal of the deterioration process and gradual recovery of health and immune competency.

This multi-factorial systems approach to rehabilitation of core organ function assumes that, given the appropriate resources, the human body is amazingly successful as a self-healing organism that knows what to do to take care of itself. It also assumes that symptoms are important messages indicating the condition of organ function and should be looked upon as such, not as "bad" to be masked and suppressed.

In this perspective, the individual's immune system is not suddenly devastated by the arrival of a virus, but has been harrassed and fatigued over time by a series of factors.

Thus, by shifting our perspective from the infectious invader model to a physiological systems model, we get a very different picture of the AIDS phenomena. In this different picture, we can gain a new assessment of risk based on personal history factors which any individual can check for himself without public revelation. And, most important of all, this new perspective offers an approach to rehabilitation and new life that has so far given every person who has tried it a way out of an otherwise devastating dilemma. ◀

Richard B. Miles is the Executive Director of the Institute for Thermobaric Studies. A pioneer in the holistic health movement in America, he helped organize the first national symposium on acupuncture at Stanford in 1972. He joined the faculty in the Health Science Department of San Jose University in 1978 and has designed and directed a graduate program in clinical holistic health for John F. Kennedy University. He has contributed a number of articles to a variety of holistic health books: *The Holistic Health Handbook*, *The New Healers*, *Mind, Body, and Health*, and *Women's Health Care: A Guide to Alternatives*.

For more information on Joan McKenna's thermobaric program you can write: Institute for Thermobaric Studies, 2319 Fourth Street, Berkeley, CA 94710 (415)644-2635.

NATIVE AMERICAN

Rx FOR HEALTH

by JOHN FERGUSON

Chief Two Trees is a Native American shaman living in the Smokey Mountains of North Carolina. He has developed a large following in the Southern Appalachians, the Southeast and beyond. His approach is eclectic, using a combination of several healing techniques: Native American, herbal, vitamin/mineral and other dietary supplements, cleansing, chiropractic, and others. Here are the Chief's views on AIDS:

Although the AIDS virus is present, the disease is not virus-caused. The illness is due to immune system shut-down. Bolstering the immune system and cleansing the body are the best ways to prevent AIDS virus proliferation.

Two Trees recommends the following for prevention and treatment of AIDS:

- *► Cherokee Cleansing Tea. A Native American formula comprised of over a dozen herbs. It can be ordered for \$7.50 (makes approximately one gallon) from: Medicine Canoe Products, Rt 2, Box 90-E, Old Fort, NC 28762.
- *► Swedish Bitters, a liquid herbal extract for soothing, cleansing and energizing the body. Available from Nature Work Inc., POB 5028, Westlake Village, CA 91362.
- *► Large amounts of Vitamin C and Acidophilus.
- *► Vitamins A and D - 25,000/400 i.u.
- *► Beta-Keratine--three times weekly..
- *► Avoid prolonged contact with fluorescent lighting. Get SUNLIGHT every day.
- *► Avoid taking poly-unsaturated fats into the body, i.e. margarine, KY jelly, etc.
- *► Take time for play! Do not let yourself become a workaholic. Find time every day to re-discover nature, yourself and others. Get fresh air and sunlight daily. Participating in the world around you is one of the best ways to keep mind, body and spirit in harmony. ◀



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photo by Alan Troxler

by ALLAN TROXLER

March 26

Dear Leo,

Went to the woods the other afternoon. Thought you might like a report--your man on assignment in the Eastern hardwood forest.

Taking the wide path off Whitefield Road, first thing you pass leggy jack pines tangled with honeysuckle. Within memory, this was cornfields and tobacco. No old growth, to speak of.

Over the last few years since I came back, I've pondered the state of the Piedmont woodlands some. It's been a process of unlearning a Sierra Club book version of nature. One sweaty afternoon late last spring I stretched on the cool clay bank of Cane Creek, watched the light glowing through the dense vines, breathed the dank creek smell and half listened to several friends from Vermont nattering about the poison ivy and the bugs. I studied the opalescent interior of a freshwater clam shell, and just smiled.

I went walking out in Duke Forest in the spring, my eyes and ears informed by the dying of a friend. I discovered, in the order of things there, intimations of my own death and of yours--the tree trunk resting on the slope, the water's timeless sounds. There was reassurance to this wandering through the woods' changes and through seasons. For some, however, there is the forest fire, or the hunter.

I caught myself pushing on past the honeysuckle and scrub pine the other day, partly because it was getting late and I wanted to find things to report to you, and partly because of the old prejudices. Then I got to thinking of the honeysuckle's beneficent smell--in my North Carolina grand cru along with the wood thrush's song, lightning bugs, thunderstorms, muscadines, rabbit tobacco and winter sunsets. I slowed down. What right have I, a left-handed Southern queer, to snub a fellow weed? So, pausing to respect the honeysuckle, I wish to report that its exuberant vines were spangled with tiny new leaves.

In the blowing snow the next day I saw a pear tree in full bloom and couldn't tell where the flowers ended and the snow began.

Leo and I came to share our love for the woods of child-

hood--his in Alabama and Virginia, mine in North Carolina --when we were in college together. Years later our paths converged in the rough mountains of southern Oregon. He had heard of Wolf Creek, where Carl and I and our friends lived, and he sought us out.

Leo was wrestling, such as he ever did anything head on, with the problem of being gay and being a doctor. He had recently finished med school and was just beginning to come out. In Oregon we walked under the madrones and Doug firs, and out on the slopes where the ceanothus bloomed deep sky blue, and talked.

He told me of his doctor mother and his lawyer father; of how all along he had met their expectations, more or less; of the placid course of his life until recently.

Generally when Leo approached passion over anything, the lower half of his face would get amused, the upper half mildly distressed, his voice would crack and give out and, directly, the intensity would pass. But in Wolf Creek this time his anguish lingered. He stayed with us for several months, fretting.

Looking down on a buckeye sapling I was powerfully taken by the geometry of the ruddy new leaves, stems going off at right angles, then leafing out in fives, deeply ribbed, ready to unfurl and spread.

Why is the order in nature so exciting? Crystals, skeletons, shells--why this hankering for symmetry? I assume it's not an exclusively human tropism. Recently I noticed a wasp nest in a sourwood tree. Surely the wasps would not have settled for less-regular cells. Honeybees refuse machine-made comb base when the hexagons are off the least bit. And the Greenpeace people report that whales and dolphins will follow along for miles listening rapt to Mozart. There you have it, whatever it is.

Finally Leo decided to move to San Francisco, where he found work with a group of gay doctors. I remember climbing the hills of Buena Vista park with him, up behind his office, and comparing the rhododendrons there with those back East. For all the wonders of the Northwest coast, we both longed for the woods back home. "Eastern hardwood forest" became code between us, a metaphor for Home, from which we were in exile, trying to become ourselves.

In the dwindling light down by the creek a pale cocoon hung from a twig. I'll keep an eye on it. The steely water shone against the dark hills. Upstream the rocks rattled against each other.





photo by Alan Troxler

"Eastern hardwood forest" became code between us, a metaphor for Home, from which we were in exile, trying to become ourselves.

In 1979 I moved back to North Carolina to hazard being openly gay in a place I loved after a fashion, and which I understood. (Oregon is closer to Japan than to Europe and the dogwoods there have five petals.) On my last trip down to San Francisco there were posters everywhere protesting the fate of Joann Little and the Wilmington 10. I needed to get on home.

Years passed, Leo and I lost touch, and then I heard through a college friend that Leo had AIDS. The opportunistic infection was severe meningitis. He could neither talk or see. He had a reservoir for drugs implanted in his skull.

I wanted to communicate somehow, yet I didn't want to taunt him with the details of my daily life. I decided on a journal, of sorts, from our Eastern hardwood forest. Hickory and trout lily could be our vocabulary. Possum and star.

April 18

Dear Leo,

Since I last wrote, late winter has turned to high spring, practically. Bare branch to leaf, bud to seed pod. Rest, stir, swell, split, sprout, rise, spread, bloom, fruit, seed, droop, shed, rot, rest. It all keeps changing; except for water, light and air, which are pretty constant, aren't they. Or rather they don't change like organisms change, I guess.

In a way though, the vast spectrum of events attendant upon the coming and going of light every day is like an organism: still dark, first stirring, sap rising, breath quickening, chirping, humming, speaking, light to sugar, air to CO₂, land warming, wind shifting, and so on. And isn't a pond or creek a body in some animate sense? Breathing, generating, waking, sleeping.

Oh, Leo. Such medieval animism. My mind has gone to seed.

Well, to begin. The sun is still up and the light which suffuses the intricate infinity of pale grey trunks and branches tempts me to rise and float among them creekward. Sometimes I float in my dreams. Aside from feeling lifted up by my heart and my lungs I especially enjoy the state of being untouched--free of floor, chair, bed, table--moving among things unencumbered. Floating outdoors, however, is another matter. Uncontained, I rise higher and faster and invariably, when landscapes have dwindled to tiny patterns, I lose it and hurtle earthward. But in the pellucid woods this afternoon, with a ceiling of branches, floating is safe. I believe tonight will be the full moon.

On my walks I got to thinking about what we choose to perceive, and how. It's such a temptation, to which I often

succumb, to celebrate the perky signs of life without paying attention to quieter, more extended processes. When the lavender crested irises spangle the slope by the creek, who notices the fallen beech leaves there, pale and curved, damp, darkening, and then letting go into earth? And when one does take the time to study those subtler events (the returning, from the going forth), where are the words to describe them positively, or at least with neutrality? Our words are prejudiced by our fear of dying.

As I watched and listened for things that spoke to Leo's waning, to his coming stillness, I reckon I was loosening my own fatuous grip on immortality a little.

One afternoon, an air raid siren tore through the quietness. "So this is it. He's gone and done it." Half seriously I thought to lie down in the leaves and wait for destruction to sweep through the trees. The only regret I could imagine was not being with those I love most. Otherwise, my own death seemed brother to the empty wasp nest, the bleached box turtle shell, the lichen on the rocks, and the souging water.

Then I remembered the volunteer fire department nearby.

In the dusk, two small white clouds hang over the creek; a long bleached bone lies on the bank. A shad tree in bloom; a cedar skeleton.

Tennis shoes on sand, clay. No more crashing down the hill through the leaves. Such elating closeness with earth, suddenly. Roots/veins/sinews stretch across the path. I stop to stroke a muscular ironwood trunk. A comely young man lopes up the path out of the dark "H'lo" "H'lo"--and passes. My ears pound.

Then I hurry downstream to find the cocoon. I can barely see. Have I gone too far? I backtrack. No. Must be further on. Downstream again. Where the creek foams noisily, it is hanging out over the water, suspended on a thin ligature from its branch. Ovid, rough. Waiting.

I hadn't expected Leo to respond, I guess, but as the woods became opaque green and the heat settled in, I got out there for walks less and less, and eventually with no word from San Francisco, I stopped writing.

Early one morning before the air got feverish, I walked downstream to check on the cocoon. There was no sign of it ever having been there.

With fall and then winter, the epidemic moved in over our daily lives, with its low clouds and its chill. A friend in Durham was diagnosed. An acquaintance in Chapel Hill died. Several friends organized the N.C. Lesbian and Gay Health Project and as part of that I began visiting a man over at the V.A. Hospital who had moved back from San Francisco to be near his family out in Marion.

Talk didn't come readily for Michael and me. Often he would keep staring at the TV, so I took to massaging his skinny legs and swollen feet, and then his rigid shoulders and his bruised face. "Brings me flowers and rubs my legs," he explained to a new nurse in his soft mountain voice.

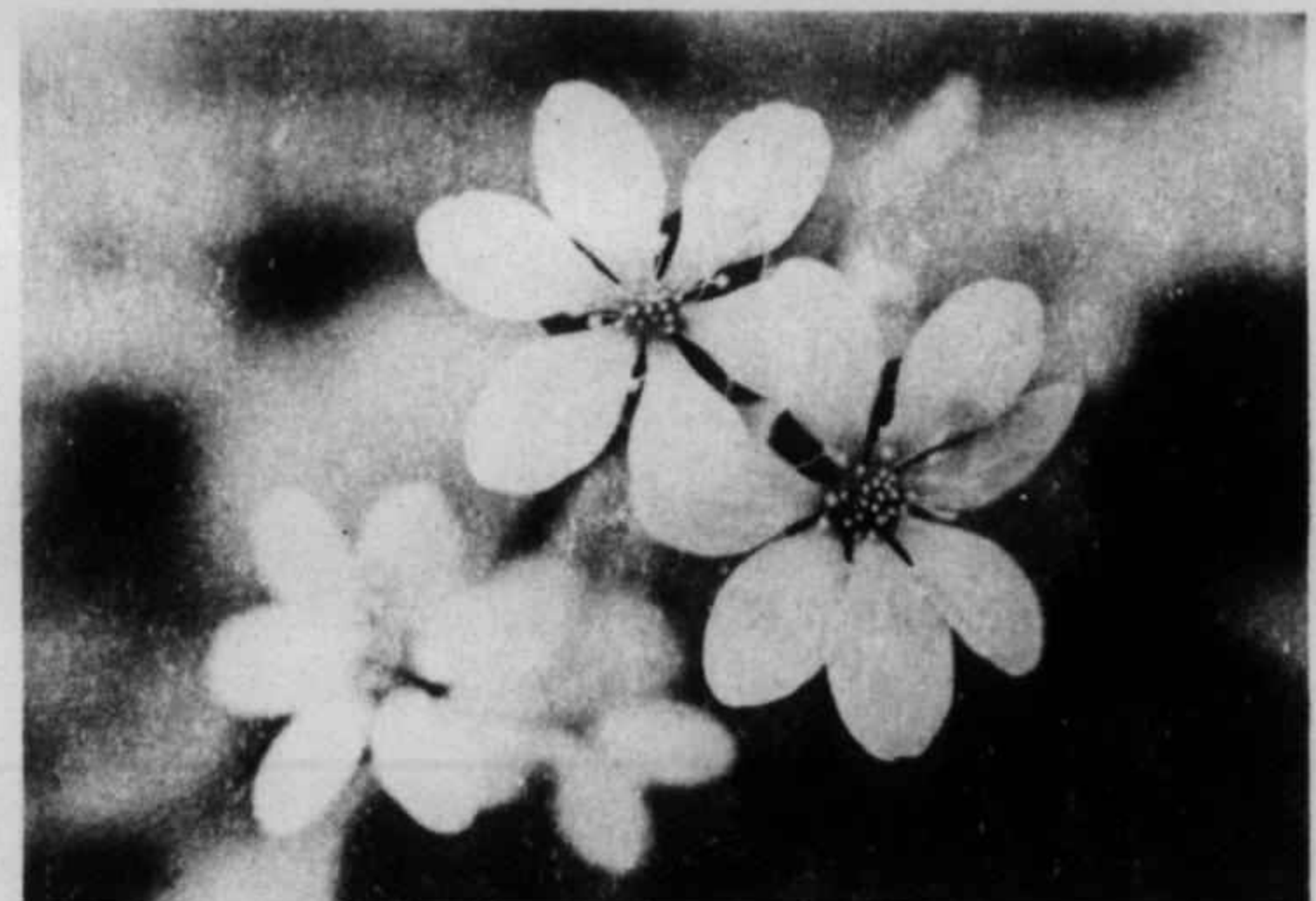


photo by Alan Troxler



I didn't know if Leo were alive or dead. The reports of his meningitis had been so severe, I figured he was gone. Then word came that he was in DC. He had rallied unexpectedly, as is the case with AIDS sometimes, and had come back East to see his folks. Things were fine and then suddenly they weren't and now he was in a fancy hospital up there.

May 7

Dear Carl (my partner/friend Carl and just gone off for the summer),

The time with Leo was pretty good. Like Michael, he's starved for touching. Says about the only contact he has now is with cold medical instruments and hypodermic needles. He's gaunt and weak, but a good deal chattier than M. has become. Nothing much profound to our talk, but still it seems important.

Being around his mother, a gracious woman who brings lilacs, bleeding hearts and lily of the valley from their place in McLean, puts me in mind of "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis," except these Jews are Southern.

May 19, DC

Dear Carl,

Leo sleeps now, drugged for the injection into the reservoir in his skull, coming shortly, that will make him extremely nauseated. Before he dozed off he told the nurse he was afraid.

I see now why Whitman embraced the chance to nurse Civil War soldiers. Surely the democracy of death confirmed all the egalitarian effusion of Leaves of Grass. Here the waiting, the pain, the wasting away are familiar from Michael's ordeal at the V.A. The fuss about petty things, the erosion of civility. Although Leo still says "Thank you" after I massage his legs--a vestige of his rearing--mostly such differences fade and he and Michael, who clogged for nickels at the bus station as a boy, become brothers.

Last time I was up he talked of how exciting the gay scene in SF was at first. A chance for him to be close to men he had been protected from growing up in the patrician burbs.



photo by Alan Troxler

Michael died on May the 16th. With Gail, his generous, feisty little sister, I watched his crusted lips opening and closing, slower, slower and his unseeing eyes. "You stubborn bastard! You just won't die, will you?" she cried and laughed at the same time. The gaping mouth slacked and, finally, was still. Something in me felt like a bass getting ripped from a pond.

We held on to each other and wept.

"Brings me flowers and rubs my legs," he explained to a new nurse in his soft mountain voice.

Now the doctor is injecting the drug into his head that will incite vomiting.

Next day, Sunday

Bedside again. Leo's sleeping. With long hawkbeak nose and sunken cheeks he looks like an unwrapped mummy, or the Danish bog man. Today there's a new i.v. hooked up, this time into his foot. Blood and sodium solution.

Yesterday his mother, who in spite of breeding is rattled by her son's ignominious demise, insisted that we drive out to McLean to visit. Now, looking at Leo, I see a good bit more than before. Their place is all vast lawns with grand plantings of azalea and boxwood. Huge oaks. Leo's mother was just coming up from the pool, in her bathrobe and espadrilles. I had thought her invitation might be a muted call for help, but as she led us from flower bed to flower bed she seemed put upon and distracted. Here were



rare azaleas. Here the enormous rhododendrons Leo planted as a boy.

Leo's father stalked around in pajamas, growling at the Salvadoran yardboy who had scattered the tools. No time, just a few gruff words for his son's faggot friends. No wonder Leo always seemed paralyzed--partly from waiting for the next silver platter to come around, and partly from the terror of a bitter, disappointed father.

So here I am, back watching the ruined scion sleep, crumpled among engulfing sheets and gown. A week ago his Puerto Rican lover, Ramon, visited. He's young, working-class. Glad I wasn't a fly on the mansion wall for that.

Monday, May 21, Durham

Once Leo woke up yesterday, I helped him with his lunch and we talked a little. I asked him how he would rather this all have proceeded and immediately he said he wished he were back in California with his lover and friends.

I'm tempted to call the gay clinic in DC and inquire about folks to visit Leo. In the hall as I was leaving I asked one of the nurses if she knew of anybody visiting AIDS cases--they have five or six there. She looked confused and a tetch nonplussed and said she hadn't run into anyone. It made me value our Health Project work here more, and to appreciate the warmth of some of the V.A. staff. I reckon those country club hospitals tend to be high tech and low empathy sometimes.

And so I part ways with Leo L. Back in college, when he would bake shortbread in the biology lab oven during all-night study jags, or when we luxuriated among the camellias in the snow-covered greenhouse, or wore our whites for dancing "Spring Garden" and "Step Stately," I would never have guessed that 20 years later I would mop up the diarrhea in which he lay, or stroke his stubbly, waxen face as he dozed in a drugged stupor.

July 20

Dear Carl,

Late Thursday night I got a call from Ramon Santos, Leo's lover in SF. Leo died June 21. His family buried him quickly and notified none of his gay friends. For the last

month Leo couldn't or wouldn't talk. Ramon would call and talk to a silent void. He was going through Leo's papers and found some letters I wrote last spring. Funny to have such a forthright, emotional conversation in the middle of the night with a man I've never met.

It will be years and years before we understand the magnitude of this AIDS experience. I wonder that it might prove to be one of the major events of late 20th century culture. The minstrels become Greek chorus.

I was too shook up when we were done to go back to bed. I fetched ballpoint and pad, put on my sneakers and drove out to the woods, to retrace the route I used to take. The moon was full and the lightning bugs were out, but as I walked I got all turned around and scared and could only think about trying to find my way out. A storm was coming on. For a while the lightning helped, the the rain set in and I got soaked.

Finding a path in leaves, on earth, is one thing in the dark. Groping along on jagged rocks is another. I thought about how death is graceless--getting lost on terrain that was once familiar and then suddenly is strange and hostile. A few hours later I ended up on Whitfield Road, somehow, standing shirtless in the rain, staring up at the sky, breathing deep.

September 12

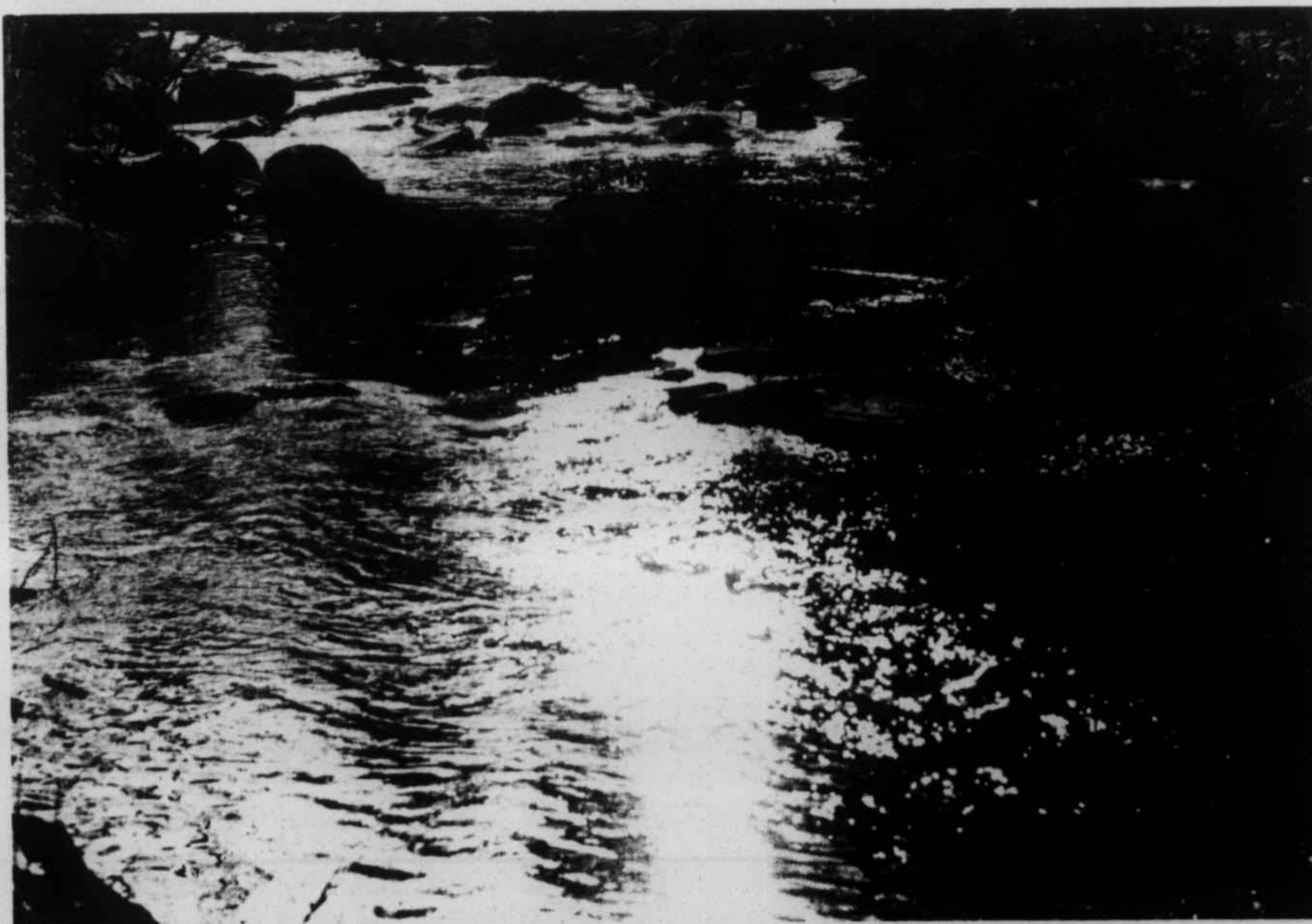
Now Warren, Glen and Philip have died, too.

In the woods the thin, high songs of crickets merge with the wind in the trees, like a distant river. I process through this world of leaves waving a dogwood branch to fend off spider webs and beggars' lice.

I pass the shiny orange berries of the hearts a-bustin', hanging from their deep pink hulls; then the stiff brown seedheads of self-heal, or heal-all. After weeks of terrible heat the morning is cool and grey. Down by the creek a spike of cardinal flower glows blood red.

First published in the Independent (NC News Alternative), September 27, 1985.

photo by Alan Troxler



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I wonder that it might prove to be one of the major events of late 20th century culture.

The minstrels become Greek chorus.





Recovery from AIDS

by Jean Shinoda Bolen, M.D.

William Calderon should not be alive today. In December 1982 he was told by doctors that he had AIDS--Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome--and would be lucky to live six more months. Now, three years later, he is the picture of health. His current physician, Richard L. Shames, M.D., considers him to have "achieved a complete remission." And as a result, William Calderon is a symbol of hope, whose life challenges the current assumption that a diagnosis of AIDS is a death sentence.

That he is alive and well defies medical expectations.

How did he do it? Why isn't he dead? Says Calderon, "My recovery began when I believed that I didn't have to die, when I knew I could heal myself." Prior to this, he had believed the diagnosis, felt hopeless, assumed he was dying and was afraid.

Calderon and his partner, Henry Hoffert, are now sure that what worked for him can also help others with AIDS. And they have spent many hours passing their insights on to AIDS patients and their partners. Yet his recovery wasn't easy. Nor will his recovery be officially counted as a "cure" until at least five years have gone by.

