

come out!

25c

a liberation forum for the gay community



Photo by Dave Healey

Winter 1972 Vol 2 issue 8

Dear Steve Gavin and Come Out!

It was very disappointing to see the box entitled "Is Socialism the Answer?" displayed in such a prominent position without a specific rebuttal nearby. Hopefully this letter could serve that purpose successfully.

It seems utopian, in the negative sense, to see a system as either a satisfactory or unsatisfactory replacement. A system reflects the struggle that has taken place to put it into effect. If there is no anti-sexist component to a socialist revolution, obviously the result will reflect that lack. We know by now, I hope, that the "counter-culture" is not attacking capitalism, let alone sexism, and that it is fruitless to expect an evolution in consciousness arising simply from propaganda. What is needed is some theory of sexism that can produce a program of action. It seems to me that there has been an over-emphasis on consciousness raising and alienation, and an indifference to gay politics. With no political theory of sexism as it pertains to women and gay people, how can there be a political response that can collectively embrace the left? It is not adequate, it should be obvious by now, to demand sympathy or moral reforms from anyone, including the sexist male left. If there is oppression, then there is a source for a

political movement, in which case the left would be confronted with a real choice, and a real imperative. Consciousness is not a movement in itself.

Russia, China, and Cuba have been consistent in their treatment of homosexuals, but they are not necessarily examples of the limits of socialism. All three of these states were formed from peasant revolutions. I am sure that the results of a revolution in an industrialized country which has enjoyed a long tradition of bourgeois freedom would be different, open to new possibilities. I am also sure that if feminist and gay issues are not programatically raised, then the results of a revolution here will be a dismal repetition. That makes the role of women and gay people quite important.

On behalf of the sexist male left then, I would urge you to politicize yourselves and then go to work on us. There is nothing sexist about dialectical materialism, only sexist applications. You must help us try to fill in the blanks. Moral-emotional protestations are not nearly enough—we've all been saturated with these, and we only tend to heed those which are accompanied by some practical solution. The weight of history is, I believe, leaning against that which supports capitalism. We haven't much of a choice: socialism will be the answer, whether we like it or not. The job is to make it the answer for everyone in the fullest, most spiritually satisfying way, and not be stopped short at the success of simply seeing everyone fed and clothed.

although this is no small battle either.

Black communists see racism as bad for everyone, and are actively involved in trying to win over white racist workers. They know that without whites they cannot win, that nobody wins. Similarly sexism will not be overcome unless the victimized actively participate in the struggle, on the basis of political principles as well as moral empathy. Your "enemies" will indeed try to destroy you, until you show them why they are actually your friends, and if friendship is based on a world-vision that overshadows simple personal likes and dislikes, then it can last as something permanent and powerful, even revolutionary.

Sincerely,
Max Sawicky
All You Can Eat
% Railroad Plaza, room 215
New Brunswick, New Jersey 08903

Dear Brothers, Sisters,

I was receiving your paper a brother was sending it to me, until they stopped allowing them to enter (They can't stand the truth).

I'm grateful for your paper because it is the only way a brother in prison can get the truth. So for this reason I would like for you to place my name in your personal column. I would like to correspond with sisters who are in the "front".

I'm twenty-six, black, from Pittsburgh, Penna. I received one and a half to three years for driving under a suspended license. I have seven months in.

I would appreciate it very much if you would do this for me.

Yours in the struggle,
Donald

Donald Phelan no. C-7882
Drawer R,
Huntingdon, Pennsylvania 16652

signed articles and statements, express the opinion of the author only and do not reflect the feelings of the entire collective.

OUR LETTERS

Peace and Power Editor's

As you may note I am at present incarcerated and I can truthfully state they have placed me here solely for political reasons.

My reasons for writing this is in hope to gather information of this, your portion of oppression, for I am aware that the straight society is hard on your way of life and through reading various articles which were biased I still am somewhat at loss as to just what is needed and how to achieve your desired goals. The reason for my concern is I am Black and I can readily understand your situation I am in all earnest seeking to understand and in myself maybe find a way to assist all people to freedom no matter what they may be or any other barrier for I am for all oppressed peoples within this imperialistic, fascist, racist form of government ruling and exploiting the masses of the people.

I doubt very seriously if I would be able to receive your paper so therefore could you please print this and express my sincere wishes of delving in the "Gay Revolution" and want someone who is gay, be a brother or a sister, to write. It would be appreciated, I seek to exchange political ideals and in truth maybe obtain a friend who is wholly understanding.

I must close for now in hope that this will be printed. Yours in the Struggle, Dave Bridell H-8161
Drawer R State Correctional Institution
Huntingdon, Pennsylvania 16652

Dear Sisters:

I am enclosing 15 cents for your list of international gay organizations. To bother you with a little info about me—I am a gay guy (fag), 15 years old, and live in Fairhaven, New Jersey, which is next to Red Bank and Asbury Park—I hope you know where I mean. Anyway, my troubles are the utter and complete isolation and alienation I have out here because it is far from N.Y.C. and hence few gay people live here. Those few that I know are over 25. So please see if you know of any gay consciousness raising, coffeehouse, etc. organizations around this area, or in Monmouth County N.J. We have a few mixed (straight and gay) bars around here, but I can't dig that because of its unintimate, unfriendly atmosphere and there is no one there who I can talk to or can help me, especially since its the over 21 set. I have contacted GAY YOUTH in N.Y.C., but that isn't much help either because it is hard to get up there since I am too young to drive. I had there phone number, but it got disconnected. So, if you can give me the address to Gay Youth I would appreciate it too. Thanks, Sisters

Love, Love, Love, Love with Gay Love (Mother Nature's Son) Fair Haven, N.J. P.S. Was really surprised to see your paper made it all the way down to the peace center here—heard so much about it. Dig it (the paper).

Note: Name withheld because of age by Come Out! collective.

Come Out! is published by the Come Out! collective seasonally on January, April, July, and October. Subscription price is \$6 for 12 issues. The office of publication is 752 9th Ave. (4f), New York, NY 10019.

This is volume 8 (issue 9) published on January 11, 1971.

Application to mail at 2nd class postage rates is pending at New York, NY.

Sisters and Brothers of Come Out!

As I was reading the last issue of Come Out! (vol. 2-7B), I found an article, the series of questions about Angela Davis, that disturbed me very much. Since the article was not signed I assume that the editors of the paper take responsibility for it, and so it's you that I'm writing.

First, I must say that the questions asked about the Communist Party are very real questions - ones that I've never heard them answer. What I didn't like was that the article did not criticize openly where there was every reason to. To ask questions seemed almost a "gossiping" way to make a point, when almost all that was said about the CP could and could and should be aired in public, so that people can understand what is really going on. Also, I felt that some of the questions put forward were not done in a way that was meant to be constructive. For example, asking whether the CP is so infiltrated with pigs that Washington is not making policy for them. Every revolutionary organization is infiltrated by pigs right now, and the CP is hardly an exception, but this doesn't mean that they control every organization. If we criticize our friends as if they were enemies, that's almost like driving them into the camp of our enemies. There are many good people in the CP, and we should criticize in a way that can help those people change when they are wrong.

There were also some real questions about the Angela Davis case in the article, which maybe I can help answer. First, Angela bought the guns a full year before the shootout because her life was being threatened. Jonathan Jackson was her bodyguard, and she bought the guns for him. Another question was about why the CP is defending her. Yes, it is on the grounds that she would never knowingly become involved in a courthouse shootout: simply that she is innocent of those specific charges. Another question was about Ralph Poindexter. He is a personal friend of Angela's, and comes from a wealthy Chicago family ... which explains why he was bailed out so quickly. criticism for publishing them. I can't believe the questions were really asked in good faith - in order to get more information about the case. To ask if Angela is an intelligent revolutionary for being confused, as she is - I'd be in pretty good shape. Never before in the history of this monster have they dragnetted the country for someone as they have Angela. To ask why was she caught in a white section of town can only be destructive; we can only assume that she was doing everything she could to stay out of the pigs' clutches. If she made any mistakes in that area, I'm sure she now realizes them only too well. What she needs now is our real support (given in a way that cannot be used by opportunists), not that we should attack her escape plans or speculate of she had done this or that

The other questions about why she joined the Communist Party, about what happened in Florida, or about breaking Party discipline only she can answer, and so she should be asked. And I definitely think that it is high time that feminists and all revolutionaries got themselves a political education about the history and methods (and failings) of left-wing groups.

sent with love
Jim Jones

Though I'm not the author of the Angela Davis article, I feel a response is necessary since, I believe, the writer of the above letter has not understood the article. The questions put forth by the article in question transcend Angela Davis. The idea is not: Angela Davis is a traitor; let's stab her in the back. Rather it is: An intelligent revolutionary does not automatically jump on bandwagons, especially bandwagons created by groups who endorse the genocide of gay people. At this late date the partial explanations given by this writer serve only to underscore the idea put forth in the article.

As for there being many good people in the Communist Party, I think I've already answered that statement.

Steve Gavin

this issue brought to you

by: Perry Brass
Ellen Bedoz
Steve Brooks
Roy Eddy
Steve Gavin
Debb Moldovan
Warren Singer
Lin Stephan
Martha Shelley

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We have written our struggle for sexual self-determination at New College in the face of a rising tide of anti-homosexual bigotry. At the moment the threat of expulsion is in the air, and worse: brothers in the community have been jailed in a stepped-up campaign of police harassment. We are receiving hate mail and death threats. An ugly mood hangs over the campus.

Flaming Faggots Come Out at New College

WE ARE EVERYWHERE: NOWHERE ARE WE FREE!
BUILD THE EFFEMINIST REVOLUTION!

Our commitment to fight back is, of course, unquenchable, regardless of the consequences. But our numbers and resources are not as great as we would like, and our hope is that in calling widespread attention to our plight, outside support will be forthcoming — and indeed, this has already begun to happen, in letters of support to us and in letters of protest to: John Elmendorf, President, New College, Sarasota, Florida 33578

New College is a hoopla pseudo-experimental Hollywood haven designed to apathize students with repressive tolerance as though it were the liberation they really hungered for instead. Calling itself "the Harvard of the South," it is rather a fake Goddard or Antioch. It offers no sweat-pot-smoking, narcissistic encounter games, and sexual liberty for straight (mostly counter-culture) men: they beat up queers and call orientation "Rape Week." The college seeks out the highly intelligent and the highly rebellious — those they regard as most potentially dangerous to the status quo. The cooling out process is remarkably effective. Also, standing on the edge of a black ghetto, the college is unbelievably racist; instead of a significant number of scholarships to the black community, free gumdrops are offered to ghetto children on Halloween.

DeMott is an establishment man who opposed a black studies program at Amherst. He denigrated women and Women's Liberation in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Now, seeking to be tenured Provost of New College, he used vicious terms to refer to us homosexuals and ridiculed our notion that we had a history of oppression and accomplishment worthy of study. Our anger exploded in spontaneous confrontation, but joining together, we drew up demands addressed not only to this question but others that had been disturbing us for a long time.

Monday, November 1, 1971, we presented our Demands to President Elmendorf, after he tried to divert us and then sneak out a side door. That night, at an emergency "town-hall" meeting, Elmendorf called our demands a threat to the existence of the college, thus creating a kangaroo court atmosphere among alarmed students.

Tuesday, November 2, without adequate notice, Elmendorf summoned us to a secret meeting, during which he promised nothing but succeeded in intimidating us, particularly about the dangers of pressing our case further — whether in releases to the college community, the media, or the national Gay Liberation movement.

Wednesday, November 3, we walked into a faculty meeting, uninvited, demanded to be heard, asked gay faculty to come forward, and chanted the names of homosexuals whose life and times merited attention as part of an effeminist studies program, contrary to DeMott's mockery.

Monday, November 8, after growing love and struggle within our group, we issued a criticism of our male supremacy and liberalism, *Smash Hetero-Sexism*, building toward the trustees' meeting on Thursday.

Wednesday, November 10, a notice of the homosexual jailings appeared in the two Sarasota newspapers owned by a New College trustee. We took this as a direct warning concerning the next gay's actions. We issued *Therapeutic Games*, our heaviest indictment of the college so far — in the

context of the increasing ugliness of mood on campus. We moved, now, only in tactical groupings; we did not feel safe except when we were working, eating, and sleeping together.

Proud Thursday, November 11, we went in a body to the trustees' meeting, hoping to state our total resistance to further persecution. When we reached the estate where they were meeting, we found iron gates closed and locked against us, so we struck out around the estate, climbed the sea-wall at the rear, and made our way into the meeting, where we presented the *Trustees Statement and Press Release*.

Next, we attended a lecture DeMott was giving (on morality, yet!). We taped up, on the wall behind him, the names of homosexual heroes and martyrs; we challenged his lecture for its sexist terminology. After much hub-bub, we also announced the nationwide campaign by gay groups to confront him wherever he lectures. This campaign was suggested by a number of groups in the nation who were in touch with us by phone, telegram, and letter. We hope the campaign will spread and become total.

Next, we held a press conference, explaining our actions during the day. When we left the campus that night, talk of legal action, expulsion, and the closing of the college was already rife.

Since then, we are still here, loving and working together. We obviously don't care about their B.A. if it means selling out our very right to exist proudly and openly as revolutionary effeminists. Whatever ax falls now, this college will never be the same. And perhaps we have created a model for struggle at other colleges and institutions.

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SMASH HETERO-SEXISM
by the Ad-Hoc Gay Men's Committee

ON MALE SUPREMACY: No man, straight or gay, can feel free from struggling with his male supremacy. It is an undeniable fact that anyone with male genitals in our society has been given special power and privileges which pervade every aspect of being. In the spirit of struggle, we gay men criticize our own male supremacy as it appeared in the following instances during recent actions:

First, during the presentation of our demands, President Elmendorf said, in reference to our desire to talk to him, "That's refreshing," a remark intended as a slur on the South Hall 22 — the women who were occupying his office to press their own

demands. This attempt to set two oppressed groups against each other, in competition for his approval, was male supremacist of him. Our male supremacy was evident, however, in that we let this slur go unanswered. On another occasion, he used the term "gals" in speaking to us — which we failed to confront each time he used it.

Second, in the demands themselves, we incorrectly included the oppression of lesbians along with our own. Although in some instances we purported to speak only for ourselves, in others we actually expressed demands on their behalf in true male fashion. Throughout history, men have assumed the right to speak for women; it is imperative that we put an end to his oppressive practice. This is also in our own self-interest, since the hetero-sexist, masculinist mentality is the source of our own, oppression and is thus our enemy, even when it crops up within ourselves.

ON LIBERALISM: In the struggle for liberation, it is necessary to distinguish between liberalism and radicalism. Liberalism has always been the ideology of the hetero-sexist oppressor, attempting to keep oppressed groups appeased with token concessions, all the while wearing a false mask of benevolence. It is now necessary for us to fight liberalism as it appears in our thinking.

First, after stating our grievances clearly as demands, we allowed ourselves to appear to be willing to compromise them through closet negotiations. What is worse, the night preceding these negotiations, John Elmendorf, before the entire college community, spoke about the impossibility of considering our demands, much less meeting them, describing them in no uncertain terms as being the final blow to the existence of the college. In spite of his remarks, the remnants of our liberalism still allowed us to be manipulated into pointless negotiations.

Second, ON Tuesday morning, during the closet negotiations themselves, Elmendorf made it clear that token concessions might well be forthcoming, provided that no mention be made to the press concerning his written response to our demands. Moreover, Elmendorf intimated that even allowing the college community to become aware of his response would not be advisable because of the possibility of its reaching the press through this more indirect route. As a result, no one but us knows of the contradictions between his public and private utterances. We see now that no oppressed group can agree to stifle the very mention of their own oppression, since calling attention to their plight is a necessary first step to its remedy. Consequently, any implication of abiding by the rules of the oppressor, as epitomized by Elmendorf, is hereby rejected for the liberal sham it is.

Contin on page 10

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NO GAIETY 4.

IN THE GAY BARS

8 WOMEN BUSTED

By Hetty Brown and Georgia Hopper

BOSTON (LNS) — "They were wrestling, grabbing, pulling, cursing, swearing, running at the patrol wagon almost like Indians circling a covered wagon", commented police after they busted eight women for disorderly conduct in front of Jacque's, a Boston gay bar, on October 31.

According to the women, the scene started when two women were having a verbal argument inside the bar. Two police officers took them outside, shoved them up against a car, and began to beat them. Four other women who saw this happen were picked off the sidewalk when they tried to protest.

"All I did was yell 'What are you doing? They didn't do anything!' A cop walked up to me and grabbed me, and gave me to another cop who pushed me up against the car and smashed my head down on the hood."

The last two women say they were picked up as they were walking toward their cars. The women say that the cops shoved, threw and drop-kicked the eight of them into the patrol wagon, telling them, "you want to look like a man? We'll treat you like a man."

The last person to be arrested was a woman who just happened to be in the vicinity. When her friend informed the police, "You've got the wrong person, she doesn't belong there," one of the cops was overheard to say, "I think we've got a straight in here. What'll we do?"

At the trial, the police were unable to identify any of the defendants specifically; "They were dressed quite differently at the time in fact they looked like men."

"Nobody was dressed like a man," said one defendant. One of the women was wearing a skirt, one a pants suit. Several have long hair, which they wore loose.

Even after the women were licked into the patrol wagon, the police said, they continued to resist by rocking the car from side to side.

"As we were driving along [the police] speeded up the truck to 50 or 60 miles an hour. Then they suddenly put on the brakes, so we all went sprawling on top of each other."

The eight women were found guilty and fined \$100 each. Two were also given one year on probation. Some are appealing the sentence. When Judge DeGuglielmo heard that they were appealing, he pulled them over to the witness stand and raised their bail to \$500 (it had been \$50 before the trial), for no apparent reason. There had been no testimony at the trial that indicated they had done anything the other women had not.

Arrests on disorderly conduct and drunkenness are not uncommon at bars. But then Jacque's is a gay bar, which means that it plays a different role in the life of its customers than do most straight bars. Jacque's is the only public social place in Boston that provides space specifically for gay women. It is one of few places for gay men.

It is the one place where we can relax and be openly gay without fear of reprisals from bosses or families. We come home from "respectable" jobs and leave the monotony of our apartments to spend an evening away from the pressures of straight society, the forced secrecy and the fear, the whispers of those who know. We go to be with friends and lovers, or to meet new people. For once we are not isolated; we are with others like ourselves. The bar fills some need, perhaps gives us some security and freedom — feelings the world outside the bar refuses.

Being gay is what brings us to the bar and is what we all have in common. And beyond the shared fact of our homosexuality, we seem to have an understanding, unarticulated, yet acted upon, that we will come to each other's defense against anti-gay harassment — at least in the bar. It's our turf and in it our common bitterness from living in an alienating society creates some sort of bond between us.

The place is dingy and volatile, it's unpredictable. No one knows when someone will start breaking bottles, or when a fight will break out. Our need in going to the bar is often to build some human relationships, but the atmosphere is hardly conducive for such purposes. It becomes rather a place to release the anger of our daily lives among people who won't explain away our experience by saying, "She's sick, she's a lesbian." It's a bar scene.

Since there are no other places for gay women to go, the management has a monopoly. It charges 40 cents for 4 ounces of ginger ale. And we pay. It maintains its captive audience so that people almost feel gratitude toward this bar. It's a double bind — not unlike the positions most people in this society must accept. Like the working people who hate their jobs, we all conclude, "It's still better than nothing" and nothing seems to be the existing alternative.

Now in the last two or three months, the relative security and freedom from harassment that the bar used to provide for gay people seems to be slipping away. There are more police around — last year, there was usually one detail officer in the bar; now there are apt to be four or more cops inside during the course of the evening, plus a paddy wagon awaiting outside.

There is an atmosphere of tension, almost like a siege. People report that the cops have been taking down the license plate numbers of cars parked outside the bars, that the management is being more careful about checking I.D.'s, that the Other Side has been refusing off and on to admit guys in drag.

The arrest of the eight women on Oct. 31 was not the only bust lately, just the largest. We talked to women at the bar about other incidents they had seen.

"One night when I was coming down here, there was a woman down on the sidewalk, and a cop was standing with his foot on her."

"This guy was standing over by the stairs, with a beer in his hand, at closing time. The cop told him to hurry up and finish his beer. But when he went to take a sip, the cop knocked the bottle out of his hands, and then took the guy by the hair and the back of the neck and threw him out the door."

Jacque's and the Other Side are in the middle of the Boston Redevelopment Authority's South Cove redevelopment project. Right across the street a new Howard Johnson Motor Lodge is about to be completed. Just three blocks away, apartments are going up; almost 300 dwelling units, including some 70 for senior citizens.

