

come out!

25c

a liberation forum for the gay community



the Door is oPen! come out! now *photos by Diana Davies*
We are heRe & Love is iN the aIr-GAYs Out NOW! *SPRING-Summer'71*
Vol.2 No.7b

Dear Sisters and Brothers,

I really dug your issue no. 7 - best one I've seen! Could you send 15 copies to this store and bill us. No one in this dopey community sells *Come Out!* or anything really radical except *Ain't I a Woman* (of course). So this little miniscule head shop is trying to get it on with political papers. Couldn't find out if you have bulk rates, but send us the 10 copies at whatever price - we'll sell them (or I'll give them away and apy you!)

Hello to any of the sisters who I met when I was in NY in September - Judy, Ann Sanchez, Lois, Ellen, Pat Maxwell, and at lest 10 others whose names I don't remember - love and power! to you all. I yope to be in NY sometime in the next 3 months. Does *Come Out!* address change with every issue? Hope I can find you then.

More on coming out in Iowa City: Gay Liberation got started here in September; it's not real together, extremely male dominated, like there are 2 or 3 women in it. Most gay sisters relate to Women's

Liberation and not to local GLF though we dig what GLF is up to in other places. The only thing GLF here has done is hand out free lunches at a church (and wrote Gay Power slogans on construction site fences). Mostly they are a roving beer party. There is no gay bar in Iowa City and most of the GLF gays are middle class-student-white-and unserious. So GLF is like a substitute for a bar -- Yuck-o. But, I hope distributing *Come Out!* will bring out some more good people.

I guess I'm pretty critical because the scene in NY impressed me a lot and I wish it could get together here. Being aaround you people really was an "up" and important to me when I was just starting to come out and be glad I was gay and be glad I was alive.

Love to the people &

Power to the Sisters

In struggle,

Jeannie ("Jd") Taylor

Dear sisters and brothers,

We're sending you a couple of issues of our paper *Come Together*. You've probably read lots of the material as we filched it from a few of you GLF journals, but as we are getting ourselves together into a much tighter organisation we should be getting more original stuff dealing with our own specifics, and as consciousness rises, with our own sexism. We're growing in numbers continuously, groups are appearing in places as far away as Scotland which gives gay people a particularly rough time. Sisters are joining us from Womens Liberation, brothers are finding out about us in prisons and we are going to attempt to get a foothold in the Merchant Navy.

Anyways we would like an exchange with your paper.

with love to you in struggle,

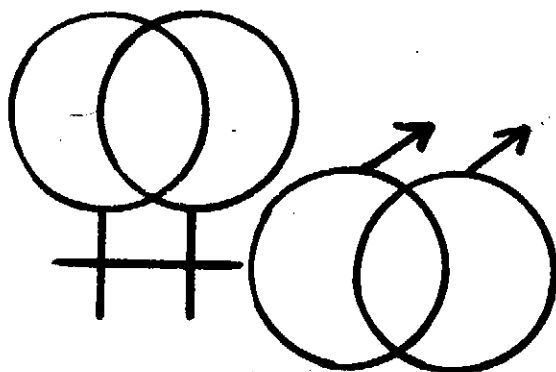
Aubrey Walk

London Gay Liberation Front

5 Caledonian Road

London N.I. England

our letters



Dear brothers and sisters at *Come Out!*,

Thank you very much for sending down the copies of *Come Out!*, we really appreciate them. Things down here are really a hassle but a little live between our brothers and sisters helps smooth the way. There is a lot of interest in starting a gay group here so that we can provide a place for people to rap and maybe a legal support too. I've contacted GLF in Washington to see if a few people could come down from there to rap to a bunch of us but have received no answer yet. A lot of the gay people down here are in the service so there is a lot of paranoia running around and not without good reason.

Now for a problem that has come up. I am an active duty G.I. here at Ft. Bragg, and I'm tired of the shit. I have been active in an anti-war G.I. group since I got here a year and a half ago and am known as a trouble maker. Now I'm trying to force the army to release me or exempt me from prosecution for being gay. I think there's going to be a lot of trouble as the Army will probably really try to hang me. I might need a lawyer but I have very little bread so if you can suggest anyone who might like to handle the case either for free or for a very low charge, I would appreciate it. Oh, one more thing, I'm insisting that I be given an Honorable Discharge. If they either give me the Honorable Discharge or the guarantee of freedom from prosecution it might go a long way in helping gay brothers and sisters now in the service. Keep up the good work that you are doing to try and free all of us.

Thank you,
Arnold P. Charles

Dear Friends:

At present there is a small group of gay people here in Boston who are working on activities for Gay Pride Week and Christopher Street Liberation Day. One of our projects is a multi-media presentation on the gay mind - who we are, our relationships to each other and to the straight world. It is also possible that we could utilize this presentation, hopefully during Gay Pride Week, on one of the television stations here in Boston.

We are searching for as many source materials as possible including newspaper articles, tapes, pictures, film, etc. Could you suggest materials that are easily and quickly accessible for us to review and possibly include in our workshops and our multi-media presentation.

Our work load is seemingly tremendous and we would appreciate any suggestions you might offer.

Thanks.

Sincerely,

Martha Akey

Dear sisters and brothers,

The following women
AND MEN helped
to make this issue
A REALITY. LOVE
AND POWER TO US
ALL:

Elken Bedoz
Suzanne BeVeir
NANCY B.
PCARY BRASS
ARTHUR BRADY
Steve Brooks
Eben Clark
Diana Davies
Jessie F.
Steve Gavin
Debra Moldovan
Radicalesbians
Martha Shelley
Lin Stephan
Al Tucker
The Women At
Bright Porch.
Gay Liberation.
Gay Prisoners
AND Gay People
All over the
World.

Come Out! is finally out! We're back again and we've really missed you. Thank you very much for your interest, your letters, your faith, and your patience. We're sorry if we've missed anything that you should have known about; we've had some very untogther times and things like letters, even poetry and articles have gotten lost in the scrambles since the Gay Community Center closed. We would like to get *Come Out!* more often. There is still so much that we have to understand and express about ourselves and the process we call Gay Liberation. However, it is very hard putting out a paper without your help. So please don't ask us when the paper will come out again. Ask us what you can do to help *Come Out!* grow and be relevant to you. If you would like to contribute to *Come Out!* or be a part of the paper in any of the ways that make papers -- writing, layout, distribution, (and lot's of just plain work that only a few people have been groaning over now for a long time), please write to us at our box number of call 212-581-2639. love *Come Out!*

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So much is happening. So much that sometimes people cannot see forest for the trees. All those trees are so much mileage and movement within the gay movement. And sometimes they cannot see the trees for the forest. The forest is right now the chole Gay movement which now has become big enough that we can take it for granted and fight among ourselves just like good ole left movements have been doing all along.

What's happening:

There is now an active Gay Liberation Front in New Orleans which has been the scene of some of the most brutal police oppression of Gay people in the country. Gay people are getting together in New Orleans to demand that the shit stop. They put out a monthly newsletter called the *SUNFLOWER* which tells about living in New Orleans from another viewpoint than the once-a-year-look at Mardi-Gras. *SUNFLOWER's* address is Box 19001, New Orleans, La. 70019.

Gay people in London are getting themselves together under the banner of the London Gay Liberation Front. They have a newspaper called *COME TOGETHER* from which we have an article in this issue of *Come Out!* It's really wonderful to have Gay sisters and brothers all over the world now. There is a Gay Liberation movement growing in Paris. There has been a Gay Liberation section in the French underground paper *TOUTE*. Gay people marched openly in the May Day demonstrations in Paris. Gay Liberation in Paris can be reached by writing F.H.A.R. - Front Homosexuel d'Action Revolutionnaire, c/o Tout at 73 rue Buffon, Paris 5. Telephone 707.4937.

Gay Activists Alliance of New York now have a new center at 99 Wooster Street. It is a four story firehouse that is really incredibly beautiful and is already overflowing at the Sat. night dances that GAA has been having to pay for it. Since the dances have been huge successes (at least financially), there is little doubt that GAA does have much of the male Gay community behind its firehouse. The most important thing for GAA to do though is to keep some political consciousness behind the dances or else the dances will become another bar scene. However it is important for all of the brothers in the Movement to realize the importance of the thing that GAA has pulled off. They have established a very successful means of getting Gay men together in the face of threats from the pigs and from the Mafia, so our brothers in GAA deserve a great deal of our respect and admiration for this. Unfortunately, GAA will have to deal with sexism of their dances, the cruisy bar scene atmosphere that becomes inevitable when you get several hundred (at a very conservative estimate) Gay men whose past life styles have centered to great degree around relating to bars and other oppressive homosexual institutions. Also there is a real obvious lack of women at the dances, although people from GAA have said that women are very welcome and wanted at them. But in the meanwhile, much luck to GAA.

Which leads to where is GLF at this moment. The Gay Liberation Front of New York is at this moment very fragmented but not dead. As long as there will be radical Gay people there will be a GLF, but the

question is how to find it when so many people who have identified themselves with GLF have gone into their own little radical closets finding it easier to stay in there with old friends and radical acquaintances than to come out and deal with the world whose consciousness always needs raising. There has been a move of several people who had been very close to NYGLF to Brooklyn to set up a Brooklyn GLF. A few brothers and sisters have moved to the country or back into other closets in the movement (peace closets, SWP closets, etc.). Although all of these people still maintain a Gay identity, they are still not struggling around issues that are Gay issues. Going back into left straight organizations as an open Gay person is like naming your own oppression. It is really bad though that so many people in GLF believed that Gay Liberation was at hand with the next Revolution - which might be quite a way off. Gay Liberation is a lifetime thing, and whether we want to recognize it or not, we had better take a look at the "old timers" of the Gay Movement who have been struggling against incredible odds for a long time (some for as long as 15 years). Although it is bad that some of these "old timers" are still in the old times, are still opting for "respectability" and can't quite make it out of the closet all the way (using false names or false fronts, for instance), they are still in there fighting. It is also pretty shitty that often they still can't shake off all that ole cosmic sexist oppression, and they are still fighting us. But the thing is that they are still fighting and it isn't something that you can give up doing after just two years of a movement. The Gay Liberation movement is now two years old (going back to the Stonewall). We cannot go back to being where we were two years ago. We cannot go back to the old hiding and the old fears. Just as it was not always wasy for us to come out (and it still isn't easy, no matter how liberated we thing we are). we must make it easier for our sisters and brothers who want to come out to do it. We can't just wait from one Christopher Street Liberation Day to the next. There are just too many days in between.

Don Teal's book "The Gay Militants" has been out for about a month; it is published by Steiner and Day, 7 East 48th Street, NY 10017. Don's book is a very comprehensive account of the first year and a half of the new Gay Liberation Movement with very little left out. It is also a very good account of the little known past of Gay Liberation, people who met in a Los Angeles apartment in 1953 and came out the Mattachine Foundation, the early Councils on Religion and Homosexual which were the first organizations to even use the "forbidden word". The book goes through the early moments of GLF when it was an umbrella for all of the Gay people in New York who were tired of getting shit on and tired of

running and hiding, too; and also the later splits first between GLF and GAA and then various splits in both organizations. It also deals with various groups in other cities, so that it is not at all limited to New York Gay Liberation. However since Don Teal is a member of the New York Gay Activists Alliance so the emphasis is upon New York GAA and its members. *The Gay Militants* is currently available at Oscar Wilde Memorial Bookstore, 291 Mercer Street or through the publisher Steiner and Day. It retails for 7.95 and is the first book of our history, although it better be far from the last!

"Beyond" lately to be the most notable split-off from GAA has formed. It is basically a group of consciousness-raising cells that meets on Monday nights. For more information contact Eben Clark, 628-2480 or write to Eben care of *ComeOut!* at our address.

Spectre is out! A radical Lesbian newspaper put out by Revolutionary lesbians in Ann Arbor. For a sample copy send 25cents to - *Spectre*, Box 305, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48107. This is probably the first revolutionary newspaper written by Lesbians. Right on, Sisters!

DOB has undergone some radical changes lately, beginning with the resignation of the hierarchy! One of the many changes is that the DOB center has become a Lesbian Center and has opened her door to sister lesbian groups. For information concerning new workshops, dances and special events etc., check the Bull Board in the Village Voice or, better yet, get a copy of the monthly *Lesbian Letter* NYC or at the Oscar Wilde Bookshop on Mercer St, off 8th Street, for 25cents.

Another Womans Songbook is out! It has Sisterhood songs and graphics. Send \$1.00 to GWLF at 141 Prince Street, NYC, care of DOB.

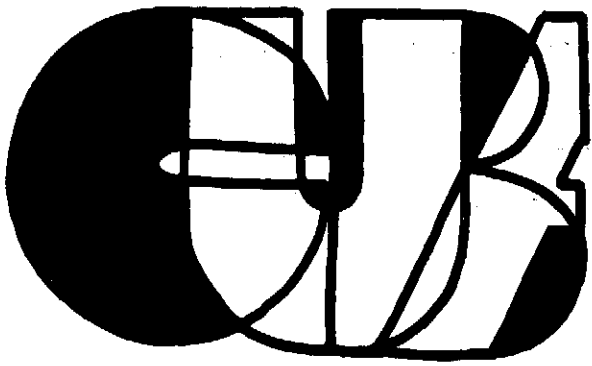
Gay Liberation Front Women have changed theirname to Gay Womens Liberation Front (GWLF). Another step in the right (I mean left) direction.

Radicalesbians are now holding their regular Weds. nite meeting at the Lesbian Center at 141 Prince St. Women in the NYC area who would like to join a lesbian consciousness raising group or wome who have been gay or gay identified a year or less and would like to be in a *Come Out!* group write to Radicalesbians at the Lesbian Center. The RADICALESBIANS HEALTH COLLECTIVE have just put out a paper about how gay women are fucked over by the medical profession. It is available for 25 cents. Also a copy of *the Women - Identified Women* by Radicalesbians is also available for free. If you can, please send us a stamp, so we can mail it back to you. WIW is now a big part of lesbian and womans herstory. Bothe papers are availavle by writting to Radicalesbians care of the Lesbian Center.