Considering the grim statistics, and the universally held impression that--pending a scientific breakthrough--an AIDS diagnosis means death, what does it mean when one man who has AIDS recovers? The answer is simple: HOPE. Hope is the first and most important message: If William Calderon could survive AIDS, so might others.

The AIDS patient believes he had a hopeless illness, and so does the medical and nursing staff that treat him. Those he turns to for emotional support--psychotherapists, friends and family--also believe that it is only a matter of time before the AIDS patient will die. Until there is at least one survivor, the diagnosis of AIDS comes with the message, "You are going to die." It is imprinted on the psyche of AIDS patients, and quite likely contributes to this outcome, since a downhill course can be predicted when a patient with a potentially fatal disease of any kind has feelings of hopelessness and helplessness.

William Calderon is a symbol of hope, whose life challenges the current assumption that a diagnosis of AIDS is a death sentence.



William Calderon's Story

It was Thanksgiving 1982 when William Calderon became alarmed by the appearance of one small, slightly raised purplish spot on the calf of his leg. Was this, he feared, a tell-tale lesion of Kaposi's Sarcoma, a cancer that was killing AIDS patients? Calderon had good cause to be alarmed, because he hadn't felt well for the previous year and a half. "I could hardly get out of bed in the morning. I was so tired all of the time," he remembers. He also had fevers that would come and go and night sweats, had lost his appetite and was losing weight, his gums were sore, and his hair was falling out. A week later when the biopsy results were in, Calderon knew why: he indeed had Kaposi's Sarcoma and AIDS.

Calderon was then 43 years old and, except for his health, everything else in his life seemed to be going well. He had lived and worked with his partner, Henry Hoffert, for some 15 years. They had a thriving hairstyling business on fashionable Union Street in San Francisco; they had a spacious home in secluded Mill Valley. Indeed, Calderon could look back and appreciate how far he had come from his native Costa Rica, where he was born in 1939. His father died when he was 9, and he had supported himself and his mother since he was 14. When he was 21, he came to the United States, learned hairstyling, and with hard work, skill, and the cheerfulness that comes from doing work he loved, he had done very well.

The first biopsies were done on November 30, 1982, at the Ralph K. Davies Medical Center and the results were reported as "Kaposi's Sarcoma, evolving plaque." His diagnosis was AIDS and he was referred to the Kaposi Sarcoma Clinic at the University of California Medical Center, where it was confirmed by UC pathologists.

Calderon recalls that he was told that he would be lucky to live six months. He was also told to make arrangements for his death. Dutifully he made out a will and decided to fly to Costa Rica for one last family visit. Partner Henry Hoffert's impression was that "William was programmed to die and was given no hope." Furthermore, Hoffert vividly recalls that after Calderon was told his diagnosis and became afraid and certain he would die, "the Kaposi Sarcoma lesions seemed to take off like fire. In less than a month, one small spot on his leg had multiplied into thirteen over his body."

The key to Calderon's survival was his genuine belief that he did not have to die of AIDS.



Courses of Treatment

That Calderon had AIDS and Kaposi's Sarcoma throughout his body was well-documented and cannot be disputed. However, William Calderon's and Henry Hoffert's certainty about what has made him well is controversial. They attribute his recovery to a combination of a positive attitude (the assumption that he could get well and heal himself), to the Simonton approach to treatment of cancers and other serious illnesses (which emphasizes overcoming the mental states that seem to coincide with depressing the immune system, and the use of meditation and visualization techniques to combat the illness), large amounts of vitamins, foods thought to have anti-cancer properties, and an involved, caring partner who shares the belief that recovery is possible.

The part played by an experimental drug, Interferon, is in question. Was it responsible for what doctors call a remission, or did it almost kill Calderon, as he feels it nearly did?

When Calderon was hit with the AIDS diagnosis in December 1982, and told that he would probably be dead in six months, he recalled that he continued to work as a hairstylist, and in between clients he would go into the office and cry. A few days after Calderon received the fatal diagnosis, Judith Skutch, a long-time client, came in for her regular hair appointment, noticed that his eyes were red from crying, and knew that something was seriously wrong. She insisted that he tell her what was the matter, and after initially holding back, he poured out his story.

Skutch's reaction stunned him and was to be the key to saving his life. With absolute conviction, she told him, "William, you don't have to die. You can get well." She told him of Dr. Carl Simonton's work with cancer patients, and of the people that Simonton had helped to cure themselves of cancer.

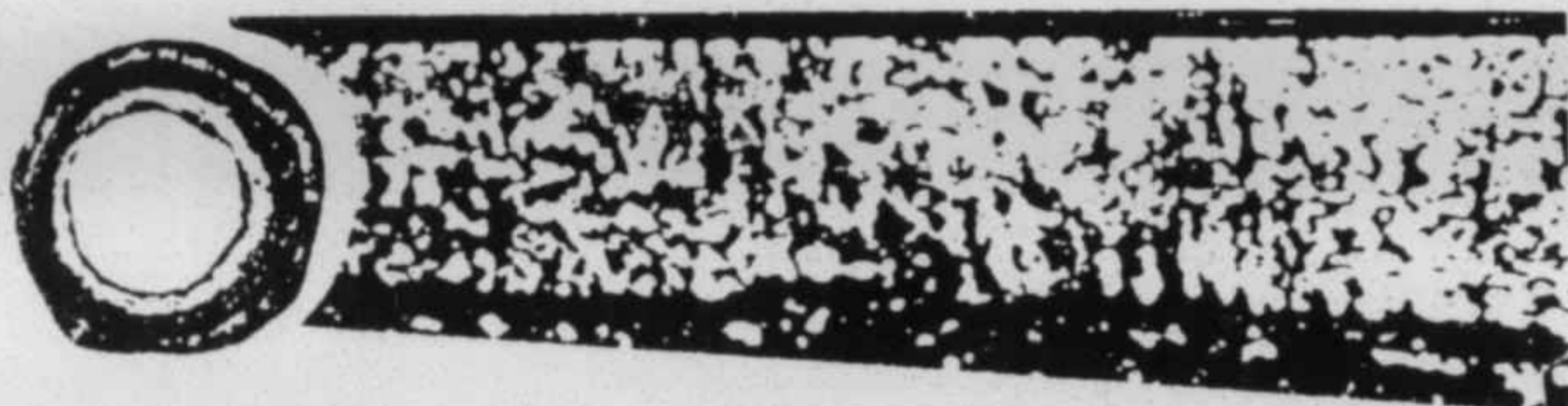


Within days of finding that he had AIDS and cancer, Calderon had thus heard that he would die or could live. Each prognosis was given to him with certainty by people he considered authorities. He and his partner Hoffert wanted to believe Skutch, of course. In addition, what Skutch spoke of was consistent with Hoffert's own philosophy that, "God gave us a mind to take care of ourselves," which translated into having the belief that the mind influenced illness and health. Also, since Calderon had taken EST training, he had developed a "take responsibility for what has happened and take charge of your life" attitude, that added to his receptiveness to what Skutch told him was possible. Skutch was to remain a source of strength and energy for both Calderon and Hoffert throughout the AIDS ordeal.

Between Thanksgiving 1982, when Calderon noted the first purple spot and was told he had AIDS, until Christmas 1982, he had periods in which he was fearful and despairing. This was the time when there was a rapid multiplication of Kaposi's sarcomas. During this same time, Skutch repeatedly told him that he had to get rid of his fear, the emotion that she said made his condition worsen.

Looking back two years to the period that preceded AIDS, Calderon recalled the vivid change in himself that occurred after a painful visit to Costa Rica. "I came back feeling hopeless about my family. Joy was taken out of my life. I had been sending my mother money every two months. It was a joy for me to do this." He recalled the events on this trip that led to his being estranged from his mother. And he told of his young relatives who were embarrassed by their homosexual uncle, treating him "like garbage." He felt he was "someone they could take money from but not introduce to their friends."

He came back disillusioned and hurt. As a result of this trip, he felt that he had lost his purpose in life--which was to be an inspiration to and a support for his family. Evident to his partner, Henry Hoffert, was the loss of Calderon's "spark." He no longer enjoyed working, and became moody and irritable. He was depressed, had given up on his family and felt rejected by them. This was the emotional context that preceded the onset of symptoms which in retrospect were those of AIDS.



Having adopted Simonton's point of view that the mind influences the onset of disease, Calderon understands why he was susceptible to getting AIDS. He also thinks that many gaymen have lives that are especially stressful and full of numerous rejections that leave them feeling helpless, hopeless, and too often, worthless.

Calderon began doing the Simonton imagery three times a day. In a state of deep relaxation he would visualize the cancer cells being destroyed by his white cells. And he would see himself looking healthy and completely well. He lost his fear, and became convinced he could heal himself. At the same time, a dramatic shift occurred. As far as Calderon and Hoffert could see, the previous rapid spread of cancer stopped.

Meanwhile, Calderon had gone through repeated blood tests, examinations and biopsies. After which he was given three options: he could do nothing, he could undergo anti-cancer chemotherapy, he could be put on an experimental drug called Interferon, that might help the body's immune system.. Fearing that he might be turning down a potential miracle drug and "miss the boat," Calderon decided he would try the Interferon. And so, on January 26, 1983, he began getting intravenous Interferon through the AIDS Unit at San Francisco General Hospital, and continued taking Interferon as a research subject through the beginning of June 1983.

. . . many gay men have lives that are especially stressful and full of numerous rejections that leave them feeling helpless, hopeless, and too often worthless.



The despair and sickness that Calderon was experiencing from the Interferon is not reflected in the available medical records, which chronicle the administration of the experimental drug, and the improvement of the Kaposi's sarcomas. By June 1983, there were no new cancers, and what was left of the previous purple Kaposi tumors appeared to be only residual traces of the purple stain typical of Kaposi's Sarcoma. Calderon was told that he was the only patient to do as well. Most, if not all of the others that took part in the Interferon experiment, Calderon believes, have since died.

There is no agreement on the part played by Interferon in Calderon's recovery. It was an experimental drug that was tried on many patients with AIDS, and found not to be a miracle drug. For many AIDS patients, as Calderon observed, it seemed to hasten death and made the patient look hideous and feel terrible. Naturally, the doctors on the AIDS unit attributed any positive change to the Interferon, since it was the only medical treatment he received there. In contrast, Calderon and Hoffert look upon Interferon as weakening him and hindering his recovery, noting that the cancers stopped growing even before Interferon was begun, and that he began to feel better and gain weight only after the Interferon was stopped. (If recovery were due to the drug alone, then other AIDS patients would have had the same beneficial results.)

Yet, other AIDS patients have also used Simonton's visualization techniques, been in psychotherapy, followed diets, and taken massive amounts of Vitamin C and other vitamin supplements, along with medical treatment, and not survived.

Belief in Cure as the Key to Survival

The key to Calderon's survival was his genuine (or 'naive' in the face of 'reality') belief that he did not have to die of AIDS, a belief that was strongly supported by his partner, and by Judith Skutch and O. Carl Simonton, both of whom had helped other people with supposedly terminal illnesses survive. Both also believe in 'miracles.' Their certainty gave Calderon hope, and he took into himself their conviction that he could heal himself.

They told him he could heal himself if he changed his negative views, if he worked on forgiving himself and people who had hurt him, if he lost his fear and lived life as normally as possible even when he was feeling very sick, if he did the meditation-visualizations, if he brought humor into his life, saw beauty around him, and took care of his body's need for rest and nutrition. Love played a major part. Every act of support from Hoffert, Skutch or Simonton came with love. And he actively worked on thinking loving thoughts whenever negative feelings arose. Calderon also speaks with appreciation of his employees and friends "who were wonderful" throughout. Rather than shun him--as has been the experience of some AIDS patients--they were encouraging and supportive.



His physician, Richard L. Shames, M.D., in a report to Jean Shinoda Bolen, M.D., dated 12/7/84 states:

I have been following Willaim Calderon's recent progress in dealing with his AIDS situation. As you know, he is pursuing a vigorous treatment program combining optimal nutrition, physical fitness, psychotherapy, and creative visualization. It is my medical opinion that he has by these means achieved a complete remission. . . . Also, he seems to be sustaining this progress with enjoyable career work and upbeat, positive thinking. I hope his example can help other people with AIDS.

Three years have gone by since William Calderon was told he was dying. Meeting him today, one sees a man in his mid-forties looking younger than his age, who appears in the prime of his life and in glowing health. And he is a happy man as well, with a message that he wants to pass on to others with AIDS or cancer or any other serious disease:

"I want people to know that it is possible to heal themselves and be healthy. And I want to help other patients with AIDS believe that they can live, too."

Abridged from an article in *New Realities* (Mar/Apr '85) 680 Beach St, #408, San Francisco, CA 94109 with the kind permission of the author, the publisher, and William Calderon and his partner, Henry Hoffert.

Jean Shinoda Bolen, M.D. is Clinical Professor of Psychiatry at the University of California Medical Center, San Francisco.

Resources Used and Recommended by William Calderon:

Getting Well Again by O. Carl Simonton, M.D., Stephanie Matthews-Simonton, and James L. Creighton (Bantam Books).

The Life-Long Anti-Cancer Diet by Carmel Herman Reingold (Signet Books, 1982).

Love Is Letting Go of Fear by Gerald G. Jampolsky, M.D. (Bantam Books).

Dr. Simonton's audio cassettes: "The Role of the Mind in Cancer" and "Mental Imagery as Applied to Cancer Therapy" are available through the Cancer Counseling Center, POB 1055, Azle, Texas 76020. (817)444-4073.

D Y I N G T O L O V E

[Although the situation with the baths across the nation has changed since 1983, we feel that the sentiments expressed below are still pertinent and worthy.]

The expulsion of men known to have AIDS from the baths can only create a false sense of security. For each member of our family/community who has been diagnosed, there are probably many who have the disease and don't know it. Can we throw them out, too?

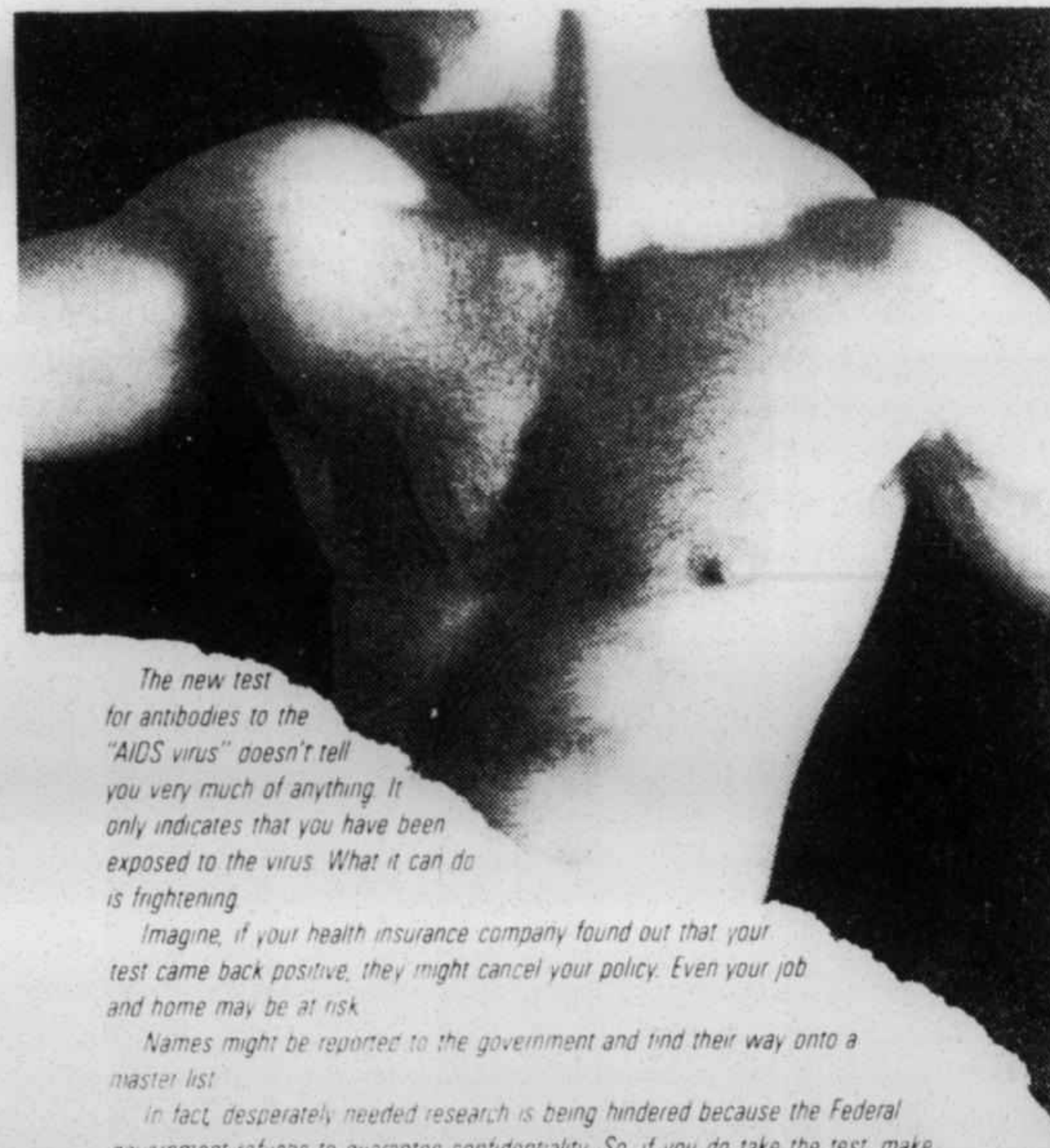
The implication that men with AIDS cannot behave themselves at the baths is sinister. Certainly AIDS does not attack the integrity of its host. The presence of someone with AIDS at the baths does not mean that that person is indulging in life-threatening perversity. Or do we still believe that the people who get it are somehow less than human--only neurotic, sex-addicted, drug-dependent, suicidal freaks are at risk, right? If we believe that AIDS patients are a threat to us, it can only be because we believe that we are a threat to ourselves, that we believe ourselves to be incapable of acting with aware purpose and appropriate restraint.

My modest proposal is this: to make bathhouse admission free to anyone who has AIDS, to post a notice to this effect over the entrance to the club, and to provide information on safe sex practice to all comers. The awareness of the possibility of contracting AIDS at the baths would be increased many times over, resulting in conscious, imaginative, safe sexual activity. Also, the consideration that our current trick might be dying could be an excuse for us to manifest, ourselves, some of the tenderness and care that we came to San Francisco to find and celebrate.

We are dying to love each other. And love, I think, is one way through this. We can--and should--make it together.

Den Kelly, Bay Area Reporter, San Francisco, 1983.

**THE TEST CAN BE ALMOST
AS DEVASTATING AS THE DISEASE**



The new test for antibodies to the "AIDS virus" doesn't tell you very much of anything. It only indicates that you have been exposed to the virus. What it can do is frightening.

Imagine, if your health insurance company found out that your test came back positive, they might cancel your policy. Even your job and home may be at risk.

Names might be reported to the government and find their way onto a master list.

In fact, desperately needed research is being hindered because the Federal government refuses to guarantee confidentiality. So, if you do take the test, make sure you get a guarantee in writing that your name and the results of your test won't ever be released to anyone.

Otherwise, our advice is, stay away from the test. It's bad news.
GMHC Hotline 212-807-6655 Sponsored by GMHC © GMHC 1985 Model John Guite

BIRMINGHAM AIDS OUTREACH INFORMATION 205-930-0440

Holistic Antidote to the EPIDEMIC of FEAR

by CHARLES E. HALL, PhD

An international incident of horror sells newspapers. A blood riot on the opposite side of the world sells magazines. AIDS sells the evening news on TV. Sales of newspapers and magazines and the seven o'clock news on TV fills bank accounts.

Hell-fire and damnation fills churches. War fills churches. The agony of Christ fills churches. A full church means full collection plates.

Fear is a very salable emotion. When fear is about a social outcast it is very marketable. And it gives the uprightly moral citizens an excuse to play the conversational game, "Ain't It Awful." (We gays call it "Dish & Bitch," but Eric Berne gave it the former name in his book, Games People Play.) It keeps the conversation going when other topics let it lag.

Remember The Boys from Boise? Well, it's time to read it again.

When fear is about a social outcast,
it is very marketable.

The San Francisco Chronicle flamed the current epidemic of fear of AIDS in the summer and fall of 1982. On a regular basis they would print an article on AIDS on the front page and right beside it a more generalized article about homosexuals. Konstantine Berlandt, a free-lance gay reporter and I both commented on it at the time.

Here in Atlanta, where I am now practicing Chinese medicine, people have been diagnosed with AIDS and died two weeks later. I suspect that fear killed them before HTLV-3 could get cranked up for the job. In 1983 I had a client in San Francisco whose MD without testing him suggested that he might have AIDS. That was at 11 A.M. By 11 P.M. he was manifesting sweats, shortness of breath, fatigue, panic. 12 hours of fear was giving him AIDS.

The world is full of homophobes who would like to kill us. It was true 20 years ago and it is still true. Gay liberation has freed a lot of us from guilt and fear but the queer-killers remain. Now the media and the hell-fire preachers have a topic for those who hate. It is AIDS.

Many people have heard me say that AIDS is not a new disease. Kaposi's Sarcoma was labeled in the 20's. Opportunistic infections have always been the diseases of old folks--people with worn-out bodies. I think that AIDS is a step forward in allopathic (MD) medical science. MD's should be congratulated for recognizing a sequence of diseases and their interconnection. This is new for them. Hitherto they could only recognize one disease at a time. Now they have a chain of them and they call them AIDS.

So the gay activists have badgered the government into giving the MDs (nobody else seems to be getting any) many millions of dollars to do research. Not much for treatment yet. There are no free AIDS clinics or free diagnosis for the needy. Just laboratories.

I've heard of no substantive studies of how AIDS goes from Lenny to Bruce. No one has lined-up ten healthy men and had them have 'unsafe sex' with an AIDS person to see how many would get AIDS. Dr. Walter Reed of malaria fame had infected mosquitos bite healthy soldiers to see how many got malaria. But no one is doing similar experiments with AIDS; and I'm not proposing they do. But short of that, so much of the epidemiology is sheer speculation of a homo- and sexualphobic kind.

Now the media and the hell-fire preachers have a topic for those who hate. It is AIDS.

I still maintain that hepatitis, parasites, alcohol, drugs and fear are the primary causes of AIDS. I studied 64 case records where 80% had hepatitis and 80% had parasites. 55% had both and less than five percent reported neither. Most of this information was from the Department of Epidemiology of San Francisco General. Unfortunately I was unable to research the files for more information.

Many of us know people who have died of AIDS and most of them have used drugs and alcohol habitually. And, of course, gays with their expendable incomes have enough money to pay for the drugs and the diagnosis. Definitive diagnosis runs \$1,000 and up. AIDS is not a disease for poor folks.

Intense fear as an origin of AIDS is in accord with the Nei Ching, the ancient medical encyclopedia of China. (See chapter 19, pages 127-129 of Dr. Henry Lu's translation.) The fear may occur in childhood as in child abuse or throughout childhood from fear of rejection and being sent away. There could be very intense fear of AIDS especially after being told one most likely has it. This last fear is being perpetuated by yellow journalism and get-rich-quick preachers.

So what can you do about it?

Learn to cook for nutrition and not just for show. Learn macrobiotics. Research your memory about those who have succumbed and I doubt you will find a health food nut among them. I have written several short articles on the nutritional prevention of AIDS in RFD: "Medical Notes on Gatherings" #37, "Mother Your Mucous" & "Sugar Blues Again" #40, "Breakfast of Oriental Champions" #41, "Cancer" #34, "Health" #35. Some of the nutritional foods are: short grain brown rice, onions, garlic, hot peppers and salsa and pot seeds. A heaping tablespoon of the cannabis seeds ground up and simmered for an hour to make a cup of tea are a traditional oriental remedy for parasites. Taken monthly on the third quarter of the moon, it's a great intestinal nutrient.

I still maintain that hepatitis,
parasites, alcohol, drugs and fear
are the primary causes of AIDS

While you are at it, learn how to eat corn, rye, oats, barley, millet and beans instead of wheat. And make your salads out of sprouts, spinach, romaine, turnip, beet and dandelion greens, parsley and watercress. Stop eating white sugar, tropical fruits like oranges, pineapples and bananas in the winter; and cut out foods with artificial flavors, colors and preservatives. Start cooking and stop eating in fast food joints. Food is for helping to keep the body healthy, not just for filling the belly.

For persons with AIDS I recommend a crash diet:

- *> 2 to 6 cloves of garlic a day between meals and with just enough food to keep it from burning the stomach. (These days a healthy man smells of garlic and tastes Italian.)
- *> A half cup of salsa a day.
- *> Rice conji (RFD #41) daily for breakfast and maybe even for lunch for a week or two. Eat this until you can't face another bowl. By then the worst will be over.



* ► If the body feels overheated with a low-grade fever, cook orange peel in things. (Mandarin or tangerine peels are best--but only organic, please!) Add turmeric to foods until the fever normalizes and any herpes in the mouth go away. If the herpes are under the tongue, this may take two years. If on the lips, then probably only a few days.

* ► Eliminate cinnamon, ginger, cardamon, ginseng and Fo Ti from your diet.

Also, wear your boots and a warm scarf around your neck on cold days. This advice comes from the 'Mei Ching and from your mother. It is ancient wisdom about colds, flus, pneumonias, and AIDS. By the way, cannabis sativa eaten in very small amounts is a remedy for AIDS-type illnesses all over the Orient.

These are the basics of Chinese five element medical diet for severe lung diseases like AIDS. And then there are Chinese herbs like ephedera, astragalus, Chinese licorice, echinacea, honeysuckle (for Candida Albicans) and others.

Food is for helping to keep the body healthy, not just for filling the belly.