We are allowed to exist as long as we are not noticeable. But if one of these out-of-the-way sections acquires some value — if it becomes useful to business interests who would find a gay bar in the area embarrassing, or if it becomes the site of something "respectable", like housing for families — then the gay people may be out on their ears on the streets.

GAY SWITCHBOARD

Gay People:

Ever since the gay movement began there has been talk about the need for a switchboard for gay people...a number you could call anytime for information, or to rap with another gay person.

A group of gay people has formed to establish and operate such a switchboard. We have certain visions of what we would like the switchboard to be. We know, of course, that you do too.

We would like to have an up-to-date listing of gay organizations — on campus and off; a central place for these groups to list their activities, meeting nights, dances, demonstrations, political actions, etc.; and a central place for gay people to call and find out what's happening in town for gay people. We will attempt to carry a complete list of neighborhood gay bars, baths, resorts, theatres, travel agencies, restaurants and any other services which cater to a gay clientele. To help gay people to utilize gay talents there will be a listing of gay people involved in specific trades: typists, plumbers, carpenters, artists, etc. We plan to have a listing of medical and legal services. A place to find a ride or rider on a cross country trip. We foresee our Rap Line (a number to call and rap with another gay person about any problems that society may be trying to dump on you for being gay...such as coming out; being hassled on your job; blackmail or whatever) getting a lot of use, and we already have thought of the need for more than one line.

WHAT'S HAPPENING

What is happening? Liberation House Gay Care Collective, a few people got together and decided to do something instead of just dreaming and complaining. Liberation House is at 247 W. 11th Street, N.Y. 10014. Telephone 242-7521. Check it out and come together there. Liberation House is for both Gay women and Gay men.

Some people deal dope and others deal cars, but how many people actually deal with their lives: Intro 475 hearings, last public hearing Dec 17, 1971 where Gay people got a good taste of straight politics, of stalling, of attempts to discredit the Mayor of New York at the expense of the Gay people of New York, where straight people got a good taste of Gay politics, that we will not back down. To some people Intro 475 will not mean a thing. Instead of getting openly fired because you're Gay you can now be fired out of the old "gentlemen's agreement" — you are just incompetent (as well as Gay). But Intro 475 will mean something to our sisters and brothers who live in constant fear of getting shoved out of their professions because they are Gay or not being able to get into those professions at all. It will help a Gay doctor, for instance, whose hospital will not let him or her intern because they have found out he or she might be Gay. It might help teachers. But as Ralph Hall says in *Faggot*, we'll now have "queer cops and queer firemen". In other words, we'll be legalizing our own deviancy, and homosexuality will be just as foreign to straights as ever. But at least it won't be illegal to be a Gay doctor, just illegal to be a practicing homosexual who is a doctor. It will be within our rights to work for the Man who will bust us on off hours but let us work on on hours. If this sounds a little difficult to follow, to fathom, to get clear where we stand on Intro 475, it is because it is a tough number to generalize about because some of us might teach one day (and thereby join the professionals who will benefit from Intro 475), but also we're aware of what it's like in Holland and England where they have also "legalized perversion", where homosexuality is swept under the rug and is still talked about politely.

One of the themes that came out of the last hearing was the liberal politicians apology "what one does in bed is certainly his own business and does not concern anyone else" (even the other person, I guess). Jim Forratt actually testified to the disappointment of Gay and straight liberals, that he was Gay 24 hours a day and not just on the weekends after the bars close. Austen Wade said that the government had no business in the bedroom. A spokesman from the Catholic War Veterans said that the government must uphold the ancient verities extolled by the Church, such as the massacre of the innocents — in Viet Nam, in Attica, in back room abortion parlors, and wherever perversion and lust prevail. In all the last public hearing of Intro 475 was great theatre, but let's deal with our lives directly until we won't have to come to the Man and beg his pardon for our rights.

In Brooklyn at 323 Baltic Avenue is a New Place, a coffee house for Brooklyn Gays on Sunday nights from 8-12. It is run by a collective who have been showing movies on Sundays, as well as music, rapping, dancing. 237-1049 is their number. Also any one interested in a Gay Revolution video project please call.

Gay Activist Alliance is compiling a list of all Gay Liberation organizations in America and The World. It will be sent free to any organization that wants it and that can add to it when necessary. For a copy of this list or more info write GAA, National Gay Movement Committee, 99 Wooster Street, New York, N.Y. 10012.

Come Out! has to apologise to Murray Adelman of Chicago Gay Alliance who wrote the article *Coming Out and Getting Busted* in the last issue and was not credited. Also we should make an apology for the Gay University pictures which offended some people. We did not make it clear that the Gay University spoof was for males; it should have been Gay Male University. The needs of Gay women should be defined by Gay women (naturally).

Words are stranger and stranger than fiction: *Come Out!* needs your words and your strength, your support, money, paper clips, anything. But it is important for us to realize what we are as a collective, and where our place in Gay Liberation lies. Therefore, we are a forum, but a Liberation forum, and this means that every page of *Come Out!* must express our struggle in the Gay Liberation process. This has got to be our guiding idea in what we publish and why we come together in rain and sleet and hail to get this paper out — even though we wish we came out twice or three times as often.

In order to provide the best possible service to gay people, we need your help. Please send us the names of people, organizations, or services that you feel we should list. Please write: Gay Switchboard, c/o Liberation House, 247 W. 11th Street, New York, N.Y. 10014 — or call temporary number, 212-260-2576 (day or early evening).

Staff of the Gay Switchboard



Gay Jewish Revolution Continues

The following leaflet was distributed at a demo to support the building of a low rent housing project in Forest Hills (Queens, NYC):

In all my thoughts of a ghetto...I never dreamed we would be *locked* within our wall.

from *The Wall*
Noach Levinson
John Hersey Ed.

WE OPPOSE RACISM

We as Gay Jews support the building of a Public Housing Project in Forest Hills. We resent the misrepresentation of our feelings by conservative, straight, Jewish organizations. We as Jews, recently emerging from over a thousand years of GHETTO OPPRESSION and POGROMS in Europe, refuse to perpetuate that oppression on other peoples.

WE OPPOSE SEXISM

Even when the project is built, it will discriminate against Gay People, Single People, and Living Collectives (Kibbutzim). The New York City Housing Authority only recognizes the heterosexual

Family as a legitimate life style. Therefore Gay People, Single People, and Unmarried People with Children are being denied decent, integrated, housing at rents they can afford. This perpetuates the GENOCIDE and POGROMS that Gay People have undergone for over 5000 years.

WE AS GAY JEWS DEMAND:

1. The construction of Public, decent, integrated housing for *all* People at rents they can afford.
2. We therefore demand that all American personnel and resources now being used for warfare be immediately withdrawn from places where they are neither wanted nor needed. We demand that these swords be converted to plowshares. Let us turn Tanks, Planes, and Guns into the Bulldozers, Cranes, and Bricks needed to sew the seeds of a better world.

GAY JEWISH REVOLUTION

c/o *Come Out!*
Box 233
Times Square station
New York, N.Y. 10036

Liberation House

Liberation House Collective is a group of gay women and men involved in personal liberation. We see ourselves not only as a living commune, but as a work, education and growth commune, committed to the collective process with respect for individual needs and differences. As a living unit, the Collective is a mutual trust group based upon a commitment to the Collective and sensitivity to Collective sisters and brothers. As a work unit, the Collective is dedicated to the liberation of gay sisters and brothers. We realize that liberation is a process that demands change; our work commitment is to help gay people pull things together and change their lives, to work toward the liberation of individuals, our community, and all peoples. Oppression is an attitude that stifles all liberation movements. We also realize that as a collective, we still need to re-learn and grow. As an educational and growth unit, we hope to continue our own liberation.

The Collective sees structure only as valid as it supports and reinforces our basic goal, human liberation. We also are committed to working within a small unit. Small units can generate change while maintaining human heartedness and sensitivity. Above all, Liberation House Gay Collective is a commitment between people to people!



Current projects of Liberation House Gay Collective include:

- ...crisis counseling
- ...organizing women's and men's coming-out groups and consciousness-raising groups
- ...organizing gay groups in the boroughs
- ...helping gay ...helping gay people to form their own living communes
- ...housing and job counseling
- ...a food co-op
- ...starting a cooperative crafts workshop
- ...learning to provide emergency help to gay sisters and brothers with drug problems
- ...community meals
- ...re-education workshops and seminars
- ...starting a health clinic

These projects are centered around our basement storefront at 247 W. 11th St. If you'd be interested in joining the Collective, or if you'd like to participate in any of our projects and activities, or if you'd like to be in touch, come see us or call (212) 242-7521.

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Proposal for a GAYCARE Center

by Alice Bloch

New York holds many, many gay people and a few gay organizations. It would be folly to say that the needs of New York gay people are being met by the existing organizations. Needs are so great that there is almost no possibility of duplication of services. Almost anything we could think of to do for the gay community still needs to be done. Gay people are constantly being referred to straight health clinics, drug and alcohol rehabilitation centers, and day care centers that fuck them over as gays. In moments of crisis there is often no place for gay people to go for fulfillment of their basic needs. Some groups, such as Gay Counseling Collective in New York, are now beginning to offer a sympathetic ear for such moments. This is an extremely important need and should not be downgraded, but it is one of many basic needs. Even the groups that give gays a place to rap and people to rap with are not prepared to offer temporary living space, cheap food and clothing, or work for people in crisis.

I propose a "gay care center" — a place that would care about gay people and help gays to take care of their own needs, a place where gays would care about and for each other. In planning and actualizing such a center we would have to make great efforts to stay in touch with people's needs

Contin on Page 14

5.



(by "Larry S" member of the Eulenspiegel Society, but the opinions expressed here are not necessarily those of the Society.)

and the revolution

This may be the first article on the subject in this paper, for it's very possible that the gay S&M crowd is the most oppressed sexual type of all, since they are usually misunderstood and denounced by their own gay brothers and sisters, to say nothing of the straights!

ANALYSIS AND CLARIFICATION OF TERMS

1. "Revolution", here, means simply the mental and social revolution in attitudes that will finally grant total freedom and equality to all ethnic, cultural, creedal groups and sexual types. (It is outside the purpose of this article to imply that such a revolution in attitudes does, or does not, require a previous political and/or economic revolution). 2. S&M exists among heterosexuals and homosexuals, females and males. This suggests four groups, but because at any moment a person is usually playing either the S or the M role and not both at the same time, it really implies eight possible types; e.g., "heterosexual female S", "a homosexual male M", etc. However, since I am a gay male and my experience has been only with the gay male S&M scene, this article will necessarily have to be limited to such; it is hoped that some gay sister who is also into S&M may be stimulated to write something about her own, and probably different, experiences.

3. The term "S&M", of course, stands for "sadism" and "masochism". But these are very unfortunate words for at least two reasons: A) They are based on the names of two individuals, the Marquis (Count) de Sade and the Baron von Sacher-Masoch, and not only were these two clearly just

individual examples who therefore cannot be representative of all possible S&M types; but in the case of the Marquis at least, it can definitely be shown that he was not a "pure sadist" but had equally strong "masochistic" elements as well. B) In the popular (including gay) mind, "sadism" and "masochism" imply the giving and receiving of physical pain, whereas in fact, a good case can even be made that physical pain is not the essence of S-M at all, but merely an expression of some other, deeper, underlying essence. 4. Other terms have indeed been used to characterize the "S-M group." For example, A) "the motorcycle crowd;" but consider that whereas S-M has undoubtedly existed from the beginnings of time, motorcycles have been in existence only for the past 60 years, and probably owe their association with S-M to their rise in popularity after World War II, about 25 years ago. In previous eras horseback riding had some S-M suggestion, and scholarly research could unearth still other, earlier external associations. But to further show the limited value of the motorcycle idea, notice that only a small percentage of present day Gay S-M males own or ride motorcycles, while conversely there are very many motorbike riders, particularly among straight males, that have no S-M interests at all. B) Another expression is "the leather crowd;" but right now we are going through major fashion changes in which much greater freedom in clothing is possible to everyone, and leather, suede, vinyl, etc. are being used in abundance; so nowadays if a person wears shiny black leather it can no longer confidently be said that he or she is into S-M. Conversely, there was a definite beginning to the association of the Gay S-M crowd with black leather (boots, motorcycle

jackets, etc.) and older S-M's remember this beginning, something like 20-30 years ago. Therefore the expressions "motorcycle, leather crowd" are only temporary designations, true only of certain places and times.

5. "B-D" stands for "bondage-discipline." Now HERE is a term which is not based on anyone's name (like "S-M") and which is very descriptive of the way in which many S-M people operate; in fact it is an expression developed by the S-M crowd itself. "Bondage" means that one person is "submissive" to another who is "dominant," or in more extreme cases he is a "slave" to a "master," or in the most extreme form he is in actual physical bondage: bound, tied up by the other. "Discipline" implies A) that commands are being given by the dominant person to the submissive one who is supposed to obey them, and B) that if he does not obey, or not sufficiently to the master's liking, he will be punished in some way, which fact can be used either as a threat to increase the obedience, or else for the sake of increasing the guilt and punishment itself. Naturally in the latter case "B-D" borders on "S-M," in the strict sense, but there is a definite psychological difference between, say a slap which is given as a punishment for disobedience, and one which is bestowed out of the pure pleasure of giving (and receiving) pain. (On the other hand, some readers at this point may choose to think, as I do, that "giving and receiving pain" is itself just a special case of "expressing dominance and submission.") 6. "Dirty sex", meaning any involvement with urine and/or excrement, is by common consent regarded as a further possible part of the S-M consciousness; sometimes it exists all by itself. Naturally its devotees do not regard it as "dirty" in the sense of "repulsive," since they enjoy it. 7. "Fetishism" is the need and desire for certain physical objects to stimulate erotic response; these can be anything of course, but don't forget that motorcycles, boots, black leather itself, etc., are all equally clear examples of fetishes, as also cowboy outfits, tight-fitting denim levis, and so on. 8. "Playing games" generally means acting out special fantasies; for example, a submissive person wants to pretend that he is a sailor who has been caught stealing by his commanding officer, who threatens him with court-martial unless the sailor agrees to become his personal obedient servant for the rest of the voyage; if the dominant partner agrees to play the role of the officer, the scene is set. It is the opinion of this



The Mailman and I by Jonathan Stone



6.

I grew up on a farm in Flat Rock, Pa., a tiny little place about two hours' drive from Philadelphia. Flat Rock has a post office, but no stores, not even a gas station or a grocery; I went to school five miles away in Brooksville. It was a small high school; there were only 60 students in my graduating class, and of course we all knew each other.

I don't know if any of my classmates figured out I was gay. They knew at least that I wasn't good at sports, that I threw a baseball "like a girl," and that alone caused me to experience a lot of alienation. But I never was a real outcast. I discovered a good way to overcome my inadequacy at sports, and that was to join the world of athletics in a different way: I started writing sports news for the local town weekly and I became the manager of the different teams. Now, if you don't know what a manager is, I'll tell you: he is a glorified towel boy. While I always felt there was something strange about that role, and I used to wonder if people were thinking unkind things about me, I found myself enjoying the position. You could say I thought of myself as some sort of administrative assistant to the coach. Or, you could say, as they do in the professional sports world (so I've been told), that I was a "jock sniffer." At least I was a competent score-keeper and time-keeper (I cheated once and this enabled our team to win the soccer championship, though I've never told anyone about that).

As for being towel boy, the truth is that I didn't mind it a bit, because taking care of clean and dirty towels gave me a perfect excuse to walk in and out of the locker room, myself fully clothed, and I saw

every boy's beautiful naked body. At night, I closed my eyes and imagined each boy's cock and balls - I definitely had my favorites - and with such glorious visions I jerked off and fell asleep.

My first sexual experience occurred during those years. I had discovered, during the earliest days of sex play, that my cock was above average in size, and I found a game which I figured out to be less dangerous than "Let's jerk each other off," which was the game I really wanted to play. The safer game was "I bet my cock is bigger than yours." I used the game successfully a few times, and I thus managed to have some sexual contact with my schoolmates at age 13 and 14. One time a handsome redhead (whose cock was probably bigger than mine) refused outright to play my game and said, "Get out of here; you little fairy!" There were other times I was turned down, too, but somehow I got through it all without being beaten up.

Two times, I managed to have sex with other team managers in the girls' locker room, even as the afternoon practice session was going on in the gym. But that was only twice, and practice sessions took place day after day. While exciting, those days were lonely and frustrating.

Now, you will remember that my home in Flat Rock was five miles away from the school in Brooksville. There was a special school bus to transport kids who participated in after-school activities, but Flat Rock was the last stop on a very long circuit. It turned out that I could make a very convenient connection, each day at 5 p.m., with Pete, the mailman. It was a 10 minute drive in his

white pick-up truck from the Brooksville post office to the little one-room post office in Flat Rock. Riding with Pete became a routine for me. I'd leave the practice session, walk a half-clock to the post office, hop in Pete's truck, and off we'd go. I was 15.

Pete was in his 40s. If you were looking for a derogatory term for Pete, you might call him a hillbilly or a stump-jumper or a hick. He was in fact just a simple, skinny country guy. He had a mysterious longing in his eyes, and his teeth (those he still had) were rotting. He lived two miles further down from Flat Rock with wife and six kids. Pete was easy-going and did his job well. He was a friendly guy who always had a smile and a wave for the country folk, all of whom (including my parents) knew him. I want you to know that I really liked Pete, though I certainly didn't think of him as handsome and I really didn't know him in a personal way.

Before long - I'm not really sure how it all started - Pete and I started exchanging "dirty jokes." I can't remember any of the jokes, but I'm sure they were not sophisticated stage comic dirty jokes, but rather the raunchy kind country kids tell each other. The jokes were all heterosexual. One thing I remember is that the telling of the jokes gave me a hard-on, a boner we might have called it then. Who can say how much of my arousal came from the jokes, how much from the basketball practice and shower room scene I had just left. Or how much of it came from the presence of another man - Pete, the mailman.

writer that the ideas found in section 5-8 are more essential to S-M than usually realized by non S-M people, without denying that the pure "giving and receiving of pain" or "S-M" in the strict sense of the word, also frequently occurs.

9. One final clarification: there are "pure M's," "pure S's," and those who can switch from one role to another depending on mood and/or partner. Don't let anyone, even if he claims to have "some knowledge," insist EITHER that you must be all one or the other, OR that everyone is always both! **CRITICISMS OF S-M AND REPLIES**

1. "This stuff turns me off; it positively disgusts me!" Reply: Not only do most heterosexuals say this of homosexuality in general, (and sometimes vice versa,) but a male Gay might say this of female homosexuality (and vice versa.) I imagine that we of the more radical wing in the Gay Liberation Movement would say (paraphrasing Voltaire's remark to Rousseau:) "I am disgusted by what you do in bed but I will defend to the death your right to do it." 2. "These S-M people are sick." Reply: We know that the word "sick" is merely the pseudo-scientific version of the ancient theological terms "sinful, hateful to God," and the resulting societal term "illegal." "Homosexuals are sick," "transvestites are sick" -- we've heard enough of this garbage! Just as Gay people have a wonderful time being Gay, so S-M's have a wonderful time doing their thing, and enjoyment of any kind cannot be "sick."

3. "S-M is an imitation of heterosexual role-playing." First reply: The only thing in Gay male sexual relations that directly imitates heterosexuality (as far as it can without the presence of a vagina,) is anal intercourse; since this is almost never done mutually at the same moment (as oral sex could be, in the case of "69") there's always someone who is inserting his penis in someone else's hole, in "direct imitation" (it could be said) of heterosexual role-playing. But S-M does not ADD anything to this: apart from the fact that there might also be anal intercourse, everything else (bondage, discipline, etc.) is very different from the ordinary heterosexual relationship. The most that could be said is that "Gay S-M imitates straight S-M" -- although in actuality a lot of heterosexual S-M's would be glad to imitate the much freer life-styles of the Gay S-M's. Second reply: Even assuming that some kind of imitating is going on, since when is imitation automatically bad? Are we Gays to start eating only foods that heterosexuals do not eat, wear clothing

that must avoid being the same as heterosexuals, deny ourselves experiencing any music, art, movies, etc. that heterosexuals enjoy? And even as to "role-playing:" in the "tentative notes for a political platform for Gay Liberation" that G.L.F. put together in the summer of 1970 (and on which I was privileged to have worked together with the others involved,) it says: "Roles should be explored as to determine whether they lead to the inhibiting of the person or to forming of new life-styles." In other words, roles are not AUTOMATICALLY bad, even for the radical wing of Gay Liberation; they must be evaluated by each person for himself and herself in terms of his total consciousness. What the radical Gay movement should desire is total individual freedom, which means the freedom to reject roles or to choose them if one wishes.

