

## A Beautiful, Sinister Fairyland

GAY SUNSHINE PRESS DOES LATIN AMERICA

Fairyland

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An essay about Gay Sunshine Press and Latin America should start off with an attempt at seducing the reader, which is why we opted for the tacky allure of “beautiful” and “sinister” in the title. The phrase itself appears in an essay titled “Latin America: Myths and Realities,” written by E. A. Lacey and published in the tabloid journal *Gay Sunshine* in 1979, and it gives a good idea of what Latin America meant for at least part of the gay radical San Francisco arm of the movement. The two words, in tense relationship with each other, describe the state of mind of at least three authors who “worked” Latin America for the press: Lacey himself, Winston Leyland, and Erskine Lane. The words register what those observers saw as they engaged in missionary work from San Francisco to Rio de Janeiro, while they blended beat culture with samba, turned political liberation into a politics of identity, and experimented in the Guatemalan highlands with a transculturated politics, two-thirds Zen Buddhism and one-third Mayan spirituality. “Latin America was seen as being—with that exasperating quality of paradox that inevitably creeps into our perception of the alien and unfamiliar—both magical and menacing, a beautiful, sinister fairyland where the usual rules of logic were suspended and anything good or bad might happen, and usually did.”<sup>1</sup>

It is an image that belongs to the imagination of the foreign voyeur, the disenchanted white homosexual who follows the footsteps of a modern-day Rimbaud—leaving civilization for the “menacing” context that beauty provides, in a constant “*deréglement des sens*” of suspended logic. The magic was all in the eyes of the beholder, as was the sense of anticipation, the beauty, the threat, and even the “exasperating” paradox that is but the result of the perception of an alien object, or a place—“fairyland” as the unexpected, equivocal term in this scenario. As far as “fairyland” goes, Lacey was himself most probably not quoting Rimbaud but expressing the exoticism and marvel of the magical realist representation of Latin America. And one could not help but notice that the form of embodiment for this reality strokes the other meaning of *fairy*—“fey,” or “queer.” It is as if what Alejo Carpentier called “lo real maravilloso”

became, by some perverse, sexy, and paradoxical trope, something emphatically fleshy, warm to the touch, hard—and, above all, male.

The fairyland that Lacey talked about was an invented reality, of course, and it had all the trappings of a self-conscious invention. It was mostly an erector set meant to uphold an object called “Latin American gay literature” as this was apparently thought up in San Francisco in the 1970s by a group of non-Latin American gay white men, some of whom are still very active in the promotion and dissemination of the “sinister” fruits of that fairyland. The gay literature was there, but the links and the continental scope were provided by Lane, Lacey, and Leyland—the third of the trio also furnishing the marketing tools for its dissemination. These men were intellectuals bent on creating—to borrow Benedict Anderson’s term—an “imagined community,” spreading the gospel of gay liberation from San Francisco to the far reaches of the globe. The enterprise was managed by scholars, entrepreneurs, poets, historians, and translators who were keen on their sense of mission; they were serious enough about their pursuits to devote part of their lives’ work to bringing out sexuality from what they perceived was its hidden closet. They were travelers and self-questing philosophers, and they created fields of knowledge heretofore unseen: queer Buddhism, Mayan post-hippie queerness projected back to pre-Columbian times, meditative set pieces that meshed quantum physics with Indian religion, Tikal with Lao-Tse, the Grateful Dead with the Aztec poet-warrior Nezahualcoyotl. That they worked out of sheer pleasure born out of their sense of mission is not to be doubted; that the fruits of their labor sometimes verged on the objectionable is part of what lures us to explore how sinister their sense of beauty really is.

It is clear that Winston Leyland was the one who first defined a body of texts that Erskine Lane and E. A. Lacey then translated. But all three participated in the act of naming a subject of inquiry and establishing its borders, and they formed their canon from a position of cultural and geographical exile. They were border intellectuals, and there is no doubt that their mission was pedagogical and also liberationist in the widest sense. Moreover, their interest in Latin America is not merely an isolated example of an imperialist gesture but part of a territory of knowledge that needs to be seen in relation to their interest in other, related fields: the historical sources for Western homosexuality, their “discovery” of Arab culture and of Eastern religion—Buddhism in particular. They were engaged in a missionary work that spiked an internationalist agenda with spirituality, sexuality, and Third World liberationist politics.

From the outset, the way in which all these categories collide with each other yields interesting paradoxes. For Winston Leyland, for example, Buddhism allows the oppositions between body and mind to be part

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of a wider dialectic. While Buddhism does not underscore fixed notions of identity but emphasizes change—impermanence and becoming—Leyland believes in homosexuality as a fixed identity category—not exactly the stuff of mutability. If, in the now-classical paradigm of sexual identity and sexual choice, the latter does not necessarily entail a subjectivity of oneself as gay, Leyland nevertheless believed that sexual choice (the fact of sleeping with men or boys) immediately obtained a notion of sexual identity (gay) based on a subjective definition that was ill suited to his own Buddhist foundation.

These categories and contradictions were transported from their San Franciscan roots and applied to exotic others. They were transported because they became part of a project that entailed some sort of "enlightenment" in its rendering of absolute transparency as a prerequisite for identity. Like all enlightenment projects, Leyland's working out of "gay literature" as a category limns issues of imperial sex, capitalism, politics, and imperial dissemination. The "minoritizing logic" by means of which this category was formulated was, to some extent, a form of domination propped up, ostensibly, in order to end domination as such.<sup>2</sup> In this way, the object (gay literature) is consumed by a process of alienation that personalizes the subjects only up to a certain point: the proper names are all there in the roster of writers anthologized, but at the same time they are rendered as anonymous, abstracted, one-night stands by the paraphernalia that inserts the anthology within consumer culture. The rhetoric of change ends up being part of the spiritual underpinning that paradoxically serves to fix up meaning and stabilize it within a language of identity.

The story of this group of men (and let us here gender this very specifically, since they saw their mission in gender-specific terms) and the stories and the effects of their actions within the Latin American milieu have not been examined carefully up to now. And it is important to examine it precisely because of the genealogical line that it has spawned: a belief in the "universality" of the gay experience, spilling off into a process by means of which identity categories create new pan-national subjects (gay male writers), deracinated from their context and always in a position of literary and political subservience to their First World "brethren." Many of the later internationalist gestures of the U.S. gay and lesbian movement, with all of their paradoxes, may already be seen in the consumer objects produced by Gay Sunshine Press—anthologies and selections appealing to a literate class of San Franciscan gay men who sought to reproduce the rhetoric of hippie freedom onto a grid that reconfigures subjects from different milieus.

The ground zero for this tale was the gay mecca of San Francisco in the mid-1970s—the dawn of what Leyland himself termed a "Gay Cul-

tural Renaissance as a worldwide phenomenon." As one of the first venues intended to usher in that renaissance, Gay Sunshine Press was founded in the early 1970s by Winston Leyland. The press's ideals engaged in a late-twentieth-century version of Edward Carpenter's notion of camaraderie: the world community and brotherhood of men loving men. The press was an offshoot of the contemporary *Gay Sunshine Journal*, which was also published and edited by Leyland in Berkeley before its move to San Francisco.

