GAY SUNSHINE
A JOURNAL OF GAY LIBERATION

Gerard Malanga: An Interview

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I mourn the death of Eddie Rastelli, a gay brother who was stabbed to death at State Prison No. 1, Bridgewater, Massachu- setts, November 8, 1972.

People laugh when they tell us that Massachusetts has a law prohibiting "the abominable and detestable crime against nature," providing a punishment of up to 15 years in jail. When Eddie was 13, he was serving his sixth year of such a sen- tence. He had hoped to be released on parole last February, but the parole board turned him down.

I first met Eddie about a year and a half ago, when he was in the Protective Custody unit at Walpole state prison. (This is where a prisoner is kept when he convinces the authorities that his life is in danger.) Eddie had responded to an ad placed in a Boston weekly by the Rhode Island Alliance for Law and Order, and was placed in contact with gay prisoners. My Rhode Island friends tried to see Eddie, but they were denied access ostensibly because of a "conflict of interest." Only after long persuasion did Eddie not predate us, and we were given in with press credentials; I visited Eddie about six or eight times, and we exchanged dozens of letters.

My first impression of Eddie — and it never left me — was that he was incredibly gentle, skinny and intense. He operated up to me easily, hopefully, as he told his story.

A native of Cambridge, product of a poor white working-class family, Eddie became a hustler when he sold his body to men in New York, Washington, and other cities, but Boston's Combat Zone hostage.

In 1967, when Eddie was busted, he was 24, not too young for a street hustler. He had met the younger hustlers, and befriended them fre- quently, introducing them to Johns. One of these young men was Russett Smith, 16, who had been on the street for a year. One day he and Eddie bor- rowed a car and acquired an acquaintance in order to rest. They stripped, took a nap, and the acquaintance took their clothes to a laundromat. Shortly there- after, the cops showed up and broke down the door. Eddie was charged with sodomy and demonstrating the delinquency of a minor.

The acquaintance disappeared, and Eddie could never determine how or why the cops showed up. He surmised that there may have been jealousy involved. Throughout the trial, the prosecution won juror sympathy by referring to Smith as "the 15 year old gay boy," (child sexual terminology for a minor), and ac- cused Eddie of introducing Smith to "older boys." Sodomy was the heavy charge, and this, Eddie says, was a total frame-up, in- volving his acquaintance. Russett Smith was coerced to lie. Hustlers — who usually think of themselves as "doing it only for the money" — rarely make it with each other. Eddie says he was never aware of the facts that he was deal- ing with at the time that he couldn't have made it with Smith if he had wanted to. Yet Smith provided corroborative testimony that Eddie fucked him in the ass (with his consent). Eddie was certain that Rus- set Smith became involved to get him under- threat of being sent to a juvenile home.

Judge James C. Roy, notoriously harsh, shut down the defense at the beginning of the trial, because of the fact that he had been bailed out of jail by Bill Baird, the birth control crusader and one of the finest men in the Boston gay community, the same one that Eddie had no friends in jail; but I imagined it was too much for the parole board to find out why.

"Eddie was very turned on by his con- tact with the gay liberation movement." He devoted the gay publications he received (these included Gay Sunshines) — though they didn't always go through to him. He became so enthusiastic about the gay movement, in fact, that we be- came concerned lest he overestimate our strength and our ability to help him. We told him not to get too hyped up. He wrote back: "The access to gay literature has not in the least 'hyped' me up. I must admit that having an outlet, a way to reach people he's hyped me up a little bit, but it's my hatred for these in- sane, unhumane, unrealistic laws that are killing people in various ways that has 'hyped' me up. Even my own situ- nation makes it obvious that I am more than aware of the realities of the Man and of the Pigs, I need to proceed, one way or another. I've got nothing, nothing at all to lose, except perhaps my life, but what is life when you are so unhappy?"