Come Out! has an international list of gay liberation organizations available upon request. There is a handling charge of 15 cents. We would like to gather a complete set of addresses of gay groups to publish in the near future. Any assistance from our readers will be appreciated. - the *Come Out!* collective.





The Cuban government has come out with an open expression of official homosexual oppression. This has come after open Gay people have served on the Venceremos brigade and after the Movement in the country has openly tried to deal even on a limited basis with its own vast sexism. Here is an excerpt from *Gramma*, the official organ of the Central Committee of the Communist Party as stated in the May 9, 1971 issue.

DECLARATION BY THE FIRST NATIONAL CONGRESS ON EDUCATION AND CULTURE

The social pathological character of homosexual deviations was recognized. It was resolved that all manifestations of homosexual deviations are to be firmly rejected and prevented from spreading. It was pointed out, however, that a study, investigation, and analysis of this complex problem should always determine the measures to be adopted.

It was decided that homosexuality should not be considered a central problem or a fundamental one in our society, but rather its attention and solution are necessary.

A study was made of the origin and evolution of this phenomenon and of its present-day scope and antisocial character. An in-depth analysis was made of the preventive and educational measures that are to be put into effect against existing focuses, including the control and relocation of isolated cases and degrees of deterioration.

On basis of these considerations, it was resolved that it would be convenient to adopt the following measures:

a) Extension of the coeducational system: recognition of its importance in the formation of children and the young.

b) Appropriate sexual education for parents, teachers and pupils. This work must not be treated as a special subject but as one falling into the general teaching syllabus, such as biology, physiology, etc.

c) Stimulation of proper approach to sex, A campaign of information should put into effect among adolescents and young people which would contribute to the acquisition of a scientific knowledge of sex and the eradication of prejudices and doubts which in some cases result in the placing of too much importance on sex.

d) Promotion of discussion among the youth in those cases where it becomes necessary to delve into the human aspect of sex relations.

It was resolved that it is not to be tolerated for notorious homosexuals to have influence in the formation of our youth on the basis of their "artistic merits."

Consequently, a study is called for to determine how best to tackle the problems of the presence of homosexuals in the various institutions of our cultural sector.

It was proposed that a study should be made to find a way of applying measures with a view to transferring to other organizations those who, as homosexuals, should not have any direct influence on our youth through artistic and cultural activities.

It was resolved that those whose morals do not correspond to the prestige of our Revolution should be barred from any group of performers representing our country abroad.

Finally, it was agreed to demand that severe penalties be applied to those who corrupt the morals of minors, depraved repeat offenders and irredeemable antisocial elements.

Cultural institutions cannot serve as a platform for false intellectuals who try to make snobbery, extravagant conduct, homosexuality and other social aberrations into expressions of revolutionary spirit and art, isolated from the masses and the spirit of the Revolution.

As excerpted from GRAMMA

The statement on homosexuality issued in Cuba by the First National Congress on Education and Culture, which was attended and endorsed by the leaders of the Cuban government, is openly reactionary. It is a threat to the lives and freedom of gay people because of the "severe penalties" demanded for "repeat offenders" and also because it encourages individual physical violence against homosexuals. It is also a threat to gay people throughout the world because of Cuba's reputation as a revolutionary nation.

We, the Gay Revolution Party, condemn the statement of the First National Congress on Education and Culture. We demand of revolutionaries everywhere that they join us in this move initially by the printing of this statement or their own comments.

The fight of the Cuban and other Third World peoples against the imperialism of the U.S. and its lackeys cannot be won by maintaining the attitudes of cultural and sexo-economic systems which support and are nurtured by sexism, male individualism, capitalism, and imperialism. It is necessary that cultural as well as political and economic revolution occur, and that this revolution destroy the sexist roots of exploitation.

As long as anti-gay attitudes persist, not only will gay people suffer, but the exploitation of woman by man will be normal, competition among males will be the rule, and true communism will be impossible. We are socialists. We have come to understand that the destruction of straight social patterns (i.e., those modeled on powerbased, role-playing heterosexuality) and the creation of gayness (i.e., mutuality and equality of human relationship based on the model of free homosexuality) are inherent to the development of a true socialist society. Thus, the only way to ensure a straight Cuba is to re-establish capitalism. A people struggling toward socialism can, due to an incorrect ideological superstructure, kill, relocate, or isolate individual gay people, but they cannot help but create conditions favorable to gayness.

Gay people are not one more group struggling for liberation. We are, and have always been, considered the scum of the earth, but we are you; we are everyone. The Gay Revolution is basic because it will destroy the sexual and social roles which are at the bottom of *all* exploitation, establishing mutuality of relationship between all people.

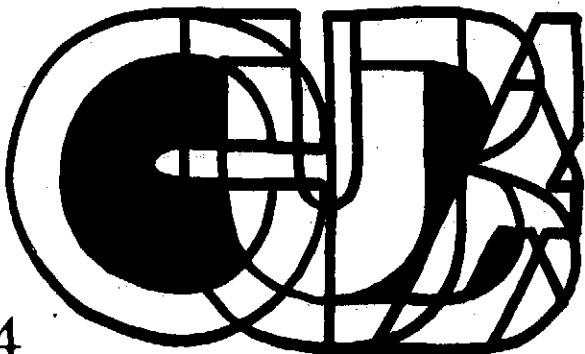
We do not call upon any straight male government to change its policy or reform its laws, whether it is in Cuba, the United States, or the Soviet Union. We call instead upon all people who seek freedom and an end to domination to examine straight relationships and to realize with us that it is the roles and attitudes inherent to the maintenance of these relationships that prevent revolutionary change.

Cuba's reactionary policy cannot defeat us. It will only strengthen our resolution to fight collectively until the Gay Liberation of all people.

turn it out gay revolution party

(note: translated into the straight idiom for the benefit of those not yet gay)

We also have the privilege here of printing a letter written by Gay Cuban brothers smuggled out of Cuba which gives a first hand report of the conditions of life for homosexuals in Cuba. The letter has finally been released for publication (without a date) after some deliberation on the part of the various people (mostly men) who received the letter originally. There was deliberation as to the releasing of this letter because of an intended desire to save the brothers in Cuba from any reprisals from the Cuban government. However since the condition for homosexuals in Cuba is already disastrous, it is obvious that these Cuban brothers did risk their lives to write this letter and have it stuck in the back pocket of someone(?) in the U.S. on a male power trip - trying to decide if the rest of the Gay movement should know about the situation in



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Cuba before we decide to send more of our gay sisters and brothers down to cut cane for Fidel. Also it should be known that these same Gay North American brothers gave a copy of this letter to LNS (Liberation News Service) which has very heavily identified with the Cuban struggle; LNS somehow lost the letter. If all of this sounds suspicious - that certain Gay people, who have so identified with heterosexual Marxism, should give a copy of this letter to a straight-male-dominated group like LNS, before publishing it in the Gay press, and that LNS "lose" this letter - then sisters and brothers **READ ON:**

Sisters and Brothers:

By chance, we got a copy of your publication with the Third World Gay Revolution Platform (*Gay Flames*, Pamphlet No. 7).

We believe, as elements which are discriminated in a country that believes itself in a revolution for the new man, against the traditional injustices that we have suffered and still suffer as a remainder of a classist society, it is our duty to inform you of our situation as homosexuals, and at the same time let you know a series of events that denies fundamentally the postulates of the social and political movement in Cuba, each time in higher crises and disagreement with what is exported as real gain.

If in a society of consumers, capitalists, and oligarchial, like the one you are living in, the life of a homosexual is discriminated against and suffers limitations, in our society - entitled marxist, revolutionary - it is much more so. Since its beginning, the Cuban revolutionary movement, first in a veiled way, later without scruples or justifications, has pursued homosexuals with methods that go from the common ways of physical aggression to the attempt of psychic and moral disintegration of such individuals, to them are incompatible to the development of a society that aims to communism, at least in theory. Here the homosexual is attacked, and this is done obliging her or him in many cases to join to a series of formulas to "conceal" what the authorities judge as an aberration of repudiable fault, formulas that go from confining them in marriage as a pretense of living a 'normal' life, to confining them in farms where they receive a brutal treatment, as happened with the concentration camps of the UMAP, which, for the one that doesn't know the reality of them, were simply military units to help the production, where people did agricultural labor, received instruction and the youth was oriented within the norms of military service, as it may happen in any civilized country. This situation, because of the international scandal that it provoked, was eliminated as an appendix of the obligatory military service, but they have kept farms of prisoners who are exclusively homosexual.

On the street we suffer persecution, aggression, and a constant abuse of authority, demanding I.D. cards, arresting us for the use of clothes, hair styles or simple group meetings, which are rights guaranteed by the Declaration of Human Rights that, contradictorily, are more respected in societies that are called fascist than in ours, which you often see or feel as a solution to the problems of individual and collective freedom.

The methods of psychological repression, social isolation, control by districts, zones and centers of work and study, always with negative aims, are a common thing of this regime.

It can be said that there are many homosexuals, intellectuals or not, that live out of this situation. In the first place, they are very few, and if someone like this really exists, he or she knows that she or he cannot trespass the barriers that have been outlined for them, and in that case of opposition there is only the risk of exile or a dictatorial system that can lead them to the worst consequences.

Freedom, respect, and justice for homosexuals in the whole world cannot be advocated without knowledge of the situation of thousands of individuals in our country, without knowledge of

the situation of thousands of individuals in our country, without protesting also for the treatment that they are given, looking for an effective solution, not a theoretical one, to such problems.

We hope in future emissions to give plenty of details and to clarify many situations that you do not know about in this uncertain and chaotic pseudosocialist system.

Note: as a method of protection we have given a false return address.

.....

We, as gay north-americans who have identified with and supported the Cuban Revolution and our gay sisters and brothers in Cuba through our participation in the Venceremos Brigade, denounce the anti-homosexual policy formulated at the recent conference on education and culture and endorsed by the Cuban government.

We have seen the struggle of all Cuban people and gay people all over the world as a common struggle; we have supported the progressive economic policies of the revolution and have been excited and encouraged at the indications of a developing cultural revolution toward the liberation of women and the alienation in all areas of life.

Inherent to socialism and socialist practice is the equalization of power among all people. People cannot seize control of their own lives unless they see themselves historically and analyze critically the culture and institutions which have formulated them. Centuries of sexist attitudes inculcated by all the institutions of "western civilization," especially the church, have served to solidify today's sexist superstructure which places straight men at the top - defining their masculinity by the amount of power they have over gay people, women, and other men. It is each person's revolutionary responsibility to be critical, to be critical of the racist and sexist institutions which perpetuate divisions among us. There can be no real revolution, no truly socialist society until we remove the walls of self-hatred that separate us from ourselves and other people.

Gay people owe allegiance to no nation. The anti-homosexual policy of the Cuban government does not simply fail to include gay people in the revolutionary process - it specifically excludes them from participation in that process and the right to self-determination. We have been told that it is reactionary for us to criticize and condemn our oppressors when they call themselves "revolutionary" or "socialist." A policy of ruthless and incessant persecution of gay people is contradictory to the needs of all people, and such a policy is reactionary and fascist. All sexist policies and practices are counterrevolutionary and evidence the efforts of a ruling class to crush the people's cultural revolution when it threatens the ruling class (or caste) position of privilege.

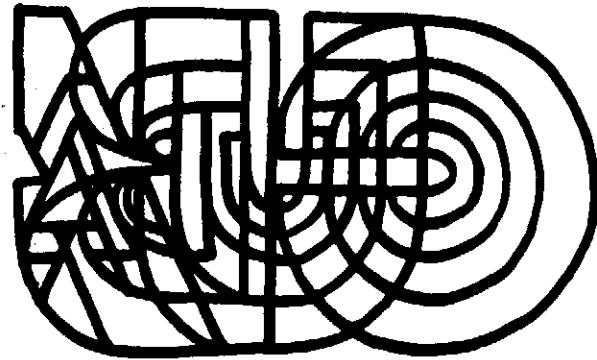
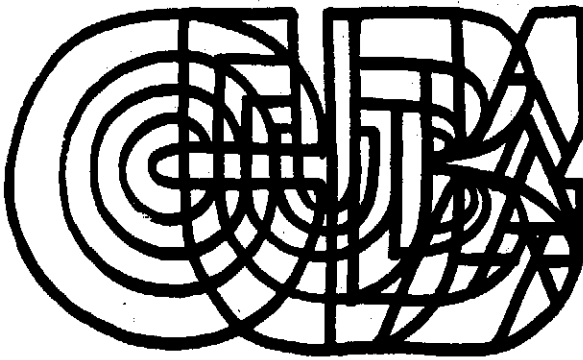
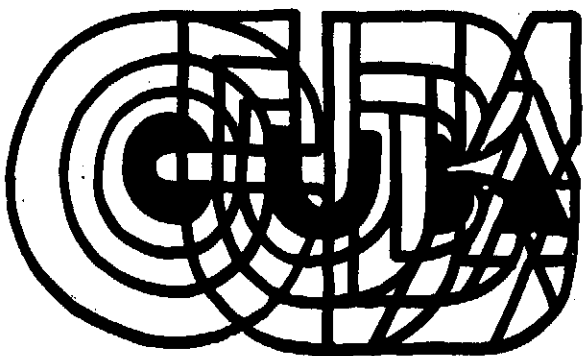
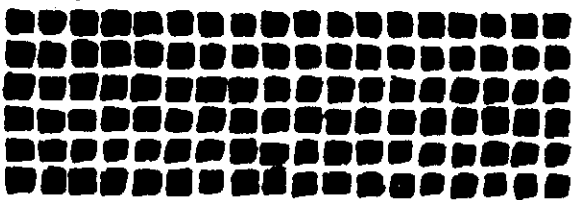
Also, we denounce the national committee of the Venceremos Brigade as the agents of a sexist hierarchy. They, in their liberalism have not engaged in critical relationship with either the Cuban people or with revolutionaries here.