*Gay Sunshine Journal* was a sophisticated magazine for its time—it included gay male poetry and interviews; it also published essays, often derived from travel or study abroad. True to its liberationist foundations, the journal sought to overcome the mind-body dichotomy, and it did so also by making explicit the sexual content of much closeted contemporary writing. At the same time, it was a celebration of what we may call "sex tourism," in which the Latin boys are the dark objects of desire, as we will see below. They published a groundbreaking piece—Alfredo Villanueva Collado's early survey of gay male Latin American writing—but they also published Allan Young's essay on being gay in Brazil (which includes advice about when to pay the partner), and E. A. Lacey's fascinating piece on how to pick up boys in Latin America, published in 1979.

*Gay Sunshine* was an explicitly male-oriented journal. Lesbian literature was left to Naiad Press and other small venues, since Leyland was as firm a believer in separatism as were the lesbian separatists of the period.<sup>3</sup> In 1984, he launched Leyland Publications, which as an imprint publishes mostly erotic materials but also volumes of popular culture, such as *My Dear Boy: Gay Love Letters through the Centuries*. Leyland's contribution to gay internationalism are the two anthologies he published of Latin American writers, one in 1979 and one in 1983. These were actually the opening salvos for a lengthy career in publishing gay-related materials from around the world—an endeavor that has been more recently supplemented by other literary anthologies in the internationalist vein, such as *Partings at Dawn: An Anthology of Japanese Gay Literature* (1996) and *Out of the Blue* (1997), a collection of Russian gay literature.<sup>4</sup>

In these internationalist ventures, Leyland appeals to two kinds of white gay readers: the ones who visit exotic locales and may want to know more about the culture, and the ones who want to imagine what it would be like to go, if they chose to. They are publications for certain kinds of affluent gay men with enough disposable income and a sense of cultural curiosity, men prone to rent pornography filmed in exotic locales (Kristen Bjorn or the Bel Ami series) as travel aides. The consumer base had to be in place for the marketing venture to succeed with the appropriate titillation. For Leyland, it is not necessarily the titillation of the hand job but of

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a different register, where distance is played off with the patina culture, though the bodies always seem unspoiled. These were some of the first ventures into the territories of the unknown, with Latin America as the primal stage for a modern experiment in sexual liberation—the beautiful and sinister fairyland where jungle fever beckons the marketing machine.

### Opening the Gay Veins of Latin America

Winston Leyland, Erskine Lane, and E. A. Lacey were the triad mostly responsible for the Latin American anthologies, and their story needs to be pieced together from different sources: review articles, interviews, essays, and information gathered here and there from the introductions to the anthologies themselves. The picture that emerges is one where liberationist politics is never too distant from racism, and where the paradise of culture is revealed for the hungry sex it truly contains.

First and foremost, there is Winston Leyland—a fixture in the San Francisco beat scene and friend of Allen Ginsberg and Peter Orlovsky. According to an essay by Charles Kirtley found on Leyland's Web site<sup>5</sup> (and probably commissioned by him) entitled "Let the Sunshine In: The Pioneering Role of Winston Leyland in Gay Publishing," Leyland was the publisher and editor of *Gay Sunshine Journal* but moved on to become, in the mid-1970s, the founder of Gay Sunshine Press as a nonprofit corporation. Of this corporation Leyland served as editor in chief, receiving grants from many sources—including the National Endowment for the Arts—until these dried up during the Reagan years. According to Kirtley's essay, Leyland's most important contribution to gay literature was the publication of the two anthologies of Latin American gay male literature, *Now the Volcano* (1979) and *My Deep Dark Pain Is Love* (1983). These are described by Kirtley in the following terms: they portray "the cultural uniqueness as well as the universal experience of being gay." Sexuality and culture, however, are both subsumed under the logic of the market—for Kirtley also explains that "legendary hot Latin blood runs deep in the gay veins of writers from Argentina, Mexico, Cuba and Brazil, making these anthologies brim with passion."

Leyland was the entrepreneur; his work would not have been possible without E. A. Lacey, author of the essay quoted at the beginning, and Erskine Lane, for these were Leyland's informers and translators for all things Latin American.<sup>6</sup> Lacey also served as a mediator for Gay Sunshine's ventures into other Third World contexts—principally as translator of Ahmad Al-Tifashi's *The Delight of Hearts, or What You Will Not*

His concern with  
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*Find in Any Book* (1988). Because this was his last work for the press, it is a good point of departure from which to examine the webs of sexuality, culture, and commerce as Lacey (and Leyland) surely understood them.

The marketing process begins in the text selected for translation itself. For Lacey's work was not solely a translation from a French translation; it was also packaged as a product to be consumed by Western gay readers. Out of the twelve chapters in Arabic and French, Lacey translated five—those that mainly dealt with homosexuality as a theme. This exclusive interest in sexuality—without taking into account the ways in which sexuality was embedded into other themes in the original—was part of a marketing operation echoed in the volumes on Latin American gay literature. Marketing some of these books as “gay” books (and it is important to insist on the “marketing” aspect of this venture) entailed isolating a part from a whole—balkanizing all sorts of internal links—in order to then create a new category for the work, one that conforms to questions of sexual identity as these are understood in Europe and in the United States. In fact, the mercantile concern, in the case of Al-Tifashi's book, turned a wide-ranging meditation on love and sexuality into a queer treatise concerning gay male sexuality. Cultural ideologies were projected onto the text, as can be seen in the English translator's introduction to Al-Tifashi's book, where questions of “otherness” are pushed aside in favor of a universal gayness whose main locus was San Francisco. Arab/Muslim society seems at times, says Lacey,

to suffer from a curious religious/sexual dualism, or schizophrenia. . . . homosexuality seems to have been as widely practiced and accepted under the Omayyads and Abbassids (and in Al-Tifashi's own time) as it is in most Muslim societies today. . . . The age of the loved ephēbe does not appear to have bothered the citizens of this period. . . . preoccupations with the horrors of boy-love seems to be a strictly modern malaise, originating no doubt in Romantic notions about the innocence of childhood. (23–24)

This passage tells more about the translator's state of mind than the society of which he speaks. His concern with normalizing homosexuality according to parameters that he understands as universal prompts him to psychoanalyze a society and name its disease (schizophrenia). He implicitly registers all sexual exchange between willing partners as an unequal one, and with a sort of sinister fascination cathexes all these encounters into the man-boy love paradigm, which in turn yields a celebration of primitive and even premodern sexuality—a sexuality cured of the personal malaise that the translator in turn diagnoses for his own society as a whole.<sup>7</sup> This ideological framework is not solely reserved for civilizations