There are other methods too. Vitamin C in massive doses is effective in beefing up the immune system. I prefer organic vitamin C in foods: collards, kale, cabbage, brussel sprouts, cauliflower and white potatoes. Rose hips, elderberries and acerola are dried fruits with four times as much C as orange juice. Staghorn sumac berries soaked in warm water make a tea with lots of C. NEVER boil vitamin C for that kills it. Chemical vitamin C is cheap in bulk. After you have the habit of organic C, load up your body with the chemical stuff until you get a little diarrhea. Then take a teaspoon or so less a day until the diarrhea stops. And nibble on your vitamin C throughout the day. If you eat it all at once, most of it is pissed away in two hours.

Visit an acupuncturist, acupressurist or/and an herbalist. Get regular sleep and eat regularly.

If the fear of AIDS is on you but the diagnosis is not, add the above to your diet in some reasonable degree. These are preventative medicines as well as healing. Preventative medicine may be new to you, but you are what you eat every day.

These foods will also prevent the common cold. It is one of the precursors of AIDS; and if you have more than one a year, you need these foods in your diet. Sooner or later it will undoubtedly be found that AIDS persons have been having several colds a year for several years. Eat healthy, keep warm and sleep at night.

If intense fear has got you, there is an acupoint to rub. Triple Warmer 5 is the point number and it is just an inch above the wrist on the back of the arm in the hollow between the two arm bones (radius and ulna). It's sort of in the 'Y' there, down in the hollow. Rub it several times a day, especially between 7 and 11 P.M.

Don't let the homophobes get to you. People do survive AIDS. I know of 27 of them who did some or all of these things and are still alive. But survivors don't seem to be as newsworthy or get reported on, talked about or preached about. They are not on the agenda of those pushing this epidemic of fear. ◀



photo by Phillip Smith

Charles E. Hall, Ph.D. (aka "Crazy Owl") is a frequent contributor to RFD. A practitioner of traditional Chinese medicine, he is the health director of The Healthy Obelisk, a non-profit holistic health organization under the fiscal sponsorship of the Capp Street Foundation of San Francisco. During the last two years he has traveled extensively throughout the Southeastern US with his partner, Sr. Missionary Position. They have been educating people about preventative medicine with workshops, lectures and discussions. Presently Dr. Hall is establishing a holistic clinic called "Gentle Hands" at 2304 Flat Shoals Rd, Atlanta, GA. 30316 (404)243-8787.

The Epidemic Continues .

Some Risk

These activities involve exchange of small amounts of some bodily fluids. The risk for AIDS is increased with the number of contacts.

- Anal Intercourse with condom
- Fellatio Interruptus (sucking without swallowing)
- Mouth-to-mouth (wet) kissing.
- Urine contact (water sports)

High Risk

These activities include tissue trauma and/or the exchange of body fluids which may transmit the AIDS virus or other microbes. One is at high risk unless both partners have been monogamous for at least 5 years.

- Receptive Anal Intercourse without condom
- Insertive Anal Intercourse without condom
- Fellatio (sucking)
- Manual Anal (fisting)
- Anal Oral Contact (rimming)
- Vaginal Intercourse without condom
- Cunnilingus (oral - vaginal contact)

GUIDELINES FOR
AIDS
RISK REDUCTION

Risk Reduced Sex

Risk reduced activities include skin to skin contact in which the transfer of the AIDS virus is unlikely, unless there are breaks in the skin. These activities include:

- Mutual masturbation
- Dry or cheek-to-cheek kissing
- Body massage - hugging
- Body-to-body rubbing
- Using sex toys (but not sharing them)
- Light S&M activities without bruising or bleeding





PSYCHIC CHANNEL

on AIDS

by JOHN FERGUSON



Sabrina is the name of a being who speaks through a psychic channel living in Western North Carolina. We asked the medium if she would give a reading on AIDS for RFD, and she was most willing to help us out. Also present at the session were my chiropractor, Dr. Adrien who frequently works with Sabrina, and two friends of the channel.

Simply being in the presence of Sabrina is a healing experience. She has a warm, caring manner which all who speak with her find calming and enlightening. What follows is a condensation of the reading. The information was at times highly technical and at others highly spiritual. AIDS is covered from several vantage points in hopes of shedding more light on AIDS and the role it is playing in our community.

I began the reading by asking about a friend who was very ill with AIDS and, apparently, not going to live much longer. I asked what I could do to help my friend. Her reply:

Your thought forms (prayers) are around this entity but he is not in a state in which they can be received. Remember that an entity can only accept what he is willing to accept, and that all energy given to an entity (through prayers) remains with that entity through all eternity until that entity would accept it. This energy is all that can be given now, but the power of prayer is very great.

It is a message of comfort for those of us who feel separated from our sick friends by distance, hospital rules or families.

She gave the following information on the biological origin of AIDS:

The origin within the earth of the AIDS virus is 50,000 to 60,000 years ago in the animal kingdom. It is found in the primate of monkey; similar is found in sheep, goat and some similar (virus) in felines--that which is known as 'feline leukemia virus.' This mutated approximately 20 to 30 years ago in Africa to be able to live in humans. The primary means of spread was from bites and scratches of Green monkeys. This was spread by 'scarification, the ritual pricking of skin to make designs on the body and face. This was the beginning of its spread to the human race.

She went on to say that this monkey connection was also found in Haiti where the virus was spread to vacationing Americans. In Europe it came from Zaire through Britain. When questioned as to why Haitians are no longer considered at high-risk of contracting AIDS, she mentioned that some people can carry the virus but have a natural immunity to it.

I continued by asking Sabrina about several alternative therapies that I had read about recently. The first one was William Calderon's approach (RFD, this issue), where he overcame AIDS through changing attitudes, diet, increasing his capacity to love and forgive, and by creative visualization. She replied that for the emotive and mental states Calderon's approach is very good. She cautioned that in working with AIDS it will be necessary to incorporate all fields of medicine.

About visualization therapy she replied:

Entities are taught in this therapy that they are to visualize the body as becoming perfect. This is, from our perspective, errant. One does not envision as becoming, one envisions as perfect. If you look to things as coming forth, the future will remain in the future and will continue to hang in the ethers, never manifesting. So, see it (healing the body) as here and now. Imagine the body in perfection.

When asked about Thermobaric Re-patterning as developed by Joan McKenna in San Francisco (RFD, this issue) she replied that this is very good but cautioned that it is only one piece of the "circle of health." Thermobarics is most effective along with chiropractic, homeopathic, and chemical interaction.

This led into a discussion of how the AIDS virus attacks the body. Dr. Adrien pointed out that Thermobaric Re-patterning seeks to reduce acid salts in the body. Sabrina called this "tissue acidity" and stated that the body cannot be attacked by the virus unless it has become extremely acidic. Preventing tissue acidity is helped by diet, she later stated. She recommended a diet that is 80% alkaline, 20% acidic. (See the A.R.E. diet recommendations in this issue). She encouraged eating great quantities of green leafy vegetables and fruits, eliminating red meats, nuts, sugar and all alcoholic beverages. Starches are not recommended in quantity and sprouted seeds and brown rice are the best grains to eat. (Millet is the most alkaline of all the grains--publisher's note.)

She also gave some herbal teas that would be helpful for balancing and fortification: sage tea, wild cherry bark tea, and saffron tea. Herbal supplements she called "Partners for Health" were recommended: chapparal, propolis, and pau d'arco. She mentioned that there is already much awareness on earth about the medicinal value of herbs and encouraged continued seeking out of that information.

The following program was recommended for a liver cleansing, since the liver is so greatly affected by AIDS:

Our idea concerning liver purification is not so much that of what is taken inside but rather what is taken externally. That would be castor oil packs. We understand that few entities are going to take the time necessary for this, but from our thoughts this would be best.

She also recommended taking 'Lipo-plex' (homeopathic liver tablets) and liver drops in conjunction with this cleansing.

Sabrina's schedule for application of castor oil packs is to apply externally over the liver for 45 minutes to one hour four times a week for three weeks. Then reduce this to three times a week for three weeks. Then two times a week for two weeks. Rest the body for one month, then repeat the cycle.

[Editor's note: Castor oil packs are also highly recommended by another and world-renowned psychic, Edgar Cayce. His readings recommend these packs for a number of different ailments including the liver and indicate that the use of natural fiber flannel and cold-pressed castor oil is preferred. These products are available from Home Health Products, PO Box 3130, Virginia Beach, VA 23454.]



Sabrina had the following statement for the readers of RFD:

This is not a time for any entity to live in a state of fear or guilt. It is a time to remember that all entities are united in the body of God. If thy brethren on a distant shore pricks his finger, so to speak, the brethren on the opposite side of the earth is affected by that even though it is subliminal. What happens to one entity happens to all. So what we are stating here is do not take on guilts and fears perpetuated on thee by others of thy brethren on the earth who are steeped in ignorance. Be not fearful--go forward in your lives seeking ever to know the greater divinity of not only yourself but of every entity you contact in this life. Seek to have understanding, compassion, and above all, love for yourself. If you do not have these qualities for yourself, then you do not have them for others.

There is forthcoming within your world answers that will make this dis-ease a thing of the past. Have faith and know that this will be forthcoming for those in present need. Continue that of your searching, continue that of your demands for your rights. Be not turned away.

Following this Sabrina gave some information of a more technical nature and a very adamant warning about the use of poppers:

Be very sensible in the treatment of your body. There is a substance within your earth--isobutyl nitrite--one states in earth terminology, 'poppers.' There are many who have AIDS that have participated in this. This is very, very detrimental; this can in many ways destroy natural defenses towards AIDS.



Resources

MORE JASON (CHANNELED) MATERIAL ON HEALTH AVAILABLE

Synergy Publishers, in a continuing program to make metaphysical information available to the gay community, is offering free of charge some of the latest material they have received through the Jason channel [see RFD #39 for a review of Down To Earth and interview with the author] concerning health, harmony, and AIDS. The material also includes support for those working with people with AIDS. The eight-page pamphlet is condensed from some 800 pages of unpublished manuscripts presented by the spirit called Jason and is entitled "All Illness Is Preventable." Write: Synergy Publishers, PO Box 18268-G, Denver, CO 80218.

SELF-HELP BOOKS AND TAPES

You Can Heal Your Life is a book by Louise L. Hay which takes the form of a workbook with each chapter being a complete lesson in recognizing and changing our negative belief patterns into positive ones. Based on the assumption that all problems are manifestations of a lack of self-love and approval, the author suggests that we do have the power to change our lives by changing our thinking. The book sells for \$10 (tape is \$20), and is available along with several other books and tapes (including "AIDS: A Positive Approach") from Louise L. Hay, 1242 Berkeley St., Santa Monica, CA 90404.

VITAMIN C PROTOCOL FOR AIDS

In a published article Robert Cathcart examines the value of vitamin C in the treatment of AIDS. In the article he covers intestinal parasites, food and chemical sensitivities, as well as many considerations involving this approach to the possible prevention and alleviation of AIDS. Write: Robert F. Cathcart, III, 58 N. El Camino Real #119, San Mateo, CA 94401.

Her final comments on health were:

Your medical professions are becoming more aware of the holistic approach. The earth is on the brink of understanding that the medical doctor, the spiritual healer, the homeopath and chiropractor--all these together--will serve a purpose. Treatment must be well-rounded to produce a healing.

To close she had this message for Running Water and the readers of RFD:

Anything that serves as a communicative link between people with the goal being that of hope, peace, harmony, sustaining of strength, will grow. Goodly works and goodly services have been performed and will continue. It is serving as a network which is very important. For entities so often think that they are alone; and this serves on a physical level for you to realize that you are never alone and that your problems are not unique unto your own selves. It is not how different entities are but how alike they are.

This was a moving statement to close the reading and is a timely reminder to us of the great service that RFD performs as a link for gay men with a love for nature and all creation. We need to remind ourselves of the importance of keeping our networks strong, especially in this era when so many forces seem to be conspiring to break us apart. With goals of peace, harmony and love for all life we will grow to overcome these obstacles with which we are now struggling.

VISUALIZATION TAPES

Taped meditations for People With AIDS and the Worried Well by Margo Adair and Lynn Johnson with music by Stephen Darcho and co-produced by the Shanti Project are available from Tools for Change. The two tapes include: Vitality of Life; Stress Reduction; Respite from Pain; Affirmation of Gay Life; Journey through the Immune System; Discovering Your Own Healthful Life Style; and, Tapping Resources of Wisdom and Courage. The People With AIDS tape set (with a booklet and two tapes) sells for \$12.75; the Worried Well set (with a booklet and one tape) sells for \$8.50. Add \$1.40 for postage and handling. Write: Tools for Change, PO Box 14141, San Francisco, CA 94114.

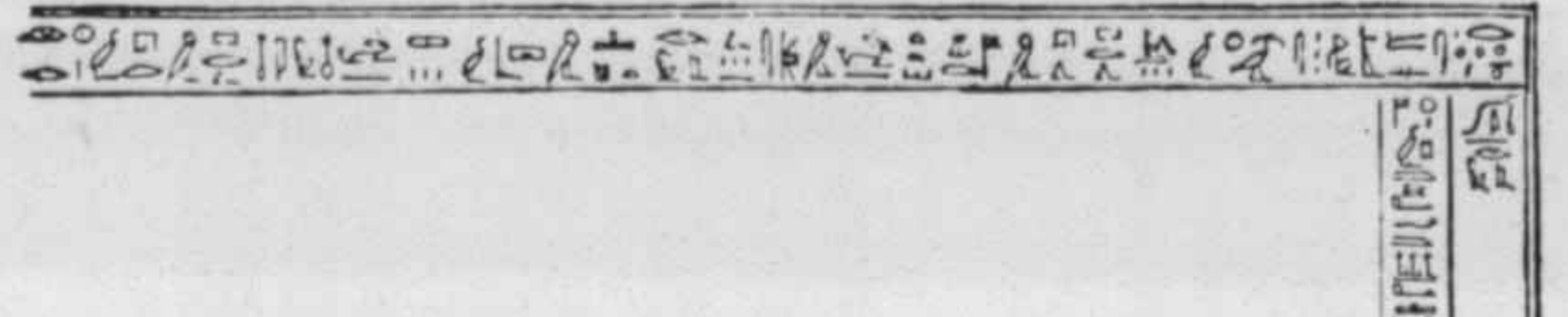
NATIONAL PWA GROUP FORMS

With the help of a \$10,000 start up grant from the Chicago Resource Center, The National Association of People With Aids has opened an office, printed its first newsletter, and begun fundraising for a staff person. Write: NAPWA, PO Box 65472, Washington, DC 20035.

NEW BOOK BEING COMPILED ON AIDS AND FAMILIES

Betty Fairchild, co-author of Now That You Know, is collecting materials and perspectives that will contribute to a book relating to families and AIDS. She wants to create a kind of guidebook that will inform, comfort, allay irrational fears and panic, and present a wide range of aspects of AIDS as it affects everyone in various ways. She intends to incorporate personal stories from people with different connections with AIDS, a range of nontraditional approaches, points of view and commentaries, and just as much information that seems useful. Guidelines for contributors are available if desired by writing Betty Fairchild, 202 4th Ave., San Francisco, CA 94118, as soon as possible.





WE ALL FALL DOWN

by Franklin Abbott

"Ring-a-ring-a-rosy
A pocket full of posey
A tissue, a tissue
We all fall down."

A Children's Rhyme About Plague

Kali-faced you come to me
blue bodied like your husband Shiva
you've got his snakes in your hair
he's got your death on his breath

Awake you are a thousand lips whispering
half the truth over and over again
asleep you devil my dreams
and terrify a child whose ghosts
were indeed multiple and malicious
though you are not a ghost
but a maker of ghosts
though you are not real
it is through others you live and die

I know a man with sores in his mouth
glands swollen hot, sweating the
night's passage
your breath is on his neck
Another man I knew
couldn't breathe you out of his lungs
he sleeps with you now under the sand
before the marriage in the public hospital
he held my hand tight as he could
without strength of body
his eyes said don't let me die
don't let me die here
don't let me die like this
like in a movie I saw lately
where one criminal tortured
by his keepers tells another
criminal tortured by his dreams
don't let me die
don't let me die here
don't let me die like this

My young lover's young friend
sleeps with you too
ashes in your hair
my young lover's friend
when he was sick
my lover went to his house
to put up the ceiling
fallen over the bed
he no more would sleep in
to put up the ceiling
to put up the ceiling
careful as a doctor
reads a chart and casts a spell
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and never in again
careful as a nurse who bathes
a dying patient his one last
baptism in love
careful as a phone call
to next of kin that begins
"I'm sorry...."

I go to my doctor
he says are you afraid
I say who of us isn't
he pokes and probes
says you're okay
and sometimes I believe him
sometimes
I believe him

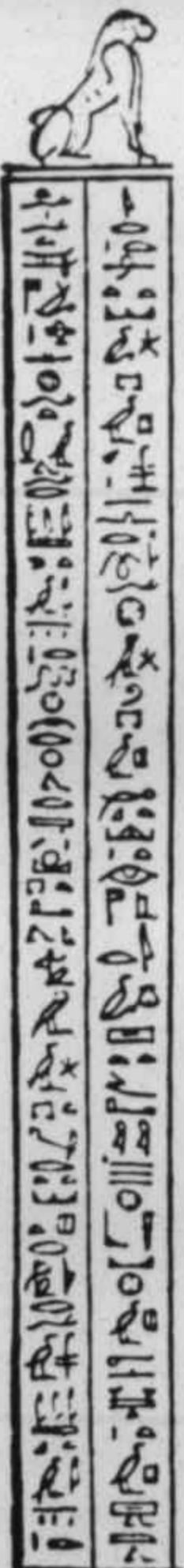
I go to the grocery store
and my list has a new item
guess which one is new:
bread
milk
catfood
condoms
apples
lettuce
cheese

Nine months later
I've settled on a brand name
buy the economy size
sleep with them by the bed
like some people sleep close
to a handgun or a telephone

I wake up in the middle of my
sleep almost every night
as if to check myself or my lover
for telltale signs
I wander the apartment
wake up the dogs and cats
scan the horizon for crack of light
they say that at 4 a.m. our rhythms
are at their lowest ebb
and if the tide is going out
I want to be left on shore with all I love
I want to be left on shore with all I love
I want to be left on shore
I want to grow old
watch my hair turn gray
I want to see the faces of my friends
wrinkle around sparkling eyes
I want to live long enough
in these woods to come to a clearing
where I can lay down my burdens
when I need to rest
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the sky

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Poem To

He Is where My Boyfriend's Lover

You and I

Intersect.

You ---

The heavy lidded box

Strung across a smooth macadem night:

Soft clicking in 3 colors,

The sound of a slow heart.

You are the street signs, too.

Also the street.

I'm the stolen car

Slicing away from the curb:

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Lullaby Boy

by Randy Briege

fresh fatherless boy
tender skin stops
on the edge
of slick tar
and slippery drivers
penetrating the rim of nightrain
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a paternal bouncing knee
and lullaby lap
you goddamn bastard
and kicked out of nest
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as his next daddy pulls
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tender flesh yields
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photo by Nella HamTo

A Devil Dreams of Heaven

by C. K. DeRugieris

Bored to tears
in suburban street
waiting for some life
from the cherubs of night

day to day
wanting to get away
from practical people
with practical solutions
tearing out my soul
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the practical preachers
who live in gray boxes
want me to cool it
to be frigid
like a cold northern ass

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back to the heart of urban madness
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when words take flight

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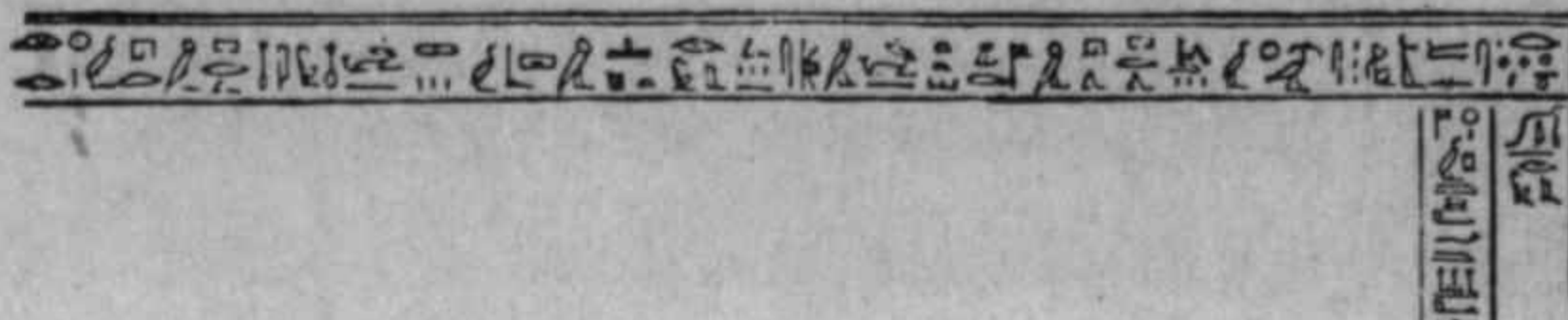
that others cannot hear

The Plague

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To his family and friends, we
pay our respect.
But some of us sit, and wonder
and stare.
(The dice are tossed randomly.)
Who will be next?





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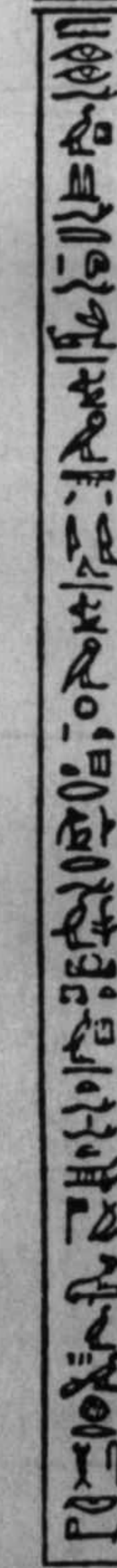
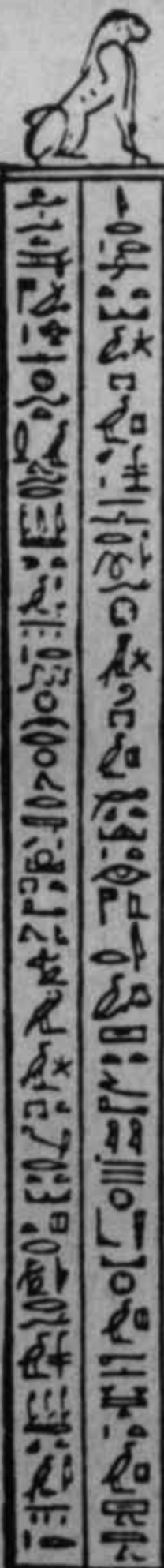
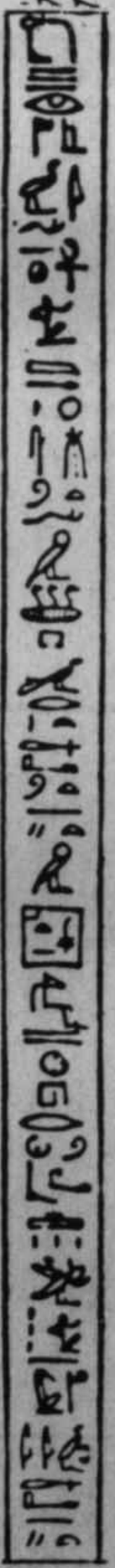
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To his family and friends, we
pay our respect.
But some of us sit, and wonder
and stare.
(The dice are tossed randomly.)
Who will be next?



Not Altother Strange

by Carl Morse

This ain't supposed to happen
in the scheme of things, say women
when the gay man--still an eek, yuk man
gives evidence of knowing what the fuck is going on
and keeps on coming back,
persistent as some nutty moth.
Not possible, they mutter. Shit,
what's that make me?
And I say calmly:
"I am doing mother's work
who was too maimed to finish it herself."

Another Valediction

by Raeburn Miller

Straight lovers must experience this
Less often, or less finally--
Saying goodbye till God knows when,
Waving and turning back inside.
Letters awhile. Then Christmas cards.
Years later a phone call between planes.
I can't believe that absence makes
For fonder hearts or that two souls
Stay joined like some giant draftsman's tool.
Rather the bonds of all affairs
Diminish with identity:
Having been one we are more two--
That's science now. He goes, I stay,
And where our bodies are, we are.
Crowded with distance like the past
His sportscar dims from all my senses.
I shape this goodbye for my sake
But lose it like a stone dropped down
A well too deep to mark the fall.



photo by Randy Rossi

It's Snowing

by Bru Dye

It's snowing
You stand naked by the window
looking out
silhouetted against the gray morning
The bed is in disarray
Our clothes are piled together on the floor
where we dropped them last night
You light a cigarette
and lean your shoulder against the windowframe
Mahler plays on the radio
I dress very slowly
You turn from the window, smile and say
"Well I've got to get ready for work"
We walk to the front door and kiss
Your eyes look past me
"Well I'll see you"
"Yeah take it easy"
The street is white and still
My feet get wet
because I'm not wearing my boots
Last night when I left home
it wasn't snowing

Song of Marlene

by Bill Gouge

marlene the dragster
saw her husband and a queen
through the bottom of a beer bottle
she was sucking
before stepping on stage to glitter.
and she could not stop
her alter-ego
from her outrageousness
when she held the bottle high
above her head for the
crowd to see
and lowered the boom,
cracked the poor little dear's head
and was dragged off stage
screaming about infidelity,
marlene the dragster
at a gay bar in charlotte
on benzadrine
giving drag dish
lean and mean
and blood was seen
on the cracked bottle of her
determination
to keep her man
but he walked away muttering
"goddamn drag queen,"
and tells no-one
that he wakes up with
a start to find
an auburn wig in a
recurring wet dream.
marlene the dragster
is now playing the waitress
circuit
and her eyes
are like custard
under a heat lamp
in the restaurant where
she works without eyebrows
and answers to dean,
the barbecue is piping hot
just ask the last truck driver
who made a fag joke
and saw dish used for dish
a witness to the
heat underneath the
song of marlene.