We call upon all progressive people to join in our protests against this reactionary policy and to make their feelings known by writing to the Cuban Prime Minister and First Secretary of the Communist Party in Havana.

Turn it out!

Venceremos!

GAY COMMITTEE OF RETURNED BRIGADISTAS



IS SOCIALISM THE ANSWER?

Some of us in the Gay Liberation Movement have had a rude awakening. Neglecting our own people in the gay community we substituted the "revolutionary" rhetoric of the sexist left. "Socialism is the answer", "capitalist oppression", are just a few of the phrases used by some to explain our oppression. Some of us even sent as far as suppressing reports of persecution from our own sisters and brothers until we were faced with a *fait accompli* - our "friends" called us faggots in bold newsprint for all to see.

Some of us will still try to explain away what happened in Cuba by using the standard cliches which the sexist marxist groups have been applying to each other for at least fifty years - *pseudosocialist, neocapitalist, counterrevolutionary, reformist, etc.* Perhaps some of us will never come to grips with the notion that marxism itself might be sexist, that

marxist theorizing like other philosophic theorizing functions as a male chauvanist game, that socialist societies like capitalist societies contain the basic ingredient that is oppressive to gay people - **SEXISM**.

Yes, brothers and sisters, our oppression is a true blue oppression; it ranks with the most egregious of oppressions. Yet, some of us are acting as if we're waiting for Duncan Hines to give his stamp of approval.

We don't need a justification for being gay - sexists need a justification for being straight. It's getting very tiring to hear closet queens implicitly tell us: "I'm not just a faggot; I've got redeeming social value; I'm a marxist revolutionary."

Recent events have demonstrated a dire need for consciousness raising for all of us. May it never again happen that we collude with our enemies who want to destroy us.

Steve Gavin

QUESTIONS THAT HAVE NEVER BEEN ANSWERED TO MY SATISFACTION

Note: I was originally going to sign this article and take personal responsibility for its contents, but I have been advised by an expert in these matters that such a move would be extremely foolhardy. Since I am not making judgements but only asking questions, I feel that I am justified in withholding my name.

Seems like all of my friends in the movement have been following the call to duty as usual. Anyone on the left is our friend. Anyone the pigs don't like is our friend. Seems to me that there is too much emotionalism and not enough intelligent thought on the radical scene. So I have prepared a list of questions concerning the latest martyr around whom we are all supposed to rally, and I gave my word that I will rally to her side as soon as someone comes up with satisfactory answers to these questions.

1. Why did a supposedly intelligent black revolutionary buy guns in her own name?

2. Members of the Communist Party are not permitted to own guns. Why did she violate Party discipline?

3. The communist Party of the USA has often denounced "adventurist violence." Are they defending Angela Davis on the grounds that she would never knowingly become involved in a courthouse shootout? They have been silent on that question.

4. Numerous men and women have been able to go underground by hiding in their own communities -- black ghettos, communes, campuses, etc. Why was a black woman caught in the whitest area of Manhattan, in a Howard Johnson's motel?

5. Who is Ralph Poindexter, and how did he get bailed out so fast?

6. Angela Davis claims that during the months she was in hiding, she was too confused to make plans for escape to another country. This is an intelligent revolutionary?

7. Other explanations for her capture include the statement that the Communist Party is infiltrated by pigs. If so, why did she join it, and why does she continue to recommend it as a viable alternative for black people? And why was she able to remain underground for two months?

8. Angela Davis claims that she stayed in a boarding house in Florida, but left because pigs were living there. How did she know they were pigs, and why didn't they capture her then?

9. The Communist Party, which has steadily lost support for the last thirty years and has been shunned by blacks as irrelevant, and by women as male supremacist, now has a black woman martyr. Is this a coincidence?

10. The Communist Party has been staging demonstrations in behalf of Angela Davis all over the country, and has carefully excluded the banners of groups which support Angela Davis but do not completely support the Communist Party. Communist Party members have beaten up members of Gay Liberation Front, in an effort to exclude "queers" from the picket lines, which the C.P. has been treating as their own private property. Communist Party officials have threatened to call the police to keep unwanted groups from "trespassing" on their private property -- picket lines for Angela Davis. After struggling to overcome oppression from the right, do we need it from the left?

11. After the Communist Party and the Socialist Worker's Party split, during the 1930's, the Socialist Workers derided the Communists because the Communist Party insisted that all its members dress conservatively and that homosexuals be excluded from the Party. Over the years, the Socialist Worker's Party has adopted the same policies as the Communist Party, clothed in a Trotskyist rhetoric instead of the straight Moscow line. Who owns the Socialist Worker's Party? They may run female candidates, but who chairs the board?

12. Isn't it time feminists got together and got themselves a political education which would include the history and methods of left-wing groups?

13. If the Communist Party is as heavily infiltrated by F.B.I. agents as is commonly believed, who is making policy for the C.P. -- Moscow or Washington? Hadn't an honest revolutionary better think twice before jumping on a Party-made bandwagon?

14. Throughout the 1930's, the Communist Party created scores of martyrs, set up committees to defend them, and collected fortunes for this purpose. Most of those martyrs -- blacks, chicanos and others -- died or rotted in jail. No accounting for the money was ever given. Is this whole episode just another fund-raising scheme for the party? Who the hell is running all the Committees to Defend Angela Davis?



I tried to write all of this before I forgot it. If there is any thing that I have left out, it is because of that. I hope this account isn't from an entirely male point of view. Many more women took a very active part in May Day and Gay May Day. There was a strong, active Women's Liberation Region and a separate Lesbian region - therefore few Gay Women stayed with the Gay May Day Tribe.

When I first got on the bus in Philadelphia to go to Washington (I was on a bus in Philadelphia because of a speaking thing at Swarthmore College - 15 minutes from Philadelphia - the afternoon before) I realized that I might be the only Gay person on that bus. For the first time in a long time I felt as isolated as most of "sisters and brothers" feel all of the time. But almost two years in Gay Liberation had protected me from this kind of isolation and I had been somewhat protected from the "straight movement". I really wasn't used to straight movement men. I wasn't used to all the straight games they play - like not looking at you unless you happen to be a woman they want to fuck ...

like carrying on conversations with you in which you could be replaced by a box of cornflakes (so deep is their personal involvement with other people who happen to be of the same sex), like trying so hard not to register any show of surprise when I told some of them I was going to Washington not to be a part of the Philadelphia Region nor of the New York Region nor even of the New York University Region but of the ...what?... that's right... Gay May Day Tribe! That's right, folks. They were very good at not showing anything, but they didn't talk to me very much after that anyway. Which gave me some time to think about all of my Gay brothers and sisters who had made that long ride to Washington so many times during the last five years or so. About how they had been forced to remain silent for

so long. How they had been made to feel so tolerated, accepted and loved by their wonderful liberal straight brothers and sisters.

So by the time I arrived in Washington, I had made a promise to myself that when there would ever be a choice again between relating to straight people or to my Gay sisters and brothers, there would be no choice again. Washington was brilliantly warm Saturday afternoon when I arrived. There were already about 50,000 'culture freaks' spread out over the meadow of West Potomac Park listening to the beginning of the all-day-all-night rock concert that was supposed to kick off this part of the revolution. I had to wade through this sea of beautiful, massive, long haired bodies, hoping to find somewhere my brothers and sisters from the GayMayDay Tribe. The closer I came to the

people around me, though, the more uptight I became. Underneath all that hair (and upclose, all that hair started to get kind of short, after all) I saw the same faces I had gone to the University of Georgia with five years ago. I became almost panicky. Where was the Revolution? All I could see was this mob and smell hot dogs from all these hot dog carts and smell beer. Then some one with an arm band designating something asked me if I was lost. I said I was, and he told me where the Tribe was.

It was much further back towards where a camping ground of tents had been set up. It took me a while to find it in all of the tent areas from each region plus tents from Women's Liberation and Welfare Rights and different

Continued on page 14

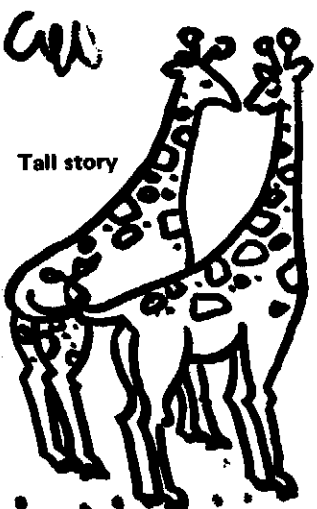
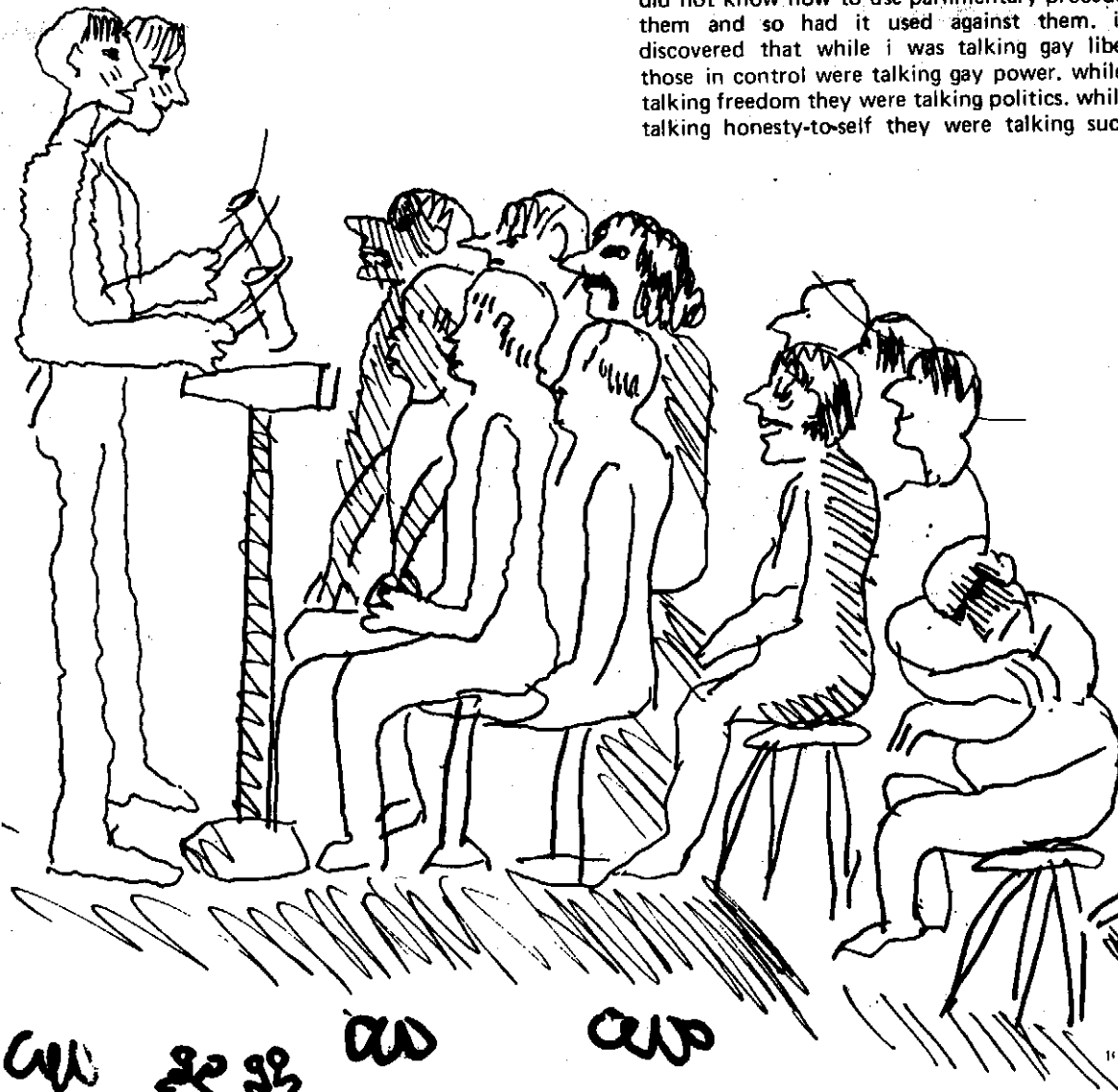
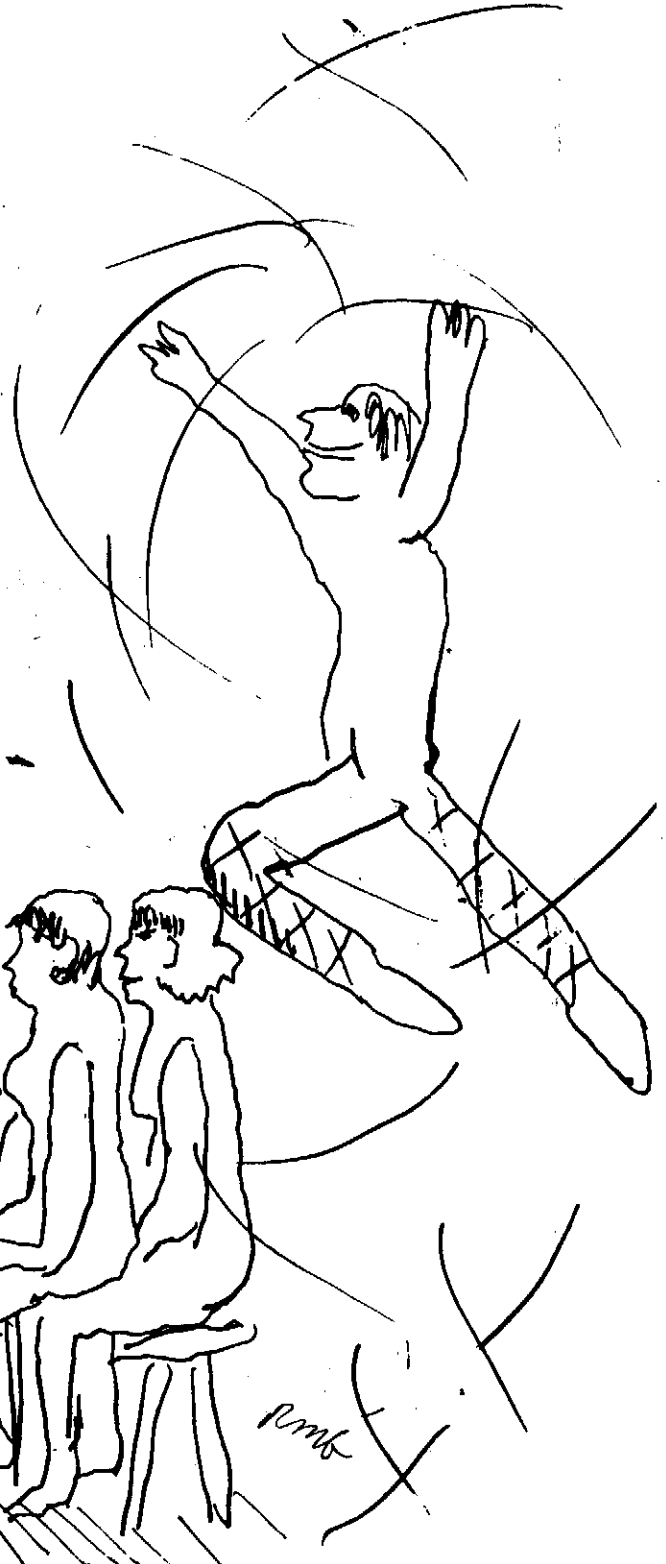
an article