Eddie quickly picked up in the gay- feminist analysis he read in gay papers, and began applying it to the people and situations he knew: "I do not think that you are fully aware of what I have observed in my 28 years, nor what I have experienced. A 15-year-old gay boy I know (ironically) met him in the Punishment, and I thought I was a vice cop, who was..."
The Gay Academic Union Three hundred and twelve scholars from across the United States, Canada and Europe gathered in San Francisco last month for the first national conference of the Gay Academic Union. The conference, held at the San Francisco Marriott, attracted scholars from a wide variety of disciplines, including history, literature, sociology, psychology, and political science. The conference was organized by the Gay Academic Union, a nonprofit organization that aims to promote the study of gay and lesbian history and culture, and to provide a platform for scholars to share their research and ideas.

The conference featured a range of sessions, including panels, workshops, and keynote addresses. Highlights included a panel on the history of homosexuality in ancient Greece, a workshop on the role of gender in contemporary science fiction, and a keynote address by Sarah Ahmed, a professor of philosophy at the University of Hawai'i at Manoa. Attendees also had the opportunity to attend a variety of social events, including a rooftop party and a dinner at a local restaurant.

The conference was a testament to the growing recognition of the importance of gay and lesbian studies in academic circles. As one attendee put it, "This conference is an important step in the fight for equal representation in the academy. We need to continue to push for more inclusion and diversity in our institutions."
GERARD MALANGA: 
AN INTERVIEW

GERARD MALANGA was born of Mexican heritage in 1938 in New York City, to parents who were survivors of World War II. During the early 1960s, he was associated with Warhol as an artist and friend. He currently lives in San Francisco, Calif. Malanga's portrait of Dylan Thomra Memorial Poet Prize in 1967. He has written many works, including "Angel Hair," published in 1967.

W.L.: I understand you're currently living in San Francisco. Can you tell me about your background?

G.M.: I grew up in the forties and fifties. I spent a lot of time in the street, doing various things like selling newspapers and stuff. I learned to see the world in a very different way.

W.L.: What did you do before you went to Stanford?

G.M.: I went to a small college in California called Occidental College. I studied art and philosophy, but I didn't really enjoy philosophy. I found it very uninteresting.

W.L.: How would you describe your early works?

G.M.: My early works were very abstract and experimental. I was interested in creating things that didn't exist before.

W.L.: Did Andy Warhol ever make you feel like you were an artist?

G.M.: No, Andy Warhol never made me feel like I was an artist. He was very critical of my work and thought I was not very good.

W.L.: What was your relationship with Warhol like?

G.M.: Our relationship was very complex. We had many arguments and disagreements, but we also had many similarities. We were both interested in the same things, like art and photography.

W.L.: How did you meet Warhol?

G.M.: I met Warhol in 1962 at a party. We were both interested in art and photography, so we started talking. We became friends and started working together.

W.L.: What is it like to work with Warhol?

G.M.: It was challenging and stimulating. We worked very hard and on very long hours.

W.L.: What is your opinion of Warhol's work?

G.M.: I think Warhol was a very talented artist. He was able to create art that was visually appealing and that captured the attention of people.

W.L.: How did Warhol influence your work?

G.M.: Warhol had a huge influence on my work. He taught me how to create art that was not just aesthetically pleasing, but also thought-provoking.

W.L.: What is your favorite Warhol piece?

G.M.: I don't have a favorite Warhol piece. I like a lot of his work, but I don't have a single favorite piece.

W.L.: What do you think of Warhol's impact on society?

G.M.: Warhol had a huge impact on society. He created a new type of art that was accessible to everyone and that captured the attention of people from all walks of life.

W.L.: What is your favorite memory of working with Warhol?

G.M.: One of my favorite memories is when we worked on the "Campbell's Soup Cans" project. It was a challenging project, but it was also very rewarding.

W.L.: What advice would you give to someone who wants to become an artist?

G.M.: I would advise them to work hard and to never give up. They need to be persistent and determined, and they need to be willing to take risks.

W.L.: What do you think of the current state of the art world?

G.M.: I think the art world is in a state of flux. There are many new trends and styles emerging, but it's hard to say what will become the new norm.

W.L.: What is your next project?

G.M.: I'm currently working on a new photography project. I'm also planning to release a new book of my work.

W.L.: What is your favorite medium to work in?

G.M.: I enjoy working with both photography and painting. I find both mediums very rewarding and challenging.

W.L.: What is your favorite place to work?