Soon

by Ron Mohring

I gather wood on this strangely warm
 February day. The drowsy springbeauties
 thrust dark leaves like narrow tongues
 tentatively through frozen earth. I want
 to gather their peppermint-striped
 blossoms in my hands, toss the pink stars
 like confetti, roll in them, lick
 them, eat them. But it is
 too early. Too early, and
 the brilliant sun spotlighting our woods
 can barely warm this February crust,
 cannot wake the sleeping bulbs,
 the naked trees that whisper, swaying:
 Not yet, but soon. Soon.

DLB's Molar

by S. J. Petelis

I have a piece of you always with me
 It's a piece of your tooth
 It's a lot like you
 Sharp in some places-smooth in others

Alive! Alive O!

by Antler

Your heart is a cock in your chest
 that's continually ejaculating blood.
 Your lungs are constantly fucking your nose
 with your breath.

Why This Time of Rest

by Steven Finch

Why this time of rest
 when I feel a growing need
 to be plowed deep-down.

Autumn May Be Brief

by Steven Finch

Autumn may be brief,
 but there's no need to believe
 in these trees' omen
 when each night I feel two leaf-
 shaped hands groping my stark limbs.



photo by Alan Troxler

When a Bark Is Like

a Crocus In the Snow

BY John Landry

It's been raining softly on this town.
 My heart comes close to drowning. It is
 another Saturdaynight I refuse to believe in
 like January First or it is Halloween
 every prismirrored morning.

Too hot to dance. Too hot to mosey.
 You walk with your hand by your side
 as though a cigarette should be in it.
 We disappear into each other's mouth
 like a skyful of transparent birds.

We leave vowels smoothed into our hair.
 It is the blue-plumed song of this language
 penetrates my heart held dear and sanctuary.
 You come from the shower lighting candles
 to St. Anthony for finding lost things like love.

There are boys who pass like powder
 through the skullcap of a dream
 tight around the wing of something hysterical
 where all contiguous realities converge.
 We are two of the delirious numbers.



Woodwind

by
Jeffrey
Steinberg



"Transmutation" by David Myers

If facts seem somewhat confused now, imagine how it all appeared then, when I was crumbling and a child. At least today I understand, have come to embrace, the nightmares that are really nothing more than scenes from growing up. That little boy I hated I now know was me and I have come to look back upon him, love the awkward frightened courage of that stumbling pretty adolescent, embrace the image of my past and take it home to me again.

When I was perhaps six and put to bed when it was yet light out, I had a dream. I still recall those muted summer evening sounds that lulled me to sleep -- the grumbling voices smoldering in the yard (that's Mr. Kaplan, that's Dad now), distant shrieks of older kids at play (Paul's lucky he can stay up 'till nine) and that hypnotic rapid thap-thap-thap of lawn sprinklers nudging me gently, persuasively to sleep.

I stood upon the deep orange sands of a desert -- still, expansive, undulating. The sky was the infinite sapphire of twilight, speckled with clear sparkling stars. Full-bodied mature and not another boy, a man in loincloth stood before me (I, the not visible observer). He turned and I followed him through a rough-hewn tunnel lit by tiny candles. Feeling completely comfortable, I noticed his large feet and thought how they inspired our confidence and trust. From there the dream dissembled into deeper sleep.

Later in my life, with sudden percolation, something seemed

to start happening as if the fabric of my perceptions had acquired a nervous tick. I recognized I had a penis which wordlessly demanded my attention but in what way I could not understand. It looked different than before. Actually, I began to notice it whereas, before, it was simply part of me. Hair sprouted above the appendage that was no longer another little finger but had become veined and gruesome. Without my consent or participation it would spontaneously react to scenes of stress, anxiety, excitement by not only growing but demanding the world's attention with the trembling heat it caused to ooze through my thighs and up into the pit of my stomach.

I smile, of course, at what in some same fashion happens to us all when nature takes the initiative in turning little boys to men. It really hurts and frightens for children lack the retrospect and wisdom to acknowledge but another rite of passage. The all of me then altered. Fat and round became tall and lean, hair appeared in hairless places and my voice and throat were strangely new. I wished I could hid most of all my mind which developed depths I hadn't explored. And I felt great waves of shame, guilt and passion.

Everything I touched, excited. All the visuals and smells of the world were hands caressing. My own motion made me into a piston of purposeless hunger, thirst, absorption. Proofs in geometry caused my crotch to swell almost painfully. Latin subjunctives caused a gluey stain to form. Cyclically, my dreams metamorphosed from infantile fantasy



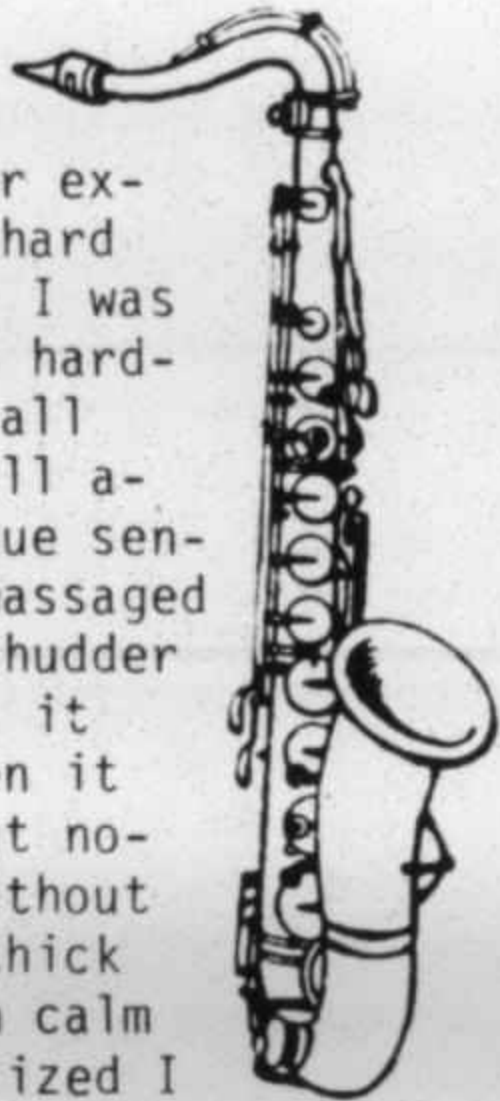
into drastic whirlwinds of noise, color, breathing, tension and wet ecstasy.

I discovered a region of the soul so wide, so vastly empty -- loneliness. Left adrift without tools and language I felt autistic in a universe which pushed and pulled and talked and talked. Books Mom had read me -- Wind in the Willows, The Borrowers, Arabian Nights -- no longer represented my reality, with their characters which couldn't function and their stories I no longer had the patience to endure.

It was the coincidence of circumstance which propelled my life at thirteen -- sputtering, short-circuiting, reacting -- until someone finally had the sense and sensitivity to intervene and take me firmly by the hand into the light and waited. It was not my father for we were destined to move further apart for reconciliation at a later time. Nor was it my mother who, perceiving the anguish of growth, had to stand aside now that her offspring had taken wings to wind.

The nameless coalesced and I recalled that dream about a desert night and, most of all, about a man. But now an adolescent in junior high school, I dreamt awake of things I never dreamed before -- the stubble on a broad chin, the angular curves of a developed neck, the meat of a thick thumb on a large open palm, the boney heel of a foot and more -- the forbidden shadows lacking definition, taking form in momentary dizziness within my head. I often wished I could explode or open wide my chest and spill the heat which would not dissipate.

With the utter slap-stick of naivety there were the bare awkward fundamentals of living which I continuously had to hazard. For example, I had no idea why my dick would get hard and stand straight up like an eager puppy. I was stupified when Ricky Kaplan referred to his hard-ons and I blurted, "You mean it happens to all guys?" I used to fondle myself before I fell asleep at nights because of the bold but vague sensation it created. And when I eventually massaged long and good one night, with an ecliptic shudder and thrill, it coughed up pails of -- well, it wasn't blood. Still, I'd thought I'd broken it for good. I waited, scared, in the dark but nothing else happened. So, I relaxed and, without forethought, dipped a finger in the warm, thick liquid and tasted it. At that moment, with calm certainty and ecstasy or revelation, I realized I was doing the right thing but with the wrong person. I knew that the healing I required was sexual and that the remedy for fear, confusion, anxiety and loneliness was masculine in gender. Thus began a brief yet intense affair with conflict, humiliation and desperation.



There was this teacher, the music instructor... At 36, Mr. White slowly yet specifically became the embodiment of all my internal goals. No, his existence defined even my perceptions of the external world. With the guileless, unabashed and total commitment of a boy in love with his first real man, I dogged Bob White's steps. I literally hung on every uttered syllable and breath. I became a devoted student of the saxophone -- a tedious keyed contraption which defied any amount of practice -- just to know that infrequent eternal moment when he would put his arms around me from behind to help me position my fingers, which suddenly turned to metallic rubber, butter on the sax. At such moments I needed only to die to be fully in heaven. He smoked Winstons and to this day that certain odor clinging to the garments of a man still makes my head suddenly spin. The manner in which he would inhale and exhale smoke became the alpha and omega of man's quest for understanding the ultimate question -- what is life? May all the forces of society and nature look lovingly upon the total abandonment of a young boy in love with his older man! There is nothing else, ever, to match the fury and intensity of that hiatus of self-less enthrallment, risk, honesty and need. Its brief and spontaneous flare sends out a reverberation that has and always will rock and shape art, religion, destiny and hope. Cloud it as we later might, such passion is the soul of all man tries and does.

Sometimes I simply tried to be myself, come what may. I accepted the stumbling strides of each day with equanimity. I was a good kid and Mr. White liked me.

But nothing happened. What it was I expected I didn't know. It just wasn't happening. Eventually, frenzy, panic, frustration seized hold of my mind and body and I changed like a junior Jekyll and Hyde. Becoming jealous, aggressive, quarrelsome, I assaulted a sluggish reality which failed to provide me the grand IT. I disrupted music class, argued with the only other person whose existence had dimension. Eventually, suffering contrition, I would return to junior Jekyll and apologize with resolutions of mended ways. This strangling duality gradually increased tempo and heat. I was approaching maximum overload. I was screaming inside.

And to the horror I added a humiliation of my own creating. I accidentally discovered an old paperback about the life of a truly mixed-up queen, the type of life the worst of us lived before the best among us spoke out. I discovered the word 'homosexual' and came to believe it was the same thing we joked about at the playground after school, bantering and accosting one another with 'queer', 'fairie', and 'cocksucker'. Yet now, this was me -- queer, fairie, cocksucker. This distorted novel of flagrant self-abuse, degeneracy and deception must be who I was and who I was to become. And I accepted that. Though from the deep pit of a foreshadowed soul I cried, I still accepted it.

Between the highs and lows of behavior, in addition to the good boy/bad boy swings I added queer, fairie, and cocksucker. This is what I was; this is what I had to be. This was the solution.

When I was myself, things were good -- tranquil, decent, unfulfilled. When I was who I really thought was myself, things were bad -- ridiculed, sordid, unfulfilled. There seemed a mark upon my forehead, at once light, at once dark, at once life and at once death. I knew I needed to act in order to survive.

So, one evening after a band concert I volunteered to help Mr. White put away the equipment used. We talked and I was momentarily good boy/tired boy. Somehow, I gave up the fight, grasped his hand in both my hands and held it to my lips. He snatched his hand back and recoiled in frozen disgust. That look seered blindness into my sight. Then he slapped me across the face with the prim venom of a man repulsing an abomination.

He stated coolly, "I don't want you around me anymore. You're not my problem." He shoved me away with enough force to throw me against the floor. But I stood up and ran, ran quickly thinking only, like the child I was, "Mommy, Mommy..."

Running home, the world suddenly shifted and I slowed to a normal walk. Everything seemed resolved and proper. I looked about and thought what a strange new world this had become, with nothing left within me anymore -- no pain, no fear -- just shock and emptiness. I felt immediate and tremendously clear.

When I entered the house, my mother, as if waiting by the door for my return, pounced. "Your school called," she shrieked, "and apparently you've been causing a lot of trouble. Well, that's it for you! They're removing you from music class and they want me and your father to come down to the school tomorrow. Your father hasn't got time to fool around with your nonsense. Now get up to your room, smart guy."

I looked upon her with the indifference of an alien intelligence viewing an amoeba. A voice spoke next to my ear. "Okay," it replied and I walked mechanically upstairs.

In the bathroom a face, vaguely familiar but impersonal, stared back at me through the mirror. I opened the medicine cabinet. Looking out the window I thought what a beautiful evening it was, then swallowed all the pills that I could consume.



There followed a fevered night in the hospital through which I vomitted nothing incessantly. I thought he'd find out and come to me. I hoped I would be rescued but as I heaved my last dry emptiness and slid toward dreamless exhaustion I abandoned the child's fantasy of prince and white horse and salvation.

An enormously rotund black woman gazed down at me in my bed. Her son shared my semi-private room, snoring softly. She smiled, approaching the bed. "How ya doin', baby?" she asked so gently. I croaked like a mud frog and looked up at here with a weakly delerious wonder thinking inanely, Hail Mary, mother of God...

"I know why you're here," she rather whispered, "and I'm sorry, very sorry you hurt so bad you thought it better to die. I've had my share of hurt as well as good times and mos' of my life I been treated like the lowlies' of niggers, honey, but I can't see dyin' 'til He says it's time to go. An' even then I'm gonna put up a fight." She smiled and I slept.

As if a switch were glibly turned, I was back in the world. All my enormous problems seemed to have simply shrunk, then shrivelled, then disappeared. Only I retained the memories; only I sought accountability in myself. I seemed to tread in normal-land and move in normal-time. No longer were the good hoy/bad boy, queer boy/not distinct issues. I was myself, an unexplained conglomerate at truculent peace. I did what normal people do and sensed with some relief the slow sliding shut of a great metal door. I acquiesced with satisfaction. I went to school, I went through school, I walked home.

It was a pastel-muted springtime and I walked home in the company of my textbooks. Looking about, I breathed and even blinked occassionally. A rapid patter of running footsteps trailed behind then stopped beside me. Looking up and over I stared at big Greg Willoughby's face as he was smiling at mine. Since the junior and senior high schools were housed in one great monolithic building, I knew Greg Willoughby though I never figured he knew me. But everybody knew Greg, eleventh grade rising star. Varsity athlete, scholar, student body president -- this guy really had it all. We peons in the seventh grade thought Greg a god. He was, in a way, godly I thought, someone

great to emulate, slightly too high to reach, someone personal. Woodwind notes briefly played through my head and faded. I didn't play the sax anymore. I shrugged my shoulders slightly.

"It looks like you're going my way," he said. "Mind if I walk along with you?"

"No," I replied.

We walked.

"Listen," he blurted, "you can tell me to mind my own business if you want but I heard about the trouble you had, you know. Everybody did. It's not such a big school." Then he tried to qualify what he had said. "Not that anybody really cares." But he didn't like the way that sounded and stopped. Still, he wasn't going to let the subject drop. "After I heard about it somebody pointed out who you were. Then I noticed you all the time because," he paused, pulling for words, "it bothered me -- what I had heard and what I could see."

"Don't worry about it," I said. "I won't do it again. It's over."

"No it isn't." Greg put his hand on my arm and turned me so that I faced him. "That's what I see that bothers me. It's all over. I don't know what it was that made you want to die and I'm not asking. But I understand, Tom. I want to tell you that you didn't do anything wrong. You didn't fail. You just got hurt real bad, Tom, but it's not your fault. I understand and it's really okay. Just don't give up." He looked at me intensely and whispered, "I care. I want to."

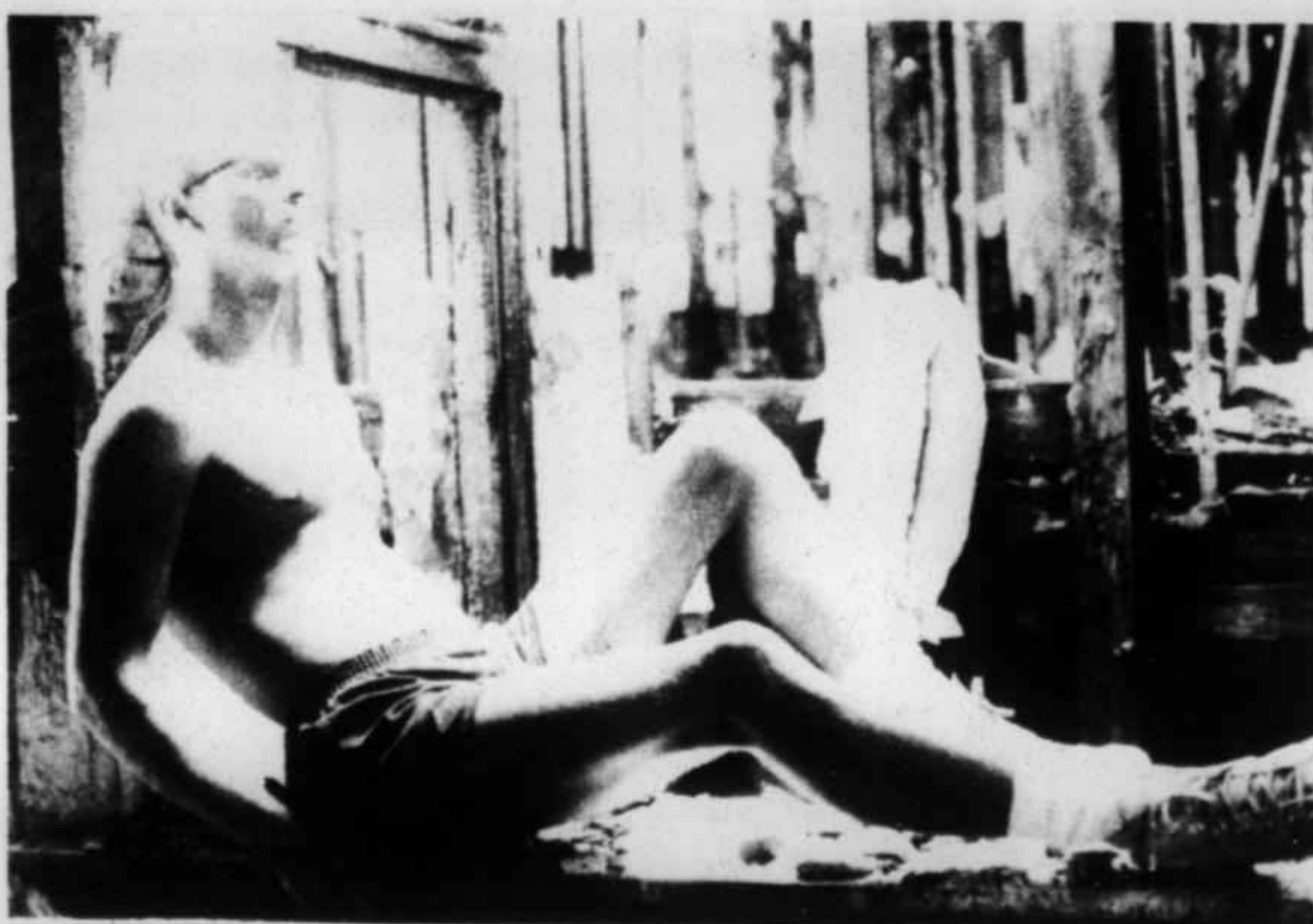
As if a web of cracks were rapidly forming in a massive dam too broad for me to hold, I started to cry. Placing his hand on the back of my neck, he maneuvered me gently away from the road and into the woods. I sobbed and babbled things which poured out from deep inside by a volition more powerful than mine -- his, perhaps. He said soft encouragements like "yes" and "I know" as he lead me further from the road. And somewhere in the woods he held me, kissed me and finally carried me to where I had been trying so long, so hard to be.



photo by Alan Troxler

Men's Liberation:

Is It Time?



Dan Ward

by John Primavera

At the close of World War II when man unleashed the most destructive force he had yet devised, the renowned physicist Albert Einstein warned "we shall require a substantially new manner of thinking if mankind is to survive." Speaking not just as a scientist but a philosopher, he understood that with the coming of nuclear weapons at nations' disposal, man could conceivably destroy himself in a matter of time. A re-examination of everything in history up to that point was necessary; everything in history re-thought and re-evaluated: philosophy, morals, ethics -- all viewed now with a startlingly new perspective. The old ways of living, acting, thinking and even worshipping, were now, because of nuclear weapons, obsolete. God, so long believed to be at the center of the universe, now became deminished in our minds. If other generations had to depend on His will, propagate His species, live by His word; then future generations could not be considered as well-off and cared for in their time. Man, because he now had at his fingertips the ability to uncreate what God created, had undertaken a revolution no past generation had achieved.

What Einstein predicted has come true: sweeping social changes have taken place such as the rise of multi-national corporations and subsequent loss of feeling secure within our own borders; the decline of faith and reliance on technology -- good or bad; the change in sexual mores and collapse of the family unit. Survival, which got us into our moral dilemma in the first place, seemed to be possible only at greater and greater sacrifice. Prosperity and power over others replacing religion and belonging to a community.



photo by Sean Hennessey

How are we to survive on this planet? How are men, women, gays, and straights, going to live in a world as fragile as ours? Since it's still men for the most part who rule this planet and make the important decisions the key to its survival is the health and balance of males.

Men are traditionally the more aggressive of the two genders. Men are called upon to fight in war as well as decide when and where. Gay men, because we always are in the minority, have been forced to go along with this scheme. Unlike yesterday's gay men, however, today's gays are more conscientious -- along with other straight men -- and are resisting war and conscription. Taking the suggestion of Einstein, they are representative of his "new way of thinking" and exhibiting a new moral force. Men who do this were once called cowards or draft dodgers; today, however, they are on the level of folk heroes and saints. Other signs of this new force are the nuclear freeze movement, world-wide disarmament campaigns and Congressional moves to cut-off funding of covert military actions. A Peace Academy is being created to improve diplomatic skills to solve disputes between nations.

The idea behind all of this, as I have said, is the desire to survive. But this survival must, I believe, have a framework within which we as men can operate. Male Liberation gives us this framework; it does precisely what it says: liberate men from the destructive macho ethic that has gotten so bad it now threatens everyone's survival. But how can we undo centuries of this ingrained, violent socialization? How can we, as gay men, in particular, learn to treat each other with respect?

The answer is, of course, education. Gay men have been taught that being gay is to be equated with being macho. They must conform to a code of dress, looks, and self-consumption that denies both diversity and humaneness. Gay men are programmed to use, rather than to understand each other; to gear their sex drive towards a view that other men are just like property or meat to be used (just as straight men have used and abused women); and so those who are physically appealing, therefore, are to be prized. All others -- the unpretty, the unyoung, the unwell, the unthin, and of course, females, must settle for less. The tragic result of this aggressive and belittling attitude is not just loneliness, despair, and alienation, but also that common enemy we all face: disease. Disease which is now debilitating the gay male community in the form of the deadly Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome. AIDS has impacted our community, for some unknown reason, more than any other. But the fact that this disease seems to be transmitted sexually is enough to suggest that we as gay men stand to suffer from it more than others. So AIDS has forced gay men to take stock of their lives, realize the consequences of promiscuous plunder, and give account for our own actions in ways never hitherto imagined since the advent of the modern gay movement and Stonewall. Just as we must prepare to fight against nuclear war, the fight against AIDS is now joined.





Cruising was once a recreation prized by the majority of "liberated" gay men; it has now undergone a great challenge. "When the next trick you meet may be carrying AIDS," so the saying goes, "preserving a way of life can be deadly." Ironically, it's this same "preserving a way of life" that is used by those justifying war and imperialism! The comparisons are inescapable: male plunder equals death. Just as the military-minded use their world view as an excuse for conquest, the gay male justifies cruising.



photo by Sean Hennessey

Our only hope is education, to rid ourselves of such attitudes as male dominance and violent-prone behavior ingrained in all males since birth. Even before gay men realize they are different from the rest of their sex, they are well-schooled in the violent socialization programmed in them as little boys. This programming is systematic: toys of violence ranging from cap pistols to video games, violent contact sports such as boxing and football that are supposed to "make" a man, the teenage street gangs, especially among the poor, paramilitary institutions such as the boy scouts and military academies that pretend to "educate", and, worse than all of these, television, that virtual school for violence which reeks of macho role models portrayed as "heros." Then there are the more subtle forms of violent conditioning: one is queer or sissy if one doesn't fight with other boys or one dares to like non-aggressive pursuits such as dancing or painting. Such pursuits are deemed signs of weakness or of effeminacy! When older, driving the souped-up auto or being the best surfer on the beach is considered manly. To want to avoid these carefully programmed rites of passage is, needless to say, to invite being labelled womanish or even worse, a queer or faggot. "Fight or be called a queer," not only conditions one to oppress one's sensitive side, but places a high premium on violence. Such conditioning all males get from infancy has a clear purpose: to get males toughened and aggressive so that they do the bidding of others, particularly for war. If men are not so toughened, if they still are caring and loving human beings wishing to use their strength and intelligence to help themselves and other members of society lead happy and healthy lives, then their use as plunderers becomes thwarted.