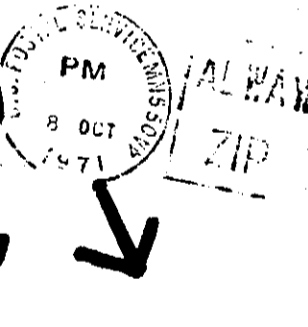
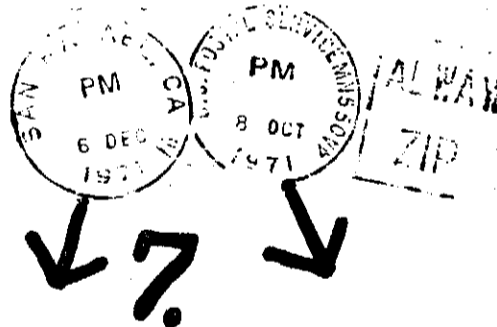
4. "S-M perpetuates violence, and the exploitation-oppression characteristic of imperialist cultures" (I regard this as the strongest criticism). First reply: When we say: "two gay S-M males met each other", we are speaking of the same kind of usually chance meeting that any two gay males may have on the streets, in the parks, in bars, at parties, clubs (incl. G.L.F., G.A.A.), etc.; in other words, two fellows strike up a conversation, get a general understanding of each other's desires, and voluntarily agree to have a try at a relationship. Neither one is forced into it. In fact (what is well-known among gay S-M's themselves but not generally known among non-S-M gays or straights), there is a much greater tendency for S-M's to make a kind of "verbal contract" beforehand as to what will actually take place between them, sometimes down to the smallest details. Both parties want a "groovy scene"; neither wants "problems". The rare exceptions where you hear of a so-called "S" beating up an unwilling "M" are no more frequent than the rare cases in which it is said "homosexuals molest little children"; these are closet cases, and the freer S-M becomes, the more accepted it becomes by our fellow-gays, the fewer such closet cases will be! S-M relationships therefore are voluntary and if a person voluntarily agrees say, to crawl on the floor as a slave, if he really digs doing this, how can we say he is "being oppressed, exploited"?

On the contrary, to prevent him from crawling on the floor at such a moment (under the misguided assumption of some theory alien to his consciousness) would be really to oppress him! Second reply: This writer is firmly united with the radical gay movement in condemning

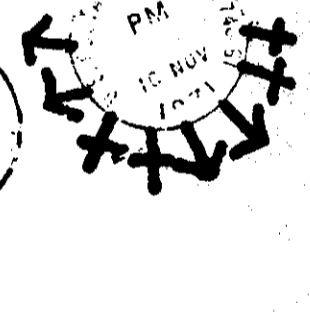
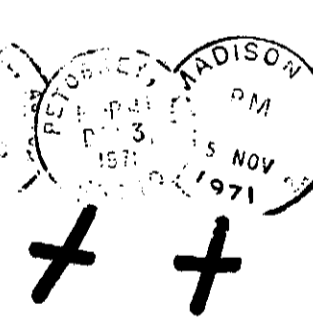
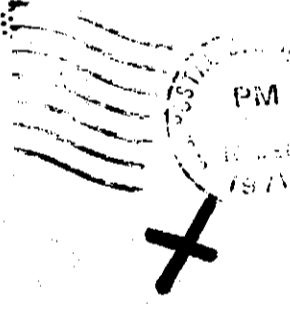
all destructive violence against, and involuntary exploitation or oppression of any individual, cultural-ethnic group, or sexual type. But this kind of violence and oppression has been with us since the beginning of history, and may, at least in part, represent deep-seated human needs to be submissive as well as dominant. (I do not mean that the majority of people who are oppressed "want to be"! I only mean that there are enough subconscious, un-self-aware and confused S-M motivations in enough people to contribute to the perpetuation of the

crimes against humanity.) Now a theatrical representation of violence, such as a boxing match, is not going to increase real violence in the world, but if anything will tend to decrease it by providing a harmless, controlled outlet; and the more such symbolic representations exist, the more whatever S-M drives we may have (1) become raised from the subconscious to the conscious level where we can deal with them, and (2) are satisfied by being expressed in some way within us, purged out of us (Aristotle's theory). How much more so in the case of an actual S-M relationship between consenting people: by performing a ritual of dominance and submission, that is as ideally suited to their mutual needs as they can arrange, they not only more precisely satisfy these needs, but they also achieve an understanding of the difference between such a voluntary and ideal relationship, and the confused mess of involuntary oppression-garbage that we see around us. Such clear-cut S-M relationships therefore tend to prevent exploitation and oppression of imperialistic cultures." 5. "But won't the revolution do away with the need for even this much acting-out of S-M drives?" Reply: Only one or two generations after that "mental and social revolution that will insure total personal freedom for all" could anyone be uninfluenced enough by past history to create a purely free pattern of life for himself. We, who are still very much involved in the struggle towards that goal, are too hampered by current conditions to be able to predict and describe just what "post-revolutionary freedom" will look like. Maybe, as some radical gays say, they'll all be unattached, roleless bisexuals in those days, but it would be rash to insist on this from where we're standing now. Let us start the revolution going by granting total personal freedom right now, and in the forms that people desire right now! Let us grant freedom to all whether we would choose them for ourselves or not, and that includes S-M!

AND THE "REVOLUTION"



Please exchange
Come Out
Box 233
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10036
THE MAILMAN AND I



One day, with the joke-swapping routine established, Pete suddenly said, smiling and looking directly at my crotch, "Looks like you have a boner there."

"I guess I do," I said, somewhat embarrassed. Then Pete reached over with his hand and squeezed my cock.

It felt good, and I didn't object.

"What about you? Do you have a boner?" I asked.

Pete glanced knowingly at his own bulge. I reached over and squeezed his cock, rejoicing in the rush of pleasure I experienced.

After that, we spent the 10 minutes riding daily in the mailtruck with our hands caressing each other's crotches, always to the accompaniment of heterosexual dirty jokes.

Towards the end of spring, Pete said, "how'd you like to go to the drive-in with me?" "OK," I said. Drive-ins being synonymous with sex, I anticipated that Pete and I would go beyond our usual crotch caresses. I was a little surprised when Pete said, "I'll pick you up at your house." Well, if he thought that it appeared innocent, then I was willing to go along. I told my parents that I was going to the drive-in movie with Pete, and they showed no negative reaction or even curiosity.

The weekend came, and so did Pete in his pick-up truck, and off we went to the theatre. I don't remember what was playing. From the moment we parked the truck, if not before, we placed our hands on each other's throbbing cocks, massaging, caressing, trying only vaguely to watch the screen. I became nervous as several schoolmates drove by or walked by in the semi-darkness. Surely they will suspect, I thought. I was scared, and also I was

frustrated, so I said to Pete, "let's go somewhere else."

He started the engine and we drove out of the drive-in and down some back roads, parking at the edge of a quiet cornfield. Pete took his pants down, and I did the same. We still sat in the cabin of the pick-up, our hands now caressing the bare skin of the cocks we had previously known only behind the cloth of our pants.

I had no idea what was supposed to happen. We had never had an orgasm together, though I knew what orgasm was (from jerking off and from my other sex games with my schoolchums). I slid along the seat and tried to press my cock against Pete's hip and thighs. He suddenly turned his back to me, lifted up his ass, and urged: "Go ahead!" I did not know what I was supposed to do, or maybe I did, but in any case I felt a flash of fear and I slid back toward my door. Now I held my own cock, and in seconds, without warning, I felt my whole body tremble with climax and spurts of semen fell on the seat and on my legs.

Pete had opened the door near the driver's seat and now he stood up and quickly jerked himself off, spilling his semen on the ground. I can remember some sense of disappointment that I never really got to see him come.

Fear struck hard and fast, a furious fear unlike anything I had experienced before, though I did come to know it again in the future. I do now know exactly what I was afraid of -- the full weight of this sexist society is what I would probably call it now -- but I knew I was very afraid.

"Take me home," I said to Pete. He did. We rode in absolute silence.

I did not speak to Pete again for more than two years. I was determined to not even set eyes on him. I would not go to the post office if I saw his truck there. I made other arrangements to get home after term practice sessions.

Of course I told no one what had happened, and no one was aware of the intimate relationship between me and Pete. Except for Pete, of course. I still wonder what he was thinking. If I was scared (and oppressed) what about him? If word got out, he would have been the "dirty old man," the "pervert," the "child molester." If I decided then to make a youthful confession, I would have suffered some, but what about Pete? What about his job, his family, the small town life? Or did he somehow sense that fooling around with with me represented no danger to himself?

Two years or so after the drive-in movie incident, when I was home from college, I decided I was ready for an encounter with Pete. I saw him at the post office, and our meeting was as cold and brief as I had planned it.

"How're you doing?" Pete asked. "OK," I said. "do you still horse around?" Pete asked. I knew what he meant and I answered, truthfully but with aloofness, "Oh, now and then."

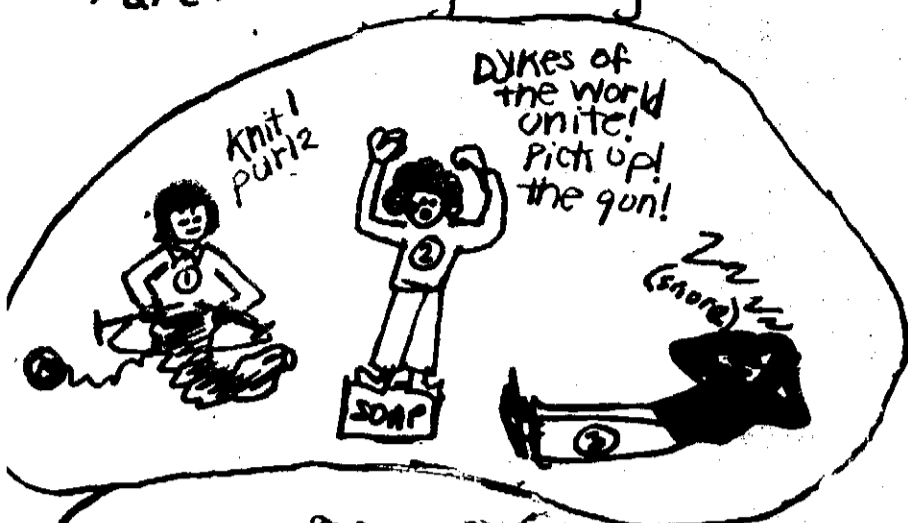
I know some people who have very negative feelings about any sexual encounters they had with older people when they were very young. I feel none of this, only a strange nostalgia about my relationship with Pete and a lingering curiosity about this man.

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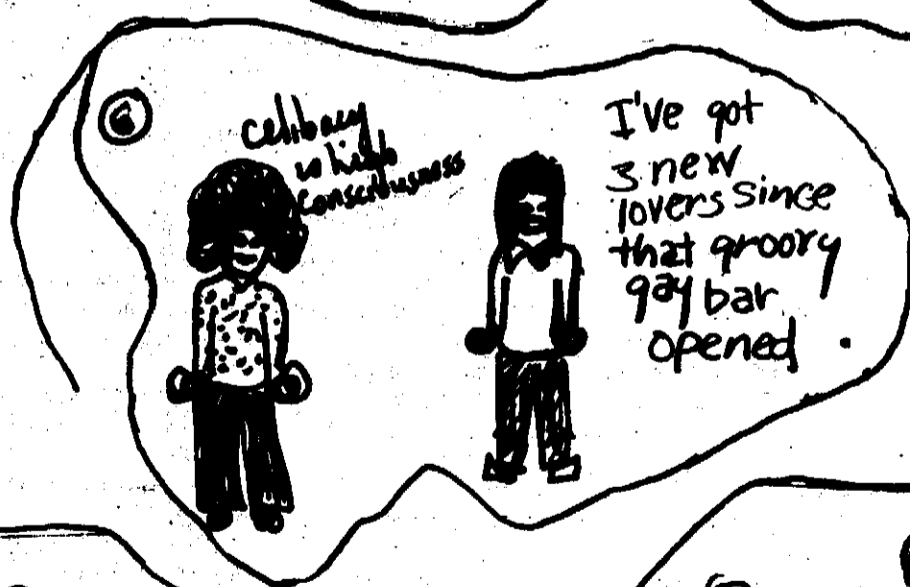
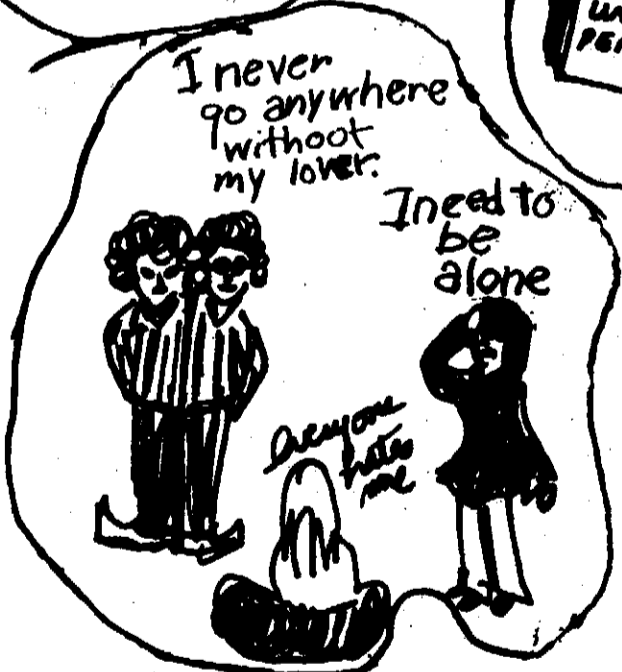
The Radical Radish Adventure - A Continuing Saga

Part 1 - One year ago

by
E. Bedor



Part 2 - At this time



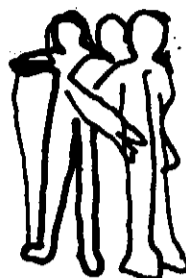
I was awakened at three o'clock in the morning.
 "Come quick. We are at Family Hospital. Jim is dying."
 "Dying," I said, still too sleepy to understand. "Dying. What are you talking about?"
 "On the fifth floor. You know where the room is. Come quick."
 I hurried over.
 "Where is he?" I asked.
 "He is in the room. Over there," Mark said. Mark and Eric were there. Mark is sixty and Eric is sixty-five. Eric likes to smoke cigarettes. He was nervously pacing back and forth in front of the small waiting alcove at the end of the hall. He went past the room where the nurses were preparing Jim, I guessed, because they barred the way. Mark was very upset. I took his face in my hands and kissed it often. He still cried. Finally one of the nurses came over to us. He gave us a very official look.
 "Are you the next of kin?"

Kinship



Yes," I said.
 "You may see him then."
 We went into Jim's room. It was half lit and smelled of all kinds of serious medicines. They had already plugged him into some sort of instrument to measure how fast his heart was beating and judge when it would stop. It looked kind of like a speedometer. On one dial it measured how fast his heart was beating and on the other it measured mileage.
 "It was really nice of you to come," he said. He was smiling much more gaily than any of us could mark up to.
 "How could we stay away?" Mark asked.
 "I miss all of you," he said. "When we get older, we must have each other. I feel like I've been here for so long." He paused for a moment, "We're all we have, you know." He took my hand. It seemed so young and warm in his hand which was old and cooler, but moist. "It has been so good of you," he said, "to love me, now."
 "But I needed you..." I protested.
 "You are so much younger than I am."
 "I was forty thirty years ago."
 For a moment we looked at each other. It was as if time was a bridge that we were looking back and forth over at each other. He still held my hand and I did not resist it the way I did the first time he held my hand last year when I first became a part of the three of them. Mark was trying very hard not to cry. Mark who had been so very good at making cocktails and talking about the revolution that had taken place so many years ago when I was still a teenager. He used to talk. Chatter all of the time and now, now he was choked with tears. He couldn't speak a word.
 I left them for a moment. They were both holding his hands. They were looking like people on the landing of boats, getting ready to say goodbye. The doctor came over to me. He wore his hair very long in the old style, like pictures from old magazines.
 "Are you his next of kin?"
 "Yes," I said.
 "Where is his wife?"
 "We are all his 'wife'"
 "I only see three men."
 "I told you we are his next of kin."
 "We need his next of kin for the certificate of release. I don't believe any of you are his next of kin. We'll have to keep his body then right here until we find the next of kin."
 "I told you we are his next of kin."
 "He has no children? He is an old man."
 "We are all his children."
 Suddenly his lips curled into a slight smile. "No daughters?"
 The doctor persisted in sticking his hands in and out of the pockets of his smock. It was made of a strange kind of paper. I was sure it would break. He also rocked his head up and down as if he were making a list. I didn't understand why Jimmy's doctor was not there. Hospital doctors were notorious for giving us a hard time. They were the only ones that had not signed the accord that gave women and Gay people autonomy. He still had a modicum of power in the State and made sure everybody knew it.
 "We are all his daughters," I finally said. Suddenly I became very angry. "If you don't stop this, I'm going to report this to the Committee on the Extended Family."
 He nodded his head once more: "then you are all homosexuals."
 "If you insist on categorizing us as such."
 I hated him. Such a pig. The pigs were always there. Even as Jim who had lived through incredible pigshit, who grew up in fear, who grew up when men were afraid to be known as homosexuals or Gay or anything other than the Established code of Ethics which had been superseded by the Revolution: even as Jim was dying, I had to deal with this reactionary.
 "Your friend has been here for a week," he finally said.
 I didn't understand what he was getting at. "What are you talking about?"
 "It's just that we don't like to keep people here any longer than we have to. That's why I've got to have the name of his next of kin."
 "I told you that we are his next of kin."
 "I can never understand what you people have for each other."
 "Maybe you were never meant to."

"What do you mean by that? My son is one of you. He left home at the age of thirteen and joined you. He hates me. I don't understand why. I am his father. His real father. We had him in the old way. Just my wife and I. No machines. No artificial insemination. No artificial conception. And yet he left us to go live with a bunch of males. He said he couldn't be free around me. He said that I oppressed him. I don't understand. I loved him. He is my son, and I love him."
 "Did you ever show him?"
 "We went together. We shot skeet together. We went to the games. I told him about women. I loved him the way my father loved me. How else can I love him?"
 "Did you love him the way men love each other?"
 "I loved him the way I loved a son."
 "That's the way Jim loves us," I said, "and that's the way we love him. We've got to be each other's children and each other's parents. Why should you limit your feelings of closeness and caring ... only to children. We've got to keep these feelings all of our lives."
 Eric and Mark came out of Jim's room.
 "He's unconscious again," Mark said.



"did you notice how much his cardiometer gave him?" the doctor asked.
 "About fifty-three over forty-three."
 "That's very bad. I can cut him off now or leave him on 'natural'. Then he can go on until tomorrow."
 "Leave it on natural," I said.
 "Can you arrange for the body or shall I have the Hospital Termination Team do it for you. If you leave it for us though, we are allowed to give away as much of the donor as it is necessary at the time of termination."
 I couldn't believe how he could talk this way in front of Mark and Eric who were absolutely torn to shreds. I took him aside. "Doctor, can't you just leave us alone until Jim's doctor comes. We'll handle everything. Please, sir."
 "You know," he whispered, "I could have terminated him an hour ago."
 "I know," I said. "What do you want from us?"
 "I don't know. A little love. A little respect. People today treat doctors like we were technicians."
 "Then why do you try to scare us with all those power plays?"
 "I guess we're just human. I'm really afraid of you. We're like everybody else."
 I took both of his hands in mine and raised them to my lips.
 "Don't be afraid," I assured him. "Just don't be afraid."

We spent the night listening to music and playing cards. Jim woke several times and we talked to him, but I don't think he understood what we were saying. Martin, Jim's doctor finally came in from the shore where he had gone with Michael and the kids Steven and Erica. Steven might be coming to live with us soon. We were looking forward to his coming. There were so many things that we could learn from a boy of seventeen. By daybreak Martin told us that Jim's cardiometer had dropped to forty over thirty. He could try to jolt it electrically but that might shock Jim's whole system. die. He's seen too many changes. We're not at that point that we could rejuvenate him, you know, wash away all that shit that came from living so long under old Sexism. He's only been able to come out in the last fifteen years or so. He's seventy-two now. Sometimes it's just better to let people go. Do his friends know that he is dying?"