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This worldview was already in place much earlier, in Lacey's vision of Latin America. Lacey's poems relating to South American themes (included in Leyland's two *Gay Roots* anthologies) celebrate man-boy love in Third World settings—settings seen with the added nostalgia produced by a temporal and spatial dislocation that makes them alluring in the first place. There is an overabundance of palm trees, Indian ruins, and warm nights made warmer by bodies that lie naked under the stars, exhibiting their hunger for sex in the very visible cocks that move about unconcerned by the restraints of civilization. This is Lacey in one of his more intimate moments:

Mexican boys, met on the road,  
in jails, cantinas, briefly had  
and disremembered, dusty faces,  
small cocks, tight balls, great eagernesses;  
Argentines, Uruguayans, complex  
city boys needing simple sex. (247)

The other is always a "boy"—an individual insofar as he is part of a national construct. That he is Mexican, Argentine, or Uruguayan seems to mark the other in a level of mediated complexity. In the taxonomical grid constructed here, these boys are events, not subjects. They are part of a continuum only and insofar as they have slept with the white man, who is both poet and observer. They are objects of fascination, their "transparency" always mediated by a presumed complexity (underscored by their "dusty faces"), which equalizes itself by "simple sex."

Lacey's life is actually rich in detail, and his biography gives an idea of the intellectual context in which he moved. He traveled around Mexico in the 1960s, and later went to Greece, Turkey, Morocco, India, Tunisia, and Thailand. In England, Lacey was Brazilian president Juscelino Kubitschek's English teacher during the latter's exile after the Brazilian military coup of 1964. In Thailand, Lacey suffered a serious car accident in the early 1990s, forcing his return to Canada, where he died of a heart attack in 1995 or 1996.

Less of a globe-trotter, Erskine Lane, Leyland's other translator and resident expert on things Latin American, did graduate work in medieval Romance languages before moving to Guatemala around 1973. Perhaps the more accomplished of the two translators, he regularly contributed material for *Gay Sunshine*—translations and what later became a volume titled *In Praise of Boys* and his book *Game Texts: A Guatemalan Journal*,

published in 1978. Lane translated material for Leyland's two anthologies of Latin American gay works, although it seems that their collaboration ended at some point in the 1980s. Currently, Leyland believes that Lane is still in Guatemala and is generally unwilling to talk about him.<sup>8</sup>

The same ideological framework that permeates the Gay Sunshine publishing ventures in Latin America can be found in Lane's work. In Lane's *Game Texts*, the boys (never men, certainly never children—though children are also to be found, swimming naked or in their wet underwear next to the riverbanks where ferries come and go) are seen against the backdrop of ancient Maya stelae, living in an absolute present unconsciousness, ready for the white gay man to fill in the dots that give meaning to their existence. These dots are what Lane would surely refer to as splendid "butterflies" of cultural resonance, achieving by means of their serendipitous effect an imaginary, timeless present where culture and sex engage each other. Lane's work belongs to a time and space that produced the curious marriage between Japanese poetry and Mayan stelae—it is part of the context that also produced the 1960s work of Octavio Paz, a cosmopolitan avant-garde tradition that included Tablada and Charles Olson, John Cage and Claude Lévi-Strauss, Paz himself and Carlos Fuentes.

More than Lacey's poems, *Game Texts* aims for that combination where the avant-garde meets gay literature, where sexuality does and does not matter, where it is something, or nothing at all. The clearest point of comparison is with Charles Olson's *Mayan Letters*, but it also can be related to the work of Ferlinghetti and his circle, if not to Octavio Paz's *El mono gramático* [The monkey grammarian] (1970), also a poetic account of a journey with neither beginning nor end. An account of Lane's time in Guatemala, the text is a collection of broken fragments that achieve their coherence by virtue of the speaker's voice and persona. The narrator himself is an exile from the world of progress and time, and he writes trying to establish continuity between one world and another: "I have to step back and look long and deeply to find the continuity, to see it flowing unbroken within the play and counterplay of what appears to be random change" (79).

This stepping back and zooming in is the *modus operandi* of the text as a whole. *Game Texts* is more than a diary of the author's sojourn in Guatemala. Sure enough, there are endless encounters with boys, observations on native habits and customs, as well as fragments of essays left uncompleted. There are no dates to guide the reader on a temporal journey, and the reason for this lack of temporal direction is not hard to fathom within the text itself: Lane seeks to account for a timeless present—his aim is to give the sensation of space, not of time.<sup>9</sup> Space is a philosophical

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subject, something more than simply the geographical space of Guatemala. This is why Lane purposely does not include a map—for he does not want to create the illusion of a journey that goes from a point of departure to a point of arrival. There are geographical referents, but a journey cannot be really made out from them, unlike one of the texts that serve as Lane's primary points of reference: John Lloyd Stephens and Frederick Catherwood's *Incidents of Travel in Yucatan*. Lane does not aim to reproduce the European man's nineteenth-century journey through a territory mapped out as it is discovered. Not unlike Paz in *El mono gramático*, he wants to create a community of texts of different times as these appear and reappear within one space. These texts—Matsuo Basho, Lewis Carroll, John Cage, and scattered references to Juan Ramón Jiménez and Fray Luis de Granada—are part of a palimpsest where past and present meet in productive tension, never erasing but never bleeding into each other.

Though there are no maps, Lane does include two photographs. The first was taken by Gertrude Blom (no other permissions information is found within the volume) and it is a picture of (presumably) a Guatemalan youth in profile, taken in black and white.<sup>10</sup> The youth himself is not meant to recall an event—he does not appear in the book as a concrete entity or even as a specific sexual object. He does not face the camera but stares far off into space. His clothes give no indication of the time (decade, century) in which he lives, while the concerned look on his face seems to speak about something disturbing, something left unfinished. This first picture furthers the illusion of an atemporal present created in the text; the second establishes its own temporality forcefully, for it is a picture of Erskine Lane himself, on the last page of the book. Whereas the former was undated, this picture is dated "Guatemala, 1977" and is credited to Winston Leyland. Lane is seated on an outdoor stoop, looking at the camera. If the picture of the Guatemalan youth is meant to stand for a timeless present, the author's picture belongs to a surface present that can be dated: not only by the credit caption but also by the way Lane is dressed (Western—more precisely U.S.—fashion).

These two pictures illustrate one of the ideological—and also aesthetic—tensions within Lane's *Game Texts*—a tension that will reappear in different forms in the anthologies of gay Latin American writing. The pictures tease out the tensions of the text, for they concern the encounter between a civilized world where time and space are registered with precision and a supposedly primitive space of timelessness. The writer represents here the intrusion of time in opposition to the more open, unfinished, and undated register of the Indian youth. Reading the book, it is clear we are meant to read the author's contemporaneity as the mark of

exile, while his exile is framed by the erotic brotherhood found within the text. That Eros is meant to provide the much-needed dissolution to the anguish of the civilized man is underscored throughout *Game Texts*. In one of the fragments, Lane states: "Identities break up. Dividing lines grow uncertain, blurred. What appears to be dissolution is merely the assertion of a grander and more enduring form" (125). This fragment is immediately followed by another: "Sex is essentially the desire to be another body. To experience another body as if it were one's own. A co-esthetic merging in which the split is momentarily annulled" (125). The desire to annul the split provides the degrees of erotic tension within the book. This erotic tension also concerns the need to forget: "I want to learn to forget, at will, my name, age, lineage, race, nationality, gender. No more slogans on my sweatshirt" (82). This forgetting includes the desire to obliterate labels: "If we attempt to label ourselves with any one word it hangs like a cheap gaudy bauble or a tinsel chain about our necks" (82).