by eben clark

when i first became involved in the gay movement it was to work for gay liberation. I was a liberal and though things weren't as bad for me as they were for others i wanted to do my bit. i wanted to march in picket lines and help change laws for my gay brothers and sisters. i had not thought about changing my life style or my consciousness. i marched up sixth avenue, held hands, screamed a little and a week later joined gay activists alliance. my life style and my consciousness had been changed overnight but something was missing. marching up sixth avenue i had felt a culmination of pride and joy and liberation but sitting in a small meeting hall in a church listening to a parliamentarian talk about roberts rules of order and privilege of information and move the question quickly began to eat away the new found beauty of liberation i had gained on sixth avenue. i had gone through parliamentary procedure in highschool and it had failed there. i had gone through parliamentary procedure in college and it had failed there. i had gone through parliamentary procedure in union meetings on my first job and it had failed there. i had gone through parliamentary procedure at moritorium to end the war in vietnam meetings and it had failed there. why was i now sitting in a meeting going through parliamentary procedure again? because this time i was free. i was myself. i was gay. i was proud. i was beautiful. i was naive ! ! ! things had not changed. parliamentary procedure had not changed. it was not working here either. but i was a liberal and liberals believe that there must be parliamentary procedure to get things accomplished. when i expressed my feelings i was assured by those people around me that parliamentary procedure was indeed necessary. at my third meeting i was shocked as a transvestite stood up on the floor and without being recognized began to scream his feelings out at the

crowd expressing his frustration of not being able to function within the boundaries of the system. i watched the liberals around him shrink in horror at his action and move to the other side of the room. i watched the chairman unable to cope with the situation pound the table and call for order. i listened as people turned to me and expressed their shock and anger at having to tolerate such an incident. after all weren't we all there for the same purpose, weren't we all there fighting for the rights of all normal homosexuals? didn't we all want to be accepted in society? didn't we all want to be beautiful? didn't we all want to have bright teeth and fresh breath? didn't we all want to wear clean clothes? didn't we all want to overcome the stereotype image that society had made of us? i became a member of the executive committee. i shared inside stories and inside politics but not inside attitudes. i got my name in the newspapers and i began to feel elite along with the rest of the executive committee but i knew this was wrong. i watched while actions were geared to further the name of the organization rather than the the gay movement itself. the more i became involved the more i became aware of my own oppressions and the more i became aware of my own oppressions the more i became aware of the oppression of those around me and the more i became aware of their oppression the more i became aware of the oppression i forced upon them by participating in the system that oppresses both them and myself. how could i be guilty be guilty of oppression when i was a liberal? how could i be guilty of oppression when i was so sympathetic to every oppressed minority? how could i be guilty of oppression when i was working with an activist group every thursday night to overcome oppression? how could i be guilty when i was so understanding? "out of order eben! you are out of order !" i watched parliamentary procedure destroy minorities within the group. minorities that did not know how to use parliamentary procedure for them and so had it used against them. i soon discovered that while i was talking gay liberation those in control were talking gay power. while i was talking freedom they were talking politics. while i was talking honesty-to-self they were talking success. a

month later i was the person standing up out-of-turn and expressign my frustration with parliamentary procedure and liberalism. and those same people who had earlier turned to me were now turning to others and expressing their same shock and anger. how dare i question their liberal attitudes. how dare i say that there was farther to go than they had been. how dare i say there was more to gay liberation than attending a meeting one night a week. how dare i say there was more to liberation than changing laws. "out of order eben ! you are out of order! this is a political organization and if you don't like playing politics then get out !" i got out leaving behind a new-found robert's rule: anyone who questions parliamentary procedure or the executive committee is out to destroy the organization just as anyone who questions nixon's decisions is out to destroy the united states - peace.



Tall story

Two giraffes met each other on Central Park West. One giraffe looked at the other one. "You're the best looking Giraffe here," he said. They proceeded to walk off together trying to decide in which direction to go.

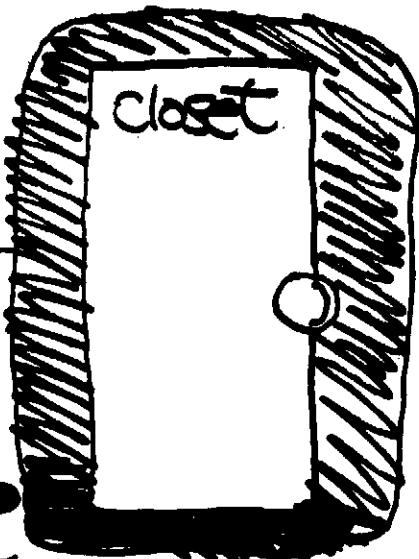
Moral of this story: Next time you meet a giraffe on Central Park West, take him home with you. There might not be another giraffe around for miles and he might be very lonely.

love is a poem
feeling, breathing
holding hands and walking in the snow
saying goodbye but telling you not to go

teasing seething
whispering ridiculousness closenesses
touching tempting
wondering where we will go
after we are too tired to leave
kissing sucking kisses butterfly kisses
little loving loose kisses
keeping my hands to yourself
fingertips telling terrible secrets
teaching, trembling, tripping over
old song titles meaning mostly
magic..... how can I be afraid of all this ????????

Nancy Belle Brass

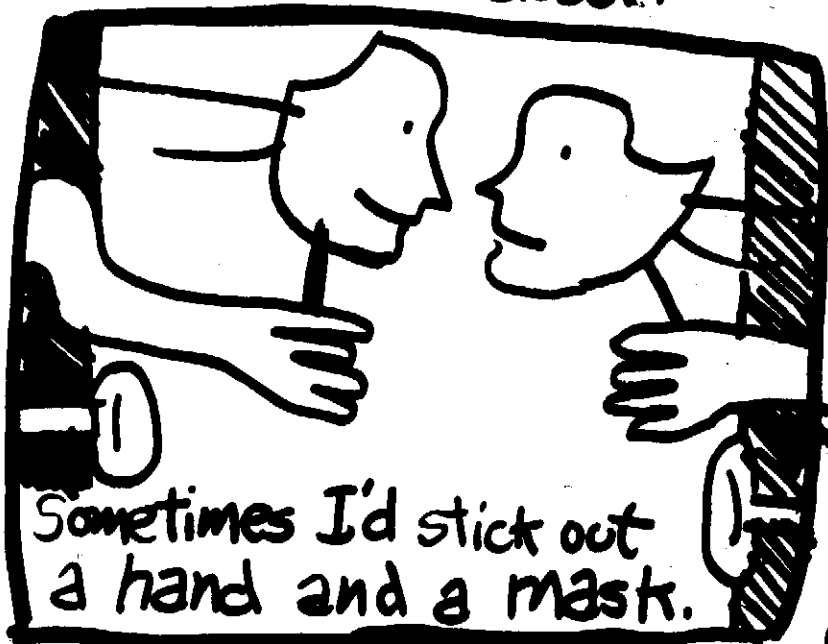
Coming
out
for
Good



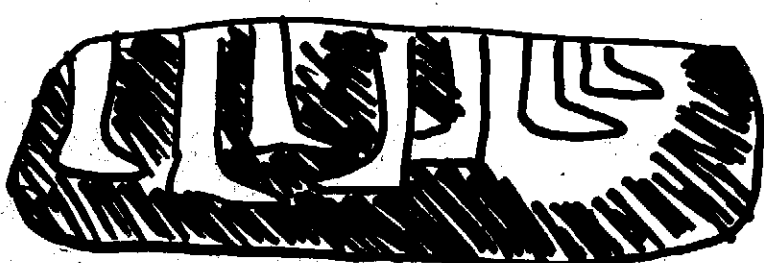
I used to live my
life in a closet.



Sometimes I'd let out a little part of me.



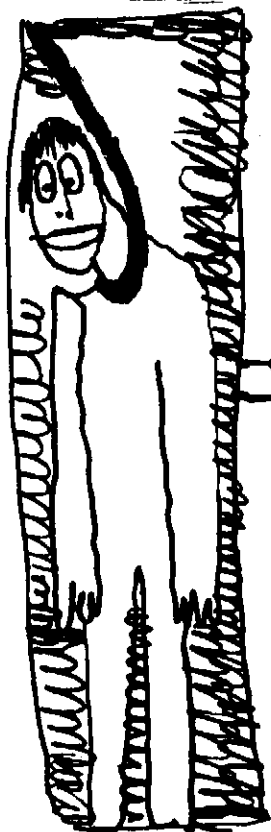
Sometimes I'd stick out
a hand and a mask.



there sure were a lot of people
stuck in those closets...



But I felt so
damn dis-join-ted!



I really
hated
myself!

GAY Liberation
NOW!!!

BANG



Till I just couldn't
stand it any longer!

out of
closets

Pigs off
the
streets

GAY means
JOY

free our
sisters
free ourself

Go Left
Go GAY

GAY is
love

So-get out of
your own closet-
and get together

GAY Sisters and
Brothers.

off the
butch...

off
sexism

8GAY means "free".



more
et more!

Gay University

Bulletin



GAY UNIVERSITY BULLETIN, Spring 1971

GENERAL EROTICS

The Department of General Erotics of Gay University offers a complete program in general erotics as well as a sequence leading to advanced professional training.

Sensual deprivation is one of the foremost diseases of our time. Cheap thrills are being huckstered as the finest sensations possible by the vast commercial advertising apparatus. Schools practice wholesale mental retardation resulting in the stupefaction of the people. They train automatons for industry and cannonfodder for the military. Only the sensually defunct perpetrate wars and massacres. Eventually they become so alienated from themselves and nature and so degraded in their relations to others that they poison not only their own bodies but the land and water and the very air they breathe.

To counteract and remedy this the Department of General Erotics has devised a program of quality erotic activity that exceeds the minimal daily requirements set by the National Bureau of Erotics and the Department of Sensuality. We are pleased to announce that the Erotic General has designated Gay University as an Erotic Reserve Officers Station.

Members of EROS may be seen engaging in their erotic drills on the West Lawn daily. Generous scholarships are freely available and may be obtained by writing the Secretary of Erotics, Wash., D.C.

course offerings

(note: The very popular Erotic-sensuality major-minor is suggested for those who intend to devote substantial portions of their lives to erotic activity.)

(The Student Love Center is open 24 hours a day 7 days a week.)

G.E. 1.1, COME OUT!

A course in coming out for those who have not yet come out. Also recommended for those who have come out and gone back, for those who have come out only part way and for those who constantly oscillate between coming out and the closet. The course is designed to bring you out all the way and keep you there. Bridges are constantly burned behind you so as to shut off all possibility of returning. In difficult cases family and friends are notified by singing telegram that you are gay. Public announcements in the press, on posters and over the radio state clearly that you are gay and proud of it. Once you feel completely natural about being gay you will find that many other problems disappear because you have lost your fear of living.

Highly recommended for all first term students.

G.E. 1.2, Survey of Gay Erotics

A practical approach treating such problems as getting an apartment, cruising, finding a roommate, sensuality, the unique love relationship, physical and physiological aspects of group, pair and individual erotics. The optimum conditions for meeting people in an atmosphere of warmth, love and dignity in which you can apply what you learn and explore each other in depth is provided at the Love Center.

G.E. 20, Gay Erotics Workshop

A seminal workshop in creative experimental erotics. The class pairs off and exploration of each others bodies begins. Starting with the primary erotic zones, oral, anal and genital the entire body is systematically stimulated in different ways to determine the erotic effect. Varieties of stimuli are investigated such as light and heavy caressing and stroking, different kinds of kissing, types of orgasm and personality and the responses of each. The positions of intercourse are thoroughly explored and the unique needs, capacities and responses of each person are recorded. This yields all participants an individual erotic profile or inventory of the present state of erotic sensitivity and awareness of each. This erotic inventory is very useful in getting maximum enjoyment from your erotic experiences. Required of all students in all programs. No pre-requisites.



* try a few opening exercises



* Good faculty student relations

G.E. 47, *Advanced Gay Erotics*: oral-genital, oral-anal, anal-oral, anal-genital, anal-anal, and genital-genital are performed in class. Persistent practice allows each class member to gain a degree of proficiency which will last a lifetime.