"Yes," Eric said, "they'll be here soon."
 Suddenly Jim called out to us. We hurried into his room where Mark was already. Jim was very happy to see Martin there. We talked for a while, the five of us all together. It was starting to be a beautiful day. The cardiometer was at 35/30. Jim said that it was indeed wonderful of all of us to be there. We talked about music for a while. On the tape machine that Eric had brought in a week before, we played Mozart's Sinfonia Concertante and some old Bob Dylan songs that Jim liked because they reminded him of his youth.

30/25
 He was speaking very softly. "The warmth of you all being here will really last me forever."

I was really struck by this. It was the last thing Jim said to us. He lapsed into a coma. 20/15.

Mark was overwhelmed with grief. The three of them had lived together for about twenty years, even before Jim had come out publicly. I kissed Mark and we held each other. Eric seemed lost in thought. I remembered what I had said about being each other's children. We went over and talked to him. Eric had been very strong and now I don't think he was able to really understand that Jim was dead. He had not released any of his feelings and they were there waiting to be felt. The nurses were starting to make their daily rounds. They left Jim's room alone.

The whole community came out for the funeral. There was very slow dancing and chanting. Eric had become very joyous. We planted three cherry trees in Jim's honour and had a communal meal of rice and apples.

INTRO 475 HEARING

A HUSTLE

by,
"Field Mouse"

I missed round one but I was there for the second and third *Public Hearings On INTRO 475*. The third was the final hearing.

I appeared at both hearings in straight drag, collar properly pressed, necktie, suit & vest! I wanted to be "respectable" for my testimony. I was prepared to give personal testimony to that gang of white heterosexual con-artists which calls itself the City Council and presumes to decide our fate!

I was never given a chance to testify. This despite a promise by Sharison, the "Chairman" that "Everyone who wishes to will be given a chance to testify." All those who wanted to testify at the second hearing but did not get a chance were supposed to be the very first to speak at the third hearing. It was a lie and a pretence at democracy.

At the second hearing there was much personal testimony by Gay people including a Lesbian who came out publicly for the first time in her life! We scored heavily. The manipulators had to change the rules.

The maximum time allowed for testimony was changed from 10 to 5 minutes. Gay people would now have to cut their testimony short. But still Pig Sharison was willing to extend the time limit for a straight history professor, but a Gay brother had to fight for his right to give a complete testimony.

The majority of testimony at the third hearing was by straight people debating what they should do with us! This included an hour and a half of bantering back and forth between a Mayor's aide and the Pigs on the council. It came off as thinly disguised Presidential politics.

By the time they got around to Gay people it was late afternoon. We were famished by their bourgeois rule forbidding food in City Hall except for those privileged to quietly recess into their private chambers for refreshments. At the day's end Pig Demarco was still fresh as a dandy daisy. For us there was no lunch hour. Any Gay person who left the hearing room was not allowed back in.

FLAMING FAGGOTS CONTINUED

ON TERMINOLOGY: Since presenting our demands, through the process of consciousness-raising, we have discovered that most of us have always been bothered by the word "gay". We felt it trivialized us: we're not gay, we're angry. We also noticed how women in Daughters of Bilitis and those splitting from GLF (because of its anti-womanism) were both reaffirming their right to the single proud word, Lesbian, to describe themselves, even though this had once been used abusively against them. We disliked the two-word phrase "gay men." It made clown of us. "Male homosexual.. was hard to keep saying over and over.

Then we learned that the word "faggot" originated from our persecution in the middle ages: when a woman was to be burned as a witch, men accused of homosexuality were bound together in bundles, mixed in with bundles of kindling wood (faggots) at the feet of the witch, and set on fire "to kindle a flame foul enough for a witch to burn in." So thenemy has known all along the danger in strong women and gently men, has known that both present the same threat to masculine domination. That is why we have decided to embrace "faggot" as our one-word description, complete with a piece of our buried history unearthed, and accept it positively as a tool to cut through our last ties to "passing" — those of us who were in the privileged position of having such an option.

What is most infuriating is that even if INTRO 475 is passed, it will give Gay people scant protection against the harrassment and abuse we suffer daily. The bill gives no protection to the "obvious Homosexual". So we will still be expected to act straight on the job. And Transvestites are left out altogether! Such an outrage — even if we win we still lose! In either case the Gay People end up as stepping stones for Mr. Politician. He toys with our feelings as if they were a ploy for his ambitions.

At the second hearing DeMarco and Sharison went into a heavy Transvestite baiting number in order to turn the "respectable" Homosexuals against the flamboyant. But we remained strong and united as was demonstrated when the pigs tried to rip off a group of transvestites. They were surrounded by angry Gays and forced to release our half-sisters who proudly walked to the front and took seats in the first row.

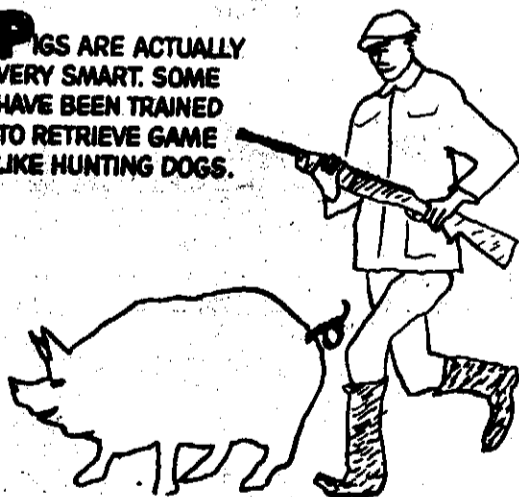
At the third hearing the pigs tried to bust a half-sister for using the "ladies" room. This was after the Transvestites were warned by the pigs not to use the "lady's" room or the "men's" room. Again the arrest was prevented by Gay Unity and Gay Power.

When Pig Sharison announced that the hearing was adjourned and there would be no further public hearings, we realized that we had been taken. A cordon of helmeted TPF appeared to protect that pack of corrupt bloodsuckers from the righteous wrath of angry Faggots and Lesbians.

What lessons can we learn from the INTRO 475 hearings?

The first lesson is that we can never win at a game where the rules change at the whim of the Dealer, and the cards are stacked to boot. Why should we be puzzled and wonder, "What did I do wrong?" In a crooked card game the mark cannot win no matter what tactics are employed. The only thing to do with a cheat is to knock the cards out of his hand.

PIGS ARE ACTUALLY VERY SMART. SOME HAVE BEEN TRAINED TO RETRIEVE GAME LIKE HUNTING DOGS.



Reprinted from the
NEW YORK SUNDAY NEWS

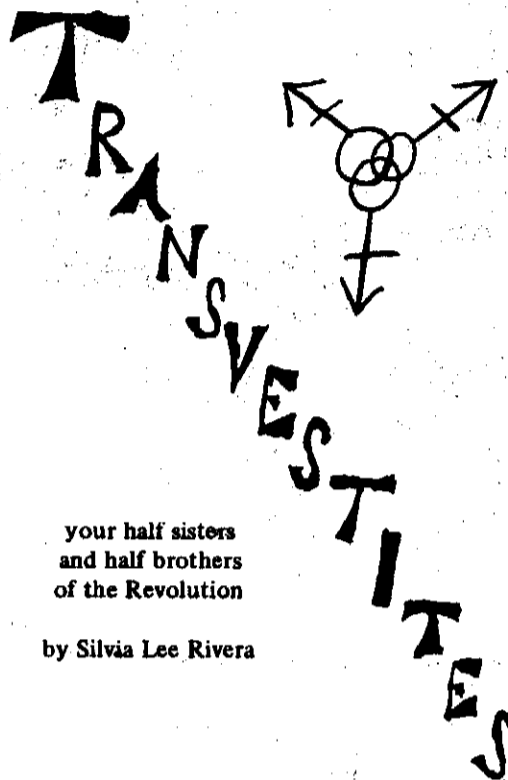
We call ourselves faggots in the name of Jacques DeMolay, in the name of Bernard de Vado, tortured by fire applied to the soles of the feet to such an extent that few days afterwards the bones of his heels dropped out, in the nineteen brothers from Perigord tortured and starved for six months running, in the name of ten thousand Knights Templar burned at the stake for the crime of homosexuality, in the name of all nameless brothers still tortured in mental hospitals and in psychiatrists' offices by aversion therapy, shock treatment, apomorphine, and succinylcholine.

We are flaming with the fire of final revolution. We are not ashamed of being faggots. We are proud.

FAGGOTS UNITE TO SMASH HETERO-SEXISM

Transvestites are homosexual men and women who dress in clothes of the opposite sex. Male transvestites dress and live as women. Half sisters like myself are women with the minds of women trapped in male bodies. Female transvestites dress and live as men. My half brothers are men with male minds trapped in female bodies. Transvestites are the most oppressed people in the homosexual community. My half sisters and brothers are being raped and murdered by pigs, straights, and even sometimes by other uptight homosexuals who consider us the scum of the gay community. They do this because they are not liberated.

Transvestites are the most liberated homosexuals in the world. We have had the guts to stand up and fight on the front lines for many years before the gay movement was born.



your half sisters
and half brothers
of the Revolution

by Silvia Lee Rivera

As far back as I can remember, my half sisters and brothers liberated themselves from this fucked up system that has been oppressing our gay sisters and brothers — by walking on the man's land, defining the man's law, and meeting with the man face to face in his court of law. We have liberated his bathrooms and streets in our female or male attire. For exposing the man's law we are thrown into jail on charges of criminal impersonation; that dates back as far as the Boston Tea Party when the English dressed up as Indians because the motherland had raised the taxes. We have lost our jobs, our homes, friends, family because of lack of understanding of our inner-most feelings and lack of knowledge of our valid life style. They have been brainwashed by this fucked up system that has condemned us and by doctors that call us a disease and a bunch of freaks. Our family and friends have also condemned us because of their lack of true knowledge.

By being liberated my half sisters and brothers and myself are able to educate the ignorant gays and straights that transvestism is a valid life style.

Remember the Stonewall Riots? That first stone was cast by a transvestite half sister June 27, 1969 and the gay liberation movement was born. Remember that transvestites and gay street people are always on the front lines and are ready to lay their lives down for the movement. Remember the transvestite half sister that was out gathering signatures for the Homosexual Civil Rights Bill petition and was arrested on 42nd Street. Remember the N.Y.U. sit-in? Transvestites and gay street people held the fort down and didn't want to give in that Friday night after we had been removed from the sub-cellar.

So sisters and brothers remember that transvestites are not the scum of the community; just think back on the events of the past two years. You should be proud that we are part of the community and you should try to gain some knowledge of your transvestite half brothers and sisters and our valid life style. Remember we started the whole movement that 27th day of June of the year 1969!

Street Transvestites Action Revolutionaries meet Friday at 6:00 p.m. at Marsha Johnson's, 211 Eldridge Street, New York, N.Y., apt. 3. For information write: S.T.A.R., c/o Marsha Johnson, at the same address.

Power to all the people!

You're only pretty as you feel.



Wake up in the morning



I put on my new face for another day.



another lie begins

drink shit



another day of pretending.

I think he sucks. he sucks. he sucks.



I think he's a FAG

didja hear about what the queers are doin.

me

FAGs at it again. shit



I think Judy's boyfriend is a fag, but I'm not sure every one looks like one



Dear son,
How are you,
have you been
dating anyone
new lately, when
are you gonna
settle down with
one girl like we

Jim's such a nice guy,
too bad he's gay.



Hey... Smith,
lets get a couple a broads and

I could tell the world I'm Gay, but the world would not believe me, the world really does not believe I exist.

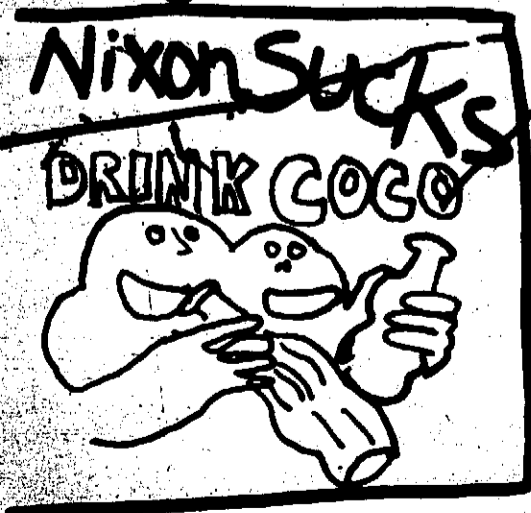


I think that new kid down the block's a queer.

As you can

guess, it's very hard to feel like a legitimate person in this all this shit.

what did you do this weekend Fred. Anything interesting?



oppression. Gay Consciousness does not stop at 9 A.M. Come Out! 11.



Photo by Lir Stephan

TO A SISTER

When I consider the wonders of life
That have slid across my hands,
Like water (quicksilver hard to hold
And gone in a moment);

And when I consider the heavens
And the million stars there hung
And the fernsmell of a mossy wood,
(Which things I have done without
Enjoying for years at a time);

And when I think of the seasons
And how quickly they go by,
And how each one leaves its mark on me
Like raindrop tracks on glass:

Nothing seems clearer to me than to say
I want you near; I wish you were here.

— Heather



Photos by E. Bedoz





I am new
Born again;
All the old roles
(Butch, fem, straight)
Died and fell away.
And I stand naked
With fresh skin,
New,
Not yet quite sure
How to think of myself;
Only knowing
That my skin
Is very tender
To the touch.

— Heather

Photo by Lin Stephan

ACORN

I can touch your eyes, acorns,
Kiss your mouth and breasts
In morning conversation.
Moss behind your knee. I stop.
My leaves like withered hands
Hang at my sides.
Something there is that doesn't love.
A wall of stone
Is heaped up in my chest.

Don't ask me why the wall,
Snakes in the crannies. You know.
Moss grows on my lies.
A fat old diamondback, my tongue,
May lie upon your lips
But cannot pass
Our own touchstone of truth.

I am the shriveled corn, awaiting rain,
Poems like bluebells ground in caliche.
Come down, thunder, speak!
April flood the arroyos.
When I come to your bed again
Even the stone in the cave will shine,
A campfire on the plains.

— Martha Shelley



Photo by Debra Moldovan

Proposal for a GAY CARE center Continued from last page by Alice Bloch

and be willing to revise constantly as needs appear and change.

As I perceive the needs of the gay community at this time, here are some things we could do and ways we could do them.

What We Could Do:

1) Be a crisis center with short-term living space. In crisis counseling we should be sensitive and responsive to people's needs in many areas of life. This would mean we couldn't refer them to outside agencies, and sit back with an easy conscience. We'd want to help people discover what they really want and how they can get it and then to help them get it - as a friend would, not as a professional agency would. We can't afford to make divisions among ourselves as "therapist" and "client". All of us need each other and people who would come to us in a time of crisis could soon help other new people.

2) Be a cooperative workshop. Together we could make and sell things. This would be good from several points of view:

(a) We're going to need money to keep going, and while we'd hope to get funds from donations, benefit performances, etc., we can't count on that to support us.

(b) A shop attracts people. Someone who wandered in could immediately join us at work if (s)he wanted to. Also, shopping would be a less risky way of approaching us than having to come forth and declare immediately, "I need help, I'm fucked up, I'm fucked over, I'm in a bad place right now."

(c) Productive work could be good "therapy" for people in crisis.

(d) For many of us, work with our hands could be a good antidote to feelings of worthlessness and alienation. We really need to see that we can create and make things, that our bodies are connected to our heads and that as whole people we can be productive.

(3) Offer cheap or free second-hand clothing to sisters and brothers in need.

(4) Offer help to gay drug addicts and alcoholics. I personally have a lot of hangups and ignorance to shake in both of these areas, but I really see this as a key need. The ideal situation would be for gays who have already been through the drug or drink trip to help those who are going through it right now.

(5) Offer day care for children of gay people and anyone else who wants day care.

(6) Help gay people organize in problem solving groups, interest groups, co-op houses - whatever groupings people want and need.

(7) Organize a food co-op or participate as a unit in an already existing food co-op.

(8) Offer "re-education" on demand (e.g. a workshop-seminar on sexism, a seminar on the political structures of NYC and how gay people can deal with them).

(9) Offer a health clinic for gay people.

(10) Offer legal referrals and follow up.

I don't think we should be open only to gay people, but we can be open only to people who can deal with us as gays. We've all been oppressed enough, we can't afford to be oppressed more by

people who come to us for help.

Right now the Liberation House Collective consists of a few committed people and has only a telephone and a vision. After a week of limited publicity, we are already receiving calls from people who need the services we want to provide. Every day we become a little more concrete, and that's exciting. By January 1st we'll be opening a basement store-front at 247 W. 11th St. where we can make ourselves more accessible to the gay community and center our projects. By then we hope also to have a loft so that we can begin making our life style a collective experience. To raise funds and get people together we're planning a film festival December 17 and 18 and a New Year's Eve dance at the Church of the Holy Apostles, 9th Ave. at 28th St. We'll be offering a community meal some time around Christmas. We're organizing a workshop-seminar on drug rehabilitation and a seminar on "Our Bodies" in January. Also in January we plan to begin several groups: contract and problem-solving groups, sensitivity-training, relaxation and exercise groups. We are also trying to help people organize their own living communes on an on-going basis.

We need several more people who would want to commit themselves with us to creating a collective life style and offering services to the gay community. We also need the interest, support and help of many gay people. If you are interested in Liberation House, want help or want to help, call 242-7521 (keep trying) or write to

Liberation House 247 W 11 Street basement apartment New York, NY 10014

DUTCH RETREAT

14

From an American point of view and especially one which dates from only a few weeks spent in Europe it is difficult to arrive at any assessment of the situation of Gay people in Europe as compared to our own here in the U.S. Furthermore, as we had to leave out the Scandinavian countries as well as Germany and Italy due both to monetary and time reasons, this compelled us only to get a brief glimpse of some Gay factors operating in the cities of Amsterdam, Paris, and London.

We have sisters and brothers there who after the traditional European reserve and suspicion towards anybody or -thing non-European will readily and wholeheartedly welcome their American sisters and brothers for what we are: equal participants in the struggle that we all are fighting as Gay people against straight society.

Holland is a small country and very liberal - liberal here in the sense that all European countries are with their very homogeneous populations and long traditions of democracy and socialism. This very liberalism, however, severely hampers and postpones any revolutionary attempts at changing much less destroying the prevalent paternalistic modes of government and institutions which are as much a sickness on the European scene as on our own. In some respects this blind allegiance to authority is maybe even stronger there than here, where the frontier and the West still exist more than a faded memory or a dream.

We talked in Amsterdam with such a liberal group and we were the surprised and extranged young American radicals listening or opposing this suave well-groomed representative of Dutch liberalism under which as a side issue important only to themselves came Dutch homosexuals. A very conclusive attitude can be gathered from the Dutch answer we received to our question as to whether there had been any Christopher Street March in Amsterdam simultaneously with the New York March (as there had been in various other European cities). No, they had not in Amsterdam deemed this a wise thing to do: it was unfair to confront straight society with such a march of the outcasts - it would do irreparable damage to the respectable and shapely image they were engaged in building into straight and gay society alike. Respectability, acceptance, integration these were the key words and if this could not come about in this generation - why then we must wait for the next. Meanwhile there were individual solutions to be found - a lover, an apartment, a well-paid job manicured toenails (not that toenails must not look appetizing) straight friends who could show their liberalism off by accepting you to their cocktails, the most in-car (not that cars etc.). Furthermore, one should concentrate upon educating the straights (trying to make the blind see, and ignoring the gays

in the dark so desperately needing their own to realize their beautiful third eye). This was done by lecturing and printing articles and being generally accepted on straight terms. Adjusting our pact to theirs and giving them time to crush a few more generations of Gays if so were their will and their blindness. The very crude but to us very potent analogy we tried to oppose to this Dutch version of the closet - that of the black movement in the U.S. and gay is proud and angry now was greeted with a shudder. This would cause a gap - a conflict-situation and for whom could you then manicure your toenails?

We were tired now, but felt fine and radical and we suggested the Dutch liberals to go tell the Blacks to wait another generation.

This was a very dampening experience - dampening on our initial enthusiasm and expectations of the Great European Mystique, but we emerged more healthy and slightly more American - world chauvanistic but undaunted also in our belief that in the fact of these clogs and windmills another Amsterdam and Holland must also exist. This was only for the tourists and alas we were but tourists and had neither time nor money or language to take us to and explore the

real Amsterdam, our Amsterdam - gay Amsterdam and more power to them! Next time we will find you and hug you.....

*Juliana
Queen of the
Netherlands*

THIS WILL BE MURDER.