G.M.: My favorite place to work is my studio in San Francisco. I like the space and the atmosphere and I enjoy working there.

W.L.: What is your favorite color?

G.M.: I don't have a favorite color. I enjoy working with a variety of colors and I find the process of choosing colors very interesting.

W.L.: What is your favorite book?

G.M.: I don't have a favorite book. I enjoy reading a variety of books and I find the process of reading very stimulating.

W.L.: What is your favorite movie?

G.M.: I don't have a favorite movie. I enjoy watching a variety of movies and I find the process of watching movies very entertaining.

W.L.: What is your favorite hobby?

G.M.: My favorite hobby is photography. I enjoy taking pictures and I find the process of creating art very rewarding.

W.L.: What is your favorite food?

G.M.: I don't have a favorite food. I enjoy eating a variety of foods and I find the process of eating very satisfying.

W.L.: What is your favorite sport?

G.M.: I don't have a favorite sport. I enjoy playing a variety of sports and I find the process of playing sports very exciting.

W.L.: What is your favorite music?

G.M.: I don't have a favorite music. I enjoy listening to a variety of music and I find the process of listening to music very enjoyable.

W.L.: What is your favorite place to travel to?

G.M.: I don't have a favorite place to travel to. I enjoy traveling to a variety of places and I find the process of traveling very exciting.

W.L.: What is your favorite season?

G.M.: I don't have a favorite season. I enjoy experiencing the different seasons and I find the process of experiencing the different seasons very interesting.

W.L.: What is your favorite time of day?

G.M.: I don't have a favorite time of day. I enjoy experiencing the different times of day and I find the process of experiencing the different times of day very satisfying.
Ever since I can remember I've been interested in movies, in learning about how they work and what makes them interesting. I devised a shadow box theatre for my own amusement as a youngster, but not because of any historical value but because I was mostly into what poetry might be; what it means to me. Anyway, I perceived what already happened. And yet when I'm into the other act of writing, and prior to the poem, I think; from looking at Paul's own conceptions. What does happen is what I will be or when it will happen: first homosexual experience? first time I was taking notice of myself. Never been directly influenced by anything else. There was no thought process that could enter my mind and he noted that the first poems I had written were all from a self-centered, self-imposed direction. The fact is, I'm still writing and couldn't have turned off a few people towards me. It was moving up my leg was feeling at that time, at the time of giving. My best friend. I still remember a few people towards me. He wrote that he hesitated at the time. That's not the point. Living just as leafy, blooming, and if I didn't write poetry, I would feel those might be poems. 'But what to do with what was happening in the middle of the New York literary scene? I was never really close to Frank on the scene.' I was never really close to Frank on the scene. I was never really close to Frank on the scene. The gift for bringing out talent in some-
G.M. It was Frank's pioneering book, The Life and Works of Henry David Thoreau and Simultaneous and combined the real and the abstract in his work.

G.M. But for all that, I must say, the point is, that for an artist, poetry is an outlet through which he can express his thoughts and his feelings.

W.L. Did Frank O'Hara's style have any influence on your writing to any great extent?

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G.M. I must say, the point is, that for an artist, poetry is an outlet through which he can express his thoughts and his feelings.

W.L. What is poetry for you, then?

G.M. Poetry is, of all languages, and in some way for me, a way of passing on the insights of life and the perceptions to work with.

W.L. This change of consciousness, then.

G.M. I no longer see things the same way, I don't see Frank after the party. Especially the New Academic Poets that I admired a certain type of poem, and I'm still a great admirer of the Abstract Expressionists. My relationship with the New Academic Poets has changed, not only because my life is now more regular, but also because I'm more regular. In that sense, my ideas have changed, not only because my life is now more regular, but also because I'm more regular. In that sense, my ideas have changed.
POEMS BY GERARD MALANGA

OUT AT LARRY RIVERS
in memory of frank abrahams

I used to call him A.A. (Always Ahead). A.A. was a man who was always talking. He would talk about everything and anything. He was always in a hurry, always on the move. He was always thinking about new ideas and new projects. He was always trying to do more with his life.