G.E. 107, *Erotic Art, Poetry and Music*

Erotic love is the most exquisite, the most poignantly sweet emotion of all. It evokes the redolence of spring, the fragrance and perfume of life, the ethereal hopes and dreams that sing in our hearts, the wonder of the seasons, of rebirth, of spring, the ineffable yearning of the soul for beauty. All this and more, sensitive artists have attempted to capture and preserve since the dawn of humanity. Their erotic visions and heightened sensual experience is examined in this course.

G.E. 271, *Individual Coaching in Erotics*

For those who plan to specialize in erotics. Instruction based on the individual's strong points and unique anatomical attributes is provided. Practice with other master eroticists of comparable skill keeps enjoyment at the peak of sensitivity. The opportunity is given to perfect your technique with visiting champions.

G.E. 304, *Erotic Politics*

Maximum feasible freedom consistent with a viable ecology is the thesis of this seminar. Where each is free to do all things which do not violate the integrity of others each person becomes a Citizen-State with powers to make treaties, coin money and print stamps. Oppression ends because each person defines for himself the dimensions of his personal liberty. Sexual oppression should not exist now since no one has any more right to tell you what kind of sex you should have than what kind of food you should eat. In a nation in which packaged and polluted pap is the standard fare an equal degree of quality can be expected in the area of sex. This results because governments arrogate to themselves rights unalienable from the individual. The highest level of consciousness is needed by all if each is to be free. How best to obtain that condition is discussed in this course.



Our own specious student lounge offers opportunities to brush up on basic skills.



Our founder

G.E. 371, *The Sexual Collective*

Collective sex, once the glory of religious devotion, has fallen into disfavor in our times. This parallels the decline of religion into a masochistic orgy of dishonesty, class oppression and institutional psychoses. The ways by which collective sex may once again transport the heart to the heights of passion is explored in this course.

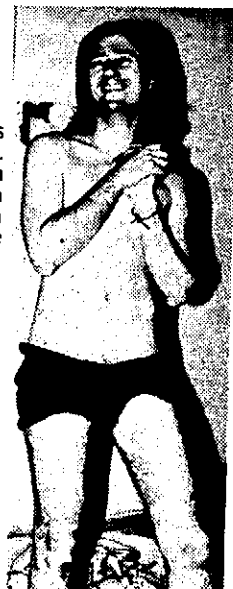
G.E. 404, *Gay Erotics for Professional Eroticists*

Not offered this term.

G.E. 542, *Doctoral dissertation in Sensuality*
Thesis work leading to the D.E. under supervision of your erotic advisor. The research and physical facilities of Gay University are at your disposal. Interviews with actual hustlers are provided before the doctoral candidate is sent out on the streets to hustle for himself.

G.E. 906, *Advanced Transcendental Orgiasticism*

A post-graduate practicum in the mystical ecstasy of orgiastic erotics. Only given that term when all the planets are in conjunction.



Our first Graduate

April 29, 1971

Hello !.

We, the gay prisoners and the transsexuals in this the Washington State Penitentiary at Walla Walla, Washington, are organizing a chapter of the Gay Liberation Front, the first of its kind within a prison, at least within the State of Washington.

We are willing, as we must be, to fight the state, the prison administration, and the PIGS within, for our rights as human beings, as prisoners and as citizens.

We, as one, are sick, disgusted and weary of the obscene remarks, asinine jokes at our expense, the suppression, oppression and repression of our civil rights, of our human rights.

We, as a group, will organize. If we must go underground then so be it, but we hope to have official sanction of our chapter of the Prisoners' Gay Lib.

We fight not only for ourselves but for the Homosexuals and transsexuals in every prison with the state of Washington, be they male or female.

We fight for legalization of homosexuality within the state of Washington, and in the United States.

We join, in solidarity, the fight for us all. We, the gay man and women within the prisons have been called the 'forgotten ones'. Must this be so???

If you wish to be made a part of our Fight For Right, our our determination to: A. protect the homosexuals in the Washington State Prisons and, B. eventually legalize homosexuality between consenting adults within the State of Washington and the United States, please be hereby notified that the "Chris Wheeler Legal/Medical Aid Fund" is now a legal, functioning process whereby all donations will be accepted from those who wish to become a part of our determination. Please stipulate by card or letter that the donation is to be put into the Chris Wheeler Fund or simply the Homosexual/Transsexual Fund. Please send to:

Mr. John Demco, Attorney-at-Law or
Mr. Duane Erickson, Attorney-at-Law
14107 Aurora Avenue, North
Seattle, Washington 98133

Only in Unity is there power and only in solidarity shall we win. Thank you.

THE CHRIS WHEELER FUND

The Chris Wheeler fund is a legal/medical fund for homosexuals and transsexuals.)

Below is the plan concerning the use of any monies in the fund:

1. The long range goal is the eventual legalization of homosexuality not only in the state of Washington but in the United States.

2. The immediate concern is the protection of the homosexuals and the transsexuals within the Washington State prisons. There is a need for legal protection against the harassment, prejudice, and the unconstitutional discrimination as shown by the oppression, suppression, and repression of the civil and human rights. The homosexuals and transsexuals need protection from the unconstitutional discrimination shown them by the "straight" parole board who gives them "glops" for merely what they are, Homosexuals and Transsexuals.

3. Some of the monies is to be used for personal cases involving homosexuals that have been sent to prison illegally and don't have the monies or the help needed for appeal purposes or other legal help. This applies to all prisons and homosexuals therein be they male or female.

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4. Some of the monies is to be used for an eventual gay class action.

5. Some of the monies is to be used for the legal/medical aid for the transsexuals so they can receive the sex change operation as recommended by psychiatrists and/or other doctors without going through the harassment, lock-up, segregation by the administration, and flops by the parole board, etc. Court orders will at first be necessary to help the transsexual obtain the sex change operation since the administration and the parole board will not consent

GAY Prison Liberation

to this type of operation regardless if the person has the monies to pay for the operation himself. They will not consent nor recognize this type of rehabilitation as being the only type of rehabilitation left for the transsexual.

6. Some of the monies is to be used for homosexuals and transsexuals in need of medical aid within the prisons who, because of discrimination and/or prejudice cannot receive proper treatment or because they don't have the monies to receive doctor care. Then an "outside doctor will be called in to interview them. This applies to all prisons and all homosexuals and transsexuals therein.

7. Some of the monies is to be used for the research of the laws concerning homosexuality and the court action that will be needed to change them to legalize homosexuality between consenting adults in Washington State and in the United States.

8. Some of the monies is to be used for the representation here in the disciplinary court and in

protection from the powers that be: the administration and the parole board.

When a homosexual or a transsexual appears before the parole board, a board made up of "straight" people, and who because of this are not qualified in the least to judge a homosexual, he is often given another year to do, And WHY? NOT because of the crime he is in prison for; NOT because he has refused to work or for insubordination; NOT because he has committed some atrocious crime - But for merely BEING himself. - living as he must; for being what he is - a homosexual, a transsexual.

Because of unrealistic, discriminatory rules and regulations based on laws which are themselves prejudicial, discriminatory, archaic, and unconstitutional, the homosexual is segregated, forced to live in a single man cell in a cell block designated for this purpose. Because of this unconstitutional discrimination and segregation, the homosexual is forced to meet with his adult consenting love partner or mate when and where they can. He cannot cell with his mate where they can be alone and out of the view of the others. No, he is forced to bring his love out into the convict society where all may view their most intimate acts of love, and if they were caught in an act of love, they are immediately taken to the "hole" and then to the "ill-famed kangaroo court" of this prison where they are humiliated, degraded, and insulted because he is to sit and listen to the dehumanizing and obscene

remarks about his person, his mate, his family background, and his family, after which he is thrown in solitary confinement for five or ten days, more or

courts of other prisons, to protect the homosexuals and transsexuals from undue harassment, morbid prejudice, unconstitutional discrimination and to help safeguard their rights.

9. Money is needed to pay our legal representatives, Mr. John Demco and Mr. Duane Erickson, concerning the legal research, advice, representation, and all other legal fees and expenses incurred.

THE FORGOTTEN ONES

We, the homosexuals and transsexuals residing in the Washington State prison, do declare the following:

Within this institution there are many many ethnic and cultural groups of every race, creed, and color being represented in some way except the homosexuals and transsexuals.

The homosexuals within this prison are simply warehoused, merely existing, waiting for release. There are no realistic rehabilitative programs set up for the homosexuals. The homosexuals cannot turn to the social service counselors provided by the state appointed to help the residents with their many problems. These counselors, either because of totally unrealistic information, or because of self-retained ignorance, view homosexuality as a problem; hence, he views the homosexual himself as a problem and not as a human being. The homosexual views his

homosexuality as a way of life and accepts it as such.

There is no protection for the homosexual from the guards and administration, from the morbid prejudice and discrimination, name calling, and psychological anguish the homosexual must endure from the guards and administration. Often restrictions are placed against the homosexual for rule infractions that did not exist except in the twisted of some of the guards or else were based on hearsay and not on fact. These restrictions state he cannot attend movies or other entertainment. He can be forced to stop going to the "yard", to the gymnasium, library and all other areas of recreation for months and even years. The homosexuals have no

less, and then upon release he is told that he cannot associate with his love-mate under threat of more solitary confinement.

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10 Continued on pg. 17.

revolution means community
(for Bob Brunsting
and Sten Russell)

revolution means community
if we must have these by blood
then let me carry a knife
if not then let me walk naked
if so let me have rifle and knife
if not let me walk in the sun
if so let me live behind a fortress
if not let me love my wind-home
revolution means community
we must have this - if by
blood
then let it bleed - blood
has already been taken
if by tears - let us cry
tears have flowed plenty
tears and blood let us
rededicate ourselves to
revolution means community
we are a community of lovers
defend your lover(s)
we are because of all the
shit that has come down
an army of lovers
we shall win - dig it
revolution means community

Charles P. Thorp
(bold soul sister)
5/30/70

from "Gay Sunshine"

MR. MACHO

I stood against the wall scared
and looking for an end to loneliness.
He came over with his hand on his cock
and asked if I wanted to get fucked.
"How big is it?" I asked.
"8 hard inches," he replied earnestly.
"Good, shove it up your own ass," was all I could blurt out.

Stephen Ben-Mordechai

from "Gay Sunshine"

On Proust:
Often I have wondered into your treasured
richly-textured past and come out as
confused and bewildered as when I went in.
What is it that you have found that we seek so vainly?
Have you reduced the vanity of your experience
to mere vanity? I wondered everytime
I have seen your face in a crowd,
and I have smelt the smell of my own pasts
caught uptight inside of me trying to escape
like perfume fumes from a tight crystal bottle.

Often I have plunged down these rabbit holes
down to my own innocence and settled there
for a moment to retaste the moment
that must be told in taste
and touched in touch
and smelled in smell.
I have gone where you have gone
but have not come back to tell the trip so well.

I have seen your face
in a crowd of memories observing and observing and observing,
great homosexual observer when will the past
be liberated for all to join in?
And when the guilt of dying yesterdays is through
will there still be a past
for will not then the past
be merely the passageway that opens
into the present when all will share
in this experience of an unselfish time
that will share it's richly textured presence
with us all.

Perry Brass

with Larry in mind
by L. Summerschild Stone

when warmly wrapped in the arms of another boy
when the wind talks tempest
and carols a cold and better tune
i listen to the harmony of my lover's even breaths
i caress his chest and burrow deeply
every limb finding a crevice, every joint, a fleshy
nook
that enfolds and emboldens me with feelings of soft
security

i look within to joy

i look without to

queer! faggot! degrade him! castrate him!

"keep away from my little willy!"

pervert! silly! cocksucking fairy!

"hey mary hey mary"

mafia bars continue the condemning contrasts

that divide us in two

crime 'n queer 'n queer 'n crime 'n criminal collige

and the wits ends become the day's beginnings

trained, geisha-like, i avert my gaze from imagined

straights

scared to speak of a moment's lustful craze

visions of a blooky daze, me in error

and while set adrift amidst this onerous macho tide

of trampled sensitivities and wounded pride

when am i free from role-bound tension, hostility

indeed terror

when warmly wrapped in the arms of another boy

when the wind talks tempest

and carols a cold and bitter tune

when warmly wrapped in the arms of another boy

when warmly wrapped in another's arms

when warmly wrapped

when wrapped

respice

and for just one loving moment i forget

that another day of a dog's dodging must be met

1. Sterility and homosexuality

by Perry Brass

There is no creativity in roles except in
destroying the role that has already been
created for you.

A few weeks ago I went to the St. Marks
Clinic with the man from whom I thought that I
had caught gonorrhea. We went down there
because we thought the clinic would be less
sexist, more understanding, more groovy than
regular public health clinics. In actuality no
place should have to be more understanding
because all people should UNDERSTAND as a
minimum requirement for dealing with people.
One of the doctors examined Robert first and
then another doctor examined me. They stepped
outside the examining area to discuss the fact
that they had both of us together. I overheard
one of the doctors saying (referring to one of
us), "yes, I guess he was playing the 'male role'".
For a minute I was too taken back to say
anything. I told Robert what I had heard. "Hell",
he said. "You should have said that we
weren't playing any roles. We were fucking". I
realized then that they were playing the roles of
doctors, in which all other people have to be
reduced to playing secondary or supporting
roles.

In the January issue of Gay Sunshine, the
Gay Liberation paper published in Berkeley,
there is a very informative article called sitaics,
How to Get Fucked and Like It". The article
goes into some depth about the roles of fucker
and fuckee. How to be a good fuckee. How to
get fucked and like it.....

like it. How to be a good fucker. What a goofy
fucker should do to make his fuckee feel well
loved. There is a real need for this type of
understanding in homosexual society because
good ole SS has made fucking into the highest
of lowest form of humiliation.

Con. on page 17.