1.
This will be murder
and pot shaped graves
I do not
sublimation clearly
not so negative
of awareness
roses and roses both
like railroads, steaming
I can't help getting sleepy.
He is working in my bathroom
constantly calling "Amigo, amigo"
perhaps Sunday though I'd prefer
pets nothing
it looks like spring

2.
Can I help being a number?
motion hammer
made silver
when his colors are grey
away at school
often
miracle
midnight
hold.
Christmas
red
seeing the stars of another generation
they dare
whereas we are all negative in loving
nothing better than gold standards
motioning to the rear
I can see ti his way.
by piano
old trees
used potatoes
here is a string of apples
4.
red
yet he applied pressure
shyness
(portable picture)
of a world that is titled *Factory*
to pick up
we are eleven
at once
the address is simple to remember.
Thursday night
some butter
a letter to please.
strings of apples remain

j.s. salata 11-24-71

Contin. of "The Mailman and I".

It is now 15 years since Pete and I held each other's cocks at that drive-in movie theatre in eastern Pennsylvania. The gay liberation movement has been born, and I am part of it. Pete, now 60 years old, still drives the mail truck from Brooksville to Flat Rock. I saw him at the Flat Rock post office a few weeks ago when I went to visit my parents. He gave me a big smile and said, "How are you?"

"Pretty much the same," I said, smiling broadly, trying that way to communicate to him that I am gay. I wanted to stop and really talk to him, but I could not do it then and there, and I'm not sure how it could be done at all.

But I do wonder about Pete and I wonder if his relationship with me was unique, or one in a series. I want to hear the story of Pete's life because that is what homosexuality has been (and still is) for countless people. I want to hear the story of his life because he is my brother, and because, in that strange winter and spring of 1956, he was my lover.

(editor's note: Jonathan Stone writes frequently on gay liberation under his real name. He has given a fictitious name to himself and the mailman, and changed the locale, in order to protect the mailman who still has his job and his family to contend with. This is a true story.)

Coming out in Australia

Dennis Altman

Have just given a talk on Gay Liberation to the local, and first, Australian homophile organisation, *CAMP, Inc.* Which stands for Campaign Against Moral Persecution, Incorporated, "camp" being the Australian equivalent of "gay", and is a homophile group more like Mattachine or D.O.B. than it is a liberation movement.

Camp Inc. was established last year by a small group, including some straights; the most active of the founding members has subsequently become the de facto full time director. It got considerable media publicity, despite the apparent decision of the two largest newspapers in Sydney to ignore it. (The New York correspondent of one of these papers has told me of the difficulties of getting permission to report on gay liberation activities in America.) More importantly it has attracted a substantial membership and branches have been established in other Australian cities.

Any movement must be understood in relation to the society in which it exists, and Australia has neither a history of homophile organisations - Mattachine, after all, goes back twenty years - nor a radical movement of anything like the same size and intensity of that in America. Thus *Camp Inc.* cannot be judged by American standards and what may seem conservative, even reactionary, by New York expectations is not so in Australia.

Camp Inc. is predominantly a male, middle-class and "respectable" organisation, embracing a wide range of ages and a lesser range of life styles. There are few "heads" or "freaks" although a number have been coming to its dances. By and large the more active members are likely to "pass" as straight in most situations - and want it that way.

The position of homosexuals in Australia seems to me both better and worse than in America. Worse because there is a far more restricted "gay

world", an almost non-existent gay press - *Camp Inc.* produces a monthly journal - and an official ideology of repression. Better because that ideology is not much translated into practice, and in some ways there seems more acceptance here than there. Particularly, I suspect, among the younger left.

Camp Inc.'s main function so far has been as a social body. The organisation has leased an old house in an inner city suburb - opposite the local police station and next to the fire station - which has a very big back garden, complete with banana trees, and is superb for parties, meetings etc. Dances here compete successfully with the commercial places, though attracting far too few women.

Out of the socialising, however, has come a fair amount of rapping - there are special times for women and married homosexuals, the house is open every night for coffee, and there are attempts to get more discussions organised. (So far people shy off the idea of consciousness raising.) But as yet very little action, though a Law Reform Committee has been discussing possibilities for some time.

Why? Well for a start very few members are prepared to come out publicly, which makes demonstrations or "zaps" very hard to organise. This is in turn a reflection of the sort of people who belong to *Camp Inc.* Few of them are used to demonstrations, even fewer feel able to be very open about their homosexuality.

This will change: already there seems much greater freedom among *Camp Inc.* members in dealing with friends, relatives, jobs. "We must free ourselves first" - and this is particularly true for us in Australia, which is a small, integrated society compared with the anonymity and diversity of New York. Rap groups, even parties, have considerable value for us.

But to return to my talk: this was the third I've given recently on Gay Liberation. One - on a fairly theoretical level - was received with somewhat subdued approval by a mixed group of marxists and anarchists. (The local Communists, unlike their

American counterparts, are incidentally quite favorable to Gay and Women's Liberation, though I would wonder about their motives.) A local Women's Liberation group held a very well attended discussion, and most of the women were both enthusiastic and aware. The reaction at *Camp Inc.* was more guarded, but more receptive, frankly, than I'd expected.

The sense of gay pride, of gay community that seem to me the essence of Gay Liberation, they are being born here in Australia too. So, too, we are gradually building a sense of gay consciousness. There is still considerable suspicion of the radical image with which Gay Liberation is associated, for this is both a more conservative and less polarised country than yours. Yet there are signs that people want more than dances, that apathy may yet be translated into anger.

Comparatively few women have joined *Camp Inc.* though as everywhere else they need its social functions far more than the men. The women who are around have so far seemed hostile to Women's Liberation - though contacts are being made, guardedly - and strongly opposed to any sort of separatist movement. (Men are invited to their caucus.) Whether this will change as their own women's consciousness changes I don't know. I hope not. It seems to me that one of the most important features of the gay movement is that it brings women and men together and breaks down the sexual segregation that a sexist society has laid on gay people.

There's also a branch of *Camp Inc.* at Sydney University (and possibly soon at others.) So far it hasn't got much beyond rapping, though a projected "parent's night" next term should prove interesting.

A gay movement has got off the ground in Sydney and has involved several hundreds of people, all in less than a year. In itself that's quite an achievement. Remember that when we say "we're everywhere" we're here too, in Sydney, Brisbane, Perth, Melbourne, and soon other cities.

Coming into London

Warren Singer

Traveling around Europe and North Africa for six months this year I learned that Americans are not the most beloved people in the world. They are hated for being imperialists fascists, and chauvinists, but mostly for the schmucks that come over every summer. Being a Jewish homosexual I luckily belonged to two international groups which weren't as hostile to the fact that I was born to the wrong side of the ocean.

At the beginning of July I met two sisters from New York City. They were old friends and together we went to Amsterdam, Paris, and finally London. It was fantastic to be in London after the *Harry's Back East* scene in Amsterdam and Paris. London GLF was still functioning, growing, and going strong as compared to some of its sibling organizations in the states. They held meetings weekly, maintain an office, run consciousness-raising groups, hold demonstrations and a number of other things. They have good attendance at meetings with usually around 200 people showing up.

Politically though they were about six months to a year behind the gay movement in the states in working with sexism. When I was there there were two important issues dealing with this, of primary importance was dealing with sexism in GLF. I remember we decided to divide into groups at one meeting and talk about it. It generally worked out that a lot of the groups were all men, which is something not to be desired in a discussion of this sort. In the group in which I was there were other

sexist they were. After this support was printed in the GLF newspaper, *Come Together*, without support from the general meeting, many people objected especially the women because they couldn't support such a sexist rag. There were men and one sister, an American. As we talked she was constantly shouted down, cut into, and ignored; a prime example occurred in which one of the men asked her a question and another wouldn't let her speak and answered for her. She did not though allow herself to be cut out and by the end of the meeting our group proposed to the general meeting that the women should automatically get all the vote. This caused a great stir which led to the women planning to meet of their own and decide what they want.

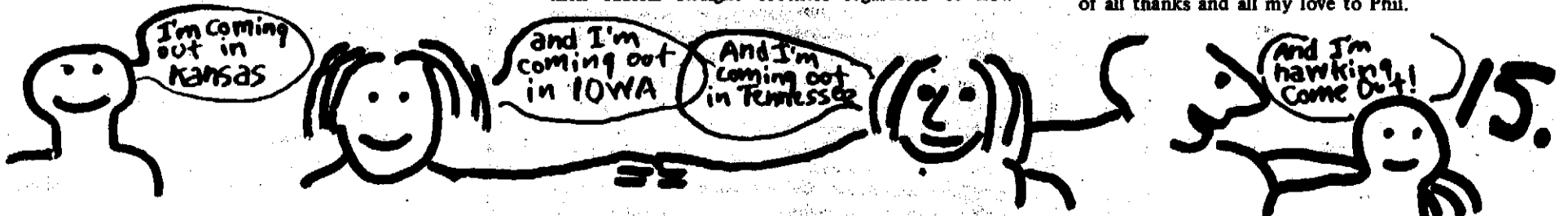
Another great problem that happened involved the "Oz" trials. "Oz" is a straight underground magazine which showed blatant sexism against women and gays in many of its articles and pictures. They were brought up on charges of obscenity because of an issue directed at children. GLF had originally voiced support for "Oz" because of fear involving precedents in censorship cases and because one of the editors was gay. I also tend to believe among many of the men it involved the need among them to show their kinship with their radical straight brothers regardless of how

many long and bitter debates on this topic which didn't do much, but that did bring to many people's eyes the sexism in themselves and in "Oz."

GLF was very much like GAA here in New York in holding frequent zaps, I went to one which had a turnout of about 40 on a weekday protesting the anti-gay policies of the London newspapers, which in general have the content quality of somewhere between the *daily News* and the *National Enquirer*. They also had a couple of others. They were planning a big demo on August 28th, to protest the laws concerning the age of consent and how they discriminate against youth. In England and Wales homosexual acts between consenting adults in private is allowed.

All together though the GLFers in London were a breather compared to the closetness of the continent. One of the American sisters and I had no place to stay and were gladly put up by members. In the organization there is a group working hard to try to eradicate the sexism of the organization. As in all these GLF organizations there is a small group who are very involved and do much of the work, and those who come to cruise; however, I found very little rip-off artists and hustlers that were attracted to many of the gay organizations here. Maybe that is why they are still in existence.

A special thanks to Aubrey, Carla, David, Barbara, Mick and everyone else in GLF. And most of all thanks and all my love to Phil.



Homosexual: Oppression and Liberation
by Dennis Altman
Reviewed by Andrew Dvosin

First, general impressions:

Nobody's going to stay up all night to read this one at a gulp, because it's heavy. Dennis Altman, a 27-year old Australian political scientist who's taught at N.Y.U., Adelphi and now the University of Sydney, got into gay lib while he was here to teach and study, and as he puts it in what is probably the book's only witty or concise remark, "Bring an academic and a movement together and one produces a book."

The book Altman, as I must call him (hateful to call a gay brother that way by his last name; it creates a straight, depersonalized, and competitive N.Y. Times Book Reviewer's head) has produced is a learned thesis on how we got to where we are; i.e., why a gay liberation movement at this particular time.

To this end, straight prophets of sexual liberation (Freud, Reich, Norman O. Brown, Marcuse, and one semi-gay Paul Goodman) are invoked by the shelf full, and what they have to say is interesting, somewhat (of which, more later).

But from a book whose subtitle is "Oppression and Liberation" one expects some of the stuff of life, too; the sense of what it means to be gay here, now, in an oppressive straight world, and this comes not from abstract theory, but from personal testimony and experience. I feel that this is what it is important to write about, since we all, even at this point, still take for granted, are barely aware of, so much of the shit, so many of the limitations that straight society lays on us. Of such testimony, there is very little in this book.

(That Altman didn't intend to write that sort of book I know, but inevitably my reactions to the book he did write are colored by what I expect from a book on gay liberation, and to report otherwise would be dishonest).

The book's style would do credit to any political science scholarly journal, I suppose; being full of lumps of clotted, inexpressive prose such as this: "to change consciousness in an underdeveloped and once neo-colonial state like Cuba must in some ways reverse the changes applicable to North America/Western Europe/Australasia." Oi vey, Dennis!

New as to specific ideas: which I'll try to react to out of my experience as one gay person:

The big, new idea in the book is that gay liberation is "the child of the counter-culture," i.e., or rock, drugs, of living not to work but to live, of all that has happened to American youth culture in the last ten years. This is discussed in the chapter "America, The Counter-Culture and Gay Liberation," in which increased technology is seen as having made obsolescent the Puritan virtues of continence, competitiveness, etc. Rock in particular as a cultural phenomenon, Altman feels, has softened the super-rigid male/female dichotomy that afflicted America.

How to know if this is true? Practically speaking, do I as a gay person feel more comfortable standing next to or talking with a straight rock freak as opposed to a straight corporate type. Yes, but only slightly, and given this test, Altman's explanation would seem to have less than total validity.

The Book's political viewpoint is radical: gay liberation demands a revision of society rather than an incorporation into it. On the one hand, gay liberation's essential quality "lies in its assertion of gayness, its refusal to feel shame or guilt at being homosexual...the real oppression we suffer is psychological."

But, in two chapters entitled "Towards a Polymorphous Whole" and "The End of the Homosexual," Altman recognizes that as long as a minority greatly differs from the majority, it will continue to be oppressed by that majority, which it frightens: "Unlike other minorities, we lie within the oppressor himself."

For this reason, gay liberationists will, along with women's lib, have to shoulder the straight man's burden, so to speak, carving out a world and an existence where there are no sexual roles, there is no straight and gay, etc. This is implicit in Altman's statement that "It may be the historic function of the homosexual to...accept his/her heterosexuality as well, and bring to its logical conclusion the Freudian belief in our inherent bisexuality."

Such a society would increasingly be based on communal living, in which children would be free from the mad possessiveness of parents, which they later copy, and in which male children in particular

would no longer be inculcated with the macho ethic which has so fucked up the world.

This is all heavy stuff, and we all damn well know that it's not going to happen tomorrow. Meanwhile, I've seriously contemplated adopting a male child, because I dig them, and they dig me. But I wince when I think how the son that's grown up with me will suffer when he comes into contact with his little macho equivalents on the block or in school. So maybe we do need communal living now — those of us gay people who dig raising kids — to create an atmosphere with more human values for both kids and adults.

On sexual roles, within the gay world as it is right now: some of us are into drag, some of us into leather, some of us, like me, dally with both. Altman sees both of these as examples of gay people's internalizations of straight society's insistence on rigidly different personalities for a man and a woman. Perhaps it's more complicated: for me, becoming "feminine" has been a way of making myself more expressive, an escape from the arid macho closet I was in for so many years.

And S&M may be some gay people's way of coping with the frighteningly new phenomenon of love between two totally equal males, via slave-master roles (heterosexuals have never had totally equal relationships, as it has been understood, at least by straight males, that the woman is in some sense always subservient to the man.)

Finally, the whole matter of separatism and our relations to straight people. Altman comments on how paranoid gay people can get if they totally isolate themselves from straights, how all straight people thus become seen as the enemy, regardless of their personal views. All right, this month a very dear straight friend of mine of ten years standing is getting married, at his mother-in-law's house. So I go, but do I wear my "Gay Revolution" button, which I wear to work and everywhere else, do I bring another gay male and dance with him (if I can do my thing, I don't begrudge them their thing)? Do I do this and upset her conservative Catholic parents, whom I'll never see again, on this so terribly important day to them. Or shall I be a good boy, and by suppressing myself be miserable that day? Not a major crisis in the revolution, but of such stuff are a gay person's relationships with straights made.

Homosexual: Oppression and Liberation takes a long, composed view of things, and there's something to be said for trying to see the gay revolution in a historical context of changing ideas and social mores. But to write so is to distance oneself emotionally from the movement and its brothers and sisters. There is little passion, little outrage in the book, and not too much manifest love. It's painful to have to write this about a gay brother who's sweated to articulate his vision of the movement, but it's true, it's true. Scholarship there is aplenty, along with some perceptive thinking.

Impressive, but don't bother cruising her, as we used to say of the more aloof numbers at Julius' in pre-liberation days.

Arthur Bell, one of the founders of the Gay Activists Alliance, has also published a book called "Dancing the Gay Lib Blues". The book was not reviewed in this issue of *Come Out!* because we could not come across a review we felt we could publish. We did not review the book ourselves because we felt that someone with a more intimate familiarity with the events described in the book should review it. Our action is in no way related to an evaluation of the book. The book poses an important question: Can there be Gay Liberation without Gay consciousness? We invite a review of the book from our readers.

Book Reviews

Homosexual Liberation
a personal view
by John Murphy

reviewed by
Steve Gavin

John Murphy's *Homosexual Liberation* is the best book I have yet read dealing with the Gay Liberation movement and published via the straight media. It presents Gay Liberation from an essential vantage point, the developing Gay consciousness. It points out to Gay men just out of the closet that there are many other closets thru which they must travel.

The book is basically geared to middle class men, and there lies its basic faults. Contrary to middle class assertions having an advanced degree is not an asset to self-liberation. On the contrary, intellectualization is a sophisticated form of closetry. All of our "educational" institutions are thoroughly drenched in sexism. Being part of a consciousness raising group all of whose members have graduate school training is not the asset John would have us believe. Middle class men are ill at ease in expressing love for each other not in spite of graduate school training but because of graduate school training. It's not so much that John implies the former — though he gives me that impression off and on throughout the book — it's that he doesn't seem to appreciate the latter.

Basically the book is geared to this level. It is telling middle class America that they need not worry about Gay Liberation, that with the right perspective the Gay Liberation movement is compatible with middle class values. And, unfortunately, at the stage the movement is in now, he is basically right.

John appears much too sheltered from the movement. He never stayed with one movement group long enough to appreciate the immense contradictions that must be resolved. While he dropped in, now and then, to the Gay Community Center, there were those who were trying to make the center work. The community center eventually folded.

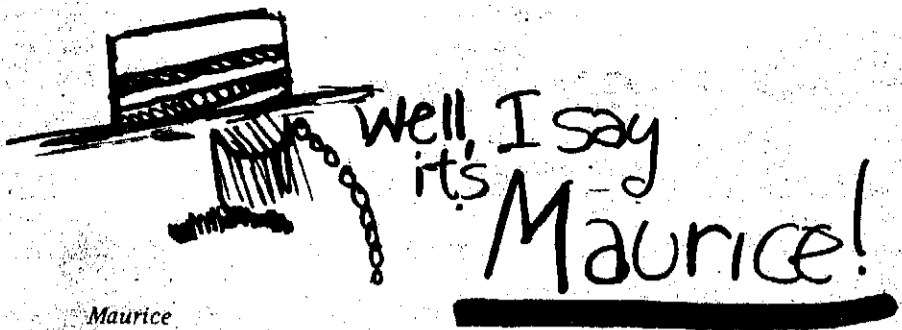
Let me not give the impression by these criticisms that the book compares adversely with other books on Gay Liberation from the straight press. On the contrary, I consider this book light years ahead of any other men's book on Gay Liberation I have yet encountered. While many thousands of consciousness-miles have been traveled since the "gay is just as good as straight" period, John is still pointing in the right direction. The road to liberation winds thru the murky swamps encompassed by this book. For a Gay man beginning to establish his identity this book can be very valuable. Except for certain sections where John unearths closet skeletons of the literary past, the book provides interesting reading.

REMEMBER

*I remember when I used to be so lonely
that I felt like an animal deprived of its tribe
when I used to wonder what was hurting me when
I could only feel hurt
when fear was so natural that all I
could remember was fear
when I would watch the sun go down
after days of rusty razor blades
hoping that I too might be carried away
on the last sinking sigh of day
when memory was like a growing tree
that kills its branches
by blurring out the sky*

*I remember things as they used to be
it is good that they are over and more
has come to me, because loneliness is
not the ultimate destiny but is
another trick of the man who sits at his desk
and watches the clock*

Perry Brass



Maurice

For many years E. M. Forester has been known as a master craftsman and prime artist of the English language. In a span of five novels he created two highly proclaimed classics *Howard's End* and *A Passage India*. There were also rumors of a sixth novel, one written in the time between these two major works that could not be published because of its *disastrous* topic. The subject of this novel was of course left to the speculation of many, but to the followers of Forester who delighted in the imagery of the former novels, it was no surprise that the topic was homosexuality.