Thus, it's this violent socialization process that makes men choose property over human values; that makes them choose the irrational over the reasoned way to settle disputes. He's literally coerced before he's old enough to become aware of this happening to him. Thomas Jefferson, in his defense of democracy, advocated the triumph of reason and persuasion above coercion. He feared that powerful interests bent on ownership (slavery, the church, the military) would force unwilling subjects into conformity. To examine and control such tyranny, particularly now that man is confronted with his own genocide, is the only way to get at these deep-rooted problems. Since examining means educating, we can start with schools. Overhauling the present educational system to create a healthier society will not be easy since vested interests -- athletics, the military, teacher unions -- will strive to keep these schools "paying." Athletic competition and its value can be reviewed: is the macho ethic a builder of character or its destroyer? Isn't highly-pressurized competition behind the drug epidemic in sports? The American Medical Association, moreover, has called for the banning of boxing; and this makes for an excellent start. Should not schools that offer military training teach peace also? Should not the powerful teacher unions -- such as the NEA -- urge such changes? Must they always be concerned about research money, gadgetry, and resisting teacher evaluations? What of government? Isn't it about time we elected those who are brave enough to examine over those who just run and hide? Too many today offer us the unsafe bromide of religion and forget that to many God means also nature. As a poet, I have always stressed the meaning of God to include nature, a merging of the individual spirit with all living things to create harmonious communities. Since God's world can be unmade by men, as I said earlier, then man needs more knowledge of himself to survive. In gay terms, our ability to bond around our homoeroticism comes in handy as a valuable tool to facilitate change. Just as the gay poet Walt Whitman spoke of man's salvation coming from man himself rather than from his mythic past, so we can preach today the now-insecure community lesson for his present salvation.



photo by Sean Hennessey

The most important lesson for us is that the now-insecure community has led to the cruising mentality of gay men, the pick-up machine that causes gays to use each other as sexual outlets alone. Even when confronted that they have AIDS, some men have not discontinued their cruising! Such plunder wrecks the human potential in us all. Such plunder of the environment and man's infernal war machine as well as "liberation" of women through abortion and the pill all serve as lessons to be learned. What if AIDS is cured? So what...the nuclear cloud still hovers over us. But do we feel safe seeking the self-knowledge? Are there not whose out there who fear the cure worse than the disease? Are we brave enough to resist all the bad education we've been taught? Surely. For not to do anything at this critical time in our long history makes us say "yes" in the name of survival.





III

Let us begin with something concrete: the infant child... Man in the cradle, at the very start of life! The child is open to all experience, therefore innocent enough to be trusted. 1) Undue roughness should be discouraged. 2) Autonomy as one can handle it. 3) Affection, far from considered left behind in childhood, should be continually flowing from parent to child. 4) Sex education and elimination of old taboos such as fear of masturbation, homosexuality, and polygamy. 5) The reliance on drugs, materialism, nationalism, and quack medical cures should be ended.

What benefits may we derive from all this? 1) Violence, having as its root unspent sexual energy, will subside. 2) Greed, mainly a protective coating to ward off an unfriendly world, will no longer be necessary. 3) Child abuse, an ugly outgrowth of the breaking up of family, to be ended by re-working women's fertile years to commence much earlier and thereby give families "quality" time together. 4) Men, no longer made to feel worthless because the role of provider and protector has been denied them, will regain their humaneness and ability to care for something. 5) Children, old enough to care for themselves when their mothers go off to work, won't feel unwanted and neglected.

I would also recommend shared custody if divorce is the only solution, gay kids who are too much for their real parents be given to gay parents to raise; no more artificial insemination of women who are healthy enough to become pregnant the normal way since this reduces men to the role of studs, limiting their potential which contributes to nobody's liberation, least of all theirs. Role models for boys whose fathers are gone so that they don't grow into adults with low self-esteem.

Gay poet Garcia Lorca once wrote of the worldwide indifference to the institution of love as the cause of the living death of modern society; the cause of war and the origin of soul-destroying labor. He saw as the most vicious product of this nightmare the urban faggot, the self-emasculated gay cruising for high-octane thrills and living off nothing more nourishing than the gilded loneliness of gay bars. For Lorca, it was this type who was the most dangerous enemy of love. His observations, made almost 60 years ago, are not without point. Added to this vision the unloved and abandoned AIDS victim, you have an apocalyptic future of where we are all headed.

What can gay men do to escape this fate? Many have given up sex entirely. Others have formed intimate circles of friends with whom to practice sex exclusively. Another option is parenting for gay men. This responsibility reminds me of Arnold, the gay father in "Torch Song Trilogy," who adopts a gay 15 year-old son. He does this to teach himself responsibility and have a future. He also does it for love. As Arnold says in the play: "Adopting David is not a crazy thing. It's a wonderful thing that I'm very proud of...I don't beat him up either. I teach him. I advise him; I try to set an example for him..."

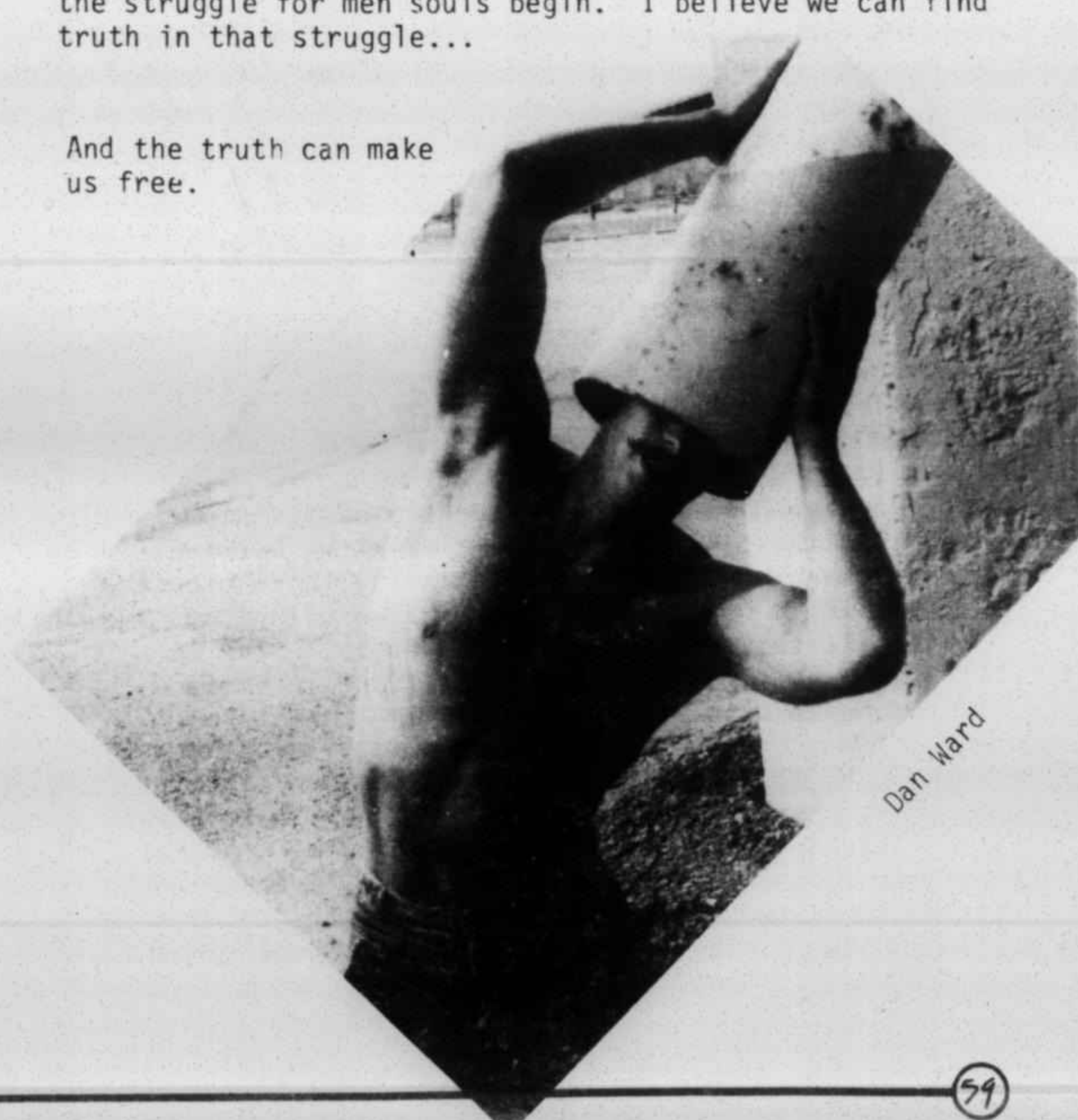
Children round-out a relationship; give a feeling of continuity to life and help keep a couple together. Moreover, there's nothing like a child to serve as a moral influence when one is tempted to abandon caution and live in the fast lane. This writer knows of a gay couple who have been foster parents to eleven gay boys. In these days of illegitimacy and broken homes, many agencies are flooded with throwaway or disposable youngsters. Gay ones, especially, are hard to place with straight parents. To prevent role-model confusion, placing children with parents of the same sexual orientation is recommended.

IV

Finally, there is much in the news these days about gay men in the military fearing exposure when they take the AIDS test. These men fear losing their jobs and getting kicked out of the service for being gay. Is this so tragic? Apart from steady employment, what are these men really giving up aside from the possibility of killing other men or defending a nation that despises them? The military teaches men how to make war, not love; and this very teaching encourages violence against them as a vulnerable minority. Training someone to place a low value on human life reduces their humanity. Since wars today are fought in the Third World, the element of racism is added, along with rape of women. False enlistment followed by a futile battle to stay in the service gets you nothing but a blow to your pride. The draft should be resisted and the sight of women serving on draft boards is ugly and smacks of machisma. The last thing this world needs is militaristic women. All this, as I've already said, is part of education. Had the young men of 20 years ago not bought the John Wayne-gung ho ethic, Vietnam would have been a much shorter war; not what vigilante Reagan called "America's finest hour." The Vietnam veteran is mocked and pitied by many of his countrymen. He's hardly the hero served-up by the likes of Stallone and Norris in thrill-killing Hollywood snuff films. Their characters are drawn worse than the enemies they claim to protect us from; their message is food for the powerless victims of spiritual poverty. Liberation cannot be gained by worshipping death. Let us leave General Patton's glorification of violence behind us and proceed into the cool morning air of a purer world. This century, that gave us men of genius like Gandhi, Bertrand Russell, and Martin Luther King, can give us even greater voices. These voices will make us realize that liberation is more than burning bras or parading in bikinis on gay pride days; it's learning to live better by loving each other; it's rejecting the profit motive and embracing the values we gave up; and it cannot surely come by calling people with AIDS "patients," as if they had a swollen tooth. The glory hole did not create itself. AIDS is a disease and those who have it are victims. We must care for these victims as we did the victims of Hiroshima or the Mekong Delta.

These voices of liberation will come when little boys are taught how to dance and sing as a virtue of manhood and not how to main one another on a playing field. Human achievement and experience need not be measured by how much cruelty one can show, but by how much love. So, let the struggle for men souls begin. I believe we can find truth in that struggle...

And the truth can make us free.



Dan Ward



BY JAMES MARTIN
a Faerie Exhortation

The word 'faerie' has tremendous power. It can be used as a word that conjurs magical kingdoms or it more often is used to deride or question "masculinity."

If faerie communities are to succeed, then a spiritual consanguinity between and among the brothers must be understood. The more I think on it, the more I feel being a faerie is a magic thing. By virtue of being 'different' faeries are outside the mainstream of 'normal' America -- a stream polluted with war and other blood sports; a stream that rejects me, is not a stream I wish to swim in. So many of us have paid an enormous price for being 'different'. We took ridicule in order to gain perspective; "you get to see more from the back of the bus," - Dick Gregory. As faeries, we've always been on the back of the bus, watching and learning, because many of us don't have conventional commitments to raising the freight to support a family. Most of us have only ourselves as a responsibility; isn't that a wonderful luxury? It gives the gold of freedom.

So why do so many faeries trade the gold for the cheap brass of imitation? Working in a stinking system that not only hates fags but a system that declares war on the land - a system predicated on death - polluting nature - exporting bullets to kill children - slaughtering animals in laboratories and on the supper plate. My God! My Goddess! What a blood bath!

And why you who knows better. For, to be outside the norm is to know better. Why then, when knowing better do you support and contribute to the madness? Straight people are too much on the family/finance treadmill to dare see, to dare question. Didn't you and I question when our sexual awareness ran up against acceptance or taboo. Didn't we as true champs go for "to thine own self be true"?

Okay, we already took the big step. The rest is easy. Stop sucking on plastic; plastic is tacky; plastic is not nourishing; plastic kills. So do Calvin jeans and Bloomingtondale's shopping bags; both weigh one down. So get rid of them!

Isn't it a nifty hot notion to run around naked under the sun and let tall grass slowly finger your cracks and joints. And speaking of joints, \$50 for half an ounce when it grows free?!

Faeries, take your hard won vision and expand it further. Put your beauty into the land not given over to plastic and dawn hangovers as the face lines grow graveward instead of joyful. We faeries have a mighty powerful karma/dharma. Please take a long view of yourself, brother, and understand the myth and magic in our circumstance. Do not equate faerie with weakness. Our etymology, the word roots, tell the story.

"Faerie" conjures images beyond the physical - gossamer - magic. From Occult Sciences of Salverte by Anthony Todd Thomas:

The fayes and faeries are evidently of Scandinavian origin...the name fairy derived from the Persian "Peri", an imaginary benevolent being whose province it is, is to guard men from the maledictions of evil spirits...faeries were diminutive aerial beings, beautiful, lively and beneficent in their intercourse with mortals.

It appears to me that we have as our role, revelation: showing the masses another possibility, reminding people lost in shopping malls that Earth is the only provider. Even if we cannot convince by example, we have at least "left the dead to bury the dead." We are to "at last get out among them." That was brother faerie Jesus' admonition 2,000 years ago.

Do you, brother faerie in a three-piece plastic suit and heterosexual ulcer remember your place at the apostle's table where we promised to carry forward the word of love? And, if we don't start with each other, honey, then when does it start? We are all products of a system that breeds violence, vanity and fragile ego. We as a group can exorcise the negative from our circumstances. If we can make each other beautiful, then we can make the planet beautiful.

We do have a sacred mission. If we didn't, would we have taken so much heat over the years? I believe that we have the advantage of overview in order that we magic faeries will become midwives birthing a new human consciousness - a new life - free of blood - a land where the laughter of animals can be heard. We faeries are the one's on the cross - the Jesus is us. So now exalted in your self-awareness, you cannot help but exalt all around you.

Come on boys...turn on your lights and come home...
Time's up...the rock will roll away from the tomb...
Easter is here...

I dream of an Easter parade with Judy and Astair and Ann Miller. Dreams are the stuff of life. We faeries, like Jesus, are the dreamers, weavers, creators bringing harmony, adding color, taking off the plastic slipcovers and letting the fabric of life feel the elements.

Get out of those shoes!
Take off that suit!
Let your hair down!
Get laid!
Get high!
Get down!
Get get...

Finding Me

by
**Roger
Lee**

This fall I began a journey to fulfill my inquisitiveness on the rural gay community. At that time, I really wasn't sure what I was, so I referred to myself as an asexual. I did as any curious but scared-to-death individual would do: I observed closely, and little by little worked my way into the community. What a surprise I was in for! The love, the openness, the sharing of lives these people gave completely blew my mind.

I no longer refer to them as a gay community, but a family, my family. It makes me sick when I think of all the hurt and self-denial I went through playing the macho heterosexual role constantly refusing to be me. After living that lie for almost twenty years, it feels damn good to be just me. My relationship with my new family has opened many doors and has helped me close many that should have never been opened. Those doors that I've closed are those that have kept me from seeing my oneness, my wholeness, with all people.

And now at last I can say with all my heart, I am a part of all. We are all a tiny part of the whole. We are one living as many denying our true selves, refusing to even give thought that we need each other. Until we (homosexuals, heterosexuals, bisexuals, asexuals, or any other sexual) see our wholeness, we will never live in peace.

In my religion ego symbolizes Satan, and that is keeping us separated. As long as we let ego rule and keep love hidden, there's no hope for unity. We need now to open our hearts, release love, and begin looking at ourselves as a complete whole and not as billions of disjointed fragments.

We, the human race, need now to take a stand, erase such words as segregation from our minds, and begin loving and understanding all.





THOUGHTS ON CHRISTIANITY And PAGANISM

by Michael Costello

CHRISTIANITY:

As a fellow member of the human race I would like to see the evolution of our kind turn toward a course that leads to universal brotherhood, pollution-free land, the ability to pursue happiness, and healthy competition of the mind, body and psyche.

Man with all his insecurities, needs an omnipotent creator, order to the chaotic, and a purposeful pattern to life. More importantly, he should strive to understand why he needs these things. That is one key to the highest law, survival. Equally vital is the second highest law: survival by peaceful co-existence.

Christianity as a religion is not the answer. For all its fundamental goodness, it doesn't provide the basis for that human evolution. Any religion that threatens a hellish afterlife to sinners and non-believers does nothing but inflict guilt and psychological damage. When being realistic, whom do we really have to answer to for our negative actions? When we produce negative energy, it sets off a chain reaction, a snowball effect occurs. The injustice perpetrated often comes back to us many times over. Mankind needs a religion that is just as sensitive to his natural desires as it is to his virtues. In addition, it is not the deities we worship but the instilled qualities they represent.

A religion should grow and progress along with its followers. It is only logical that religion and tradition intertwine. Both should be understood and utilized. Christians in their ignorance, condemn anything that does not follow along with their rigid, moralistic, obstinate views. Living a life of self-denial, not because their inner being leads them, but because practically since birth, they have been intimidated by the debt they supposedly owe Christ and the threat of hell. Strangling the human psyche in the name of spiritual discipline is no way to insure the progress and forward motion of the human race.

PAGANISM:

When one thinks about pagans, that person usually summons the image of hedonistic tribesfolk, cavorting around an open fire, singing praise to their devils. Need I remind the reader, that it was the Christian and Jewish fore-

fathers who installed the malevolent qualities in Lucifer and Pan? Pagans worship no malicious devil bent on the destruction of humanity. Pagans worship Lucifer the Light Bearer and Pan the symbol of male fertility - fertility of the mind and spirit as well as of the body; and Diana, symbol of motherhood, the joy of the hunt, and the bounties of the earth. Pagans celebrate life, the freedom of the spirit to express itself, and the beauty of human co-existence.

New pagans (neo-pagans) follow these same principles of philosophy and religion but with a fresh, conventional outlook. An educated, concerned outlook for the future is our expression. Modern pagans include doctors, lawyers, businessmen, and others. We condone most of man's natural desires, but encourage only the best, allowing room for growth and development of our culture.

Witchcraft is very akin to neopaganism in many respects. Although, it does not allow as much room for growth. Many people with already developed psychic ability are attracted to this area of the occult. The Craft is exactly what the name denotes: an art, practiced to achieve a result as well as a way of life. Spells and rituals sprang from man's desire to call upon nature to aid him in a difficult endeavor, not to mention in helping him in a setting of uninhibited atmosphere and a sense of security, and to allow instinctual patterns to emerge as well as allow the psyche to perform. In reality, all that is being done is channeling the will and the faith that goes along with it into deities that supposedly can change the situation. When mental energy and faith are extremely powerful, and properly directed, the results can be startling. Unfortunately, man has not realized always that his own mind produces this phenomena and not the deities, spells, or rituals themselves.

There are some cults that use man's desire for sensation and the promise of power against him. Other groups take it a step further by actually encouraging the use of negative energies to gain their hearts' desire. Motto intact: Only the strongest and the fiercest will survive. Is there not enough strength in patience, love and compassion? These groups seem to believe that man is headed for the course of over-indulgence and destruction -- so why not capitalize upon it and use it? These groups will be defeated by their own negative use of the psyche, but not before they cause a lot of disturbance.



Homosexuality and Reincarnation by Numa Pillion



There was a time when I considered reincarnation an aberration of thought. However, had I been taught the theory of reincarnation early in life it would have alleviated a great deal of the self-inflicted torment I put myself through for being gay.

When I was a growing boy I was not one of the rough and ready guys and preferred to cradle my school books in my arm than carry them in my hands by my side. I was girlish to the standards of the "all-boy" and relegated to the outer perimeter of boyhood when it came to choosing sides for the class baseball game. I was always last to be chosen.

When I was thirteen I heard some classmates use the word 'fairy'. I asked what a fairy was and was told it was a boy who liked a boy. I hadn't know it was humanly possible for a boy to like another boy or for a girl to like another girl. I thought all boys liked girls whether they were a sissy or not, and suffered in silence because I feared that I must be a fairy.

I felt comfortable in the company of girls but was admonished to play with the boys. When I got around to playing with the boys it was time to be playing with the girls. This caused consternation, confusion, and some anger. Being bashful by nature, I became even more bashful as my sexuality developed, and I suffered the pangs of suppression in high school, becoming withdrawn, making myself an emotional cripple. To escape from this dead-end, I joined the Navy only to continue suffering for a year and a half as I suppressed the attraction all about me.

After my discharge from the Navy I went to New York and worked with my first gay person. Associating with someone like myself allowed me to lower my defenses and brought out qualities within my personality I never knew I had. Leaving my shell I found myself being entertaining and witty. Ken introduced me to his gay friends. It was the first time I saw two men kissing each other. Here was a culture, apart from the mainstream of life, and I felt comfortable in it. But, I returned to the heterosexual world and joined the Air Force.

I had known physical attraction and infatuation, but in the Air Force I experienced my first awakening of love, real love. I didn't engage in sex because I was ashamed of my nature and didn't want to be known as a fairy. Consequently I lost the only love I had known as we went our separate ways. But I was determined not to take such a loss again.

The next person I felt attraction for I allowed myself to engage in sex with, and the supreme expression of sensual and emotional joy remains a chapter in my life yet to be equalled. Within six months I was summarily discharged from the Air Force for being denied a security clearance under the suspicion of being homosexual. I was devastated. But I went away with a prize. I knew that gay sex with love was beautiful.

Homosexuality returned to the dark corners of my life: tea rooms, parks at night, picking up hitchhikers. In 1953 I was forced to resign from the Veterans' Hospital in Phoenix, Arizona or be fired because of my Air Force discharge. This dismissal sent me to the less restricted job of bus boy in a resort on the outskirts of Phoenix. When the winter season came to an end I rented a small house in the town of Scottsdale and paid rent which took most of my unemployment compensation, but it was a nice house and I felt I belonged there. Several days later I knew why I had rented that house.

The landlady approached me in the yard speaking a few pleasantries, then asked me if I ever heard of Theosophy.

No, I hadn't. "What is it?"

Theosophy was a school of teaching, a philosophy, a combination of Eastern and Western spiritual thought, part Hindu and part Christian. It sounded interesting. Her next question was startling and was the real reason for her conversation. "Do you believe in reincarnation?"

I was about seven or eight years old when I first heard the word 'reincarnation'. My mother was at the front door talking to a neighbor about a lady who had died. The visitor said something which meant nothing to me until my mother exclaimed, "Did she? Did she believe in reincarnation?"

It was my mother's reaction that made me remember the word and ask, "What's reincarnation?"

"Oh," she shrugged, "some people believe that after you die you come back again."

I didn't know what she meant. Did they come back as adults or babies? "You mean they're born again?" I asked.

"Yes," she said.

My mother and I had been taking a short cut through the neighborhood cemetery and stopped to watch a burial service taking place. The casket was open revealing the body of an elderly woman dressed in a blue dress. My two grandfathers had died. My great aunt had died, and my mother's first child had died ten years before I was born. As we walked away I asked my mother if everyone died.

"Yes," she said.

"Will I die?"

"Yes."

"Will you die?"

"Yes."

The first perplexing thoughts about life entered my mind, and I asked why we lived if we had to die. She didn't know, she said. Thinking about that woman and all people who die and are put into the ground forever, I asked my mother what happened to the body after it was in the ground. It rotted and was consumed by worms. With such a thought in my mind, I wondered how a person could come back again if they rotten in the grave, and dismissed the idea as absurd.

I was raised in the Catholic faith but left the Church when I was 19. For seven years I lived with no spiritual philosophy. My mind was open for a teaching that would make sense out of life.

"I don't believe in reincarnation because I don't know anything about reincarnation," was my polite reply. "Do you?"

"Yes," she said. Taking advantage of the opportunity to find out why anyone could believe in such an incredible idea as reincarnation I asked, "Why?"

"Well, we believe the purpose of life is to become as perfect as Christ. And how can you become perfect in one lifetime?"

To become like Christ was a revolutionary idea to me. I never heard the notion before, certainly not in the Catholic Church. Nor did I think I could be anything other than I already was mentally, emotionally, and spiritually. To grow into the image of Christ was an undreamed of purpose, the ultimate in fantasy. "That would make life worth living, then, wouldn't it?"



She got my attention but I still couldn't understand how anyone could come back again after rotting in the grave. The woman was a virtual fountain of knowledge pouring forth with answers, and I was the sponge eager to soak it all up. The body was not the person. The soul was in the body, and the soul did not die. She explained about the seven spiritual planes and the seven psychic centers within the human body. She told me about the aura, the astral, mental, and causal planes. Souls were either male or female and incarnated into different sexes, different cultures, and different races. We discussed reincarnation daily until I left for California, spiritually richer but financially poorer.

Hoping to control my life and destiny I joined an organization that promised to develop the powers of my mind with secrets known only to the ancients of antiquity. "The Search For Bridey Murphy" was a best seller at this time and led me to the books on Edgar Cayce which further explained the purpose of life and process of reincarnation. I read books on life after death, spiritualism, psychism, hypnotism, the power of faith, and the magic of believing. One book on reincarnation mentioned The Religious Research Foundation as doing the same type of Life Reading that Edgar Cayce had done -- telling a person their purpose in life and their past incarnations. Edgar Cayce originated Life Readings but his readings were primarily physical readings, given for physical health, and provide little insight into homosexuality. The Religious Research Foundation has been giving Life Readings for 30 years and has over 4,000 readings in their files given for individuals all over the world. Many of these readings provide considerable insight into homosexuality and the sweeping plan for souls in Earth.