Many homosexuals become very sensitive to
what they feel is the inevitable sterility of
homosexuality. Homosexual sex used to be
referred to as "non-productive sex". Procreation
is another of the batshit with which our
homosexual sisters and brothers are attacked.
As some sort of sponge sick consciences though,
we are assured that there is a definitely higher
incidence to creativity among homosexuals than
among heterosexuals (and in our present very
sexist society, these artificial classifications are
still very much needed). When the parents of
so-called creative children trundle off their
offspring to the nearest Freudian shrink at the
slightest sign of what is still called in the
suburbs "gender misidentity", there are usually
two schools of thought in their heads: First, that
if their child is homosexual, a lifetime of
alienation (possibly as bad as their own) and
sterility will result. Second, that if the
child REALLY is "that way", it might not be
so terribly bad because they might very well
have another Michelangelo or Gertrude Stein on
their hands. Just as procreation was the
justification for heterosexuality and it's forerun-
ner institution the family, so creativity has been the
justification for homosexuality in the times in
which all of human behavior has had to be
justified in order to cover what is basically the
whole sterility and emptiness of sexist society.

We are living in the times of a very Sexist
Society. I will refer to it as "SS".

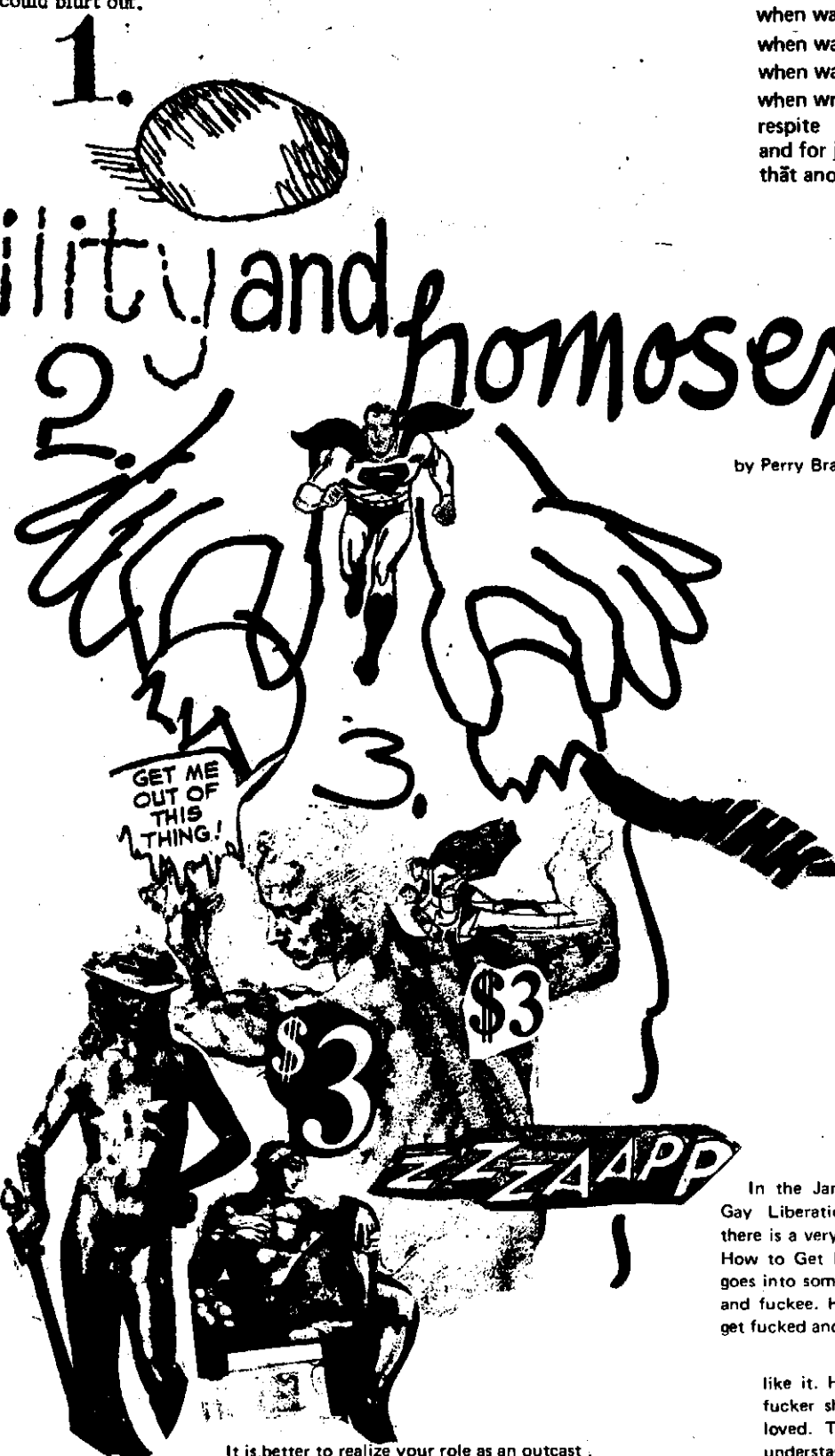
The real sterility of our life is that we must
always reject some part of our selves in order to
be allowed the privilege of existing in "SS".

If you are a male homosexual, you must
either reject your basic homosexuality and
camouflage it as heterosexuality or possibly
bisexuality (again in very SS society, these
labels are HERE TO STAY), or you must reject
the part of yourself that SS refers to as
feminine. You must reject the part of yourself
that was born without fear of labels. You must
reject that spontaneous joy that comes from
living without fear.

If you are a woman, on the other hand, you
will probably have to reject every part of
yourself except that part that SS men want.

SS-Sexist society is SEXUAL FASCISM.

If there is no joy in being homosexual, there
will only be sterility.



It is better to realize your role as an outcast,
a fugitive from society. There is more joy in
being a criminal than in being an actor, a
charade of the well-adjusted homosexual,
well-justifying her or his life in terms of making
the most of bad situation.

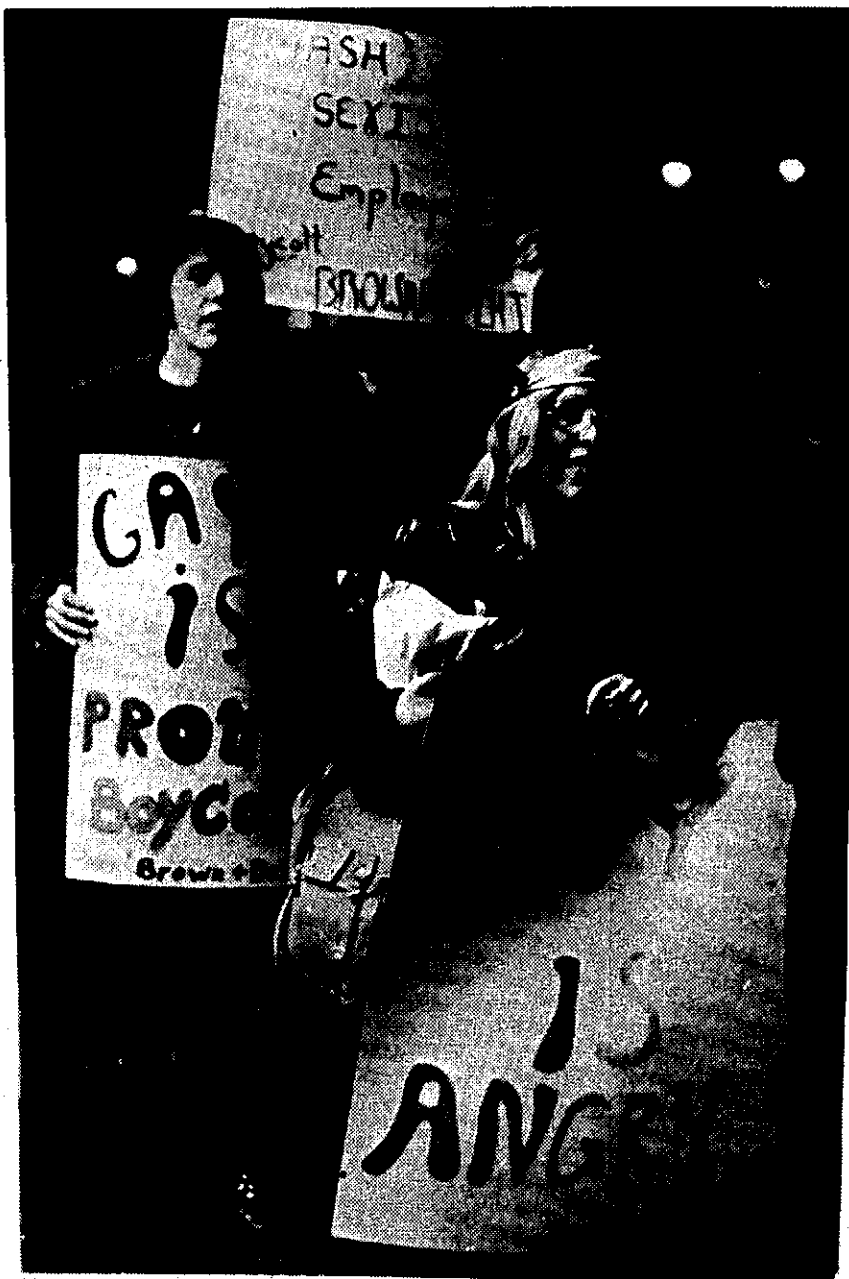
Boycott: Brown & Delhi

On March 6, 1971 we received a special delivery letter "terminating" our employment at **Brown & Delhi Bookstore** (5th Ave & 13th sts., ch2-7760). No explanation was given, and there had been no warning.

Horowitz, the "boss" was afraid to confront us face to face because he had no just reason to fire us. Horowitz because we are gay and proud. He fired us because we did not pretend to be "straight" during working hours. He wanted us to hang our love in the closet, but we refused to be robots.

We decided to fight back, and called for a demonstration. About fifty sisters and brothers came out on a cold winter evening to picket this sexist bookstore. We demanded to be immediately rehired with full back pay to be contributed to the Gay Liberation movement. We also demanded that Brown & Delhi Bookstore stock Gay Liberation literature. This later they refused despite the fact that they carry anti-Gay propaganda such as **Everything You Always Wanted To Know About Sex** with its vicious stereotyping of Homosexuals, as well as psychology books advocating the Genocide of Gay people.

photos by ellen bedoz



At first Horowitz laughed. He thought the demands were only symbolic. But we came back and asked his customers to boycott the store. We said, "Don't support discrimination, Boycott Brown & Delhi." And the people of the community boycotted Brpwn & Delhi in droves.

We know that the boycott is effective. We know this because Mr. Horowitz has attempted to buy us off. But he cannot buy off this boycott. It will only end when a fair negotiated agreement is reached.

Horowitz said, "I'll never negotiate with you." This is because he cannot stomach the idea that Gay people, whom he has always treated with contempt, can be his equals. Well, Mr. H., you can negotiate soon. You can negotiate later. Or you can go out of business. These are your three choices.

Many sisters and brothers seem to feel that we should not make such a fuss. Some people act as if the Boycott is only for the benefit of two individuals rather than the whole Gay Community. Many feel that if something is not done right away, it is not worthwhile, and sometimes we become discouraged.

The last time the store was picketed, Horowitz placed a sign in his window that read: **We did not fire them**

because they are gay people.

That is their privilege and their own business.

We fired them because they were not responsible workers.

That is our right and our business and of much concern to the public.

OBSERVE AND JUDGE'.

We are very encouraged by this lying sign because it is an admission by Horowitz that his business is being hurt.

A Gay victory at Brown & Delhi is very important. A gay defeat may mean years before any Gay People attempt anything similar. If Horowitz is either forced to negotiate or forced out of business, it will make all avaricious merchants of his ilk think twice before messing over Gay people.

They, Gay People, will win even if it means protracted conflict.

Steve Brooks
Tim Elliot

GAY IS pROUD & AngRy!!

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gAy PriDe wEeK!

JuNe 18-27, 1971

come
out!

GAY PRIDE WEEK — New York City

Friday, 6/18

GAA - Dance (official opening of GAA Firehouse) 9pm
DOB - "Special Event" - for info. call 475-9870

Saturday, 6/19

GAA - Film "Gypsy" 3:30am, at 7am continental breakfast; "Cabaret: An afternoon of Arts and Pleasures" - in the afternoon
GAA - Dance, 9pm ending with breakfast
DOB - Dance, 8:30pm

Sunday, 6/30 20

DOB - Discussion groups banner & poster making for march, 2pm
gaa -

GAA -

GAA - "Out of the Closets" fashion show, 2pm and 6pm
GAA - Community Night, 8pm

Monday, 6/21

MSNY - Legal Clinic, 243 West End Av., 6-9:30pm
GAA - Rap Happening - 7pm

Tuesday, 6/22

GAA - Play, "Requiem" performed by the Intense Family.

Wednesday, 6/23

Demonstration against YMCAs in New York City, afternoon; contact Peter Ruffet 237-1049.

WSDG - Meeting, topic "Gay Pride", 8pm
GAA - Film "the Battle of Algiers", 8pm

Thursday, 6/24

GAA - Candlelight march to City Hall in support of Clingen Burden bill; 10pm, assemble at 99 Wooster Street

Friday, 6/25

MSNY - Dance, place not set; for further info call 799-0916.

GAA - Housing center, community pot luck

supper (6pm). 2nd birthday party for gay liberation, 9pm.

Saturday, 6/26

CSLDC - All-day Gay Lib Forum, 9-6pm.

Will most likely be at Washington Irving H.S. For latest info. call 242-5273.

DOB - Dance, 8:30pm

GAA - Street Fair on Wooster Street (betw Prince & Spring Sts.)

GAA - Dance (evening - place to be announced)
GAA - Political planning sessions, 10am-12am & 2-4pm.