What fascinates Lane about the Latin American space is the possibility of forgetting. This is, of course, part of the erotic seduction of the geographical locale—what turns Latin America into a state of mind for the Western traveler, who needs to apprehend the seduction of homosexuality in order to live within other, blurred boundaries where sexuality is not an issue. Lane meets boys who would not classify themselves as gay under any circumstance, and this absence of labels he finds fascinating, tender, and ultimately cute. Not unlike Lacey, he registers each of these boys as part of a continuum of longing, in turn classified in different ways: "I have gazed at a thousand different Armandos, standing in doorways, sitting on town squares, walking by roadsides or waiting with shirts unbuttoned or shirtless on bridges. . . . A thousand instances of wanting, longing" (83).

Similarly, Latin America was embedded within a larger historical and philosophical project that needs to be registered in order to understand the marketing venture of otherness in its totality. For it was not simply a question of Latin America, but of otherness as such. Leyland, Lane, and Lacey shared with other beats, such as Ginsberg, Orlovsky, and others—as well as with Mexican poets such as Octavio Paz—a fascination with Eastern mysticism that was also part of the liberationist context of the 1960s and that accounted, in part, for what they searched for and found in Latin America. The embrace between North and South was part of a grid that also sought an embrace between East and West, gay and straight, Buddhism and homosexuality. This veered at times toward an aesthetic that sought to create linkages and points of contact—though these points of contact privileged the Western observer. This can be seen inscribed even in Leyland's recent anthology, titled *Queer Dharma: Voices of Gay Buddhists* (1998), for he speaks of undertaking the project "shortly after

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the death of my Guatemalan lover Manuel, in December 1993 at the age of forty (our relationship lasted seventeen years).” The ancient pre-Columbian civilizations are never too far removed from the ancient knowledge of the East. They are both images for each other, as can be seen on the back cover of *Queer Dharma*, with its picture of two men—one white, the other a man of light color who looks vaguely Asian or Latin American. The two men are embracing ecstatically, with rays of light and a red lotus blossom emerging from the point at which their lotus positions connect. They are in turn seated on a much larger red lotus flower, which floats on the sea. The explanatory text clarifies that this shows a gay version of the traditional Tibetan *yab yum*: the union of bliss and emptiness. Absolute wisdom is symbolized in a position of sexual union. But in this union, only the white man is facing out. The Latin American (or Asian) face looks to the side, while the lotus tattoo on his right buttock faces the viewer.

Part of Leyland’s fascination with Eastern mysticism entails a critique of modernity, where progress breeds destruction. But in his project, liberation collides with taxonomization, and freedom with bondage. Subjectivity is always the province of the white man, who objectifies his own melancholias on the landscapes of desire that he observes, while observing himself in turn. It is important to clarify that, unlike Lane, Leyland has never written essays on Latin American boys or on the unequal exchanges of power between North and South. But it is impossible to discount this framework when we establish the origins as well as the motivation for the two anthologies that canonized gay Latin American literature for North American consumption. These issues bisect all aspects of the commercial enterprise that Winston Leyland founded. If, on the one hand, a certain kind of visibility is gained by these ventures, a different view is obtained when we open up the project toward full transparency. For these projects limn the underside of a liberationist moment in U.S. history by projecting a fantasy of liberation on an other who is always already held in thrall by an unequal exchange.

### The Fairyland Canon

The two Latin American anthologies are actually two parts in a single series, called by different names—*Now the Volcano* and *My Deep Dark Pain Is Love*. The result of travel ventures that mixed business and pleasure and compiled by engaging a circuit of correspondents who came together for a brief instant of time and with a specific agenda, they were marketing operations that attempted to pass themselves off as social missionary work; they were the products of an educated elite that could only market

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Latin America as the land of “heat” and “passion.” Important projects that are also marked by ambivalence, they are imperial constructions that also reveal the blindness of their creators. As anthologies, they are constructions of desire—they speak for a community that wanted to see itself at least framed within a single volume, but they also speak for their creators’ desire to join disparate phenomena in one volume. They show the tensions inherent in the “beautiful” and “sinister” continent they cover, while they are also part of a capitalist venture that sought to couch itself in the language of culture. They give us an insight into the webs created by North and South, as these were projected onto a fantasy that also engages East and West. And finally, they reveal how, even with the best of intentions, unequal exchanges rule when the access to capital does not aim to transform the very inequality that sustains it.

Leyland underscores in his introduction to *Now the Volcano* his visit to Brazil in 1977, which resulted in widespread coverage of gay liberationist ideas in mainstream publications like *Isto É* and *Veja*, and in not-so-mainstream publications like *Pasquim*: “I was able to speak on gay liberation, on its connections with feminism, and on gay literature” (7). According to Leyland, it was this visit that brought together some of the Brazilian intellectuals, who welcomed him and wanted to exchange information. Leyland then mentions that “one positive result was the formation of a group which has started the first gay, cultural Brazilian journal, *Lampião*, in Rio de Janeiro” (7–8). Leyland’s account implies the possibility that he was the catalyst for the formation of the group and the catalyst for gay liberationist politics. It seems that his interviews in the mainstream publications were all because he was projecting an anthology, which puts him (perhaps unwittingly, perhaps not) in the position of the foreigner who comes to reveal to Brazilians the wealth of their culture.

The 1977 visit to Brazil was one of some fifteen trips that Leyland made to that South American country. In that first visit, which Leyland calls a trip with an “open agenda, no plans,” he hears about Gasparino Damata’s anthology *Histórias do Amor Maldito* (1967; Leyland gives this date as 1970) and then Damata’s later *Poemas do Amor Maldito*. Damata’s anthology predates Leyland’s by ten years, and most of the Brazilian materials in Leyland’s anthology are taken from it. As Leyland himself implies in *Now the Volcano*, it is clear that there was already a publishing circuit for gay male fiction in Brazil, though Leyland’s awareness of this circuit is always joined to his sense of cultural protagonism.<sup>11</sup> Leyland’s role in the dissemination of Latin American gay writing is clear, although his role within it has to be seen—in spite of his statements to the contrary—as one of promoter, not as founder. In 1977, Leyland returned to San Francisco with a photocopy of the Damata anthology and other mate-

rials given to him by a variety of writers. In Mexico, for example, Leyland met Carlos Monsiváis, who introduced him to Luis Zapata's works and gave him excerpts from Salvador Novo's then-unpublished memoirs. Leyland then collaborated with Erskine Lane, who had been living in Guatemala since about 1973, on the first anthology, *Now the Volcano*, published in 1979.