The soul is created androgynous. As the soul approaches the earth plane it is divided, or separated, with the masculine half of the soul incarnating in masculine and feminine bodies, and the feminine half of the soul incarnating into feminine and masculine bodies. This is the beginning of soul-mates. According to the readings, every soul will experience at least one homosexual incarnation during its 60 to 100 incarnations. It is difficult to see where homosexuality can be avoided given the plan for souls

in this Earth. I now consider homosexuality to be a legitimate sexual expression and wish I had this understanding many years ago. Every homosexual has been heterosexual and will again become heterosexual as it continues in its earth plan for perfection. There are blacks who have had white incarnations, and whites who have had black incarnations, as well as Caucasians that have been oriental. Illiterates have been brilliant in the past and vice-versa. Homosexuality could be considered wrong if this were the one and only and final incarnation for the soul. But it is not.

Homosexuality can be likened to being a half-step, the final step being delayed until a complete adjustment to being in a foreign vehicle is made. In a sense, it is a release valve, allowing a soul with its mental and emotional energies to be true to its nature while gradually adjusting to a new expression. What may be wrong about homosexuality or any sexuality is the way it is expressed. Walter Russell said that if he had to explain life in one word, it would be: 'BALANCE'.

What amazes me is that most gays are not aware of the liberating teachings of reincarnation. Homosexuality and reincarnation are like blood relatives. Each comes in for its share of scorn and derision. Tell a redneck you believe in reincarnation and the reaction is the same as telling him that you are homosexual. People will take out the Bible and tell you how wrong you are to try to change you. But, just as reincarnation is accepted in many cultures of the world, so is homosexuality accepted in many cultures we consider inferior.

This article is offered to encourage the reader to explore the concept of reincarnation in order to better understand himself. Some recommended readings on reincarnation are: There Is a River by Thomas Sugrue (the story of Edgar Cayce); Many Mansions by Gina Cerminara; Reincarnation: The Phoenix Fire Mystery edited by J. Head & S L Cranston; Reincarnation in Christianity by G. MacGregor; Unto the Churches by R H Drummond; and, my own book, Numa: A Life Reading. Booklets of complete life readings can be purchased for a dollar or two from The Religious Research Foundation of America, Inc., PO Box 208, Grand Island, FL 32735.

Spiritual Liberation

by
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Forgiveness is the first step. We have to forgive ourselves before we can forgive others. You have no one to blame for the state that you are in except yourself. You are a free spirit and the extent of that freedom is up to you. Forgiveness will release our minds from the prison of fear and guilt that hinders our ability to love and trust others.

Guilt and fear, as all emotions and states of mind, are optional. We may choose either to indulge ourselves, or accept them for what they are, "illusions".

Indulgence can be a vicious trap. When people recognize this, then we are able to give and receive pure love unconditionally.

We do however have feelings that transcend emotions. These feelings are the movements and workings of the spirit.

Fear and doubt are probably the greatest hinderances to our personal growth and that of the community. What is fear? What is there to fear? What do we really have to fear? NOTHING! Fear is just another option in life. You may have just what you want.

Communication is one of the greatest tools against these defenses that we have built. Once we break through those walls, we are able to use more of our creative properties, self-realization.



photo by Phillip Smith





Bodybuilding Versus

by

Movement-Building

Jim

Kerrochan

Apolitical lackeys of the world unite! A new member has joined your ranks. To the ire of some, and shock of others, this one-time gay and anarchist activist has shunned the 'important' work of movement agitation to embrace the 'superficial' world of disco dancing and bodybuilding. The reactions from activists have been similar to the contempt and condescension greeted to priests and nuns when they give up their religious vows. After all, how dare I neglect my life-long vocation devoted to social change simply to engage in decadent and self-indulging practices. Pumping iron may build muscles, they say, but it certainly doesn't stretch your social consciousness.

Despite the silly suspicions of my political affiliations (or lack of them), I am still an anarchist. That is, if the term 'anarchy' still means a society free of force and government. Rather, following several years of promoting various activist causes -- namely gay liberation and individualist anarchism -- I have been on a self-imposed two-year retirement from almost all political activity. Although my pious presence has become a rare sight at the latest marches and demonstrations, that absence doesn't negate the fact that I haven't had a lobotomy and thus can think political thoughts. And after much ponderance, shying away from the various revolutions has not only been very self-fulfilling, but also more in line with my own political beliefs.

This wasn't always true. There was a time when no demonstration was too small or unimportant for my enlightened face to appear at. One could see my twinkle toes sashaying up and down the streets to fight racism, sexism, classism, heterosexism, and every other ism the left could conjure up emotion against. I was the organizer of my college campus gay organization; the editor of the Gay Clone, its student newspaper; office manager for organizations demonstrating at the 1976 Democratic Convention; co-editor of The Storm!; cohorter on sundry other projects to promote good causes. Sprinkling some sexual liberation into the anarchist movement, as well as merging stateless alternatives into a gay activists vision is no easy task for aspiring comrades. Countless meetings, leafletings, debates, lectures, and conferences were the staple of a good revolutionary's diet, and I devoured those meals with gusto.

After a few years, however, my activist's nourishment was slowly replaced with a bad case of indigestion. While I never expected trophies for hard, non-paid political work, I nonetheless found myself no longer tickled by the fetishes for bitter movement infighting. Gratitude, along with fun and a good sense of humor, are evils that have long been exorcised by left-wing insurgents. If anyone thinks that the selective door policies at chic clubs like Studio 54 are elitist and demeaning, they haven't been subjected to the endless interrogations one endures in order to satisfy your never-happy left-wing comrades that you have the correct political credentials. Furthermore, after seeing enough friendships break up over petty differences in opinion, it finally dawned on me that purging heretics from our ranks is the favorite left-wing past-time, with human liberation coming in perhaps a close second.

To be specific, when the Man/Boy/Love issue started to burn up national newspapers, gay activists scurried to their meetings with so many sharpened daggers that the resulting body count made AIDS seem as harmless as athlete's foot. Long-time activists were branded as 'rapists' -- as well as the ever-popular "FBI provocateurs" -- and thrown out of meetings simply because they suggested that pederasts were entitled to free speech. Such holy wars are not the sole monopoly of the gay movement along. For instance, one way to pepper up a boring anarchist convention is to bring up the "property rights" issue, and watch the individualists and communalists spring to each other's throats. Any honest disagreement with the left's laundry list of approved opinion means getting ostracized and being labelled an enemy.

My own final indignity came when friends threatened that unless I signed a loyalty oath condemning child molestation, they would never work with me. I thought this crew a pretty ignorant bunch, considering that after years of being in my association, and hearing my endless discourses on children's rights, they needed a signature to be sure that I oppose raping little tots. Under a veiled concern about child abuse, this was one of many tactics employed by the power elite in the gay movement (and every social movement has its power elite) to subordinate its followers into conforming to their will and spouting a party line.

My movement service has been to build bonds of trust, and create an atmosphere in which one could live one's life free from governmental intrusion and social manipulation. It has been a struggle to be free from blind conformance to prevailing norms, and to build a sensitivity and tolerance for differences in tohers. We are supposed to be building alternatives to the prevailing power structures which allow an elite few to dictate society's laws and behavior. Signing loyalty oaths, no matter how wonderful the cause may be, just perverts the type of revolution I am willing to organize.

In fairness to political activists -- gays and anarchists in particular -- many of them do respect the idea of a pluralistic society. I don't mean to make many of the people I am still fond of seem like dictators. At the same time, having very well thought-out rhetoric on how the world ought to operate creates many unintentional damaging traits in otherwise tactful people. Most movement agitators spend so much time and energy striving for their goals, that they become rigid and dogmatic in thought and action. So much of their life is invested in making their beliefs a reality, that they become intimidated by any contrasting opinion and thus treat it as an evil. When I see the venom flow at left-wing debates, I cringe thinking of the bloodbaths that would follow their kind of revolutions. I am not suggesting that we should get dewy-eyed listening to nazis scream their hate. On the contrary, bigotry and authoritarianism should never be treated with kid gloves. However, as long as someone's heart is in the right place, I find it impossible to automatically despise that person simply because he/she parts company with "politically correct" opinion.

Moreover, those so unenlightened as to not having an opinion, or not being politically involved, are treated with the same contempt, only flavored with an extra dose of



condescension. The typical stereotype for such a non-political person is that he/she is shallow, stupid, self-centered, and a society-hating individualist. (That is a rather harsh opinion of people you want to recruit into your movement.) These days giving off an 'attitude' has replaced the 'me-generation' as the new buzz word used to condemn those that would rather socialize or build their bodies, instead of being soapbox orators and enlistment marshalls for the movement. In other words, my departure from political activity is supposedly due to the fact that I prefer swinging on vines alone in a jungle, ignoring the injustices of the world I have left behind. No mention is made of the fact that my social crowd has something to offer that is lacking in those hypocritical revolutionaries -- namely, hospitality.

Despite the stereotypes about socialities and body builders, if you want people to look at you as if you have snot hanging out of your nose -- getting some 'attitude' -- just mention the name Ayn Rand in a circle of communist anarchists. If developing one's pecs makes one narcissistic and self-centered, the form is mild when compared to those that expect others to share the same vision of the world as their own. When you consider that the left's idea of a good time is marching down Fifth Avenue, chanting unity jingles like brainwashed maoists, is it any wonder "the masses" are dancing at clubs. While some of the people in my gym may be snobbish (and some certainly are), they at least come in all shapes, colors, and political outlooks, and no one has ever been banished from our ranks because they think, or look, differently. Quite frankly, there is more freedom and democracy in the gyms and on the dance floors, than there are in the movements fighting for "liberation."

Besides the hypocrisy of accusing the apolitical public of the very same things that the left itself is guilty of, my suspicion is that beneath the accusations is a puritanical distaste for fun. The left is certain that the drugery of movement activity is far more important than complacently enjoying oneself in society. In fact, there are some that even consider those that have a little fun to be counter-revolutionary. What is missing in this pat analysis is that life is too short, and revolutions too co-opted and unsuccessful, for me to participate in the left's compulsion for martyrdom and stern living. The only reason to put your life on the line for the sake of a revolution, is for your own betterment and for a happier environment. Why else bother? When you consider that the government is the main source of people's misery, perhaps living a happy life is the most revolutionary act possible.

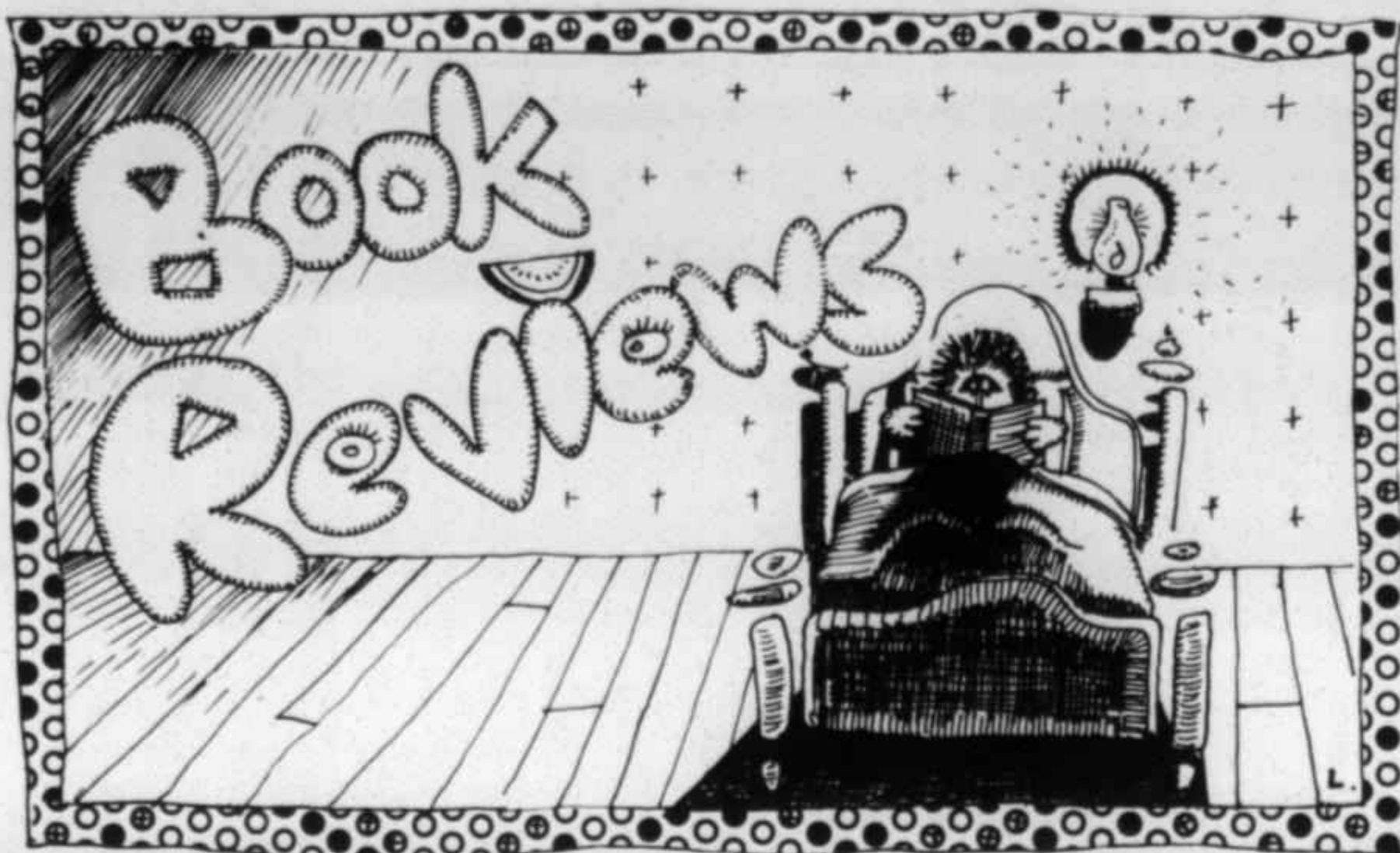
While the 'hedonistic' lifestyle has been more self-fulfilling, my lack of political activity should not imply that I do not sympathize with the goals of various left-wing causes. Indeed, I do believe that the few freedoms we all now enjoy are due to the diligent work of the various social movements in the world. In addition, if the general population were more politically conscious, as well as more active against government oppression, maintaining individual sovereignty against all power structures would be easier. Social movements are, thus, necessary evils, that keep governmental force and public bigotry in check. I am still torn between my political mind which is always in motion, and the desire to maintain my sanity by staying out of political in-fighting. It has been a conflict that has been temporarily resolved by my taking a vacation from revolutionary action until I find a movement that practices human liberation.

In short, if the left-wing indeed wants increased activity in their ranks, they should be more open to the varieties of individuals in society, and accept the fact that many of those people may have different needs, visions, and ideologies. In addition to the fact that I am very sceptical of people who have all the answers to the way the world should be run, our society would be boring at best, and frightening at worst, if we all were of one mind. Like it or not, as long as the garbage gets picked up regularly some people are going to follow Murray Tothbard, while others will prefer Proudhon, and most people are going to read Sidney Sheldon. And readers of pulp will never live in harmony with the readers of theory unless we reassess the way activists interact with one another. After all if we cannot treat the members in our movement with respect and tolerance, once the revolution takes place, how long will it be before we institute the guillotine?

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Editor's note: I thought the preceding article important to publish in full, so I have not written a column for this issue. The author reflects my beliefs on political correctness, and I see too much of this attitude within the faery movement. We must try to move beyond it. I would be happy to hear your responses to this article and any of mine from the past. Also, I would like to hear from my readers what subjects and topics you would like me to cover. Articles welcome, too. - Stuart





Facing It: A Novel of AIDS
by Paul Reed
Gay Sunshine Press
Box 40397, San Francisco, CA 94104
224 pp, \$7.95 paper

Hot Living: Erotic Stories About Safer Sex
edited by John Preston
Alyson Publications
40 Plympton St., Boston, MA 02118
191 pp, \$7.95 paper

Reviewed by Meg Umans

It's not going to go away. You probably know at least one person who is - or was - involved with AIDS. If not, you probably know at least one person who will be. These two books are about willingness to take action, for ourselves and the people in our lives.

Facing It tells what it's like to be involved in the illness of AIDS. To my knowledge, this is the first novel about AIDS, and it's also a first novel by a young author. On both scores, it's excellent. Characters and motivations are well developed, information is credited, speculations are intuitively plausible. Andy and David are lovers; Andy has AIDS. Reed shows us a sequence of thoughts, feelings, actions, the evolution of love, which will be familiar to too many of us.

Other people are involved. Andy's father forbids Andy's mother and sister to visit, just as he'd forbidden contact since Andy refused to be psychiatrically "cured." One friend continues to offer love and hugs; another is afraid to visit. Andy's doctor is supportive and concerned while the hospital staff insist that David isn't family. Some researchers play political football with AIDS research funds, some are dedicated, some are closet gays. Many people find the number of victims not worth the fuss. This is what it's like. It shows you how you can help, and it showed me why I have to help.

And for yourself? If, right now, you don't have AIDS? Is safe sex worth the apparent sacrifice of variety and intensity? Hot Living challenges the limits of safe sex. At Alyson's request, Preston asked several established writers to contribute pornography that features safer sex. Yes, this is a self-defined collection of pornography, and no, it's not boring or repetitive or timid or impersonal. The variety and creativity are (among other things) refreshing - there's probably nothing here you couldn't have thought of, and probably a lot that we're simply not used to seeing in the context of safer sex.

Okay...it's not the same. It's not as overpowering or as gratifying as familiar sex - or familiar porn. Preston and his contributors offer possibilities, and leave it to readers to decide, again and again, which sacrifice they'd rather make.

Meg Umans is a counselor in private practice in Phoenix and owner of Humanspace Books, Inc. Both books are available from the publishers and at Humanspace, 2401 N. 32nd St. #5, Phoenix, AZ 85008.

Ecodefense: A Field Guide to Monkeywrenching
edited by Dave Foreman
Earth First! Books
PO Box 5871, Tucson, AZ 85703
185 pp, \$10 paper

Reviewed by Warren A. Potas

Ecodefense is the most subversive book I have ever read, and because it is so fascinating, was a very quick read. It is a field guide handbook for "ecotage" (sabotage in defense of ecological values). While the disclaimer ingenuously notes that the book is for entertainment purposes only and that no one is encouraged to do the "stupid, illegal things contained therein," this book is written by and for a new breed of radical environmentalists with a gutsiness previously seen only in Greenpeace activities. (The Earth First! movement's motto is "No Compromise in Defense of Mother Earth"). [See Announcements]

The list of how-to topics includes tree-spiking (placing metal or ceramic spikes in tree trunks of public land forests being raped by timber companies so that sawmill operations are disrupted and possibly made uneconomic - get the idea?); pulling up survey stakes; sabotaging power lines; cutting fences, moving salt blocks, and spiking roads to discourage overgrazing; ways to deflate (literally and figuratively) the destructiveness of off-road vehicles; doing in heavy machinery; foiling trappers whose traps lurk just outside invisible (to animals) park boundaries; felling billboards; and correcting Forest Service signs ("Land of Many Abuses").

Indicative of the down-to-earth practicality of Ecodefense is the following aside: "Sugar and syrup are ineffective in gas or diesel fuel tanks or oil reservoirs. At best, they will merely clog the filter. A handful or more of sand in the fuel tank or oil is much more effective and much easier. You also do not have to carry incriminating items like sugar or a bottle of Karo syrup."

Not overlooked is security. Over 20% of the book is devoted to making sure that things go as planned. Rules 1, 2, and 3 are: Don't leave fingerprints on anything! As things like boltcutters leave distinctive bite marks, the recommendation is to use only commonly available tools and to periodically replace them. (New tools are always cheaper than lawyers.)

Diagrams and practical illustrations abound. Recipes include making stink bombs and a red pepper seed-based spray used by postal carriers against dogs.

Care is taken to set forth the rationale for ecodefense and its most effective and honorable use. In the late 70s the U.S. Forest Service sought to identify as potential wilderness all undeveloped roadless areas (80 million acres) in national forests. Less than one-fifth was actually recommended for protection. In the 80s, the Forest Service concocted an aggressive plan for development activities in roadless areas not selected for protection. In an effort to circumvent future protection for these areas, this plan called for nine thousand miles of road, 1 1/2 million acres of timber cuts, and 7 million acres of oil and gas leases in these potential wilderness areas by 1987, with an additional 26,000 miles of roads planned for construction in the following 12 years. As to honor and effectiveness, the book affirms that monkeywrenching is non-violent, targeted, timely, and is a grass roots activity. As for targeting: "Ecodefenders pick their targets. Mindless, erratic vandalism is counterproductive. Monkeywrenchers know that they do not stop a specific logging sale by destroying any piece of logging equipment which they come across. They make sure it belongs to the proper culprit. They ask themselves what is the most vulnerable point of a wilderness-destroying project and strike there. Senseless vandalism leads to loss of popular sympathy."

Scheduled for frequent updating, Ecodefense is a must reading for those for whom extremism in the defense of wilderness is no vice.



The Glory Hole Murders
by Tony Fennelly
Carroll & Graf
260 Fifth Ave., Nye York, NY 10001
240 pp, \$14.95

Reviewed by Richard Olozia

Fans of Joseph Hanson's Dave Branstetter mysteries should find much to enjoy in Tony Fennelly's Glory Hole Murders. Set in the Old Quarter of contemporary New Orleans, the book's plot turns around the attempts of gay antique dealer cum detective Matty Sinclair to track down the murderer of four men who met with brutal, untimely deaths in the toilet of the Ramrod Bar.

Part of Glory Hole's merit lies in Fennelly's ability to capture some of the local color and character of the New Orleans setting. Sinclair's investigations, complete with the usual blind leads, confusing clues, questionable alibis, and adventuresome episodes, bring him in contact with a variety of interesting characters: closeted politicians, Mafioso, a society dowager, a seductive trick who nearly costs Sinclair his life, several transsexuals, a five-foot lesbian cop, and a houseboy/lover who's "a ringer for Sandra Dee as Gidget" are among the cast of major and minor characters who propel the plot in a humorous, lively manner. (Glory Hole, however, contains almost no titillating sex scenes.)

Although this mystery has not been written in an especially polished style, and the subtle racism of Matty Sinclair is sometimes offensive, Glory Hole Murders is a light, entertaining, pleasant read.



A Bell Ringing in the Empty Sky
The best of the Sun, Volume I
Edit. by Sy Safransky
Mho & Mho Works
Box 33135, San Diego, CA 92103
515 pp, \$12.95 paper

Reviewed by Ken Kildore

This is a collection of articles published during the first decade of The Sun, a "magazine of ideas," developed in the mid-to late seventies by Sy Safransky. While the quality and lucidity of the writing is enormously variable, the main intent of The Sun seems to be a public forum for the exploration of ideas and thoughts of what might be roughly termed "the philosophical fringe" of our culture. As such, it succeeds superbly. Thumbing through this book, one finds a mood similar to the earlier issues of East-West Journal and Rolling Stone, but with no hype; a mood similar (though less concretely so) to the early writings of the republic...a mood that comes from raw, fresh questionings about the reality presently confronted with, the nature of it, and what's to be done to improve matters. There is also a potential not yet realized here and consequently in The Sun: it's like a wad of disorganized clouds out in the Atlantic that might become a hurricane, impacting alternative thought in the late '80s and '90s with a force comparable to the Beats of the '50s or the flower children and yippies of the '60s.

This anthology is strongly recommended to questioners, especially those who like gathering information from unorthodox sources. Reading time for most selections is under half an hour. For information about A Bell Ringing in the Empty Sky, or subscription to The Sun, contact: The Sun, 412 West Rosemary St., Chapel Hill, NC 27514.

Gay Resistance: Homosexuals in the Anti-Nazi Underground
by Ian Young
Stubblejumper Press
Box 1203, Station F, Toronto, Ont., Canada M4Y 2V8
25 pp, \$3.00 paper (\$1 postage)

Reviewed by Thomas Hopkinson

Prior to the Nazis taking power in 1933, a small and exclusive youth league known as "George Kreis" was formed by poet Stefan George. The group has been compared to the young students around Socrates, and George rallied his boys to the Greek ideals of loyalty and friendship, emphasizing the aesthetics of poetry, and a worship of the body. One of George's students was the young and handsome Count Claus von Stauffenberg, the man who planted the bomb in Hitler's headquarters in 1944.

Recent evidence has surfaced supporting the fact that gays were active in the Resistance underground, and von Stauffenberg, along with other gay patriots, is the subject of a new pamphlet from the Gay Community Appeal of Toronto. Ian Young, author of The Male Muse, The Son of Male Muse, and the definitive The Male Homosexual in Literature, gives us a clear and straightforward narrative of the heroic efforts of these gays.

Also included is Albrecht von Bernstorff, the Scarlet Pimpernel of the European Resistance, and the man who warned the Dutch government of Germany's planned invasion of Holland in 1940. Von Bernstorff did not survive Dachau. (Once in power the Nazis organized a witch hunt to purge the Dutch government of known homosexuals.)

Through their sacrifice and courage an inspiring message is sent. More than just "war stories," Gay Resistance is the spirit, emotions, and remembrance of our long-neglected heroes.

Thomas Hopkinson is a new writer to the gay scene. His reviews, stories and poetry have appeared in Gay Community News (Boston), The James White Review, Changing Men, and RFD. He is currently working on his master's degree in the humanities from California State University, Dominguez Hills, and is an advocate of gay literature.



Men Working
by Ron Harvie
The Gay Presses of New York
PO Box 294, New York, NY 10014
131 pp, \$6.95 paper

Reviewed by Thomas Hopkinson

The Gay Presses of New York bring us another volume of Ron Harvie stories. Men Working is an ironic, sensual, and often funny collection of tales of the gay working man. Thirteen stories take us into workplaces as varied as advertising and teaching; covering professions from janitor to executive, garage mechanic to swapmeet vendor.

The pitfalls of being gay on the job can be humorous, as in "A Father," about the trauma a waiter goes through when his parents visit the gay restaurant where he works. Or it can be sensual, as in the story "China is Close Enough":

Kenny pulled off his jeans and sweatshirt and Alidas and stands just outside the circle of light. Kenny is incredibly hairy everywhere except his face and head. He looks like a satellite weather map of North America with his hair being the storm systems and fronts and ridges and troughs that seem to swirl and fan in all directions everytime his body shifts positions.