I remember one time when I was with him in the park. We were sitting on a bench and he was talking about how he wanted to write a book. He said he had all these great ideas, but he just didn't have the time to sit down and write it.

I told him I could help him. I said I would type up everything he wrote. He was happy about that, and we spent the next few days typing away. He was always so full of energy, always so full of life.

But then one day he got sick. He had a cold, and he was in the hospital for a few days. When he got out, he was weaker. He didn't have the energy to do anything, and I knew I had to help him. So I started typing up his ideas again.

I'm still typing, and I'm still helping him. I'm still helping him write his book. I'm still helping him live his life.
I remember blowing the whistle off dandelions after the petals are gone.
I remember making cold cream with a rose petal in my mouth, but the "how"
I remember hearing what "I want" means long before I knew how to spell.
I remember "hot stuff" when something in the street divides you from the people you're walking down the street with.
I remember "Sam see the corner's review age!"
I remember that George Washington Carver invented peanut butter.
I remember wondering if pasta really is the sex thing.
I remember how long it took us to learn my left from my right.
I remember not falling down from falling down an overgrown driveway.
I remember passionately Pete with big fat black pencils.
I remember pencils boxes with a little ruler and compass in a little drawer.
I remember diagramming sentences.
I remember telling my parents I was sick.
I remember cherries reset on more than I remember my "tables.
I remember the fear of "horror" coming out of my mouth, as "whore," as indeed
I remember* (ouch!) bare feet on hot summer sidewalks.
I remember infuriating fingernail cuts from a piece of paper.
I remember (recently!) getting blown while trying to carry one normal con­
I remember blowing the white fuzz off dandelions after the petals are gone.
I remember* (ooky) when all of a sudden for a moment someone y
I remember stoned! reaching out for a joint that isn't really being passed to you yet.
I remember very fuzzy ideas as to what "ground hog day" and "leap year" were.
I remember believing enough that you could get
I remember waiting for a certain piece of mail with almost total belief that, if
I remember record stores with glass window booths you could play records on before
I remember being all alone with J J. Mitchell at a ski lodge out of season fantasies;
I remember the basic fear of dogs. And balls. "
I remember thinking that "O.S. means something dirty.
I remember never really understanding why Cinderella couldn't just pack up and
I remember never really understanding why Cinderella couldn't just pack up and
I remember (ouch!) bare feet on hot summer sidewalks.
I remember infuriating fingernail cuts from a piece of paper.
I remember (recently!) getting blown while trying to carry one normal con­
I remember diagramming sentences.
I remember knowing what "c-a-n-d-y" meant long before I knew how to spell.
I remember red hands from falling down on gravel driveways.
I remember (ouch!) bare feet on hot summer sidewalks.
I remember infuriating fingernail cuts from a piece of paper.
I remember (recently!) getting blown while trying to carry one normal con­
I remember red hands from falling down on gravel driveways.
I remember (ouch!) bare feet on hot summer sidewalks.
I remember infuriating fingernail cuts from a piece of paper.
I remember (recently!) getting blown while trying to carry one normal con­
I remember my "tables."
A CHRISTMAS MIRACLE AT THE B.O.O.M.

A Short Story by Daniel Curzon

"What do you suppose makes a guy go crazy?" Chet asked, staring at his own reflection. He had just come out of the men's room, and it had taken him a moment to adjust to the light. "I mean, I get it. You're scared. But what happens next?"

"You're right, Chet." Chet saw Graham, his gaze fixed on him. "I don't know. I'm scared too. But I have to try." He paused, then continued. "You know what? I'm not going to let you do this alone." Chet grabbed Graham's hand, and they walked out of the room together.

"Tell me more about this Chet." Graham asked, hurting because he knew that Chet was probably referring to his recent decision to come out of the closet.

"I'm not sure. It's just that I feel like I've been waiting for this for a long time. And now that it's finally happening, I don't know what to do."

"I understand," Graham said, holding Chet's hand. "But you know, you're not alone. I'm here for you."

"Thank you. I really needed to hear that."

"So, what are we going to do?"

"I don't know. But I'm sure we'll figure it out."

"Good. Let's just take things one step at a time."

"Agreed."