Sunday, 6/27

CHRISTOPHER STREET LIBERATION

DAY - Assemble on Christopher St (West of 7th Ave.) 12 Noon. Mass march at 2pm up 6th Ave. to Central Park's Sheep Meadow for Gay-In. Bring food to share, musical instruments and love.

GAA - GAA Firehouse open after march.

DOB - COMMUNAL Supper after the march. Bring food.

WBAI - Marathon on Gay Pride - Call Committee for details.

NOTES: All GAA functions will be held at: 99 Wooster St. - 226-8572.

All DOB functions will be held at: 141 Prince St

WSDG meeting will be held at: Community Center, 300 9th Ave. (at 28th St.).

HOUSING

Housing number- 237-1849 (ask for Peter)
Volunteer your house for out of town sisters and brothers.

Information number:

For women: 741-1365

For men: 242-5273

LIST OF PARTICIPATING CITIES

Phoenix, Arizona

Los Angeles

San Jose, Calif

Boston

Chicago Illinois

Bridgeport, Connecticut

Dallas Texas

San Fransisco

Seattle

London

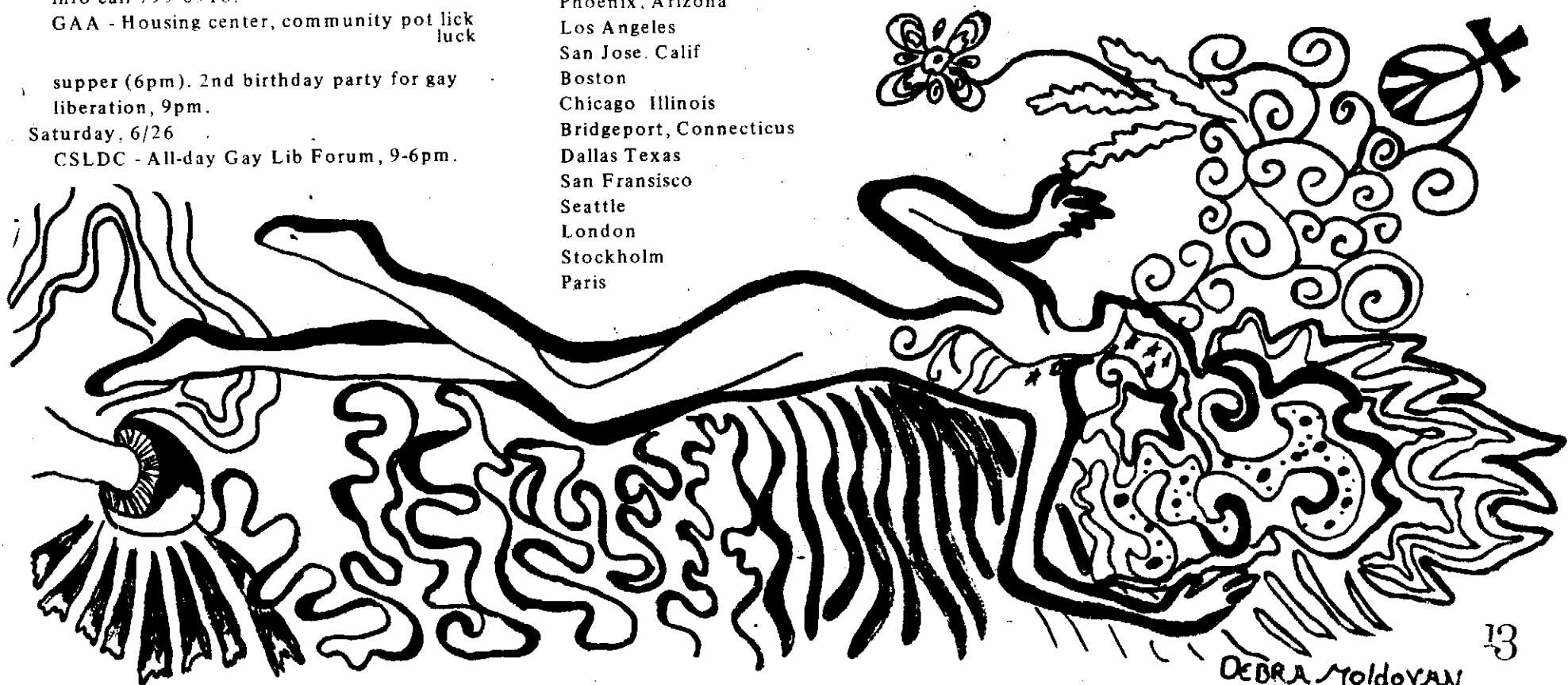
Stockholm

Paris

STONEWALL!

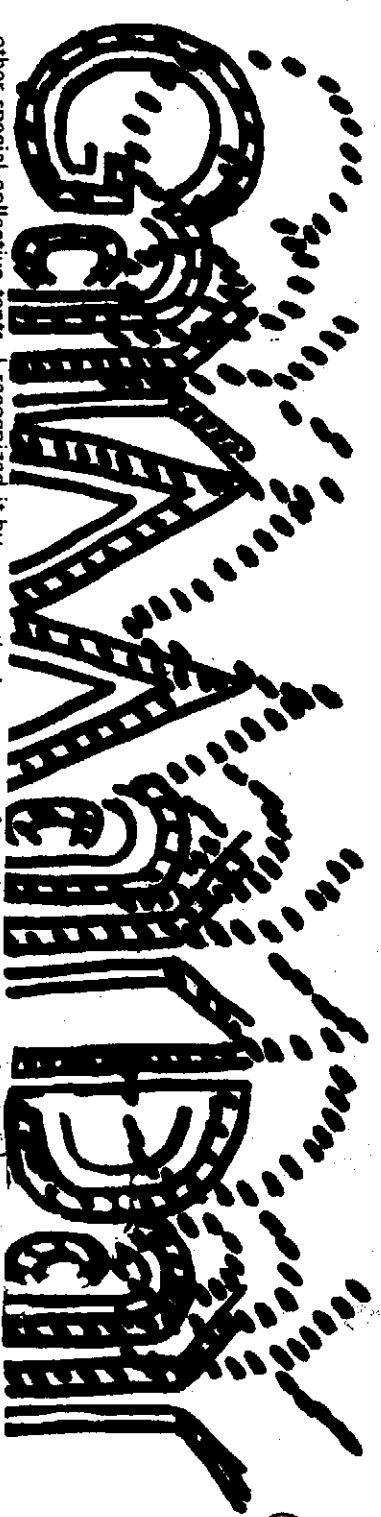
THE

REMEMBER



DEBRA GOLDOVAN

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other special collective tents. I recognized it by a few Gay Liberation flags that were really not large enough to be seen above the lines of tents. I wondered how some of our more closeted sisters and brothers could ever find it in that melee of Southern jocks at the concert. I recognized some of the brothers from Washington, Philadelphia, and New York. At first it was just a rush to old faces, new faces, embraces, handshakes and much happiness to be back among people of warmth and feeling. Some of the people back at the 'camp' as we called it had been there all week. They were comfortable these among themselves, dressing in the collection half or full drag or nudity that was most comfortable for them. After a few hours, I ceased to be quite so freaked out by the whole things. I had met brothers from Texas, Alaska, Mississippi, places and people that freaked me by the contrast of people and consciousnesses. But leaving the camp was an exercise in guerilla theatre, walking over to the rock concert holding hands brought us back to stares of disbelief and whispers.

The high point of the afternoon was then the women demanded that men there confront their sexism, stop the pigeon sexist songs that had been going on for hours, stop harassing every woman trying to get around the camp not wearing armour. One of the women announced that two sisters had already been gang raped. Most of the assorted jocks and bikers took that as the expected norm. They tried to hoot down the women. Some of them showing off all those secret weapons they carry in their pants. The women went on. On chorus they shouted, "We are Lesbians! We are Lesbians!" A gay sister gave a powerful rap about the reality of gay women's oppression that went over the heads of most of the people there, but the microphone platform had already been surrounded by gay sisters and brothers and other people with some consciousness who right-oned enough to drown out all the usual sexist shit that was coming out of the beach blanket binge set who surrounded the area where the Beach Boys (?) had just sang the puberty praises to California Girls. The last woman to speak asked that the real people there recognize the solidarity of the Revolution with the struggle of Women and Gay People that every one struggle together: "sisters and sisters, brothers and brothers, sisters and brothers, brothers and sisters, sisters and sisters and brothers and sisters and brothers and brothers!"

It was almost impossible to sleep that evening. The almight rock concert had become more a nuisance than a device. Many people were on bad trips. There were frequent announcements about bad acid, bad methodrone; one of my brothers asked if this wasn't going to turn into another Alamount: a totally bad trip.

The camp woke up before dawn. Word got around that the permit for the park had been revoked. By 6 o'clock an alternative plan for the Tribe had been devised. This was where my feelings about the whole situation really changed. I couldn't believe how well the whole thing had been planned. An alternative camp for each region had been planned days ago in the expectation that the permit would be revoked. A truck had been rented by the GayMayDay Tribe to take all the heavy equipment over. We were to move in small groups over to Georgetown University. The only question was when to move. A black brother with experience at the Poor Peoples Campaign that had had the same number pulled on them two years ago, convinced us that we had better haul ass immediately even though the trainers on the PA systems told us that we had at least six hours before an official warning period and not to panic. We did not panic, but there was a complete effort to leave in which our togetherness was really incredible. When I got back I couldn't find my bag. I ran back to the truck to find it there. Some one else had picked up my bag while I was putting other people's bags on the truck. This sort of concern was constantly repeated during the weekend.

At Georgetown, the time of getting together really began. The day had changed, the culture freaks were out. The jocks were gone. Our presence as Gay women and men was being felt by the other regions also at GTU who might have amounted to about three thousand. Our presence at GTU was only allowed because the administration wasn't too sure we (all the MayDay Regions) were there. The President of the school was somewhere out of town and a bureaucracy had been set up to make slow decisions in his absence. The majority of students that were visible to us seemed either neutral or a little hostile that their dorms and campus had been invaded by three thousand freaks including 150 homosexuals who were very upfront about it. GTU has a reputation for being a conservative Jesuit university. We streamed through the parking lots singing "When the Gays go marching in", and seemed to find each other through the endless changes of meeting places caused by the rain and presence of campus pigs (one of whom went around with a camera and when asked who he was merely said that he "worked for the University").

Another alternative to GTU had to be found. After weighing several places, brothers who knew Washington cleared it for us to go to

Amazing Grace Church only a few blocks away and very close to our target for Monday. Signs were made for Gay brothers and sisters to go there for a general tactics meeting. On the way out of the University, I overheard two brothers asking some one where the Gay region was meeting. I went over to them and told them where we were going. They told me that they wanted to join us. I was very happy, hoping that they were just coming out because of the strength that our being there had given them. Then they told me that they were straight but that they had heard that the Gay Tribe was the "move together group here." They asked if we would mind having them. I said that I could not speak for everybody but I "wouldn't..."

"You mean you wouldn't mind?"

"No," I said. "I wouldn't want it. I think we have enough to work on without worrying about offending straight men."

"But nothing you could do would offend us. We've lived with Gay people before."

"So have I."

"We didn't mean it that way."

"Why don't you go back to your brothers and talk with them and try to work on their sexism."

"We can't," he said. "They won't even give us a chance to speak. Every time some one says something everybody else accuses him of being on an ego trip or of being a pig. Or else, everybody tries to be a leader at once."

They seemed very surprised that we might reject them. I wondered why it was so impossible for them to drop some of those straight male privileges and just say that they, too, were gay. That they too are as oppressed as we are. If all Women in Women's Liberation are Lesbians why can't all men drop their clubs and become homosexuals (drop their faggots, the sticks that used to burn us at the stake). But they've got to be MEN



The meeting at the Church was really beautiful. There was no jockeying for leadership because most of us didn't know what we were doing and were looking for anyone to lead us. We listened to a sister tell us about the Women's march that had been come down upon by pigs on cycles that could scoot between marchers,

Continued from Page 13

run up sidewalks, up hills, over grass. We talked about tactics of police harassment as opposed to "straight classic civil disobedience". Since most homosexuals have lived whole lives of "civil disobedience", have illegalized lives, have been harassed by the pigs always and have known jails like straight middle-class radicals will never know (in jail all freaks are faggots but faggots are really faggots and the pigs know it, many! The same way that they know black people, not to even mention our own black sisters and brothers.). So there was no great enthusiasm to do "classic civil disobedience" which very much upset some of our people but did not split us apart.

We wondered how we could confront the fear in us. For some people fear had to be looked and dealt with. They could not just go out there the next morning and get their eads clobbered and wonder what happened. They had to prepare themselves for it. Other people just freaked at the thought of fear and wanted to go out the next morning and face it as it came. Even after hearing the sister speak about the Women's march, even after seeing bandages prepared, and seeing medical people (who also shared the charch) getting their things together, I still could not be afraid. I just couldn't comprehend what was happening. All I felt was really queazy anxiety and looking at my sisters and brothers and feeling how could anyone want to hurt them, they were so beautiful? But I had really just removed myself from the situation which even on a physical level I couldn't take. I asked one of my brothers who had been in Viet Nam what it was like "waiting" and he said it was the way we felt that night. There was a great necessity not to become hysterical even though there were four pigs to a block in Georgetown, there were bus loads of pigs on corners, Civil Defense Units were riding through every so often and things were looking quite "heavy".

That night in the sanctuary of Amazing Grace, which had been staked out for us to sleep in, I stayed up for a while and listened to people talking about the Gay Movement as it has appeared all over the country. It was very astounding for me to realize that what became very much of my life was now a part of many people's lives. Gay Liberation was indeed something that to many people in cities other than New York and Los Angeles and San Francisco- cities that have long offered some sort of nominal protection to Gay people who could pay for it, but in cities like Chicago and Albany and Buffalo and in small towns in Kansas and Texas, was a real part of people's lives. Jose from the Washington commune occasionally interrupted by giving us briefings on the situation outside. He had been our liason with the MayDay Collective. It had been decided at a Collective Meeting to start making rip-off calls to every underground media possible to let people outside of the city know that Washington was now an occupied city.