As a title, *Now the Volcano* was fully suggestive not only of gushing erotic releases, but also of the work of Malcolm Lowry, another forlorn tourist in Mexico, who is explicitly named as "bisexual."<sup>12</sup> Leyland states in the introduction that the anthology "reflects my belief that the Gay Cultural Renaissance is a worldwide phenomenon" (6), by which he means that homosexuality should come out of the closet and be indexed as such throughout the world. The anthology emphasizes Brazil and Mexico, the two countries that Leyland and Lane were best acquainted with at that point. Authors appear as representatives of their countries. In the table of contents, these countries are Mexico, Brazil, and Colombia. There are excerpts from Salvador Novo's *Memoirs*, Adolfo Caminha's *Bom Crioulo*, and a short selection of the poems of Luis Cernuda (classified under "Mexico" though he was really an expatriate Spaniard). There is also a short selection of Colombian poets, including both precursors (Porfirio Barba Jacob) and more recent voices (Jaime Manrique).<sup>13</sup>

The title of the more ambitious second anthology, *My Deep Dark Pain Is Love*, is a bad translation of a line from Luis Zapata, "de amor es mi negra pena." This 1983 volume focuses wholly on Latin America (there are no Spaniards), and again emphasizes Brazil, though with increased presence of texts from other countries, including two authors from Cuba (Reinaldo Arenas and Vicente Echerri), one Mexican (Luis Zapata), one Chilean (Jorge Marchant Lozano), and one Argentine: a sample of Tulio Carella's *Orgia* (1968), Carella's tale of his belated discovery of the black Brazilian male body.<sup>14</sup>

The translator for *My Deep Dark Pain Is Love* was the expatriate Canadian poet E. A. Lacey, who by then had translated for Gay Sunshine Press both Adolfo Caminha's *Bom Crioulo* and Luis Zapata's *El vampiro de la Colonia Roma* (translated as *Adonis Garcia*). In an editor's foreword, Leyland extols Lacey's "deep understanding of homosexual subcultures in the various Latin American countries" and characterizes the translation as a "labor of love" (6). Lacey himself, in his translator's introduction, refers to "two types of gays" in the texts, the "gay macho" and the "queen," the active and the passive, which he describes in terms that are taken uncritically from Octavio Paz's *El laberinto de la soledad*, cited by Lacey (9-10). In addition, he introduces the reader to the Latin American world by commenting on the content of the pieces he has selected: "No reader can

fail to be impressed—perhaps unpleasantly—by the relentless materialism, the overwhelming, endlessly reiterated, insistent emphasis on money, on the marketplace, sexual or other, on buying and selling—of bodies, sex, even affection—that characterizes some of these stories” (9). This allows him to conclude his introduction with a revealing statement on homosexuality:

Finally, I should like to state that both the editor's aim and mine, in the selections made and translated, has been not merely to assemble a collection of gay short stories written by Latin Americans but also to present as complete a picture as possible, both of gay life in Latin America, and of Latin American life as a whole. We have sought to combat certain beliefs and attitudes, prevalent in Latin America, as elsewhere, concerning gay people and their activities, by avoiding insofar as possible stereotyped “gay ghetto” situations and stories dealing exclusively with people in certainly “typically gay” professions. We have tried instead to present Latin American gays as a persecuted and misunderstood but integral part of a lively, infinitely variegated, fascinating social reality—as office-workers, sergeants, soldiers, marines, businessmen, cattle-ranchers, soccer players, circus performers—discriminated against, yes, but working, laughing, crying, suffering, hoping, functioning members of a society, of a macrocosm, rather than some exotically Proustian “Oriental secret society” for which special pleading is necessary. (13)

Within the explanatory context where these words may be found (an introduction not so much to the works as to the social context of Latin American homosexuality), Lacey's statement distances him from any accusation of cultural stereotype. He wants to be as inclusive as possible in his choices, though his words are mostly concerned with distancing the Latin American gay male from the fey queen, who prances about or dresses in drag. It is important for Lacey that Latino gay males be understood fundamentally as men—hence the parade of “butch” professions. In a sense, what Lacey wants to offer is a “gay like us” doctrine, while at the same time insisting on the “normality” side of the equation—gays are like everybody else. If, on the one hand, Lacey is shocked by the relentless materialist focus that appears in the texts, on the other hand he wants to deploy a notion of masculinity that isolates a stereotype that is solely indexed in terms of the “feminine” man.

It is unclear, however, to whom these words are really addressed, whether they are meant to reveal Latin America for the connoisseur, for the curious gay reader, or for the heterosexual voyeur. For all attempts at seriousness are belied by the book cover and by the illustrations that accompany Lacey's selections. The cover from the outset proclaims its

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faith in sexual “liberation” by deploying a gender-specific mark. It is an unabashed painting of an erect penis that covers at least half of the surface of the slightly oversized eleven-and-a-half-inch volume. The cover seems to identify the reading public that the volume wants to appeal to: readers who seek to find some kind of erotic release within the pages of the anthology. Whereas the introduction seems to be aimed at a “general” reader who seeks some kind of cross-cultural understanding, the cover aims for a more specific kind of audience. There seems to be some kind of hidden tension in this venture, as if the contents and the ostensible purpose of the written part of the book said one thing, whereas the visual materials produced for marketing said another.

It is impossible not to see the tension between the volume’s erotic promises and the seriousness of content included within the books, even if both open with very racy accounts (Novo and Ginarte) that cover up the more serious work found within them. Leyland has assembled a quite impressive list of contributors in both volumes: Xavier Villaurrutia, Adolfo Caminha, Salvador Novo, Caio Fernando Abreu, Darcy Penteadó, Luis Zapata.<sup>15</sup> It is clear that, as far as erotic titillation goes, these are not the kinds of selections that would send readers off into the night looking for satisfaction. The gayness of the collection promises erotic bliss, and the illustrations dispersed throughout the volumes sometimes resemble those found in the erotic volumes published in Leyland’s stroke imprint of erotica. But this marketing is at odds with the more serious intent of creating a kind of intellectual community where North and South become common interlocutors, and where the identity named as gay overrides the subject matter that is anthologized.

This fascination with otherness is more clearly seen in the illustrations Leyland included, where the art serves mainly as a masturbatory aid for the reader. For example, in *Now the Volcano*, there is an art piece by Miguel Angel Rojas called “Boca” (1974). It is a drawing of what we would now call a leather queen kneeling—seen from behind, the crack of his black T-shirt seen between his black leather pants and jacket, in the center of the painting—and what we make out is that he is giving a blow job to a pair of jeans under which we surmise the presence of an erect penis. This image serves as introduction to (perhaps illustration of?) one of the most famous poems in Latin American literature, Xavier Villaurrutia’s “Nocturno de los ángeles.”<sup>16</sup> Villaurrutia’s poem is implicitly a poem about trade, but it is also a poem about desire. What the illustration does is fix a reading of the poem that makes explicit the apparent sexual content of the text. What is openly suggested in the Spanish original is explicitly stated in the illustration to the English excerpt. But here we must clarify that this operation is not the equivalent of bringing Villaurrutia out of the closet—

the poem in Spanish makes its code very visible for all to see. What the illustration does is fix the scene of the encounter as a hymn to trade, and in the process it loses all the other metaphysical connotations that Villaurrutia used precisely in order to code the text. Moreover, the Rojas sketch or etching is sandwiched between Cernuda and Villaurrutia—two writers who would have surely cringed at this reading of their work.