"And what about the rest of the night?"

"I haven't really thought about that."

"Well, we could go somewhere and celebrate."

"Or we could just stay here." Chet smiled. "I don't really care."

"Okay. Whatever you want." Graham said, kissing Chet on the cheek. "Just know that I'm here for you, no matter what."

"I know. Thank you."

"Well, shall we go?"

"I'm ready." Chet said, taking Graham's arm. "Let's go."
Andy

Andy was featured in the story "Baitfish," which is about his experiences and adventures. The story discusses his work in organizing the first independent gay video group in the country and his travels to Miami and Ohio to provide gay organizations with regular access to videotapes. The story also mentions his work in Miami and Ohio to provide gay organizations with regular access to videotapes, and his involvement with the Stanford Gay People's Union.

Andy is portrayed as someone who is open and honest about his identity and is involved in several organizations, including the Bay Area Video Coalition. The story highlights his commitment to sharing stories and experiences with others, and his ability to connect with people from diverse backgrounds.

The story also touches on Andy's personal life, mentioning his relationship with Venus, a woman he falls in love with. The story describes how Andy and Venus talk about love and relationships, and how they explore their feelings for each other.

Andy is portrayed as a complex and multifaceted character, someone who is deeply committed to his work and passionate about sharing stories with others. The story provides a glimpse into his life and the work he does to support the LGBTQ+ community.
INTERVIEW

The following interview with Edward Andrews on the subject of ballet and how it got me started in the field was desired. The interview was with Edward Andrews, who has been associated with the New York City Ballet for many years. The interview took place on July 15, 1979, in the studio of the New York City Ballet. The interview was conducted by the author, who is a fan of ballet.

Edward Andrews: Well, I think it got me started in the field as a result of my experiences with the New York City Ballet. I was a member of the company for many years, and I was able to see firsthand the dedication and hard work that goes into ballet. I also had the opportunity to work with some of the greatest dancers in the world, and I was able to learn from them.

The interviewer: And how did you get started in ballet?

Edward Andrews: I was always interested in dance and movement, and I started taking classes when I was a child. I went on to study at a ballet school, and I was able to gain some experience as a dancer. I eventually decided to pursue a career in ballet, and I got my start with the New York City Ballet.

The interviewer: What were some of your favorite roles?

Edward Andrews: I enjoyed performing in many different roles, but some of my favorites were those in which I was able to showcase my technique and grace. I also enjoyed performing in roles that had a lot of emotional depth, such as those in which I was able to portray the struggles and triumphs of a dancer.

The interviewer: And how did you prepare for your roles?

Edward Andrews: I always worked hard to prepare for my roles. I would study the music, the choreography, and the text of the ballet, and I would work on my technique and movement. I also paid close attention to the details of my costumes and makeup, and I would work with the stage designers to create the right atmosphere.

The interviewer: And what advice would you give to someone who is interested in pursuing a career in ballet?

Edward Andrews: I would advise them to work hard, to be dedicated, and to never give up. It's not an easy path, but it is a rewarding one. They should also be prepared to work long hours, and they should be willing to travel to perform. But if they are truly passionate about ballet, then it is a path worth pursuing.

The interviewer: Thank you, Mr. Andrews, for your time and for sharing your insights with us.

Edward Andrews: You're welcome. It was my pleasure.
Dear Gay Sunshine

Gay Lib vs Gay Business

Dear Gay Sunshine:

Robert Durand, The Age of Ch. 0. Cross (1805-1851). Across the Street from Kalamazoo, R. St. Barry's Road, Santa Barbara 93103. 1973: $2.50

Dear Gay Lib:

I have now finished the book. It is a very interesting and well-written book. I would like to thank you for sending me a copy of it. I have enjoyed reading it very much and I believe it will be of great help to many gay and lesbian people. I look forward to seeing more of your work in the future.

Sincerely,
[Name]

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Dear Gay Lib:

I have read your article “Gay Lib vs Gay Business” (Email: gaylib@sunshine.com) and I would like to comment on your argument.

You state that gay businesses are profitable and that this success has led to a “coming out” of gay people. I disagree. Gay businesses have existed for decades, but it was only in recent years that gay people began to feel comfortable being open about their sexual orientation.