E.M. Forester, for all that he is noted, never wrote a novel with the public in mind. Instead he chose to serve an inner light, one of personal growth, and

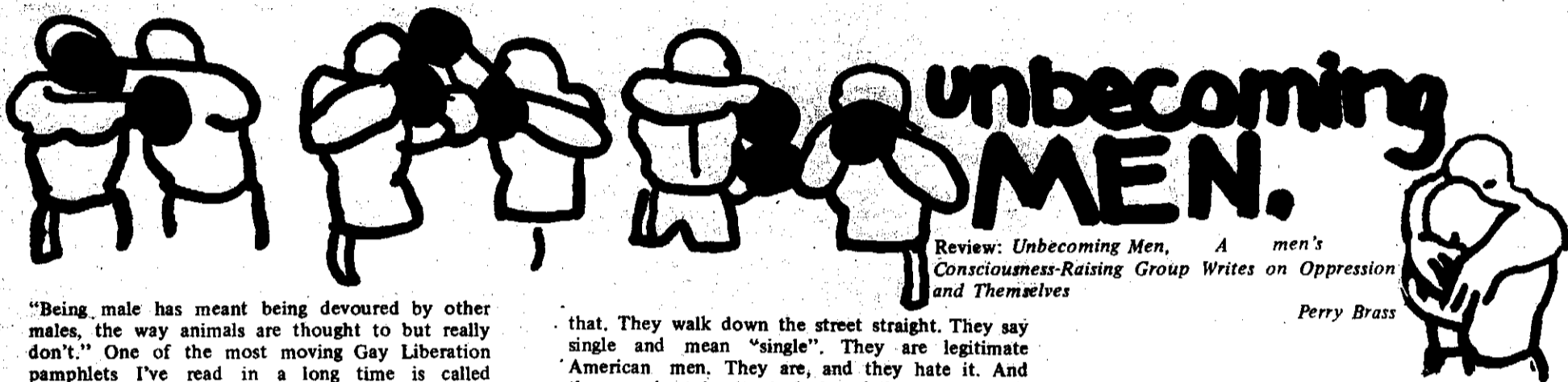
present this development to his reading audience. This honesty to a growing inner view of life eventually led Forester to forsake art and pursue life directly. So then how are we to view *Maurice*. *Maurice* appeared at the height of Forester's creative powers and also it seems at the point when he was making another important facet of his life conscious. Today in an age of consciousness raising it is easy to understand this process, but it is also comforting to know that the human being is capable of working these things out for himself.

What was the life Forester would have to face as a homosexual? Edwardian England was a time of great repression. It was not a time for assertiveness as Oscar Wilde proved; and yet it was a time for close

introspection. Most ages to the homosexual can be viewed in feudal terms. Even in an age as liberated as ours one still must face the neo-Edwardian pose of Manhattan's Upper East Side and shudder for homosexual love. Forester was pushed as many of our liberated contemporaries into developing a character pose (luckily only in a novel) that was as completely unlike himself as possible. It is a wonder as I see the various sets of New York acting out their roles just whose novels they have adopted to their lives.

Nonetheless, E.M. Forester has presented the world with its first modern gay artifact. He has given the contemporary world a view into a thinking and acting which at times though negative is always searching and growing. Forester, in spite of all, must have been a very strong man. He was direct stressign the optimistic tone of love though he himself probably did not find a totally satisfying relationship. Here is the lesson of Maurice Hall -- one must dare to live his dreams. After all, Maurice Hall, the epitome of England's middle classes, knew best when it was time to forsake a life of posing for one of dream fulfillment. Perhaps also, Forester, though any thinking in this direction is contrary to straight oriented biographies.

J.S. Salatta



Review: *Unbecoming Men*, A men's Consciousness-Raising Group Writes on Oppression and Themselves

Perry Brass

"Being male has meant being devoured by other males, the way animals are thought to but really don't." One of the most moving Gay Liberation pamphlets I've read in a long time is called "Unbecoming Men". It is published by Times/Change Press who put out the *Come Out! Anthology*. It is a dollar twenty five a copy. It is written by four straight men. It is written by men who have oppressed us, speaking for Gay men, in school, in 1950's fraternity houses, at camp, in the Army. It is written by men who have early in life realized that they were, too, not meant to be the American Dream and who have been hurt and cut by the American Dream, just as all Gay men, but who have tried to hide their hurt, their pain and their failure, just as many of us have done. Just as I have done. *Unbecoming Men* is a series of stories or articles about what it is to be a straight man in American death/culture. What makes it all so close to home is that these are the men that I went to summer camp with, went to high school with and went to college with and meet when the so called Movement meets. And what they have to say is what I have felt for years and what you, my Gay brothers have felt for years. But what makes it all so strange is that the voices are not coming from that particular alienated point of view that Gay men have felt and known -- that point of view slightly outside of things because we have never been let in- but from the inside. Do you ever wonder what it's like to walk down the street and be straight? to feel that you are feeling what the rest of America is feeling? that you are now a legitimate part of the American machine? that when you fill out a job application that says married/or single and you write single, then you mean single not Gay? Well, the four men who wrote *Unbecoming Men* are those men who do

that. They walk down the street straight. They say single and mean "single". They are legitimate American men. They are, and they hate it. And they are hurt by it. And they talk about it. But mostly they talk about how crippled they are by American sex/stereotyping. How oppressed they are by their own role. How oppressive they know they've been. But not how alive they are going to become. How *open* they are going to become. How they are going to break out of death/culture shell. Because they're not going to become Gay. And they can't relate to each any further than just being four straight men -- four *separated men*, until they do.

But I feel that *Unbecoming Men* is a good Gay Liberation pamphlet because it does go somewhere in breaking down the gulf that stands at this time between Gay and straight men. Because I have been so unable to relate to straight men for such a long time now (possible seven years), I have felt even more alienated and straight men have become to me like a great blank wall. Most of them are. Straight men are of a different class than Gay men. It is a class of silence and fear. "Just because I don't show my feelings doesn't mean that I don't have them", one of my friends in college used to say to me. But how long could I wait to be assured that they were there somewhere? I used to feel that I was the only person in the world who didn't fit into the world of Savannah, Georgia who felt the he couldn't possible fit into the world down there. I used to feel that I was the only person in the world who was Gay. I used to feel that I was the only person in the world who didn't hate himself for being Gay. Now I've found that I'm not the only Gay person in the world, nor the only one who doesn't hate himself, but I still wonder about the people I grew up with and I've found them

again in *Unbecoming Men*. It's really incredible to realize that a few people were with me all along, but they just couldn't let it out. And for a great deal of the time, neither could I. As Pogo said, "we have met the enemy and he is...us."

Lately I've begun to realize how uptight I am around straight men. Some of this uptightness is warranted. Straight men treat each other like objects of competition and fear like an alien creatures stuck in their own bodies. They often make me feel that they hate themselves. That they despise their own bodies. But to a certain degree my uptightness comes from the fact that I don't know how to react with them. I can't be real with them the way I can be with many Gay men and with many women. I can't reach out for them physically or to them emotionally. And I have begun to realize that when I don't know how to deal with my feelings towards people in a direct way, when I have to become afraid of my own feelings, I become uptight and competitive: fearful. I sometimes want straight men to accept me as a person (that means "straight") and yet I can't accept myself that way. Therefore conflict and anxiety/competition and fear. *Unbecoming Men* has enabled me to see straight men as more real people, not just figures of repression. But it has also made me aware of how far they have to go before I can relate to them on the levels of trust and care that I relate to my Gay brothers.

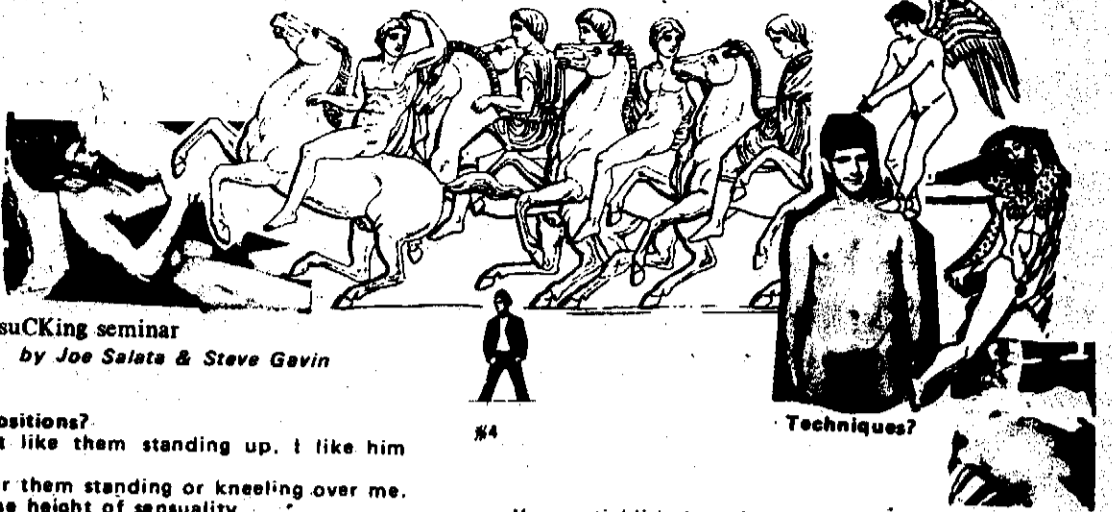
Unbecoming Men is available through Times/change Press; Port Murray, New Jersey 07865. Price \$1.25. sixty-two pages with many black and white photos and drawings and heavy enamel paper cover.



17 make friends & influence people - Hawk Come Out! also make 10¢ a copy. Call 581-2639 or write Come Out! box 233 Times Square NY 10036



A coCKsuCKing seminar
by Joe Salata & Steve Gavin



On November 24, 1971 a men's cocksucking seminar was held in an apartment on Manhattan's upper west side. Seven subjects made up the representative sample. Their ages and experiences varied to a great degree.

The purposes of the seminar was to help combat our puritanism which lingers in the gay liberation movement. Owing to a low consciousness men identify with their straight counterparts and delegate sex to a tertiary function in their lives. One thing characteristic of gay men before the movement was that they were *promiscuous*. This designation was given them by straights who compensate for the sexlessness of their lives by degrading those who have attained a freer life style.

Another purpose for the seminar comes from our experience in coming out. Certain fears are common to our learning sexual expression. We are constantly told that having sex is something you just do, that everyone can just do with no thought to technique. Feelings of inadequacy arise when we cannot face awkwardness in our early experiences. We were surprised to see how awkward we still are, even after the many sexual experiences we have had. We discovered one basic fact from our seminar: from each experience we gained a new freedom of sexual expression making us more capable of getting closer to our partners. We achieve an expertise defined only by our own self-fulfillment (not by a performance standard).

To those of you who are "shocked" at what we enjoy doing in bed we can only recommend that you hold a seminar of your own. Perhaps you may learn things about yourselves as we have learned about ourselves. Our sexuality is an ever-changing process; past and present experiences combine together to release us from our present hangups. But first, we must realize what our hangups are and how others have overcome theirs. This can be another benefit of such a seminar.

Question: What do you think are the erogenous zones of the body?

Joe: Your ears, nose, nipples, mouth, solar plexus area and back...

Entire Group: The whole body when you come to think of it. [laughter]

Eric: The penis. I like to suck or lick that area between the balls or asshole. And also the end of the penis is the most sensual. For me it's all in the crotch.

David: It's the same with me pretty much. I like licking just in behind the penis. And fondling the scrotal area. And finger fucking. Having my head right at his groin. And then further having my face wrapped between his legs. I don't like my tits sucked but I like them ribbed. Rimming the ears. Sometimes I like armpits, not always.

Eric: There's lots of nerve endings there.

David: I really enjoy having my thighs massaged, and the groin area, and I enjoy doing it too. I find the head of my cock and the area just behind it most enjoyable.

Chris: One area that wasn't mentioned was the neck. Breathing on the neck...or biting...Wow!...or even pain or anything. The shoulder area as well.

Burt: One area to me is the back right above the rectum.

Jim: What about the inside of the knees? And the inside of your thighs? And I like to bite people too, on the nipples, cheek, the back, or anything. It does something to me as well as it does something to them, I hope.

Steve: I especially like the perianal area especially around the scrotum and any massaging around the cock that accentuates the perception of your cock. A round type of motion including the pubic hair.

Jim: I think the main thing would be to be sensitive enough to feel that whatever you do would be pleasing to them because there are no two people who have the same erogenous places.

Joe: I like to use the whole body and go over the whole person. There is just so much that you can do. I like to have my tits sucked. The ears...I really like that. It usually takes a time of experimentation, actually achieving a sharing back and forth.

Question: How do we arouse someone? What positions do we take while sucking someone's cock?

Joe: To arouse him would be the undressing. You can even add music. I would use my hand to arouse him, or even use my mouth. Then work my way down. You must always keep in mind keeping him aroused.

Questioner: How do you know you've turned them on?

Joe: Well, you can talk to them and find out.

Steve: Many times I think I know and then find out I wasn't doing anything.

Eric: Well, if you get them to writhe...

Joe: Yeah, when you feel the waves coming in, they're turned on.

Question: Positions?

Joe: I don't like them standing up. I like him lying on a bed.

Eric: I prefer them standing or kneeling over me. To me that's the height of sensuality.

David: The way I really enjoy it is if he is standing and he's got his clothes on and I'm massaging his body and into his groin; then he may be sitting on my lap and I'm still massaging his thighs. Then unzipping his pants and sucking him. When he has an erection we'll gradually proceed to undress each other. Then to work into my favorite position, 69, when I really start sucking. I prefer him standing or sitting on my lap.

Burt: First with their clothes on, I rub them, feel their penis and kiss them on the breast...take off their shirt and kiss them...continually kiss them...work on the nipples and the solar plexus area...I like it too with their clothes on especially dungarees...I agree with David very much...I stimulate them by generally doing to them what I like done to myself...the cock area under the head in the back (frenum) I think is the most sensitive...I'll lick it, rub it, and massage it with my lips, and I tickle the end of it with my tongue...AND I'LL GO TO IT!

Chris: The slow, gradual build-up has all been described, the hard work of massaging and kissing takes a great deal. As for position I like him standing over me. The arousal just happens. The person stands or else I just hunch over him as he is lying. I also like to kneel before the person who's standing.

Question: What do you do now that the sucking has started? What techniques do you use with your tongue? In what sequence? How do you get feedback from your partner? What are some individual differences you have found?

Jim: I would judge the person's reactions. I would try to do what would turn him on...if he reacted to some stimulus favorably, I would probably keep it up. People don't all react to the same thing. Some like it sucked deeper and some like it just licked. But it always depends on what the person likes...from a sort of feedback...if they strain against you, it means go deeper; if they would lie passive and still keep a very hard erection, I would assume it was satisfactory... some you do little and they come...

Eric: I think it's a good idea to ask them what they like done to them. Some people get their satisfaction from your telling them how good it feels.

Jim: Treat the person like he's important; some way impress on him that he's a special person; and that way you'll get a better response.

Eric: I like to rub their thighs and belly while I'm sucking, hold them tight, lick them first and all around, usually before I suck them but many times in between. Sometimes sucking hard like a milking machine can be immensely gratifying. Showing strength often communicates to your partner that you really like what he is.

Question: What of a teasing technique?

Joe: I slept with someone who tried that, and he was unhappy that evening. I was bored and just quit.

Eric: That would be my reaction too.

Joe: It could work, but I wouldn't just blunder into it. I wouldn't go out and do it tomorrow night.

Steve: You mean you thought he was cutting you off?

Joe: no, he explained it to me, but I was just bored playing around. I can only take so much, and I worked that day. I just had to give up after two hours.

Eric: It may work for those who are afraid because they could draw off and not take too much at one time.

Questioner: So, you're saying you continue with the same thing until the person comes?

Eric: Yes.

Burt: I like that technique [the teasing technique]. I find it very stimulating. I don't carry it out for two hours, but it stimulates me also. To start I like to finger the rectum for added stimulus...it depends...personally, for my own satisfaction, I like to feel stuffed...that's how I gratify myself...I'll enjoy the teasing and the stimulating...I go under the testicles and then they tell you what they like...they say "suck my balls" or "kiss my thighs"...I can stop...I can kiss the belly button or the belly...or the nipples...it really depends on the guys...some you can use a direct approach...if it's someone I really enjoy I'll really build up...I've only come a few times in my life from being sucked...personally I like to just suck.

David: If I'm sucking, I like the whole penis. I like an awful lot of saliva and take it in and out. While I'm sucking, I like to fondle his testicles and them behind his scrotum and finger fuck him. Hopefully I'll be doing sixty-nine and my head will be right in between his legs. If I'm being sucked, I like the deer to take the whole thing too. Just licking my penis - the end of it - drives me crazy;

#4

Techniques?

I'm so ticklish I can't stand it. I let the other guy know he's doing this by drawing back. I usually ask him to take the whole thing.

Chris: Similar process. Usually it's individualistic, and I get no feedback whatsoever; so I usually do it in one continuous process. But, you know, when a person expresses a preference, I'll be right there to fulfill his desires.

Question: I'm sucking someone: What do I perceive of my environment? what do I think about? what do I focus on?

Joe: I think too much...that's maybe why I don't like cock sucking. I think about books I've read or people or poems I've written. When I'm being sucked, I can go right out of the world with the person. We're one in a big way.

Questioner: Do you keep your eyes open?

Jim: No!

Dave: Oh! I always do!!

Jim: I don't hear anything; I just think of what I'm doing.

Eric: If the phone rang, I'd stop and answer...I like light...I like to see the person's body. That's half the pleasure.

Burt: I like to look at his face.

Jim: I'd rather explore the person's body with my fingers.

Burt: I like to look at the person, his face. I like play. I like him to push my face in, and I look up at him.

David: I like to look at the person. But, I have my fantasy too. If the person I'm sucking doesn't live up to my expectations, I daydream of sucking someone else or a composite.

Chris: Usually I just keep that one aim in mind - to please. What can I do to further the pleasure is my goal. Feedback is a big thing with me. I become totally aware of the feedback and try to improve. To a high point I just concentrate on pleasing him.

Steve: I learned to enjoy doing it myself. There is just as much enjoyment in it for me as for him. After all the mouth is one of the erogenous regions and the cock is a wonderful instrument. I really enjoy it. Sometimes 69 can be distracting. There is too much going on. I like to do someone keeping my eyes open and sensitive to all sensations around me.

Question: What do I like my partner to do? How do I feel if he doesn't come? How do I feel if my partner does other things while I'm sucking him - lighting a cigarette, for instance?

Jim: If they do something else, I stop.

Steve: Sometimes even coughing has a negative effect.

Questioner: Do you like someone to move?

Jim: I don't like extremely large cocks. If my partner doesn't come, I ask him what and if the answer is satisfactory, then it doesn't bother me.

Eric: I like my partner to writhe a little to show that he's enjoying it. I don't like my partner to choke me or be violent so I can't enjoy it. If he doesn't come, I can't like it. Someone sucking me doesn't make me come unless he's very good at it. I find it hard to have an orgasm unless I'm masturbating. Even while fucking I can't have one. I guess I need more friction.

David: The cocks per se I'll take them as they come [laughter]. You can't be that specific. Because people's anatomy being what it is it's hard to demand. I enjoy taking the whole cock or as much as I can at my own rate. I like him to move around to some degree. As far as his thinking of something else I think it's worse when they talk to you about Charles Ives. [laughter] This happened to me when I was living in New Haven. This trick of mine was doing his dissertation on Charles Ives, and while I'm sucking him off he's giving me a thirty credit hour lecture. [more laughter]

Burt: I do like them to give me a lot of movement. I like when they wrap their legs around me and push with their body. If he did something else I might find it sexy. I like a nice sized head, but with fellatio I like them average sized. This is much better because the muscles in your mouth get very tired, and some guys don't come right away. If I were enjoying it, and I really liked the fellow, I'd really feel bad if he didn't come. If we were both having a rough time, I would accept it.

Chris: The same attitude prevails with me. I would feel the biological function isn't completed. As far as size it can't be too big...it would turn me off completely. I like motion; it adds to my enjoyment. As far as lighting a cigarette, maybe

Contin. on next page.

18.



19.

A Cocksucking Seminar

contin from last page.

that's another facet of his enjoying himself at the moment. It could be a lack of interest, but it could be he needs to fulfill a desire like a nicotine fit. If he didn't have a cigarette, he might lose interest entirely.

Joe: I'll answer that first. If he lit a cigarette, do what? Haven't you ever had sex and done dope?

Eric: I don't like big size, but I'd love to play with it. No you know this long and that big around [he extends his arms to illustrate].

David: Oh, I had a juicy one one time! It was fantastic! I swear to god, this guy — Oh, he was butch, too — he had nice tight levis; he must have been two and one half inches in diameter.....

Burt: I once had a small baseball bat.