Leyland seems to have aimed at reaching the high end of the market—thinking, perhaps correctly, that his gay male readers were a cultural community that kept up with recent developments in the arts. In the introduction to *Now the Volcano*, Leyland alludes to the boom in Latin American writing during the 1960s and 1970s by mentioning that Paz, Neruda, Borges, Vargas Llosa, and Jorge Amado had been translated into English (6) and stating his desire to do the same for writers who dealt openly with gay themes. Leyland's project could be seen as an attempt to create a gay boom not unlike its counterpart—also broadly created outside the geographical Latin American space—and including widely disparate authors, brought together strictly for the purposes of a commercial venture and apprehended as a geographical and totalizing gesture. But whereas the promoters of the Latin American boom in Europe and the United States were selling exotic revolutions with bearded revolutionaries and high vanguardist narrative techniques, for Leyland the commercial venture entailed titillating the reader with the promise of unabashed sexuality. It is merely another take on the same "sexiness" that was felt about Latin America during the 1960s, here mostly concerned with the land of masculine men who love other men.

It is unclear to us how the selections were made in the first place, but it is clear that in collecting the authors included, Leyland must have spoken to quite a number of different writers in different parts of Latin America. This is of particular importance, considering the fact that private information as to authors' sexuality is hard to come by unless there is direct acquaintance with the particular literary scenes. In essence, these two volumes speak of a common desire: of Latin Americans to bring their work out in the open and create the basis for the constructions of their own canon, and of Leyland to cash in on that production and offer the North American public a titillating gaze into the Latin American world.

*Now the Volcano* and *My Deep Dark Pain Is Love* are the first North American anthologies that bring together Latin American gay writing. Their aim is not merely literary but also identitarian in a broad fashion, and they seek to cash in on the literate explosion of interest in Latin American literature in Europe and the United States. But it is important to see these anthologies in context, for they fall within a fascination with the

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**Conclusion: International Male Catalog**

There has been resistance to the notion of a gay canon from many quarters of the Spanish-speaking world—a resistance that comes not only from critics but also from writers themselves, who refuse to participate in what they perceive as a marketing operation that isolates them from their national or even linguistic traditions. The supposed “universality” of the term “gay” in this sense collides with canon-formation as a work of desire that seeks to find continuity. In terms of the canon that Leyland sought to create, it is still at this point unclear what sort of relationship there is between the writers who appear in these volumes, other than the fact that they have spoken about homosexuality or that they chose to have sex with people of the same gender. How much real contact is there between the writers that appear in the pages of *Now the Volcano* or *My Deep Dark Pain Is Love*? Do they perceive themselves as belonging to the same tradition, or is this the fantasy of a tradition as an object of desire from the anthologizers themselves?

For any reader of Latin American literature, it is hard to think of, for example, Reinaldo Arenas and Néstor Perlongher in the same continuum. Not only did they engage mostly in different genres—the novel and short story for the former, poetry and essay for the latter—but their writing styles, their aesthetics, their politics, and even their themes are different. The former wrote narrative mainly from a position of resistance to the dominant forms of power he encountered (the Cuban Revolution), while the latter was engaged in militant work that sought to engage revolutionary politics with a poetry that resisted the market by means of its difficulty. They were both homosexual, both dying later of AIDS, but the forms in which they assumed their homosexuality were different. In fact, in his posthumous autobiography, Reinaldo Arenas decried homosexual militancy, since it created borders between gays and straights where he sought some kind of erotic fluidity. Perlongher, on the other hand, became much more militant as a homosexual, writing treatises on male prostitution in São Paulo and a book on AIDS. The question of erotic preference does not a literary tradition make, in this case—that is, if we see literary tradition or influence as a question of textual echo chambers or as a network of questions and responses. Even while alive, Arenas and Perlongher had little to say to each other.

The same could be said of Luis Zapata and Darcy Penteadó, or even of Xavier Villaurrutia and João Silvério Trevisan. Do these writers see themselves as belonging to the same tradition? And the answer, in most cases, has to be no. As far as we can tell, Allen Ginsberg never mentored Reinaldo Arenas, nor did Lawrence Ferlinghetti ever comment on Néstor Perlongher's sinuous neobaroque projects. The anthologies create the illusion that these writers speak to each other—but the fact is that they can only speak to each other in the spaces enabled by means of these volumes. Male homosexual circuits of mentoring have to be examined carefully before one creates the dystopic vision of a community within the same temporal space or even among members of different generations. Stephen Spender refuted David Leavitt's outing of his persona and argued forcefully that he had nothing to say to a "gay" writer like Leavitt.<sup>17</sup> Luis Cernuda was in contact with Cuban "gay" writers like José Lezama Lima and José Rodríguez Feo, but their poetry and their aesthetics bear little relation to the other. Moreover, it is doubtful that any of these writers would have consented to be included in an anthology of "gay male" Latin American writers. Sexuality for them, and for many contemporary Latin American writers, was a question of code, figuration—an ancillary point embedded in the work, but never to be seen in isolation from the work itself.<sup>18</sup>

In essence, what many of these writers argued for was a different way of placing emphasis on homosexuality. Homosexuality was seen as one more part of a whole, not as something that marked the work itself. There are few anthologies in Latin America in which the authors have consented to appear as members of a "gay" circuit, and the enormous resistance to this taxonomy is something that needs to be remarked over and over again. It is not necessarily a question of the "closet" but a resistance to the marketing of identity and the aesthetic "flattening" effect it produces. The continuum of homosexual authors was a critical fiction at the time Leyland published his anthologies—this does not automatically make the project suspect, but it does mean that one should approach it for the fiction that it is.<sup>19</sup> Leyland, Lacey, and Lane were, in this context, enablers, and the extent of their enabling operation has to be considered carefully in each case. Of the two translators, one disappears in the Guatemalan forest, while the other spends the rest of his life in transit—like Leyland, Lacey's cultural bearings are pointing eastward.