In "The Grape Queen" we have a glimpse of drag performers. While "Nose" is an eighteen-year-old mail clerk sniffing out the trappings and goings-on of a large advertising office. In "Find of the Day" a swapmeet vendor keeps a humorous eye on more than just bargains:



He was on the short side, with hairless toast colored skin. No baby fat, but he still showed that little boy sway-back. He wore nothing but cut-off jeans. If he'd cut anymore off, he'd have owned a nice denim belt.

Boys in shorts drive me crazy. I love being driven crazy.

From the wonderful golf course conversations of "My Summer Vacation", to the irony of being headmaster in an all-boy school in "Teacher's Pet," you can expect a delightful twist from Harvie. It is disappointing that the rural working man is not mentioned at all. A story on the concerns of a gay farmer, or small-town professional would have been a welcome rounding out to these stories.

After jumping the hurdles in his first volume of stories, The Voltaire Smile, Harvie now has a proven track record. Here's hoping he'll delight us with more of the same in the near future.



The Master Book of Herbalism
by Paul Beyerl
1984, Phoenix Publishing Co.
PO Box 10, Custer, WA 98240
415 pp, \$13.95 paper

Health Secrets of Medicinal Herbs
by Michelle Mairesse
1981, Arco Publishing Co.
219 Park Ave. South, New York, NY 10003

Field Guide to Medicinal Wild Plants
Field Guide to Edible Wild Plants
both by Bradford Angier
Stackpole Books,
PO Box 1831, Harrisburg, PA 17105

Field Guide to North American Edible Wild Plants
by Thomas S. Elias and Peter A. Dykeman
Van Nostrand Reinhold Co.
135 West 50th St., New York, NY 10020

Reviewed by Richard Chumley

"Master Book" is right! Beyerl's volume is a veritable library on the subject. Though much more than a book about herbs and homemade cures, it does give a wealth of information on this subject: storage, tools, measurements, and methods, with very good instructions on the basic herbal preparations. This is followed by "A Listing of Symptoms and Herbal Applications" and a descriptive list of a great number of herbs. The list is not mere cursory notations, but roughly a page to each herb, beginning with informative quotes from Culpepper and other authors. The herb's lore is next, including such material as its history, mythological associations, description, habitat, common names, etc. Then the remedial usage is covered, telling the reader not just that a plant is a purgative or a tonic, but going into detail about its effect on the body, specifying ways it may be used. There are some line drawings, but these are not very good for identification purposes.

The treasure of this book is in its coverage of mystical and parapsychical applications. The remaining chapters deal with magickal and religious practices, astrology, the Tarot, amulets, gemstones, rituals, and holy days/seasons.

The appendices include tables of correspondences for the planets, the zodiac, deities, etc. Botanical names are listed, and there is quite a good chart on alternative common names. The table of remedial classifications defines well the herbal preparations - from abortifacients to vulneraries - and gives specific uses and particular herbs in each category.

I highly recommend this book for pagan and nonpagan alike.

Health Secrets covers over 300 herbs (including clematis, cucumber, and marijuana) in alphabetical order. Though its occasional line drawings are of little use in the field, and though the quite good write-up of each herb is at least equaled in other volumes, this book has several features that are of use to the herbalist. First, is a brief section on measurements and equivalents, followed by very good instructions on eight of the most common preparations, most with several variations. In the "Dictionary of Herbs," the most common name is followed by the botanical name, with occasional alternative names noted underneath. Toxic plants are marked. The reader can see at a glance the part of the plant used, the preparation needed, and the dosage.

Have you ever been talking with one of the old folks and heard mention of a plant or herb you never heard of? Did you want help in this area? Then Bradford Angier's books are for you. The wild foods book gives over 1200 names for 116 plants; the medicinals book gives nearly 2,000 appellations for about the same number of plants. The books cover almost exactly the same plants. One hundred is not a great number, but these are the most common on this continent. And better still, these books are quite useful in field identification, having excellent color plates for every plant listed, the next best thing to good photographs.

In both books, the major common name is given, next the genus, common family name, botanical family name, then the colloquial names. Each plant listing has three subsections covering its description/characteristics, geographic area and type of habitat, and medicinal uses or edibility, all quite informative. The advantage (particularly in the field) of the edibles book over the medicinals is that, in the former, each plant takes one spread - the written material on the page facing the color plate.

These and other books by Angier have been my mainstay for years and are among the sacred writings of the naturalists and sojourners of the wilderness.

By far, the best field guide I've found is Elias and Dykeman's volume on North American edibles. The introductory material alone is worth the book with general pointers on habitat, harvest of different plant parts, preparation, a number of recipes, nutritional information, and list of other guidebooks, mostly regional.

After a guide to easily learned symbols (including a skull-and-crossbones) used in the text, there is the "Seasonal Key to plants," beginning with spring, further broken down into type of plant, such as ferns, shrubs, flowering trees, etc. Each plant has a small map of North America showing region; a habitat listing (dry woodlands, ridges, rocky slopes, etc.), and the edible use symbols mentioned above.

The main text on identification, also grouped seasonally, is the guide's most attractive and practical feature. It is illustrated with 350 magnificent color photographs that make the plants easily recognizable. Most of the plants have at least two photos, one usually of the entire plant, the other(s) often close-up of specific parts, or sometimes a different stage in the growth cycle, etc. The various names are given, English and Latin. The map is once again given, and the edible use symbols in the margin. The written text covers habitat, excellent descriptions complete with measurements (metric and U.S.), harvest times of specific plant parts, detailed preparation methods/recipes, related edible species, and poisonous look-alikes.

Cross-referencing in this guide is impressive, such as notes on plants that have edible parts in other seasons than the primary listing. Included is a chart of the nutritional contents of 45 foods, not all wild edibles, but useful for comparison of some.

Elias and Dykeman's field guide is one no forager should be without.



The Milkman's On His Way
by David Rose
Gay Men's Press
PO Box 247, London N15 6RW
118 pp, \$4.95 paper

The World Can Break Your Heart
by Daniel Curzon
Knights Press
PO Box 454, Pound Ridge, NY 10576
241 pp, \$6.95 paper

Reviewed by Scott Humphries

The joys and sorrows of coming out and coming of age are the subject of both The Milkman's On His Way and The World Can Break Your Heart. These two books balance each other out as one is light with a happy ending and the other is pained with a tragic, yet stoic, end.

The Milkman's On His Way is a short novel, told in the first person, of an adolescent in coastal England discovering he is gay. His sexual encounters are with his closest friend and surfing buddy who later grows out of this "phase" and marries. Our hero is confused and moves to London, the big city. Here he confronts his own homophobia and his sexuality, and begins to live openly and happily as a gay adult facing the trials of his new way of life. The book is jolly but seems a little contrived and silly in places. Naturally, at the end the surfing buddy and his wife become best friends to our hero and his lover.

A little more believable, but infinitely sadder, is The World Can Break Your Heart. The young man coming of age does not like or understand his homosexuality. His attitude is mirrored by his family and society throughout the book and especially toward the end when he finally begins to face the truth about himself. The lives of all the characters are full of suffering and the portrayals are realistic. The hero in this book ends up with AIDS but, having to face his own mortality, finally comes to grips with his life in a very noble and philosophical manner. Rather than being depressing, the book is very real and will leave you a little sad but able to relate and understand.

Places of Interest, 1986
Places for Men, 1986
Ferrari Publications
PO Box 35575, Phoenix, AZ 85069
PoI: 176 pp, \$9 paper; PFM: 320 pp; \$7 paper

Reviewed by Allen Smalling

When you visit the big city, make sure your "gay guide" is a good one. A poor one will get you lost if it provides no maps, confused if its recommendations have since closed or gone straight, and even arrested if its "at your own risk" cruise areas prove to be riskier than intended.

The best ones are both up to date and thorough, and I'm happy to say that both Places for Men and Places of Interest are quite up to date and comprehensive, at least for Chicago in the fall of 1985. Gay establishments are logically broken down according to type of business, and there don't seem to be any missing. (Happily, these guides omit any mention of "AYOR" public cruising zones. Such lists can tempt the unwary onto dangerous turf.) Of the two, I much prefer Places of Interest. It's bulkier and costs two dollars more, but it includes decent street maps (or in the case of the biggest cities, multiple area maps).

There are some limitation involved with any gay guide. These in particular are addicted to pseudo-European Pictograms that are more witty than informative (a picture of an ocean liner indicates "cruisy") and in fact lapse into broken English only upon extreme provocation ("Sundays popular"). The people who design gay guides should realize that sometimes one word is worth a thousand pictures.

Any self-respecting gay traveler should have a gay guide, particularly when traveling impromptu and exploring new cities, and Places of Interest is a good one. But remember, gay guides are written for everybody, and if you visit large cities fairly often, you owe it to yourself to do a little more planning: 1) call the local gay hotline ahead of time and give them very specific information about your likes and dislikes; 2) consider joining a social or service club that takes out-of-town members, especially one that publishes a newsletter with a personals or pen-pal section; 3) plan for your lodging to be centrally located with safe parking or good access to public transport. And when you get there, remember -- AIDS is an epidemic, play safe!

Gomorrah and the Rise of Homophobia

in Western Civilization to 801 CE
by Arthur Frederick Ide

A frank and detailed discussion of early attitudes toward homosexuals and their subsequent condemnation by the Christian church.

Translating from the original manuscripts, Ide reveals the true intent behind Rome's anti-homosexual dictates, destroying many a myth and misinterpretation in the process.

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CONTACT LETTERS



Note: Letters are in ZIP Code order for the most part.



Greetings from the Sunny Caribbean!

By way of introduction, I'm a BMM, 28 years old, living on the island of St. Thomas since I was 19. I'm originally from a small rural town in central Pennsylvania, and find life on a small island similar in many ways, but very different in others.

I'm looking for penpals anywhere in my age bracket (18-35), especially anyone who would enjoy vacationing/living in the Virgin Islands. Life here can become very lonely, and ideally I'd like to find someone who would be willing to share every facet of life in the tropics with me. My only requirement for a lover is that he must be able to adapt to living on a 13-mile-long island (which is NOT as easy as it sounds!).

I'm a gemologist by profession, and am currently employed as manager of a jewelry store.

I'd like to hear from anyone in my age range, especially if you're cute with boyish looks. I love to write letters, and can be a good friend to you. Give me a try! A photo would be helpful, but not a necessity. I will answer all who write to me promptly. I'll be looking forward to hearing from YOU! Have a great day!

Jim Moon
POB 3744
St. Thomas, Virgin Islands 00801

RFD prints contact letters free of charge. We also provide a free forwarding service for readers who wish to remain anonymous. Just give your address as "c/o RFD", and we will forward your mail. Of course, donations are always welcome!

Please condense your letter to 200 words or less. Spelling and punctuations will be corrected as needed for clarity unless you specify otherwise. It helps to be positive in stating your interests and preferences. Saying "no" to any particular trait or characteristic may unnecessarily offend a brother.

The Brothers Behind Bars penpal program is a separate service provided for our readers to make contact with prisoners. You may want to write us for suggestions regarding writing to prisoners before responding to prisoner responses to your letters.

My hobbies are model railroads, swimming, bowling, photography, country-western music, and walking thru the woods and fields in the Nude with a young friend, stopping every once in awhile for a little Kissing, Cuddling and Passionate Sex. Is there anyone out there that shares my interests? I hope so and I hope you will write me.

I have written contact letters to RFD once before and did meet one interesting young man from Brazil who I still write to. I have had quite a few letters from prisoners and I have had quite a few bad experiences with them, one of whom ripped me off for \$7500 thru a money-order fraud. I do not desire to correspond with any prisoners. If I do receive letters from prisoners, I write back to them saying I am not interested rather than completely ignoring their letters.

I hope to hear from some young friends who like older men. Your photo, in the nude if possible, and phone # get mine.

A Friend Always,

Lou from Massachusetts
% RFD

HI!

I am looking for some young friends to correspond with and possibly meet in the near future. I was born under the sign Sagitarius and am 68 but certainly don't act it. I feel the same as I did when I was in my 20's as far as Sex goes and enjoy it 2 or 3 times a day as long as it is with a young Guy. Most of my friends are 23 thru 45. I am Greek/passive and French/active. I do like Sex in Bondage but am not into S&M, Pain, FF, or Kinky Sex.

Wild Magick Bulletin

ECOLOGY - EARTH RELIGION - TAO
official publication of E.L.F.
P.O. Box 1082, Bloomington, IN
47402 - \$5/4 issues - includes
25 word or less listing of any
product/services you may offer
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Dear Friends of RFD:

I want to contact anyone who is interested in joining a small farm collective, especially gardeners, but animal lovers, also, and anyone with homemaking skills and enthusiasm. This old farmhouse is ideally located, on a hillside overlooking the bay, on an island, three miles off the Maine coast. The opportunities for a farmers market & other home industries are extraordinary. The population here changes with the seasons, ranging from 500 to almost 5000 people -- a very eclectic community from all parts of the world. In a farm collective here there is a great opportunity for profit sharing, as the community is rich & appreciative of top-quality services. Vegetarians, especially, are encouraged to respond -- or people who are leaning toward vegetarianism. (The fishing here is wonderful!)

One person we are especially in need of is a good baker--whole wheat & honey, but a little of that old divine trash, too, and of course, croissants! We are opening a little bakery soon (in April). Any Takers?

With Love,

Barre??
The Karma Farm
Isleboro, ME 04848



Dear RFD Readership:

I am an artist who lives in NYC. Where I live does not define my values. As far as what I believe in and how I live my life, I feel I have much to share with people who make their home in the country. I am particularly interested in the kind of interdependence between people that can lead to a sense of community.

Partially as a consequence of my willingness to attune myself to others, I have been working on a series of drawings based on contacts I've made through the personal columns. These drawings are based on correspondence. There is no fee for my work. I do what I do because people interest me & because I enjoy the experience of trying to slip into other peoples' realities.

If you would like to "commission" a drawing, please get in touch and we'll begin to discuss details. Of course, I provide reproductions of my work, also at no charge.

Peace,

Alex Lebowski
POB 89, Prince St. Station
New York, NY 10012



Dear RFDers:

My name is Jim, a gay craftsman. Last year this time my plans to travel and work were put aside to care for someone dear to me. He had a heart attack and by-pass surgery. Thankfully all has turned out well. So now I'm ready to go again.

I sell my work at arts and crafts shows, malls, street fairs and good flea markets. I would like to hear from those who could help me with information about these. I would consider renting a shop or space in a good area. Would also like to make new friends and see new places along the way and would exchange handicrafts, lessons or work and friendship for your hospitality. Don't believe in taking advantage of people or free-loading, or a series of one-nite stands--not my thing.

At thirty-five I'm 165 lbs. with a solid medium build, just a little body hair with blondish wavy hair, trimmed beard and moustache--not the best nor worst looking guy around.

I would like a small country place and a home business and want to lead a balanced life of quality. Looking for someone special. Aren't most of us. I would like someone who like myself is naturally masculine and caring--monogamous--willing to wait for someone wh's really right. I find a hairy chest very sexy--but want more than just a physical attraction. I want to be able to love, trust and understand one man, and build something very unique, very special. Looks are not as important as character. Age is relative. What is important is living life fully, making our dreams our reality.

Coming back down to earth, it would be nice to have brothers ans neighbors and friends. Maybe some RFDers know of a nice property, five to twenty acres, more or less. I would consider splitting an existing property or maybe planning such a venture with good, honest people.

Please write me care of Running Water and all will be answered.

Jim Carson
% RFD



Dear Gentle people:

I am settled in a small town in south central upstate NY. I'll be 32 soon, 5'11", 140 lbs with blue eyes, brown hair and mustache. Settled in a career in a family business, my other interests include music, old cars, dining out, cooking for someone special, dancing and fairie gatherings. Gardening is part of my country living. I'm not adverse to city life but more accustomed to country life. I'm not able to travel to the ends of the earth in search of a man, honest, sincere, caring, hugable, near my own age, hence this letter. I look forward to exploring a loving relationship and sharing life with someone who can give and take a little emotional support along the way.

I love traveling & camping vacations and weekend trips. My dog does too. Do you? You should be romantic, in good health (as I am), open-minded, spiritually oriented and a non-hoozer. I've spent enough time in bars to find out it's true, I'd never make it in that scene. I'm not a pretty boy nor one of the girls! Just a man who needs a man.

As November moves in I am warmed by thoughts of letters to come.

Mike Page
2 Washington St, Apt B
Greene, NY 13778

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Hello Young Brothers,

Are you looking for that 'special' older brother or just wanting to meet a caring friend? Well, here I am! Go ahead little brother, drop this sincere and caring guy a line today!

I'm a GWM, nice looking and young looking at 29. I stand 5'11" tall, have brown hair/eyes, a slender-type smooth body, and weigh 156 pounds.

I enjoy meeting new people and writing. I'm honest, very friendly, and affectionate. I am straight-acting and appearing, and not into drugs or alcohol. I'm very romantic and I love to cuddle, hold, touch, and kiss all nite long. I've many interests from music to getting outdoors and taking long walks in the country.

Younger brothers under 30 years, write me as I'll look forward to hearing from YOU. Send me your photo, and when I answer I'll send you a "smiling shot" of me. PLEASE write me real soon.

Ken York
POB 8457
Pittsburgh, PA 15220



HI!

I'm looking for a few new friends like myself who are sincere, caring and loving. I am a young GWM, mature adult and very nice looking. I welcome new friends under 30 from all over. To me, there is no distance where 'real' friendship is concerned! Let's be friends!

Kenny
POB 3614
Pittsburgh, PA 15230



Dear Readers:

Now in the green acres of NE Pennsylvania, we are two young healthy city boys newly arrived in the country and needing common sense and good humor from experienced people. Hard-working natural philosophers, we are interested in hearing from and eventually getting together with others who might like to share whatever we might have in common. Optimism, simplicity, and adventurousness are plusses.

Please write,

Steve N.
POB 531
Hawley, PA 18428

Hi, Guys:

I've just been introduced to RFD and so far it meets many needs that have gone too long for one so hungry as I.

I love to correspond and connect with consenting lean Gay lads under 30 who are sexually aroused and attracted to an older, homely, fatherly, 6', 165#, GWM image. I'm over 40, live in NE Delaware and travel the NE/SE Amtrak and Trailway corridor.

If you desire a warm, honest, affectionate and understanding relationship and life-long interested friend, try me. Write and tell me all about yourself. Photo is optional. I will answer all.

Thank You.

WHB
POB 251
Wilmington, DE 19899

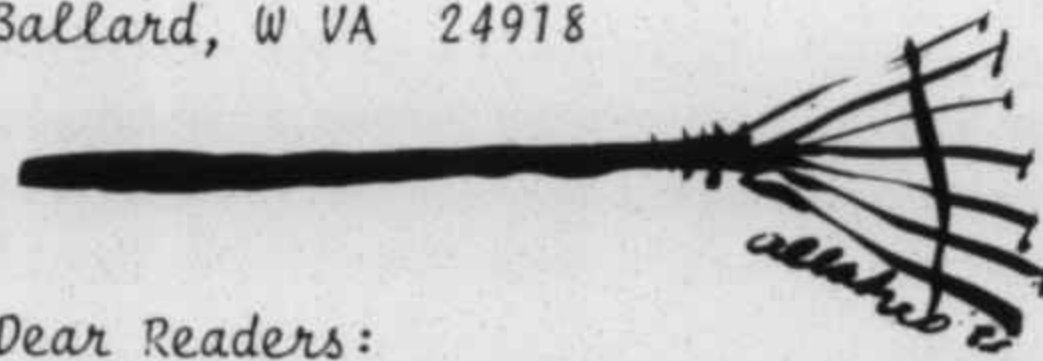


Greetings:

I have just discovered RFD and now I hope someone will discover me. I live in rural West Virginia and I really like it. I am a GWM, 47, 195#, 6' in good health with a good sense of humor, average in most other characteristics, but with a strong desire to make new friends. I am a bit shy. Like so many, I would like someone to care for and someone who will care for me.

I enjoy a simple life. I like to stay at home. I enjoy classical music and being with another guy. I also enjoy letter writing and will happily answer any letter I receive. So send me your thoughts and I will send you my love.

Mason Crosier
Rt 81, Box 12
Ballard, W VA 24918



Dear Readers:

Looking over past issues, I enjoyed the articles on the Loon Trilogy very much. They were some of the first Gay books I read; and I believe that they influenced me quite a bit. They show men of various walks of life who have a common bond and also tell of the philosophy of sharing love so that it will grow and not wither away.

I wonder if anyone out there has a copy or extra copies of these books so that I might renew my acquaintances with these characters. Also, could I find any other friends of the Loon Society out there in this land. Perhaps we can share my sweat lodge when I get it built next year.

Jim Whipkey
Box 60 B, RR #1
Dallas, WV 26036

Hello There:

What you're holding in your hands sure as hell ain't The Advocate! Why didn't some of you tell me about RFD? And it's published just across the mountains from me!

Michael Cohen (Letters, #44) you sound to me like quite a man; sorry that Tucson's more than a short drive away.

With apologies to the helpful hinter about how to write letters, I have a few categorical NO'S, and I'll begin with 'em: no drugs of any sort or description, including pot (tobacco ok--I use it; and a little alcohol too); no Christians or other religious; no conservatives; no ladies; no butt-fucking or ass-lickin' (literally and figuratively); no country music, no rock & roll; no TV (i.e., the tube).

Intelligent, caring, inquisitive, resourceful, steadfast, honest, earthy, discerning: I think I'm these; hope you are too. Books, classical music, antiques, gardening (vegetables & flowers)--these are some interests of mine.

43; tall enough; weigh a bit more than enough; dark eyes/hair, furry; manly. Object: local friends (ditch diggers of the right kind just as welcome as --whatever). I'm not looking for a partner, but then I'm not not looking either (as you can tell by some of what I said).

Not least: if there's a local man or men who have AIDS and need help, let me know; I'd love to try.

All the best to ya,

Kenny
Box 551
Greenville, S.C. 29602

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Dear Friends:

I am 34 years old and live in a small rural town. I am interested in a life time relationship to share everything life has to offer to be happy. I am 5'10", 140#, brown hair, blue eyes, mustache. I enjoy the outdoors, movies, music. I am very intimate and passionate and want to find someone to love, trust and do things with and for. I am a one man's man. Please write. There are only a few of us left to find.

Waiting in S.C.
% RFD



Dear Comrades:

I have just passed the quarter-century mark but I have held up well. I am in good condition and have only been "used" once. Presently I live on the Northwest Florida Gulf Coast, some of the most elegant and unspoiled land left in the country. I am situated near enough to big cities: Pensacola, Mobile, New Orleans, Atlanta, etc., yet far enough away to be only minutes from totally secluded countryside and beaches. In fact, our area has one of the most well-known gay nude beaches around.

I am interested in possibly finding Mr. Right, or just Mr. Maybe, since life is so tenuous and unpredictable. I would welcome visitors also, as I have plenty of space and there is plenty to do in the area. This is not just a summer vacation area, as autumn here is just a bit cooler than summer, and in the winter it is quite mild although there are occasional cold snaps. It is not unusual to go swimming in the Gulf on Christmas Day--well, not unusual for faeries, anyway!

My interests include travel, reading gay serious fiction, occasionally penning articles for 'our' string of publications, cruising the highways, and playing on the beaches. I have a lovely Dalmation named Spot and a lovely little kittie named Pussie.

I am white, 5'7", 150#, green eyes, moustache, sandy blonde hair, have no mentionable perverse qualities, and I am health conscious and expect the same from you, should you choose to reply. I would appreciate a letter and if you are able, a recent and honest photo.

Finally, I am interested in someone coming into Northwest Florida to organize a Gathering. Facilities are no problem as I have many friends who

have acres and acres of land, both on the shore and inland. There is enough interest to sustain a Gathering but so far nobody has done anything to plan one.

Let me hear from you!

Rob
% RFD



Dear People of Awareness:

Thanks for the great responses already received from Washington, California, Texas, Oklahoma, Missouri, Arkansas, South Carolina, New York, Massachusetts and Ontario. And one of the responses was from my best friend in junior high, whom I hadn't seen for about 17 years. Yet there are many more who need to be part of this community family, and those who may help physically/financially. Even if you may not be able to help or join us now, write for information to share with those others who may be able to help or are in need.

Do it now, for many changes are becoming aware to those who are in tune with mankind and the Earth vibration, yet much more will come about near the century's end. That is why we must prepare now to join together, and become as one in a new community that is quick to develop. Your help may be what we need to see this come about sooner.

There are many good community families developing. We shall be a Pyramid based community from all races and types of people, who can accept vegetarian, clothes-optional way of life, with no use for weapons, heavy drugs, or alcohol and tobacco abuse. The community will be located in the hills of North Carolina, and will be self-sufficient within one year of conception. We will need many multi-faceted people to begin and help the community grow on both the physical and spiritual levels.

The sooner you help us get underway, the better a position may be found, as charter members will become the board of directors for the community, having final decisions, yet everyone will have a vote on decisions.

In the light of love,

Rev. Stanley W. Roosa
150 19th Ave S.
St. Petersburg, FL 33705
(813)895-6580 (not collect)

Country Brothers:

We can't all live in the country; some must stay near the cities and supervise. You could help the cause by getting in contact with me, sharing your philosophy, your approach to country living, and your dreams, and desires.

I am white, 5'10", brown hair/eyes(2), poor memory, Virgo. Interests: simple and gourmet cooking, antiques, creative writing, sex, walking along the Florida beaches thinking of nothing, dining in, reading and travel. Send a line and possibly you could come to visit me in the land of eternal sunshine.

John Bertrand
3630 NW 34th Terrace
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Brothers:

I will be driving from Short Mt. Sanctuary in Tennessee to Los Angeles around the beginning of February. I am looking for other people to drive with me. Also am interested in visiting other faeries along the way. I will be travelling on I-40. Please write to me ASAP. Thanks.