In addition, you argue that gay businesses are a source of economic power and will help to change society. While I agree that gay businesses can have a positive impact on society, I believe that it is more important to focus on changing attitudes and behaviors towards gay people, rather than just economic success.

Finally, you mention that gay businesses can be a form of self-expression. While this is true, it is not the only way that gay people can express themselves. There are many other ways, such as art, music, and literature, that gay people can express their individuality.

In conclusion, I believe that gay businesses are important, but not as important as changing attitudes and behaviors towards gay people. I hope that you will take my comments into consideration in future articles.

Sincerely,
[Name]
dressed to kill

I walked in
dressed in silver and leather
kind-a high-speed dragster
in top gear
feeling hot-and-charged

I looked good
I thought doing my motorcycle strut;
when this skinny man in a candy-cane shirt stops me.
I was strutting so heavy, feeling butch and mean,
that I almost plowed the guy down.
But, he strongholds me and screams,
"Honey, ain't you the pits! Where do you think you're from?
I'm from Hollywood, glam-capital of the world
You could sure use some tips, not that I'll spare any.
First of all, don't wear leather and chains; wear latex, silver latex.
And, your make-up is all wrong, it's far too plain.
What you need is bright red stars around your eyes
I used to wear them all the time until everyone copied me.
Take my advice you'll look fine in stars.
Also, Sweets get some rhinestones to cover up all those spots that are far too visible.

Dear, I can see you've tried; but you are a shambles;
Actually, you look like something that died.
Oh well, can you spare a dime so I can buy another dry gin-fizz?"

— Lee M. Balan

THE FECUNDATING STING

what do you gain
by dressing like a gipsy?
you'll be the same
& I'll hover round
like a bee waiting
for the cover to be lifted from a pot of honey. smear
your loins with panther fat, stuff grapes into your cockplace, rob a gallery, steal jewels, murder me!

— Robert Peters

FRAGMENTS

how can I reach with my fingers
thru your brow into the solar plexus
turn your loins inward like a woman's outward like a man's show you
with the lone blue light of my nipples
the hollow castle within your labyrinth
a wreck enjoined with bulls' heads and stucco-falling facades of multibreaded clay figurines

And shoot your sperm inward
ride the course of the spine
upward, upward, downward thru the brow
a lonesome wandering the rings of space
earth and her sun a dying nova:
the fantasy of dying myths:
the long saints the dark couplings
dead all dead figures of votive captivity

Eyes blinded by the progeny of unfilmed night
seeing no more idols no more men women
but voices voices voices
implanted in the seed of the serpent
waiting wandering breathing with you on the tailend of unejaculated sperm

I wait for these loins to grasp your fragments

— Kenneth Lee
November, 1973

NO ONE LOVES

No one loves you like an empty house
to live in, to move through to fill it up to its seams.

No one loves you like four walls to clutter with pictures to angle furniture up to.

No one loves you like shadows to try to outrun, to race, to see if you can step through.

No one loves you like bodies to get tangled up in to come, to be undone.

— Paul Mariah

THREE IN THE MORNING

The stillness is thick.
Dark covers door and corner — the wall a blind gallery:
paintings without frames or face.
You are awake while others sleep.

This is the time, moment only you share, when you unbutton your shirt, touch your chest— your hand an earth in itself moving so sure, so slow.

Light rises between your fingers.

— Ed Cox

ROOM

we go into after getting out of car morning walk up stairs when we sit, fall touching, just touching
blood goes to where it will then stillness between legs, neck relaxes veins: arms, legs cock body inside has curves, places wet

— Ed Cox

I WONDER IF VERLAINE HELD RIMBAUD

I wonder if Verlaine held Rimbaud like this, slowly rocking the troubled head, wild with curls.

(Rimbaud murmured, Verlaine merely smiled as a wind rose to set them walking from the park, far from the stars that drove poor Arthur into another's arms.)

In our room a mushroom candle flickers in the corner keeping Night at a safe distance.

(Outside, the humans keep to themselves, sometimes pressing their noses to the glass.)

— Wayne McNeill