David: ...and I sucked him. Oh, it was great, luscious, oh!...creamy texture...came roiling out...come is...he wore a cock ring, too!... [laughter] [explanation of a cock ring and its uses followed]

Question: Is orgasm an essential part of cocksucking? How much of the cock do you take in? How do you avoid gagging? Do you like the taste of come?

Joe: I think that everybody gags. That's nothing to worry about; it just happens. As for coming, I think that it's important to complete the thing. Maybe that's my business orientation — when I start a job I want to finish it. Just recently I had an experience with somebody that got very excited over me, and they came right away; they wanted to quit then. I got very upset about that. He wanted to call...he said, "I'm done." That was a big turn off. I made him wait around until he got turned on again. I wanted to complete it.

Questioner: What about the taste of come?

Joe: At first I didn't like come; I wouldn't taste it. Somebody talked me into it. I had a sore throat, and he said, "Take it; it's good for your throat." He was right!

Questioner: How much do you want to take in?

Joe: You don't have to take in the whole thing. The person sucking should do what he likes to do.

Steve: There are many cocks where it's impossible.

Eric: It makes things feel better if....

Joe: If he knows what he's doing...it depends on the cooperative feeling.

Burt: I rarely take all of a guy's cock in. Some men it's absolutely impossible. They enjoy it just as much. I still have problems gagging although not as much as before.

Joe: If you're really turned on by someone, and you don't think about gagging; you'd be surprised how easy it becomes.

What would you advise to the guy who's going to suck cock for the first time?

Eric: I'd say do it with someone who's not going to ram it down your throat, if you can choose. Take it easy don't try to swallow it all at once. Let it go in very slowly.

Dave: My advice would be much the same. Take a little bit at a time at a comfortable rate for you. That will generally please the other person, too. It isn't too often that you come across a person who'll just ram it in.

Burt: One of the problems I had was that — was I stimulating the guy not was he enjoying it. I tried to do to another guy what I would enjoy myself both in fantasy and from experience in masturbating. I'd say beware that some people are very forceful. Try to build up a rapport with the person.

Eric: I don't think you should feel obliged to suck cock — to feel because you're gay you have to do that.

Chris: I don't know what advice I would give. I can remember my first time; I did everything wrong. I gagged; then I shuddered. I lost my erection. I just lay there limp the whole time. But the worse thing was the gagging. Gadi...I choked and...the whole experience was very down. Then I started taking everything slowly putting more emphasis on hand movements and the total effect of love making, not just to take it to show that you're good. Everything slow and nice and easy. The first time I was really an eager beaver to try to prove myself because the person I was with said that you're not completely gay if you don't suck.

Eric: That's a lot of bull shit.

Steve: Don't be too interested in the concept of "success". Try to enjoy what you're doing and relax. Don't be afraid of awkwardness in sexual relations; it's a thing of being at ease and getting to learn what you want to do rather than trying to fit into some standard.

How do you communicate with your partner when you do or do not enjoy a particular thing he is doing?

Joe: I like to continue with one thing for a long time. Some people like to stop and do something else. I steer them, and then I tell them.

Joe: I like to continue with one thing for a long time. Some people like to stop and do something else. I steer them, and then I tell them.

Steve: I've experienced that, too — when someone takes a little while to turn you on in a particular area, and just as you're really digging it, he goes to something else.

Eric: Yeah.

Joe: You try to steer them back into it during the whole experience. Some people like to stop sucking, and then they'll go over your body again before they get back. I'll try to give them some indication that that's what I still want — hold them back. If not, I'll just tell them. Sometimes if it's a real cooperative thing, I'll just tell them to do what they want.

Eric: To be forthright without insulting them.

Steve: Many times afterwards I think to myself that I should have said this or that while I was being sucked. There are things that I felt reluctant to talk about — I might seem too demanding. Things would have been more enjoyable for both of us if I had said them rather than just playing the scene.

Eric: Well, you're doing it; why not talk about it?

Question: How do I feel if my partner does not swallow my come? Do I want to keep my cock in his mouth after I come?

Joe: I want him to swallow it, but if he doesn't it's OK. There is a way after you come of still keeping the stimulation that feels very good. I like it when they do that. It doubles the pleasure at the end.

Steve: I like a period of relaxation after I come — no stimulation for a little while.

Eric: I think it's very gratifying if they do swallow. They wouldn't feel bad if they don't; I don't always swallow it either. After I come I'd like to rest for five minutes before doing anything again. I don't like for someone to withdraw completely and go to sleep. I like a very mild type of love making after we both come.

Joe: Yeah, cause it's very different from the hot part before.

David: I like for him to keep my cock in his mouth and twirl his tongue around at the rear of my penis rather than the head — for a little while, and then rest.

Eric: I never thought of that.

Chris: I prefer that they swallow it but it's up to them. Usually I'm doing the pleasing and in this way I'm getting pleased. What pleases him pleases

"Dormitory Do" by Dan Battaglia

I'm Gay and I dig it. I live in a NYU dormitory, and I don't dig that but I try to make the best of it. Why I live here and why I don't move out, I won't go into now. I want, however, to relate some of the experiences of being openly gay in a dorm.

When I returned to NYU this September, I moved in with a gay brother that I had roomed with last year. We are in a two-room suite and for personal reasons (of which I'm not exactly sure) chose separate rooms. We then had two rooms each with one empty space and one openly gay person.

After about a week, a black male was the first to move in. He chose my room and decided that maybe it wouldn't be so bad rooming with a gay person. After all, his cousin's little brother is gay (I assume that would also make him his cousin), and some of them are "just as good as we are". In the meantime another straight male proceeded to move into the suite. My gay brother had completely sectioned off his half of the room by this time, and wisely as his roommate turned out to be a rather strange person as well as a "liberal" (I'll get to him later).

Little or no communication passed between me and my roommate. Finally, after about a week, he disappeared. I came in one evening and he had simply moved out. Naturally housing sent us another prospect. This one was a real winner.

I came home about three in the afternoon one day to find someone had moved in. About 3:30 he made a brief appearance. He marched into the room and immediately shut off my stereo. He came over to me and asked me if I lived here; I replied in the affirmative. Then he yelled (from my gay liberation poster, I presume), "are you gay?" I said "yes." He screamed "Piss!" out of the room, and slammed the door. He returned 45 minutes later, and while moving his things out mumbled something about theater majors. I explained that I was not a theater major but a politics major in hopes of getting rid of people like him. As it turned out, he was a theater major, but as he explained, he only deals in design so he won't have to work with people like me.

The next day, I went down to the housing lady to tell her to please inform whomever she was going to send us that I was gay. I entered her office and

me. After he comes, if he does suck me off, then I like to coast...just coast downhill with some play afterward, nice gentle coasting.

Question: How do I like cocksucking in relation to other forms of sex? Do I like one big come or many comes? How long does it take for me to come compared to other forms of sex?

Joe: I like to gear it: get highly aroused and last longer. I like to have sex all night — attempt as

Question: What do I think about when I'm being sucked.

David: Many times I think about sucking somebody else.

Joe: If it's an S&M thing, the whole fantasy takes its peak there while being sucked. You can just travel the whole thing. I experience music and many extraordinary schizophrenic experiences.

Chris: I usually experience love sonnets — something like tripping or a fantasy, dreams...

Joe: Many times it's good to think of the person. It's like you're taking them. I think of them as part of me; it's all one soul sometimes; with all of this added on, it becomes really great.

Eric: I feel the same way. If I think of anything, it's what the person looks like.

Jim: I think about the enjoyable feeling I get from it, what's happening.

Question: What are some of the problems of 69? How can 69 be satisfying to both partners?

David: Sixty-nine is my favorite position. It's a mutual act where you're both doing the same thing to each other. I can really enjoy having my face enveloped by his legs, and I really feel part of him. It's pretty hard, though, to come at the same time.

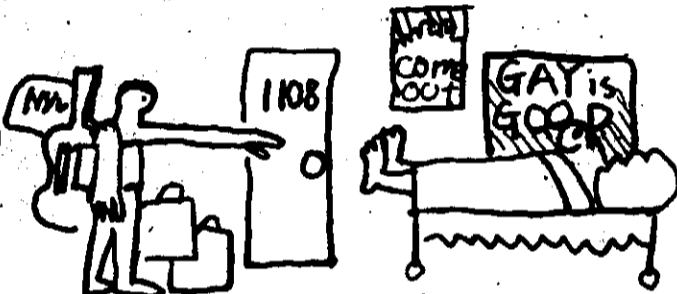
Eric: I don't like it particularly. You don't really have to have orgasms doing 69. You can both have it some other way. It's too difficult to manage.

Chris: It's too much to handle. I'm not successful at all with it.

Joe: I don't like to suck unless it's doing 69 cause there's more to it; there's a lot more fun. It's very difficult to come at the same time.

Steve: I don't think it is. Generally in a sex relation with someone his visible signs of pleasure also turn you on. Two people who really relish each other and are outwardly demonstrative of their pleasure should have little trouble climaxing together. Feeling at ease is very important. If there's any learning involved, it's learning to feel at ease.

Eric: It might be easier if you know the person very well. It takes practice.



started to explain to the woman when she interrupted me. "Why," she wanted to know, "why do you have to tell people you're gay? If you were a Communist would you have to put up a huge poster of Lenin and tell people that you light a candle in his memory every night?" I tried to explain things but ended up leaving after she expressed a few more of her original thoughts. My room was declared unoccupiable and was left with its empty space for several weeks.

While I enjoyed my empty space, my gay brother quietly freaked with his roommate — actually, we both freaked. He often comes out with statements like "You're lucky that I accept you," or "Guess what! I just told a gay person how to get to Christopher Street."

"How did you know he was gay?"

"From his high pitched voice I naturally assume."

I was pleased not to be the one rooming with him. I had my empty space. I had put the beds together and rearranged the furniture. I had purchased a monkey and built it a large cage. I was happy. This, however, soon came to an end.

The housing lady informed me (after having the room to myself for seven weeks) that someone was moving in and that it would work out all right because he was ready to move in with gorillas. I told her that she was close as I now had a monkey. She freaked and started muttering that she must be a witch. I was in full agreement.

The day arrived and he moved in. It's now just five — about 11:30 each night he announces that he is going to bed and asks my guests, if I happen to have any, to please leave. This habit, however, may be cured because I plan to "liberate" him. The next time he makes an announcement I plan to start having sex with my guest (or guests).

I may be in a small room with a huge monkey cage stuck in the middle of it. I may have an early-to-bed straight roommate. I may never be able to get into the bathroom. But, things could be worse?

Gay Liberation seems to be in vogue among the chic intelligentsia this year. The SWP has its Kipp Dawson and the New York Times has its Merle Miller. One particular new left magazine which one month ago was peddling *Hoover Sucks* posters for \$2 now features the startling revelation that gay people are human. To some of us who have spent years in consciousness raising this amazing shift is a sight to behold! Think of all those many months we've wasted getting our heads together when we should have been reading the New York Times and the Militant!

Thoughts on the Movement:

the year of the queer

Look at the people our liberators have chosen to represent us! It's as if they were afraid of the growing militance in the gay liberation movement; as if by using their monopoly of the mass media and by choosing "appropriate" representatives of the gay movement, they could mitigate the sting. The extent some people go to hide their own sexism!

Interestingly, also, we can tell who are those among us who had the lowest consciousness—the straight identified homosexuals who compete with each other for access to the pig media. Those who are desperately trying to show their straight friends that sexism and gay liberation can be compatible.

We in the gay liberation movement are unimpressed with the phony sweet talk of sexist America. All the media in the world cannot erase the products of a gay consciousness. It remains for straight America to face the mirror. Sooner or later all straights will face their sexism. It is written in the stars.

male chauvinism

in the liberation movement

We see many white radicals these days extolling the virtues of various macho type of third world liberation movements. We are led, at first, to believe that the consciousness of the white left has finally been aroused to the dehumanizing effects of racism. Yet, these same white straight radicals omit the techniques of black consciousness-raising from their eulogy script. It is as if they reluctantly condone blacks for seeking a black identity. Their guilt feelings and "radical piety" prevent them from employing such racist terms as "segregation in reverse."

But there is also one other overriding factor that enlists white radicals in the defense of black male chauvinism, the gay liberation and women's liberation movement. While giving lip service to women's liberation, straight men become strong supporters of the most sexist characteristics of the third world liberation movements. They secretly applaud the vile remarks of the pig, Eldrich Cleaver. It is as if with one face they are expressing sympathy with women's oppression and with the other face they are desperately trying to preserve their sexist status by encouraging vicious insults to the women they purport to admire. To straight men "love" implies domination; the fairyland in which they live serves but to hide them from the naked truth - there can be no love with sexism.

Yet there appears to be little method to their madness. These poor wretched souls don't even run

a piss-poor third at their own game. Heterosexual impotence in one form or another is becoming commonplace among white radical groups. Their support for the black macho groups rises out of envy for *cock power*, the power they once held.

This should serve as a good lesson to all third

by Steve Gravin

Collectivity and

Consciousness Raising

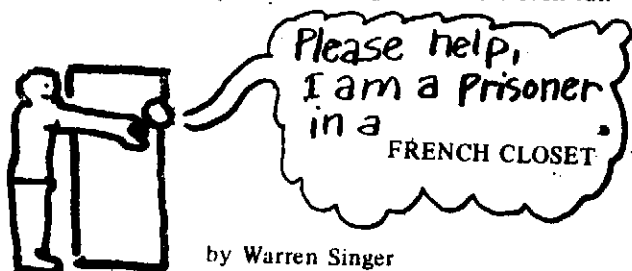
Consciousness raising is very helpful to all gay people. It is essential for every gay person to go through consciousness raising. Up to now the group techniques of consciousness raising have been effectively used by gay people to reevaluate their status in sexist society. But consciousness raising also has some drawbacks which should be kept in mind.

Many C-R groups tend to be very selective of the people they accept, and even those that are not, find that their group tends to stabilize in a way that "minimizes conflicts". In this latter case it is easy for the remaining members to rationalize that the drop-outs were those who did not want to face the political implications of their private lives. In some cases what has actually happened is that a basic segment of the original group with a common prejudice has discouraged the admission of people whose viewpoints would confront that prejudice. C-R groups can degenerate into philosophical enclaves whose members constantly reassure each other that their hangups represent gay liberation. This development is the antithesis of consciousness raising.

In its early stages C-R gives each person insight into her personal problems; this insight helps resolve them. In its later stages C-R enables gay people to transcend their own hangups to develop an awareness which encompasses the whole gay movement. This is why it is important to remain in consciousness raising. Destructive elements of the movement use C-R only to overcome their personal hangups. Once they've overcome their difficulties, they are capable of imitating the power trips of their straight counterparts.

Witness what happened to the early gay community center. While the collectives who ran the center were "gay and proud", individual members plastered their straight identified heroes on the walls. They were too preoccupied with the rhetoric of the sexist left to appreciate the implications of a gay life style. Some boasted of the selectivity of their C-R groups - how all the members were of the proper perspective: all marxist revolutionaries, antisexist femmes, intellectuals, or other closet types.

Relating within a macro-structure is an essential part of the gay liberation movement. The exigencies of the movement are dictated not only by our own consciousness but also by the oppressors who are constantly fighting the movement that endangers their sexist privileges. Isolation facilitates destructive dissension, and dissension is an ally of those who wish to destroy the movement. The future of the movement lies in the collective consciousness of the gay community not in the back yard furnaces of splinter groups.



by Warren Singer

This past year I spent several weeks in Paris, and during that time I had a small affair with a guy called Jean, of whom I recently received a letter which inspired this article. To understand my feelings about this letter I have to go back to the beginning of this relationship and to all that happened during it.

I met Jean in a small Left Bank bar without windows, called Les Nuages (the clouds). It was an ordinary bar meeting except for the language, having never before carried on a relationship in another language. Jean was thirty-one and what would be described here as a typical New York East-side type, having a good job, apartment, and car. He worked for an American corporation, and as I found out the next day also spoke fluent English. As I learned to know him that night and the following ones, I felt for him and pitied him as an oppressed brother in a horribly sexist country. Sex with him proved this more to me because he would only think of having it in a simulated heterosexual missionary type position. The guilt

was so strong; without exaggeration it would take hours for him to come; and by that time I was, to be frank, extremely bored. The idea of anal intercourse, or "violation" in his words, was shocking and wrong and evil of him to even think of. Being a fervent GLFer I tried to help him, to reach him with the radical gay spiel, but all he would do was agree and then say it wasn't any good because he can't fight straight society, and I'd be back where I started from.

One weekend I went to visit some friends, and when I came back I naturally called him up. I had no money at this time, and I would wander around the parks during the day waiting for night and for him to take me to dinner, then sex, and finally sleep, only to be woken up bright and early so the concierge wouldn't see me leave.

One Sunday he took me to Versailles and told me that this must end because he was getting married; he told me he had never had sex with a woman and wasn't able to but was getting married and giving up homosexuality because that was the right thing to do. Now, besides oppressing himself he'd also be oppressing a woman. No amount of talking reached him and the following day I left when my money arrived. We had coffee in a small cafe before I left and he told me how he would now lead a heterosexual life. I felt so sad for him that I cried in the station while waiting for the

train and writing a letter to him.

A few weeks ago I wrote him another letter about gay politics in New York, *Come Out!* and about a gay group in Paris. Last week I received an answer from him;

Dear Warren,

Many thanks for your letter. I am glad to know that you came back easily to New York and got a job.

As I hoped last summer to succeed in, I have completely broken with my homo inclination and begun a new life, even if I am not yet married.

So I ask you - because I am no longer interested in it, not to send me any of your paper. It is not the quality of such publications which is in question but only my new life, my new tastes.

I'll probably leave Paris within one month to have a new job in Province.

I think that our life will deeply diverge now. Nevertheless keep sure that I wish you to succeed as completely as possible in your way.

Adieu,

Jean

I almost cried when I read to see what straight society has done to my people, not only in America but throughout the world. I can only answer this with hate to them for the cruelty and persecution done to my sisters and brothers, whether in New York, Paris, or Havana.

Wow I'll really be uptight if my family sees this.

Wow I'll really be uptight
if my family sees this

Daughter no. 1 was for Daddy.
Mommy had always been

her daddy's daughter, so why should
she expect it to be any different this time around?
She waited her turn.
Daughter no. 2 could be hers.
She would call her Emily Rubin, after her own
fiery and stubborn maternal grandmother.

Daughter no. 2 was born two and a half years later.
"We were so worried you would be a boy,
that we'd have to love you anyway of course.
but we wanted a girl so much.
The sister that I never had."
What wasn't mentioned was that Daddy's two
brothers
had been taken from him, one by death in
adolescence, the other, mentally
retarded, left as a responsibility but never as a
companion.
I kind of knew that Daddy had wished for a real live
brother.
It never occurred to me that he had missed having a
sister.
Mommy's brothers had treated her bad, I guess
brothers don't want sisters
So there I was born to be Julia's sister. And
Mommy's.

I dig Mommy.
We talk about a lot of things,
I really like being with her.
We've always done stuff together,
And shared our reactions to those experiences.
I'd still rather talk to her about some things than to
anyone else,
With anyone else it would take so long to come to
any kind of shared
language. "We talk in shorthand," she tells her
friends
or relatives who overhear and can't understand.
We have a lot of private conversations in public.
Sure we have hassles, like she wants me to dress up
better,
but I've always felt less entangled than daughter no.
1 with Daddy.
I said to myself at age fourteen,
"Daddy sure fucked up Julie, He aint gettin' a chance
to
come near I'm more
able to know exactly what's hurting and I believe in
my right to
have my own values.

Like today we were talking and she wet her pinkies
and smoothed
my eyebrows.
She's been doing this all my life.
She picked it up from her mother, who's been doing
it all my life.
I've hated it all my life.
I have my father's eyebrows.
They're the bushiest eyebrows I've ever seen on a
woman--
They grow completely together over my nose.
When I was in junior school, I used to tweeze away
the
center part and also all stray hairs underneath.
to keep them in order I had to tweeze them every
night,
They're so full and scattered.
Actually, Julie tweezed them for me the first time.
She asked Mommy's permission first.
"Yes, but only the center, not underneath."
Julie has always liked Grandma smothering her
eyebrows.
She digs it as expression of affection.

So today I got angry when Mommy went at my
eyebrows,
She pulled back before I could explain, with
"Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't know you didn't like it."
I kept wanting to explain to explain why it made me
so angry,
how it's telling me that I shouldnt be who I am.
But she didn't want to hear it.
She kept saying "I've Said I'm sorry, you don't have
to get angry,
I agree that you should have the right not to be
touched."