Peace,

Stevie
P.O. 1, Box 98-A
Liberty, TN 37095



Dear Readers:

We offer Bed and Breakfast in our home to travelers in this area. We are located in Sewanee, Tennessee on top the Cumberland Mountains only two miles from I-24. It crosses the mountain at Monteagle.

Bill & Jim
Boxwood Cottage
Sewanee, TN 37375



Dear Guys:

I'm a self-employed gardener, 33 years of age, dark hair and moustache, 6'2" tall and 150# thin with good muscle definition from hard work, aerobic dance and a modest weightlifting program.

I'd really like to build a long-term work and love relationship with a guy interested in horticulture, honest labor, and moving toward self-sufficient living. My ideal guy could be tallish and hunky, good-natured, with some business sense and mechanical ability. Interests in plant propagation, the arts, pagan culture, music, dance, good food, down-to-earth living are a plus. But hey, I'm flexible; so write! I own my small place in Southcentral Indiana, a 1/4 acre suburban homestead. Visitors welcome. So write today for friendship or more.

With Love,

Bob Bremerkamp
2604 S. Santa Ave.
Bloomington, IN 47401



Dear Friends,

I am a GWM, 30, a native of the Chicago area but with ties to the south.

My lover is also 30 and grew up in the hills of southwestern Virginia.

On a recent trip down south, I fell in love with North Carolina. Judging by a quick glance, the cities seem very livable and the scenery -- wow! Now I'm considering moving there and am most serious about the Winston-Salem - Greensboro - High Point area. The question is, would a city boy like me find enough stimulation in one of N.C.'s larger cities? I keep hearing about the "New South" but how is it for gays? I am not independently wealthy, I have to earn a living just like anyone else. We would appreciate hearing from anyone who has had recent experience with urban life in North Carolina, especially regarding jobs, the local economy, the prevalence of gay groups (and what they accomplish), cultural life, and whether the New Right (especially religious fundamentalism) has had a negative impact on the way you are treated.

We will welcome all replies, however positive or negative, as long as they deal with your experience. We'll be glad to reciprocate by furnishing information about Chicago life, should you be interested.

Sincerely,

Bill and Allen of Chicago
c/o RFD



Dear Readers:

I'm a 39 year old masculine, lean, physically fit man. 5'6 1/2" tall, 135#, former Mennonite minister. I am an activist in many concerns: simple living, physical fitness, world hunger, natural nutrition, nuclear disarmament, social justice, peace, women's rights, human rights, anti-death penalty, anti-nuclear power, nudism, gay rights and environmental protection. I enjoy having a wide variety of friends and I love people.

I live now on my parents' farm in northern Illinois. My other home is the inner city of Albuquerque. Always torn inside between nature in the countryside and the people and their diversity in the city.

I'm Latino at heart--not by birth--and also feel a special kinship with the Native American ways. I enjoy being a man in my ways and am especially attracted to certain men who also possess a tender machismo. I'm incurably romantic, stubborn and passionate.

I enjoy reading, writing letters, exercise, camping, chemical-free gardening, dancing, making friends, listening and sharing deeply, and mutually happy sex. Enjoy Spanish love songs, Verdi's operas, older rock, black Gospel, some classical, heart-touching country and western.

Men with similar concerns and interests write. Include photo--nude if possible.

Sincerely,

Don Schrader
Box 171
Yakota, Illinois 61018



Dear RFD Readers:

We are a couple, white daddy, 44 years old, 5'11", 190#, Asian son, 21 years old, 5'7", 155 lbs. We are looking for another young man who is affectionate, submissive, obedient and honest, who would like to share his life with us. We are living in the countryside, not far from Silver Dollar City. We have a lot to offer the right guy. We would like to have a person who we will love and look after. We want a person who will obey and like the rural life. He will work with us either in the woods or around the house. This is a life-time relationship. If you would like to have a father who will care about you, a brother who will love you with all his heart, please write to us. Please send a photo if possible.

Mr. Robert
Box 1046
Forsyth, MO 65653

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Dear RFDers:

I'm a gay radio professional seeking others in the country. After 8½ years in Houston, I'm ready to return to the times of my youth. It would be great to work in radio in the country but it would be a way to support myself as I develop self-sufficiency. I am 34 years, 5'9", 145 lbs with a good body and good looks. Personally, I seek a kind man that wants companionship and help on his farm. If you're a Daddy looking for a 'son,' we already have something in common. I'm not looking for a 'sugar' daddy--but someone that understands developing a loving mentor/big brother relationship. Sure, this is a helluva lot to put in one ad, but I'm not your average guy. Thanks for reading this.

Rohn
3018 Lake, Apt 7
Houston, Texas 77098
(713) 526-9557



Dear Brothers:

In my youth, the urban aboriginal lifestyle seemed the only way to meet men like me. I believe differently now (an aptitude for misjudgement being concomitant with my humanity), and prepare to return to rural life.

By early summer, I will be able to head for the hills with skills to facilitate said journey. My preferred geography is the mountains of Colorado, Wyoming, or New Mexico. If I cannot make this transition while maintaining my self-sufficiency, I shall abide yet longer beneath Denver's brown cloud.

Are there any kindred spirits in the rural Rocky Mountains? What insights can you share with a solitary man departing for higher altitudes.

I am interested in corresponding with any men who are making/have made a transition from casual/urban gay lifestyle to a more simple, healthy life: rural or urban.

My statistics: 28 yrs, 1.63 m. 71 kg., red hair/beard, blue eyes. Interests: science, the natural world, writing, country/bluegrass/folk music. Existential humanist/atheist. Vices: beer & pot (in moderation). Intolerances: media-mentalities, cross-gender identification, cigarettes, religious zealots.

If any of me interests you, I look forward to hearing from you.

Redbeard
POB 2231
Denver, CO 80201

Greetings:

I am a GYM, young 40, 6'1", 155, masculine-androgyny, striking looks, long dark hair/eyes, clean shaven, Aquarius with a Pisces moon and Libra rising, seeking a monogamous, vegetarian soul-mate to put down roots in the awesome beauty of northern Arizona. A country retreat with access to travel.

I work in the Native American, environmental and peace movements as a visual artist and writer/researcher.

I am a vegetarian, organic gardner, herbalist, astrologer and universal spiritual esotericist, into meditation, prayer, yoga, purification and service. I am also a dancer by nature, heavily into music and enjoy working out with weights and hiking.

I seek a masculine, youthful 36-44, 5'11"-6'2" (prefer blonde or fair-haired) spiritual partner, who is loving, very affectionate, intelligent, strong, stable, assertive, resourceful, sharing, devoted, romantic nurturer. Someone who is kind, compassionate, sincere, peaceful with a good sense of humor, playful, very sexual and versatile. No alcohol. Best signs for me are Pisces, Leo, Libra, Capricorn and Cancer.

Peace and Love,

New Age Arizona
% RFD



allache 85

Dear Soulmate:

Winter's here and I (we) don't like sleeping alone. So I'm seeking a relationship oriented cuddle buddy who might be interested in relocating to the city. (The country is nice, but Oh so lonely.)

I'm attractive, 38, 6', 170#, dark hair, bearded, Italian, healthy, semi-veggie, non-smoker; and I consider myself very sensual, affectionate, honest, cheerful, easy going, spiritual, sensitive, intelligent, creative, considerate, versatile--qualities I also seek in another.

Enjoy art, music, antiques, travel, people, cooking, photography, flea markets, country rides, writing, nature, nude sunbathing, reading, dancing, kissing, massage, making love, cuddling--but no television!

Don't like bars, getting drunk, drugs, poppers, leathersex, one night stands. I've never been to the baths or had any kind of VD. I'm no 'saint' but I'm sure about what turns me off.

1986 may find us sharing a large apartment/house here in the Bay Area with a fireplace and a backyard. I'm no Yuppie, but would like somewhere to burn a log and plant a flower occasionally.

A word about MONOGAMY. Monogamy to me means you are devoted to one another, not out of a sense of duty or fear, but because you enjoy being together. No marriage certificate or bill of sale, please!

If you think you'd like to join me in the celebration of life, please send a detailed letter and recent photo. I'll do the same.

Warm Feelings,
Joe
POB 640444
San Francisco, CA 94164

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— CONTACT LETTERS —

Dear RFD Brothers & Sisters:

I live on 40 acres (I'm homesteading) in the beautiful costal mountains of Humboldt County, California. I would like to do a Community Land Trust thing for Lesbians and Gay Men who would like to retire to a setting of this nature rather than the city-condo thing.

Are there others out there interested? I need help to acheive this goal.

There is a community on the east coast (though not intentionally or strictly gay) that was started in the 20's or 30's as a land trust for artists. It has worked quite well. They have their own theater for Gilbert & Sullivan plays, and fairs that generate communal funds.

This is a beautiful piece of land and I'd like to see it remain that way and not have to go through the will/family/sale-for-profit thing. I'd like for other Gay Men & Lesbians to be able to enjoy it in their less productive years in a community of their own making, where they could find emotional support and stability when it is most needed.

Elevation is 2,047 ft. at the highest point. It lies about 25 miles inland from the Pacific. General winter lows are in the 30's & 40's. Summers have been moderate with very little or no rain. Between October and May we get 60 to 80 inches if we're lucky for this is our summer water supply. The frost free gardens run from May to October though many things continue to produce slowly all winter. At 2000 ft there is snow but it generally is gone in a day or so.

The land is south facing and overlooks a small, wooded mountain valley. There is little level ground, but enough for several homesites and gardens. There are no utilities on the property, though power and phone lines are a 1000 ft or so across the highway (Rt36) but the access is expensive. Most people in the area have 12 volt systems.

Half the land is rolling grass meadows. The rest is open woodland of Douglas Fir, Black & White Oaks, Madrone, Bay and Buckeye. A nice mountain stream runs diagonally (N to S) through the property, with a picturesque waterfall about 25 ft high.

Shopping centers are about an hour away (down 35 miles of winding mountain road) and general stores at a 4 & 10 mile distance. There are fairs and craft shows for cottage industries and a large co-op in Arcada with a branch in Eureka.

There seems to be a fair amount of lesbian and Gay Men in the area with a gay organization, HUG, in Eureka.

At present there are a couple of adjoining properties (20 acra each) on the market that would be nice to add to the current 40 acres before incorporating. I personally am not in a position to purchase these without depleting what little income I have.

Of course all of this is not without problems. Water would be the main one and I plan to improve the current set-up this winter. More storage tanks and a water ram-type pump will greatly improve the present system. Wells could be dug and driveways made as sites were developed. Fencing would be needed around gardens and yards to keep livestock at bay.

There would have to be a board of trustees to compose by-laws, solve problems around resale of dwellings, leasing homesites, and in general to keep the land from exploitation. Property taxes would be paid by the corporation and in turn divided among the residents. The developing of these ideas would take a lot of work and legal advice and so I look forward to suggestions and interest from others.

Me? I'm 60, physically active, living in a temporary greenhouse with my small orchid collection, two dogs and eight cats and trying to build a house in between raising an assortment of livestock, gardening and all that goes with self-sufficiency. Alone but not lonely.

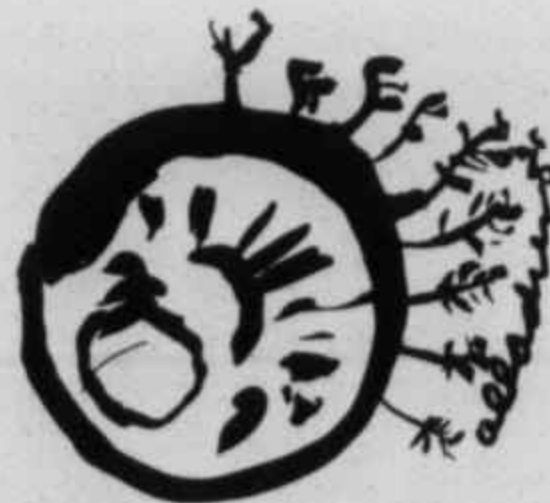
I'm into ornamental plants and brought hundreds of bulbs, shrubs and perennials here. I raise about 90% of my food: vegetables, beef, lamb, poultry (eggs and meat), and will have cream, butter, and cottage cheese in the spring when two jersey heifers freshen and also provide beef calves. Goats provide milk, cheese and some meat now.

There is a small espaliered orchard in its second growing season. There are soft fruits and grapes started also. These need a little more care--water, weeding and pruning-- until established, but are producing lightly at this time.

There is not a lot of time for correspondence but I'll make a serious effort to answer all interested people.

Sincerely hoping to hear from some of you,

Dick Ryan
POB 158
Bridgeville, CA 95526



I love the area around sou...
New York State: Jamestown, Chatautauqua Lake, Letchworth State Park, and hope to visit again this coming summer. But, it would be even better to have some contact there. I am masculine, bearded, long hair, mature, into the outdoors, environmental concerns, and good times.

Bill
PO Box 96
Miranda, CA 95553



We are two gay men who are living in the Redwood Empire of Northern California. Our homestead business is making attractive, efficient, low voltage lighting fixtures for alternative energy users. For more information on how to save energy with our new collection of beautiful Halo-gen lighting fixtures for DC lighting, write for our color brochure. We ask for \$1 to cover the costs which is refundable with purchase.

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NAME-----

ADDRESS-----





Bear seeking Cub to share cozy cave.

Cuddly, affectionate, fun-loving, sensual, hairy, strong, energetic, sweet, gentle, loyal, loving, caring Bear, 5'8", stocky 180 lbs., full-bearded, youngish 41, brown hair and eyes who enjoys rowing, swimming, classical music, massages, hiking, rafting, opera, hugging, cross-country skiing, backpacking, dancing, reading, kissing, science and religion, sailing, seeking sweet gentle, hard-working, sensual, loyal, affectionate Cub to share 210 acres of rolling pasture, oak-studded knolls, fish-filled ponds and streams which is being developed into a co-operative goat farm and cheese factory. The dairy, creamery and house are underground on top of a ridge in a tunnel open north and south. The south face of the cave (house) will be almost all glass bringing in lots of light and warming winter sunshine.

I am seeking a warm-hearted, strong, gentle, fun-loving man who needs and wants to be hugged all night sharing each others' souls with heavenly kisses.

Friends and Lover, please write.

Love and Peace,

Bear
PO Box 356
Grass Valley, CA 95945



Masculine, monogamous, west coaster, educated, loner, gay white male, 30's with interests in fitness, health foods (mostly vegetarian), back packing, camping, hiking, rural or semi-rural living, rock-hounding and mineralogy, gardening and growing my own food, photography, good movies, music and reading; not into cities, petty games, kinky stuff or drugs. Seeks similar (feel it's more important to accentuate common interests and qualities than to delineate and stress differences) for a life mate to grow as individuals and as a couple. Maybe willing to relocate. Will take a very special man to fill a void in my life! Your photo gets mine.

Love,

Puma
c/o RFD

Dear "FDers":

I'm 26 years old, 5'8", 125 lbs., blond hair, a Taurus, living on 30 acres with a large garden, a few cows and goats, and a pottery shop located in the central Oregon coast range.

I would like to find a lover-helomate with farming and artistic interests who could relocate in this mild but rainy climate. I'd prefer someone of similar age and build.

Ted Birth (aka Bidget)
1385 Gopher Creek Road
Toledo, OH 97391



Dear freinds,

My mate and I have recently moved to Washington State and are eager to meet new friends, of any sex, either in person or by letter.

We are currently living in the Walla Walla area and plan to be here for a couple of years as a step in our migration towards the Pacific Northwest coastal area.

We are a married monogamous couple who love people and would like to share time and ideas with others. We are interested in gatherings in the region and humanist type publications such as RFD.

Although we were both active in our former community (Boise), we have adapted our lifestyle to the consciousness of the small town we now live in. We give and expect equal understanding from those around us, and we feel that everyone is responsible for their own actions.

We think that support is an essential and necessary tool to everyone's evolution and well being.

Hoping to hear from you. All sincere correspondence will be answered.

Many hugs,

Ric Meachum
209 South First St.
Dayton, WA 99328

SOME LATE ARRIVALS:

Dear ones,

I know there is somebody out there who longs for a safe retreat from the city and the threat of AIDS; who would appreciate a responsible, loving man; who enjoys a simple life, one filled with the rich pleasures of nature; someone open to establishing a bonded, conscious relationship.

Hope, love and life fill me and keep me keeping on. It is difficult staying positive without someone to share this good life with. It can sometimes seem empty and meaningless, but those feelings soon pass and I live in the knowledge that I am a good person, deserving of much love and joy. I will someday be blessed with a loving man with whom to share life in a very meaningful way.

I am 37 years old, a gracefully aging "flower child." I live in a small house I built myself on five wooded acres in northeast Texas. The house is surrounded by fruit trees, flowers, herbs and a large organic garden. Three cats, one dog and a flock of chickens populate the yard. In the woods nearby is a collection of supportive (straight) friends. I am employed in a small rural school as an English and Theatre teacher.

I would enjoy corresponding with anyone who might have been touched by my letter.

Bless you.

All jou.

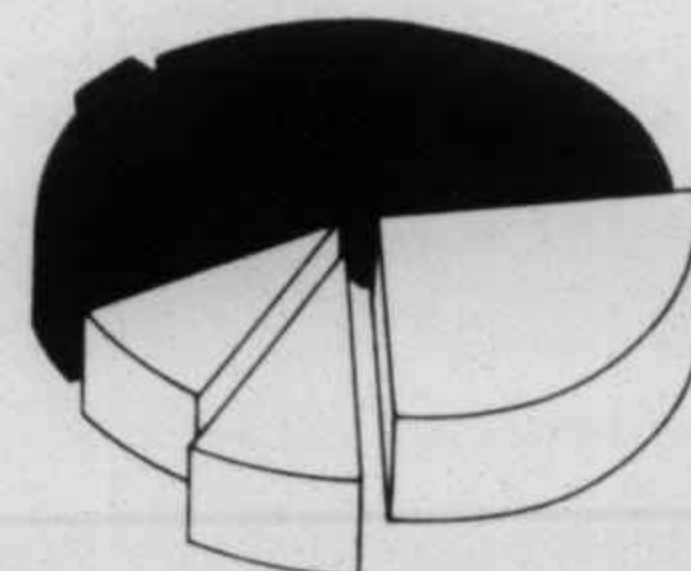
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Hello to all,

I am a very urban RFD reader. I have replied to ads in other publications and have placed a few myself, but to write such a letter as this is very different.

I am writing to see if there are any other gay men who are interested in meeting and/or corresponding with this urban RFDer. Some facts about me: 28 years old, 5'7", 160 lbs., light brown hair and moustache and blue eyes. I am open and outgoing but also at times shy. I can talk too much but when quiet, I am a good listener. I can be wild or just the opposite.

Some of my interests include reading, correspondence, gardening (mostly roses), travel, nudism, and making new friends. I am active with the Southeastern Conference for Lesbians and Gay Men, and with photography (some of my photos were used in the last issue of RFD).

Sexually I am more top than bottom but I find those words too limited to describe how I am sexually. Basically I enjoy good safe sex.

Even though I live in a large city with good friends and many things, I can still find myself alone. There are times when one wants to share life with just one special man. At present there is no such man in my life.

The above should be of interest to some readers, I hope. I find I relate best to someone near my own age (20-35) and someone who is near my height or smaller. However, I do not wish to limit contacts to guys just like that. I find the interior to be more important than the outer body. However, whoever must be able to show that he is human with positive aspects.

So, if this letter interests you in knowing me better, please write. If a photo is enclosed, I will send one in return. I am interested in all correspondence and any meetings. If the right things click, a relationship might develop.

With friendship to all,

Kevin E. Roberson
PO Box 55244
Birmingham, AL 35255

Greetings:

I am a 27 year old Turkish boy, collecting stamps, banknotes, sexy and erotic men and women photos. I speak French and English. Write with a photo. I will answer all letters.

Regards,
Mithat Alici
Aksaray, Yatan Cad
47/1 Deniz Apt
34270 Istanbul
TURKEY



Dear RFD Readers & Friends:

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Yours Sincerely,

M.N. Tagore
Dachhan Suyed
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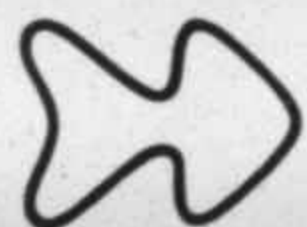
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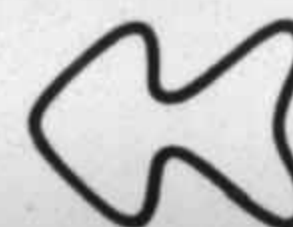
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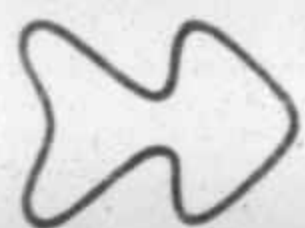
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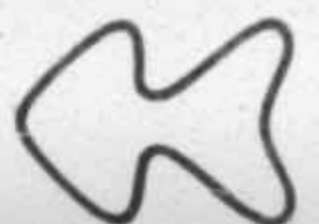
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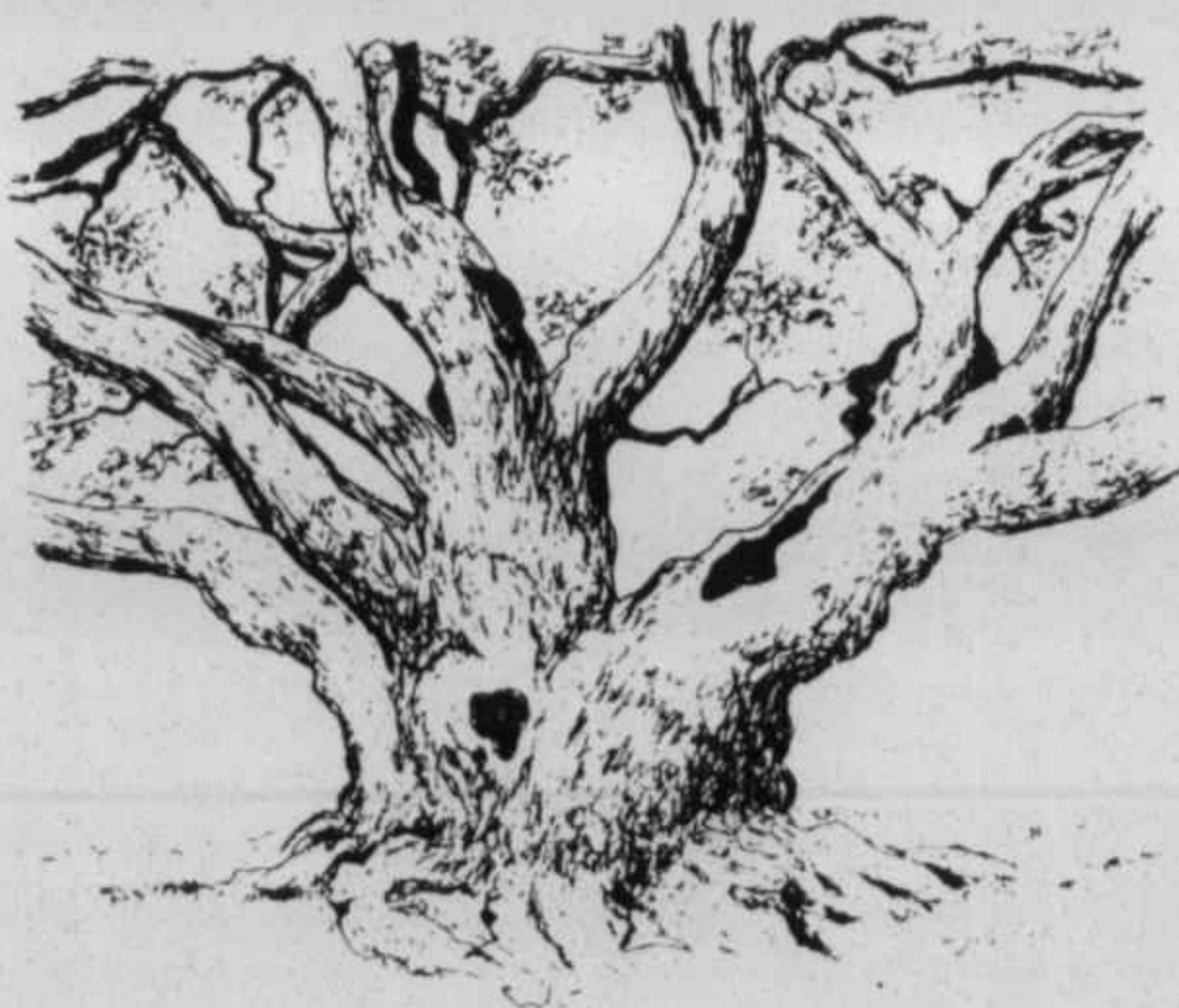
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Ice Station

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The sun shifts.
The sky is white or, rather, colorless.
A weathered finger bleeds.
Visibility: 60 kilometers.
The ice crusts.
The orange wind sock floats out southerly.
The air is thin and dry.

The light slants.
The Caterpillar's treadmarks radiate.
Emissions smudge the ice.
Skin adheres to the cold-exposed vehicle.
The sun sinks.
The sky warps.
The ice is briefly colored indigo.
The night surmounts it all.

The slopes gleam
as Saturn rises red, conspicuous.
It fills the telescope.
Thermographs show the mercury plummeting.
The lamps fail.
A watch glows.
The constellations wheel predictably.
There is no darkness here.

A lens cracks.
The telescope requires refocusing.
The generator stalls.
Saturn vanishes under the evenness.
The night wanes.
The sky glows.
Vermilion light spills over everything.
The silence is compact.

The light curves.
The sun spins off the anemometer.
A glacial sky expands.
No horizon constrains the irradiance.
A foot slips.
Some oil spills.
The polished ice could pass for porcelian.
There are no shadows here.