All of the referents that Leyland created in terms of the cultural circuits he studies are distinctly male. Among these, we should name the internationalist embrace of difference and similarity, the conjunction of the sameness of homosexuality with the difference of culture. A project of same-sex love such as this one would have never included gender differ-

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ence as a component, for this would have surely complicated the picture—not only in terms of the books' contents but also in terms of their marketing. This has had the unfortunate consequence of spawning something that is still with us, a strict gender differentiation in terms of anthologies created in order to expose "other" cultures. More recent anthologies of gay Latin American or Latino works are still bound by the same paradigm, where gender difference rules. Part of the problem concerns the very notion of "internationalism" as this is already deployed in Leyland's work. For internationalism as it is used here is a male-centered category. From the beginning, it was meant to create a bridge that stops precisely at the threshold of gender, and the sole reason for that has to be a marketed one: the allure, would make no sense were there not already explicitly a position of cultural voyeurism and of unequal sexual exchanges involved. The project would not have made sense as a marketing operation without the drawings, and these already speak to what the marketing operation is all about: selling steamy Latin sex to the white gay male reader.

The fact that the legacy of internationalism was gender separation is an unfortunate outcome from the 1970s that needs to be repeatedly stressed. For at no point is the internationalist project allowed to be nuanced, or even changed, by a more progressive project—one that could entertain the give-and-take of difference and similarity in terms of culture and gender. Although lesbians could find a space within the feminist movement, this space was always contested and subject to invisibilities. Lesbians would always have to struggle for their own space within feminism in a way that male homosexuals did not: suffering from a lack of financial support, not reviewed in the mainstream press, their books not necessarily "making it" with the flashy sense of promotion, self-promotion, and scandal that accompanied the Leyland anthologies.<sup>20</sup> Insisting on the male side of the equation meant that Leyland and his collaborators could always claim a privilege of origin that would have had to be nuanced were it to include previous work done by feminists of color or even the later project of Third World feminism. The question of gender conveniently pushed aside, Leyland and his collaborators could always claim for themselves that anything that happened was due to their missionizing—they can then claim some sort of priority with regard to bringing a "gay renaissance" forward. This framework, then, meant that *Lampião* came together when Leyland visited Brazil, or that Zapata became a translator and a figure of some renown by translating Ian Lumsden's book on Mexico. This amounts also to the creation (or the re-creation) of the concept of "Latin America," this time not in the usual continental sense in which Martí used it (with the inflection on "our" America) but as a construct

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Moreover, as a project, this internationalist configuration flirted with sex tourism, pedophilia, random sex, one-night stands, and the pursuit of a specific kind of sensation that was born and bred within a specific male context that could be translated in cultural but not in gender terms. To this extent, it also flirted with an imperial gaze. This is very clear in the translator's introduction to *My Deep Dark Pain Is Love*, written by Lacey, which is full of comments that link sexual freedom with modernity. Speaking of countries in which there is not much gay literature, Lacey writes:

Homosexual activity exists in such countries, of course, as elsewhere, but gay identity has not yet been assumed, the consciousness has not yet been raised to the appropriate level, the identification of the nature of the problem has not yet been made even by those most acutely affected by it. Such countries are in a pre-gay situation, just as most of Latin America, societally, is in a pre-revolutionary one, just as the Brazilian or Colombian Negro, for example, is in a pre-black situation, only dimly aware as yet of the degree to which he is socially and economically discriminated against. (8)

Unpacking all the referents in a quote such as this is an arduous project indeed. The normative vision of sexuality and race are distinctly taken from the U.S. context and then projected onto a Latin America that awaits intervention and, most importantly, education. At the same time, sexuality is linked to economics in a way that is strangely reminiscent of the Marxist line in terms of the revolutionary potential of many Latin American societies. But the ultimate outcome of this question is very clearly missionary, because in fact internationalism, as this was understood by Lacey (or Leyland, for that matter), was a distinctly heteronormative and imperial project. It did not call for any radical change in the way in which one looks at, or is looked at by, the other. And the absence of a "politics of the gaze" is a serious flaw in the project itself.

Leyland and others could claim, then, that the only objects that predated them were the Gasparino Damata anthologies, published in Brazil, but that the continental project in itself, as well as the ties between gay liberation and Latin American gay writing, are their thing. This means that, instead of giving an account of the work that gay writers were doing in their countries of origin, Leyland and his associates use the marketing tools at their disposal for the sake of self-promotion. At no point in the introductions to these anthologies can we find some key dates for a "gay renaissance" taking place in Latin America. For example, the Argentine writer Néstor Perlongher is involved in a group called *Nosotros* in Buenos Aires in 1971, Luiz Mott's work in Brazil starts during the mid-1970s,

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and the Mexican *Frente revolucionario de acción revolucionaria* gets an independent start by about 1975. *Lampião* does publish the excerpt from Novo that we find in Leyland's anthology, and so does the *Frente homosexual de acción revolucionaria* in Mexico (whose name is related to French movements, not to any connection with the San Francisco gay activist space).

We do not merely wish to critique Leyland and his collaborators at a twenty-year remove with the experiences gained by two generations of lesbians and gay men after Stonewall. It is more important to point out how the books themselves carry the illusion that they allow Latin Americans to speak in their own voices, simply because they anthologize gay male writers. The voices are there, as well as the literary feats of imagination that allow Latin American writers to present their own reality in a rich and complex manner. But it is, ultimately, a borrowed space, where the trade-off in terms of voice entails surrendering to the exoticizing gestures that are the typical trade in subaltern politics. There is nothing here that intends to destroy the structural inequalities of sex, and this is the more disturbing outcome of this marketing operation. For it points to a question of mediated access—made more disturbing by the trappings of liberationist politics that consume the books themselves as objects. The liberationist politics themselves may seem to operate at a level where their goals and aims are compromised by the very transparency of their exoticizing gaze. If all the white men are the compilers and the “boys” are there to have sex with, what kind of liberation are we talking about? Rather, it seems, at a twenty-year remove, that this is but the opening salvo of a continual exercise in oppression of the other, here marketed as liberation. Power is not always a question of prohibition, as Foucault cautioned at one point. Power would not be seductive were it not for the possibilities that it also manipulates and for the discourses that it renders possible.

There has been a history of Latin American gay and lesbian writing that does not, at any point, owe anything to Leyland and his missionary gesture. In 1997–98 the first anthology of lesbian short stories appears in Lima. In 1997 also, Mario Muñoz publishes an anthology of gay and lesbian Mexican writing. In 1998 Carlos Monsiváis publishes, for the first time, a complete edition of Salvador Novo's memoirs.<sup>21</sup> In Chile, the collective called *Las Yeguas del Apocalipsis* performed for many years, and Pedro Lemebel has published his *crónicas* in the Chilean publishing house *El Cuarto Propio*. In Mexico, *El closet de Sor Juana* functions as an alternative public space, and the *Encuentros feministas* over the last ten years have included a series of *Encuentros lésbicos*, sometimes within the feminists, sometimes separately. Those of us who are located in the United States or northern Europe should go on to a new stage, which is the trans-

lation of, and aiding the circulation of, texts written and edited in Latin America. The sort of venture represented by the Gay Sunshine anthologies is a historical stage that has been superseded. And in many ways, it is a historical stage that needed to be superseded—for the politics of the gaze that it pursued did not enable Latin American writers but mediated their possible interventions by taming the very real revolutionary potential of their works.