But she also kept saying that she had a right to her
feeling of wanting
me to look a certain way, but that she'd not impose
it on me Physically.
As if that physical grooming could be half as
powerful as her
silent longing for me to be more feminine
The whole rest of the time we were together she had
her arm
around me. Because she wanted to be with me. I
wanted to be with her too.
More than I wanted to be with my sister, who was
there too.
Who I don't get so much from when we talk.
I always feel worn out from talking to my sister, I
always end up being there for her, which sometimes
makes me
feel good, but I can't remember a time when she
helped me
with insight into my needs.
Of course she was never encouraged to. I was
conceived
as her sister, not vice versa.
Mommy does help me with insight into my needs.

There's only one subject that Mommy and I can't
talk about.
Me being a lesbian is taboo.

She began to suspect when I cut my hair off.
From her comments, I thought she knew, I was really
surprised
when she acted so shocked when I finally stopped
hedging and
answered yes to one of her questions.
She assumed it was only in my imagination, and that
I was only
doing what was fashionable at the time.
That was a familiar accusation, doing something
because my friends were.
Funny, how the accusation never helped me get any
closer to
knowing what I really wanted, only farther away.

I answered her question that yes I do make love with
women,
And asked her if she ever had
She said she didn't want to answer that one on the
phone, she
wanted to talk to me in person.
For months after that we avoided making a date to
talk.
We'd see each other with the rest of the family, or go
to dance
concerts together (we've always done that) but
stay away from talking about IT.
Finally she pressed me, we made a date for dinner.
Instead, I was really there for her, how hard it is for
her with
my father sick.
And other stuff too.

Then she came up to my apartment,
We finally outed with it,
My homosexuality, and hers.
Me, proud, and basically unaffected by her reactions,
because
I've heard them all before, thought every one of
them through,
and rejected each.

She despairs that I'm gay. Despair is her words.
And feels guilty that it's her "fault".
Whereas I feel thankful that I'm gay and that she
let me be open to a woman, her.
She begged me not to tell my father, and I haven't
yet.

When my sister mentions a man's name, my
parents tune in expectation to share her joy.
When I mention a woman's name, my mother freaks.
As if every one of them was my lover.
I wish that were more true than it is.

What I'm reminded of in our relationship
is the classic dyke-and-straight-lady
couple, where the straight lady insists that
She's not a lesbian, they just make love.
implying that a lesbian is an awful
thing to be.
And the lesbian stays because she
likes the affection and sex, she's getting and she
tries not to think about what she isn't getting.

Her homosexuality: "I've been there and I was
lucky enough to escape."

She had a lover at age thirteen, and she says both
of them were
relieved when the girl's family moved away,
thankful for help in
ending something they weren't able to end for
themselves.

Later, "questioning her sexuality," she joined a
predominantly
gay theatre troupe, but never had sex with another
woman.

She said she talked to other women in the group
who were also
there in order to experiment with what they were.
Wow, I can just see them all wanting to be
seduced, but not
getting it together to desire and make love to each
other.

Too much. Torture.

I know the place, I've been there.

During World War II, she joined the army, "to drive
a truck,"

I've always heard her say. They never let her.

Is

Is she conscious of all the gay community
stereotypes she was

acting out Does she know I'm seeing it.

I doubt it, she both wants it known and wants it
hidden.

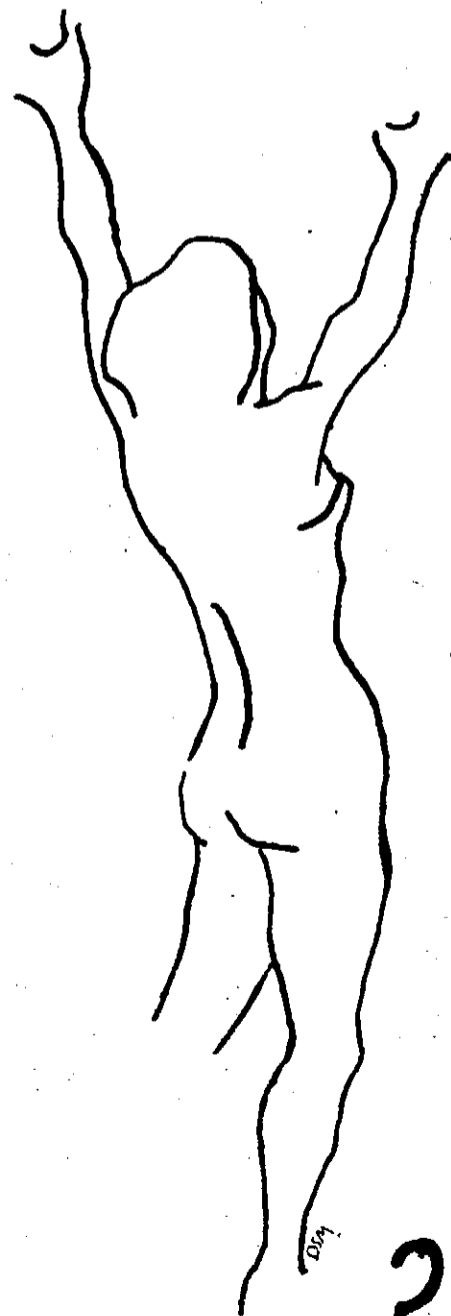
While she was in the army she and my father
became lovers and

got married. In her parents house, by a judge not a
rabbi,

very rushed--on leave, in her dress uniform.

Has there ever been a more butch bridal gown.

emily rubin weiner



LESBIAN- NOT AN ISM but AN IS

LESBIAN-not an ism but an is

"But what do Lesbians do?" If you are a Lesbian, look back on how many times straight friends have, at last, gotten down to what *they* consider the nitty-gritty. If you are "not a Lesbian" - a condition I do not admit the existence of: if you feel like a Lesbian, I think you are one - maybe you wonder, too.

What Lesbians *do* is very simple. They love one another out loud.

As is usual with the straight world - and if you are still hovering, you are yet in the clutches of this straight, and oh so alien world - the question is clumsily posed. The real question is "what do Lesbians feel?"

The straight world is not too interested in this aspect; here, as is so often true of heterosexuals (whatever that means) they do not feel, they grope. That little tell-tale subterranean stir; that unscratchable inner mosquito bite of curiosity; that "I know I'm not, but..." yeah, but meanwhile the palms are sweaty - what does it all mean? Many possibilities: they are seeking sexual techniques; they are understandably curious, as were the Romans watching the Christians dying in the arenas, as to what driving force sends these people to struggle against society; or that they are lonely voyeurs, noses pressed against the glass of the Forbidden Fruit Store. Or, none of the above we don't care too much about them.)

The straights have managed by their numbers - swelled, as they are, by fearful latents - to put homosexual love into a realm of erotic dreams, "unnatural" practices, dirty-book-mail-order devices, late-night masturbation in the company of taboo thoughts. And all this by simply fuzzing the issue "what do they *do*," as opposed to "how do they *feel*." One could cry real tears for the thousands (even millions?) who have died without ever having lived because of that rhetoric, because of fear: I love her, but what should I *do*, how is it *done*, what do *Lesbians* do?

How to draw a map having been there? How to write a guide book, having seen and known it all? When all love is essentially the progress of a stranger in a strange land, how can I help a lover the world has named completely alien and who has accepted the label of *alien*?

I have been twenty years a Lesbian and, but a few weeks ago, learned that I didn't know it all. Don't ask "what should I *do*," as this sexist, sexbook world has taught you - ask instead "what do I *feel*?" Then reach that asking hand toward your loved one. Believe me, it will be guided.

Peg Bear

the FURIES

LESBIAN/FEMINIST NEWSPAPER

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columbus day

in

central park

I'll always be glad I found you in October
come what may—

October aches to be shared. Not for a lifetime's
peace would I trade one single, questing day.
Or even a moment. Today, all brisk and blue;
I went out to take photographs of you—
Hoping, oh,

I don't know—

Hoping, perhaps that you will see

Faint-etched traces,

Of me . . .

Glimmers of my life through glimpses of my
Favorite places.

Sibelius notes were pouring like sunlight from
my radio—

And sunlight was pouring like Sibelius notes
among the blowing, whirling leaves, gilding
the already golden, setting fire to the already
flaming, patterning the air, falling in wasteful
splendor to the earth below . . .

And suddenly, I realized you! She is real!

Somewhere,

Out there,

Out there in all this October, she exists!

I have not dreamed her, nor invented her—

Have not schemed her up, created her feelings,
dictated a being as my will insists!

She is there,

Somewhere—she thinks, she walks—perhaps through
leaves, she feels!

At this very moment, she could be thinking on me!

At this very moment, she could—even—be fond of me!

Inside, an implosion of joy-to-be-alive, from toes

to wind-tossed hair ends, an explosion of

sunlight, blazing leaves and Sibelius, that

you are you, somewhere out in this Fall . . .

I guess that's all.

Peg Hari

Memorial Day in Central Park

The dove returns to her nest—

She finds it torn and bleeding straw

her pale eggs broken.

In the Park in the gathering dark

She sits on the shoulder

of Ludwig van Beethoven

And mourns in his ear softly.

But Ludwig van Beethoven is deaf.

The voice of the dove is the voice of my love

When she says will it always be like this?

I say no and she says prove it—

I say let us go to the Park and be healed

leave the rest unspoken.

In the Park in the gathering dark

I see a dove on the shoulder

of Ludwig van Beethoven

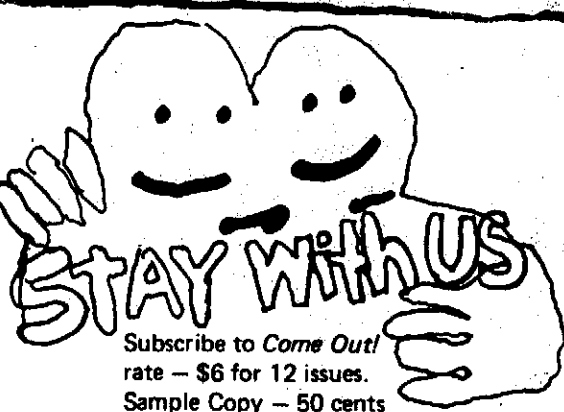
It mourns in his ear softly.

I say look. She says Beethoven was deaf.

I say I'm not. I hear my dear.

Come step into his shadow. Let us kiss.

Peg Hari



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specify the issue.

GAY POSITION PAPER

At this point this paper seems to be a *Gay Position Paper*. We just thought we'd let you know our "bias", and this is coming from a "real lesbian" and a "political lesbian".

The negative meaning "political lesbian" has taken on partially comes from the fear that the Political Lesbian will have a "lesbian experience" and then return to "her man" (straight culture values) — that there is no emotional/political commitment from the Political Lesbian to other women. This attitude assumes that the women who is labeled "Political Lesbian" has no strength to choose her life style. Secondly, it implies that she would prefer to relate to a man. This definition makes her a sub-person. Believing in the definitions of Gay /Straight, Political Lesbian/Real Lesbian, Butch/Femmes absolutes of behavior implies that you must conform to the limits of the category you're assigned to. Believing (internalizing) you are a category (straight, lesbian, etc.) makes you unable to communicate with the category you are supposedly opposite of. When you are categorized, you may begin to believe in society's myths concerning your category as well as not examining the realities of your life style.

Straight women fear Lesbians because they cannot and/or will not (if they can) conceive of themselves as Lesbians. Lesbian exists as a thing — not person (sister). Games are played, myths played on (subtle flirtation) directed at gay women). Meanwhile, lesbians are afraid of opening up (honesty); you might be rejected and as often happens, your love for women will not really be accepted as positive. "Yeah, it's all right to be gay, but I'm not so I don't really want to hear it." Gay women say — alright, I don't want to put up with that shit (from straight women) — all communication ends there.

We think in levels. Whose revolutionary thought is more advanced than whose. Lesbianism is the revolution. Is it? It is one way of getting away from having to defend your right to live as an independent woman. Lesbianism is one of the ways to live as an independent woman. To love other women is a beginning of loving yourself. But party lines we don't need (witness SWP-YSA) — party lines deny self-determination. Everywoman must come to terms with her life — how she will live. We all must recognize our gayness. But using the line "Everywoman Must Be Gay" forces a response which must happen naturally. This party-lineism creates only tension and hostility.

We are often afraid to say what we feel; we may be rejected as not vanguard enough. Or laughed at for feelings we have been conditioned to feel are invalid. We are afraid to be exposed as false, stupid or not politically correct. To be politically correct implies standards, involved norms, and demands certain behavior. We must be careful in our structures — too much of these systems are negative carry-overs from straight society.

The one demand we must make of everywoman (including us) is that each woman have a firm commitment to each other woman. The first commitment is trust, support, communication, and understanding will come out of trust.

A Feminist Revolution will be a reality when heterosexuality and homosexuality lose their meanings and we are no longer channeled or manipulated by these definitions. — when we are free to love who we choose regardless of sex.

Jane & Mikki

Come Out! provides speakers of the topic of Gay Liberation to any group that requests them. Many speakers on our staff as well as other people in the Movement are available for speaking engagements. Since we don't have the bread we would appreciate travel expenses. A contribution to keep this paper going will not be turned down. *Come Out!* is probably the poorest Liberation newspaper around. tal, *Come Out!* Box 233, Times Sq. Sta., New York, NY 10036.

WOMANLOVER

At night your arms as cool
As wineskins in a running stream
Restore my soul.

By day I walk the valley
That consumes your gifts,
Valley devoid of the shadow
Of a rock, or tree.

Unlike one bound in chains,
Spreadeagled to the sky,
I entered
The sisterhood of flame,

To break the pinions of my mind:
To free you with the energy
Your hands pour into me
Throughout the night,

The energy that swells my lips, desire
to press my swollen hands
to women, everywhere;
To share the fire

That melts my knees.
Then let these
Solid bones be burnt,
And burn these blistered feet;

Burn all but the bird
Inside me, and let free
The fire of legend, torn from the sun,
The fire men stole from me.

Martha Shelley

17TH STREET' I

what else.
but a genius of sexuality claims me:
(intellectual night of your own making, love
on a mattress springs failures to life,

(afterwards you applaud my mouth at the door)

you astound me being
in London & away
from me
so far,

(& I so plain
can't fondle

your extremities.

Leslie Wolff

A wet November night.
Smeared on the street, I see
Leaves from a maple tree,
Like newspaper strips in paste
Waiting to be a mask.

Halloween is past, November mist,
And what face will I wear
This year, what Christmas mask?
Where will I sleep on Christmas night?

Martha Shelley

Photo by E Bedoz

A woman enters my life
Quietly,
Like walking through a door,
No fanfare,
Or heartthrob;
She just walks in
And is.

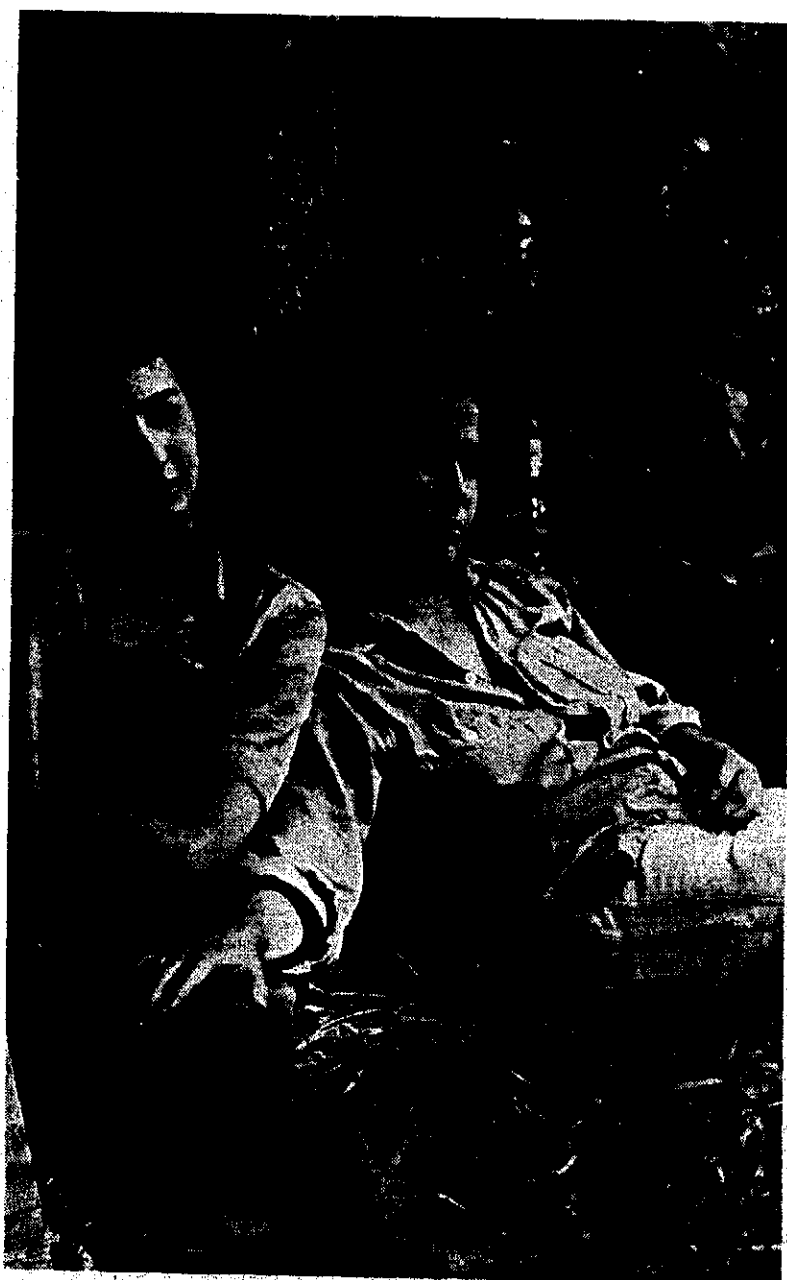
I'm stunned
By the simplicity.

— Heather

To Martha Wherever You Are

High school meant boy-chasing
And lonely nights we spent together
Longing for recognition
Smoking pot
Tripping
Your face would float in front of me
Your body
And the walls would close in
Lesbian = typhoid fever
Never
Boys come first — I went steady
Saw you in school
Talked on the phone, never kissed you
Fucked every night
Faked every night and
Thought of you, never touched you
Boys come first.
Now every once in a while I dream about you
Wake up wishing you were there.
How's married life treating you?
Better than having parents, I hope.
I dreamt I saw you and
You were so cold you started shivering.
"She knows I'm gay" I thought and
You rubbed it in.
But weren't we closer, more honest, kinder
Less clinging, more giving, softer, more forgiving
Didn't you know me better
Than he ever did?
And didn't I need you more?
Wouldn't have thought so then,
But I know so now:
When the boys come first
The girls come last . . .
I keep hoping I'll run into you
Or you'll write
In my last dream you lived in D.C.
I tried to kiss you hello and you
Backed away.
You were so tall I had to crane my
Neck to see your face.
"Still seeing Bill?" I asked.
"Yes" you said with a sneer
"He's a beautiful guy."
These dreams are for shit.
Why does the past keep popping up on me?
It's shaping my present
I cannot forget a friend.

— Cara



LESTRAIN
LESBIAN
POETRY

ESTRANGEMENT

Why is it when one wants
most to touch . . .
One turns away?

Is there some perverse
desire to hurry
toward disaster?

Is there no way
to speak forthrightly,
Damned the Guns . . . Full Speed Ahead!?

I see our ship will founder
on that reef . . .
but stand here,
hand paralyzed on the tiller . . .
sails full rigged . . .
and make no move to save us.

Can speaking . . .
be more damaging than silence?

Can reaching out . . . be filled
with more terror,
than sitting on my hands?

How does one recapture
that awareness . . .
that needed so few words . . . ?

There must be some flaw in me
that demands rejection.
For as surely as I turn away
my head
to avoid those things I'd
hoped never to see
I bring disaster down upon us.

If I could feel even a spark
of response . . .
an awareness of even a momentary
openness

Then perhaps I could say . . .
"Be with me don't muddy what
we've had in this tawdry way . . .
there must be some flaw in me
which cannot fill your needs . . .
but let me try." . . . but pride
and prudity seal my lips . . .
to share you with others
paralyzes my desire
I'll take my pricks first hand . . .
or NOT AT ALL.

FRIENDS CRY HAVOC ALL ABOUT US
BUT I MAKE NO MOVE
I only cry inside where none can see.
for my mind whispers incessantly
THEY ALL KNEW BEFORE ME

— 'bara
1960

23

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A LIBERATION FORUM BY & FOR
the **lesbian community**



photo by B. Winstead.

Winter 1972 issue 8
love each other love ourselves