## Notes

1. E. A. Lacey, "Latin America: Myths and Realities," in *Gay Roots: An Anthology of Gay History, Politics, and Culture*, ed. Winston Leyland (San Francisco: Gay Sunshine Press, 1993), 481.
2. See Michael Warner, "The Mass Public and the Mass Subject," in *The Phantom Public Sphere*, ed. Bruce Robbins (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1993), 234–56.
3. Even after separatism in the 1980s gave way to different political alliances, Leyland still continued to publish solely for a gay male audience.
4. More recently, the Center for Publishing Développement at the Open Society Institute—part of the Soros Foundation—has undertaken a project of translating nonfiction books on lesbian and gay issues from the former Soviet Union and eastern Europe. The contact information and the announcement for the grants competition were sent via e-mail in July 2000.
5. See [www.leylandpublications.com](http://www.leylandpublications.com).
6. Leyland remembered Lacey as his permanent expert on Latin America because Lacey had lived in Brazil for many years (Leyland, interview by Daniel Balderston, San Francisco, 6 May 1998).
7. This rationale will reappear later on in the work of activist gay and lesbian organizations, where the understanding of cultural difference is always predicated on a "universality" of gay or lesbian experience, understood mostly in the same San Francisco-oriented terms that we see in this cultural production. Hence our argument as to the importance of these early cultural appreciations of homosexuality in other cultural contexts and even in terms of other times, for they also establish the political reading of homosexuality that we will encounter later on. For the links between U.S. gay and lesbian movements and others in Latin America, see José Quiroga, *Tropics of Desire: Interventions from Queer Latino America* (New York: NYU Press, 2000).
8. Leyland, interview.
9. Compare with, for example, Octavio Paz's note on *El mono gramático*, his own account of a journey: "A medida que escribía, el camino de Galta se borraba o yo me perdía en sus vericuetos. Una y otra vez tenía que volver al punto del comienzo. En lugar de avanzar, el texto giraba sobre sí mismo. A cada vuelta el texto se desdoblaba en otro, a un tiempo su traducción y su transposición: una espiral de repeticiones y de reiteraciones que se han resuelto en una negación de la escritura como camino. Me di cuenta de que mi texto no iba a ninguna parte, salvo al encuentro de sí mismo" (Paz, *Poemas (1935–1975)* [Barcelona: Seix Barral, 1979], 695–96). Lane's text deserves to be compared to Paz's not only

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because they were the product of a similar context (East-West encounters) but also because it is clear that Lane also engages in a notion of a spiritual journey, which to a certain extent erases the geographical landscape where this journey takes place.

10. Gertrude Blom was the wife of anthropologist Franz Blom, and for many years after his death the proprietor of Na Bolom in San Cristóbal de las Casas, Chiapas, a favorite place for anthropologists and other researchers to stay.

11. Years later, in a 1998 interview with Daniel Balderston, Leyland took credit for bringing together the *Lampião* group, which, he said, met for the first time at the apartment of João Antonio de Souza Mascarenhas in Rio. Leyland does credit Mascarenhas in his introduction to *Now the Volcano* (8). We have no way, at this point, of ascertaining the truth of Leyland's crediting for himself the foundation of the *Lampião* group, although it is clear that there was a Brazilian gay circuit already in place by the time Leyland got to Brazil. Moreover, there was already an incipient publishing market in gay male materials, for on that same trip, Leyland found out about the publication in 1968 of a gay text, a text that would prove to be one of the most important in the collection, and the one that introduced one of his anthologies. It was the first volume of the anonymous *Orgia*, later revealed to have been written by the Argentine theater person Tulio Carella, about which more will be said later.

12. "The title of the anthology, *Now the Volcano*, so similar to that of Malcolm Lowry's famous novel *Under the Volcano*, expresses the book's intention of documenting the emerging gay consciousness in Latin American literature. Recent biographies have made known Lowry's own bisexuality, the full implications of which he seems to have evaded. So it is perhaps fitting that this anthology should bear a title reminiscent of his masterpiece, but with the signification of real sexual liberation" (6).

13. Porfirio Barba Jacob has an interesting role in the dissemination of Latin American gay male literature, since he is the role model for Rafael Arévalo Martínez's story "El hombre que parecía un caballo," which is one of the key moments in the formation of a gay Latin American subject. See Daniel Balderston, "Amistad masculina y homofobia en 'El hombre que parecía un caballo,'" in *El deseo, enorme cicatriz luminosa* (Caracas: Ediciones eXcultura, 1999), 19–26. Jaime Manrique has gone on to publish poems, novels, and essays in English in New York—most recently, *Eminent Maricones: Arenas, Lorca, Puig, and Me* (Madison: University of Wisconsin Press, 1999).

14. In the interview with Balderston, Leyland described his difficulties in getting permission to include excerpts from this text in the anthology, since Carella's wife was the holder of the copyright. Leyland clarified that since the 1968 edition appeared without copyright, he went ahead with publication of the excerpts, attributing them to a fictional writer named Lucio Ginarte and giving them the title of *Orgia*. It should be noted that Carella's "discovery" set off in him a religious crisis that resulted in his return to his native Argentina, to his Roman Catholicism, and to his wife. In the interview with Balderston, Leyland said that Lacey suggested translating the whole of Carella's *Orgia*.

15. We use the word *contributors* here but not without clarifying that the dead authors chosen (Novo, Villaurrutia, Carella, Caminha, and others) did not consent to being included, unlike (presumably) the living ones.

16. The title is untranslated in this collection, though in Eliot Weinberger's most recent translation of this poem he allows for Villaurrutia's play on words

with "L.A. Nocturne: The Angels." See Xavier Villaurrutia, *Nostalgia for Death/Octavio Paz, Hieroglyphs of Desire*, trans. Eliot Weinberger and Esther Allen (Port Townsend, Wash.: Cooper Canyon Press, 1992).

17. For more on this polemic and its importance for the circuit on mentoring in Latin America, see José Quiroga, "Virgilio Piñera: On the Weight of the Insular Flesh," in *Hispanisms and Homosexualities*, ed. Sylvia Molloy and Robert McKee Irwin (Durham, N.C.: Duke University Press, 1998), 269–85.

18. See the discussion on secret codes and homosexuality in "El pudor de la historia," the first chapter of Balderston, *El deseo, enorme cicatriz luminosa*.

19. And in terms of the missionary work that Leyland and others thought they were engaging in, it is important to underscore the fact that a Mexican writer like Carlos Monsiváis does feel an intellectual debt to Salvador Novo, not to Winston Leyland. Leyland was not the reason why all these writers recognized themselves as belonging to the same tradition.

20. Again, Leyland always stressed that lesbians were not part of his range of interests, and that lesbian fiction and essays were the sole province of Naiad Press.

21. For the complete text of Novo's memoirs with a brilliant introduction by Monsiváis, see *La estatua de sal* (Mexico City: Consejo Nacional para la Cultura y las Artes, 1998).

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