We were awakened the next morning at 4:30. It was really difficult getting up at that hour to face a bunch of pigs. Really up before breakfast as they say in the South. We had a last minute conference, and tried to calm ourselves about rumors- some of which were that the pigs had surrounded the church and would get us as we left the door.; that Georgetown University had been invaded by pigs who had mass arrested everyone before they had had any chance to get

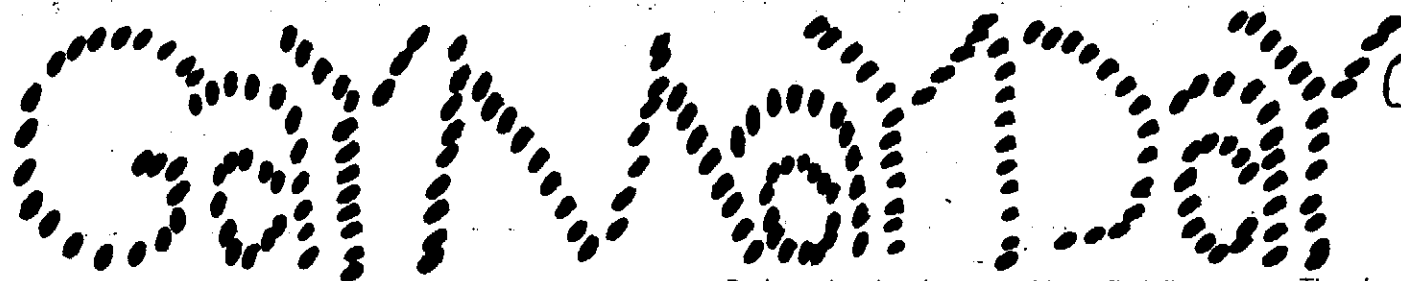
out to their targets.; that armies of pigs would be waiting at each target. But we had no way of knowing if these were the situations. Before leaving, everyone in the church, Gays and church men, everyone there linked arms and hands to play for a peaceful day of civil disobedience. Feeling this great circle, feeling vibrations of OOOOmmmmmm, and hearing 'give peace a chance' (knowing that there was very little chance and that my sisters and brothers were putting their selves on the line in a society that still does not recognize their existence)? I thought I was going to break out and cry. We left the church in affinity groups of four and five.

We were supposed to sneak up to Rock Creek Parkway and wait in the brush near there for our other sisters and brothers. We found some bushes near the bridge over the part that we were to hold. A few minutes later more people joined us, we got out of the brush and found several cars of cruising pigs waiting. We could not be seen in a large group so we had to mill some until the pigs left and we could gather some strength down by the target. The pigs were already starting to jump down on any group of more than two that stayed put for more than a second. They were using the cycles that they had used the day before at the Women's march and gas was already out there at a little after sex. Somehow though they left our target and we were able to scramble down the ravine that sided the parkway and get down onto the parkway. The first few cars knew what



it was all about and tried to go through demonstrators. But within a few minutes (and I mean very few) we were able to stop up some traffic. I think we were able to hold the Parkway for about seven to ten minutes before the police helicopter above sent a few magical words to the minions of justice underneath who came up like fat mushrooms. We immediately pulled our way up the ravine again with the pigs scrambling behind us. Luckily for many people that day who had to use their feet a lot, the Washington pigs are very overfed and not used to using their feet for other purposes than kicking ass when they can (hehich they did a lot of that day!).

We wanted to return to the Parkway when the pigs cleared, but it soon became apparent that they weren't gonna leave for quite a while. In the meantime they were having the times of their lives chasing freaks down the sidestreets of Georgetown, making as they went along. Most of the stuff that happened in Georgetown is pretty known. There was much trashing and very ineffective littering, that only incited the cops to want to really kick ass when they caught some one which irritated the shit out of Georgetown. My affinity brothers became tired of this and we decided to go to Dupont Circle where we expected to find several hundred people. Along the way, people were turning



Continued from page 14

parked small cars into the streets to stop traffic. At Dupont Circle we found several hundred (maybe a thousand) pigs and National Guardsmen. There was a ring of gas around the Circle and anyone walking near the Circle, looking less straight than Shirley Temple, was arrested. Arrests were already starting to pile up. We saw several buses filled with demonstrators and there were Hertz Rent-a-Vans parked along the Circle to fill in when the buses became filled. Let Hertz put you pokey today!

The main boulevards of Washington were filled with gas. The attitude of most people on the street was quietly hostile but not always; sometimes more genteel. Washingtonians would point out freaks to the pigs to assist in the course of justice. We tried to talk with people on the street to see what they had to say about the day, if they realized that every minute of disruption that they had to suffer would kill seven people in Viet Nam would cost one million dollars would take them one minute away from the center of the war machines of Washington. One young man who had just "plugged into the hip scene" as he told us, fresh from doing and he told us that he admired us for coming so far to sleep out in West Potomac Park. He also told us the name of a restaurant in Georgetown where we could eat "cheap", less than ten dollars for him and his "chick". He didn't ask us what region we were from, although we were holding hands while talking to him. There was word spreading of a meeting in St. Steven's Church. We went to the meeting which was chaired by a white male whom no one recognized. The big issue of the meeting was whether or not to get arrested sooner or later or not at all. The vote to enlist in civil disobedience and be arrested was very tiny, maybe fifteen people out of a full church meeting room. At this meeting no woman spoke for any other women (one woman said something about continuing demos for that day, but was very ignored); we said nothing. The whole meeting seemed like a group of serious straight male revolutionaries looking for a revolution to control.

We walked out of the church holding hands, feeling very close to each other. People did not stare at us anymore, past hundreds of pigs, past a whole militia with bayonettes on their rifles in Georgetown. "You mean you're all here to protect us?" I quipped as we walked past them. I didn't smile for long though. We saw a brother dragged off by five pigs when his feet happened to land on the street on the moment. Jaywalking. We were almost arrested for standing on a streetcorner between two 'no walk' lights that were on at the same time. I was still only with two of my affinity brothers. The other two of our group had separated. We hoped they were back at the church. Pigs warned the three of us that if we did not keep walking, we would be arrested.

Back at the church, we could not find Jim, but Bill was there. We hoped nothing had happened to Jim. Very few Gay people were arrested and plans were announced for the zap of the American Psychiatric Association that was meeting that night in the Sheraton Hotel. It was announced that we would have to leave the church. Again alternative living arrangements were arranged, this time at National Student Association. We were not allowed to stay there though once we had arrived and so we went over to the Gay commune to decide tactics for the zap and the next day.

The zap was utterly incredible. It had been set up weeks ago by GAA and GLF Washington. GAA already had planted several members in the audience of the awards dinner that was to culminate the convention. Six members of GAA were given copies of the same speech, so that whoever was able to get to the mile after the disruption would not be at a loss for words at that time. About thirty people from the GayMayDay Tribe including several members of the Washington commune piled into a VW van and a few cars and headed for the Sheridan. Half of the men were in really fabulous drag, with wildly painted faces that accentuated the spontaneous, liberating attitude of brothers in drag who are not merely putting down women but are affirming the pleasures of this part of Gay culture. The hotel was lousy with pigs? we got out of the van and the cars and began walking slowly in pairs while pigs in cars and vans cruised back and forth in front of the hotel. I was really frightened, more so than earlier that day. The queens were so good at eluding the police that sometimes I did not know where they were. In fact I did not see them duck into the garage entrance that lead to the Regency Room where the shrinks were congratulating themselves upon the lies that they were able to bring forth about Gay people, women, and any one else they cannot 'socialize' in their new roles as priests of the plastic culture. I saw one of the brothers from GAA who had been infiltrating in tie-and-coat earlier. I asked him what had happened. He told me that the shrinks had completely freaked and that a general riot was happening in the Regency Room. I saw the garage entrance and ran down the embankment to it before any new uzz could be spotted.

The noise coming from the Regency Room was like out of the Inferno. I tried to open the door, but a shrink was pulling it tight. I managed to get it open for a minute. "Get out of here. We don't want any more of you people in here!" he was shouting. I heard voices from inside the room shouting, Faggots! Drag queens! I ran back up the embankment to the street and joined the GAA brother and another brother who had not been able to get into the room. A pig car began to follow us and we split up and began to walk very coolly and slowly.

Then I saw all of our people start streaming out of the garage entrance virtually followed by this posse of cursing shrinks. A pig car picked up on them immediately, but by some miracle they were able to get into cars before the pigs were able to get them. It was all just too incredible; I was praying none of our people were busted. Then I saw two sisters who had been trying to get in but had come too late. We walked back to their car about two blocks away while a pig cruiser followed us. A few feet away from the car, two pigs got out and began to follow us on foot, but stopped when they saw that we had a car.

When we arrived back at the commune, the queens had already broken out into a Fred Waring arrangement of "When the Gays Go Marching In". The feelings at that time were so high that I could hardly control myself. I just wanted to kiss and hug everyone. We had done this incredible thing - we had got into that hotel, many of us in full, flaming drag, ringed with pigs; even the Palestinian guerrillas could not have done better. Suddenly I realized my friend Tom was not there. I became afraid that he might have been the only one arrested. I knew the shrinks would have been out for blood. But he showed up a few minutes later, and it was complete that none of us had been busted and that the zap had been very effective because Frank Kameny from Washington Mattachine had been allowed to speak and he had spoken and said the most revolutionary things anyone had ever heard him say. Our feelings were so together and so high. I wondered how I could ever leave this group of people the next day and go back to the strangers that we know, after after knowing strangers for such a short time and loving them. Tom was supposed to take the bus back with Rick and me. We did not find him near the Lincoln Monument where we supposed to meet the buses that NYU had chartered for four days. How NYU had ever chartered buses to take radicals to Washington, most of whom did not even go to NYU, after they had called TPF pigs to Gay people in the basement of Weinstein Hall - well that's still a mystery. I was emotionally very exhausted. A group of women sitting in front of us talked Womens' Liberation and the sexism in the movement and in Washington. We felt free to touch each other, to be Gay now, without feeling like constant guerrilla theatre actors, something I had not felt in straight society in a long time, if ever.

The next day I found out that Tom had been arrested. He had not heard about Jim and we still had his blanket. Tom called me as soon as he got back to New York. He asked me if I heard from Jim, because he'd been missed and we felt less complete without him.

a queen is a person



Come Out! note: This article is reprinted from "Come Together", the newspaper of London Gay Liberation Front. The address of the London GLF is: 5 Caledonian Road, London N.1. England. The problems of Gay People in London are very often not too different than the problems of Gay People in this country even though the English are blessed with the benefits of "legalization" through the famous law passed by the Wolfendon Report that legalized homosexuality through Parliamentary action.

First I must say, I am a queen - perhaps one of the campiest variety. Since joining GLF three months ago, I have been asking myself "Why?", and I am happy with myself. I ask the first question because I see so many gay boys at the general meetings who although obviously feminine, are not queens. At last, I think I've got the answer. First of all, when I was launched into the Gay wWorld proper, I was conditioned by Gay Society into being camp - it was the thing to be. All my friends had gone through the same process, so I followed suit; older people found us amusing.

I soon realized that I wanted to "come out" but found it extremely difficult, as do all Gay People

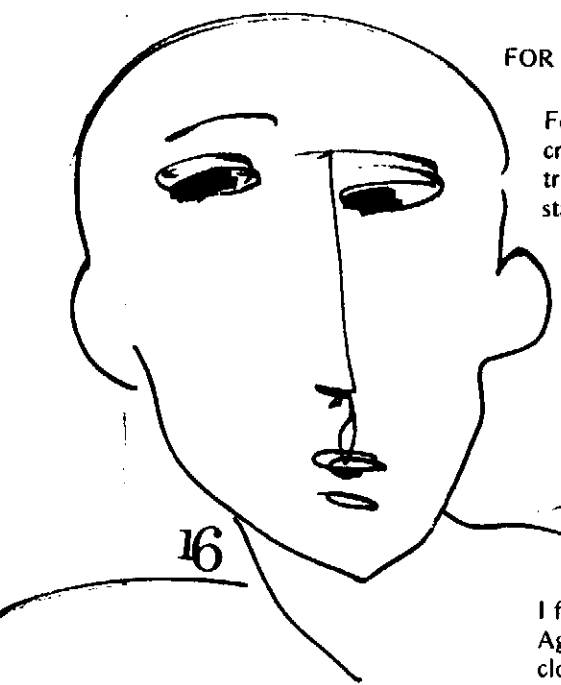
when they are very young. So I finally left home on my seventeenth birthday and came to the big metropolis. Here I found that people did not care as much as in Bournemouth, so my "coming out" was quite automatic. But in this, the conditioning by the Gay World continued, so I became more camp, and the more people I found liked me, the more camp I got! Where will it all end, you may ask yourself, - where indeed! To me, coming out was simply to camp oneself in front of straights. It was all good clean fun, and I had many good times. But then my second boyfriend left me, and in doing so told me that I was far too camp. This was a shock to me because I thought that was what one was supposed to be. No, they all said. Don't take any notice of them all the queens said; they're only men and what do they know? And so there lies the sexism in the Gay World. Sad isn't it? I was one of its victims, and if it were possible to do so, I would regret it. But there we are.

"Am I happy?" Well I've decided not. Life shouldn't be one long ego trip and a daily

performance seven days a week, fifty two weeks a year gets do boring for everyone. What can I do? This is hard to answer. Just don't camp - be yourself, the men (whoops, there I go again) might say. I often start the day off alright, but then something happens, and off I go again screaming my tits off.

I am very politically minded and very "aware", so I enjoy the lively GLF meetings, and I get quite excited when some one stands up, red faced, and souls back at someone else. Then someone says something about a lot of screaming queens - BANG - that hurts. I tell myself queens have a part to play in GLF and in society at large; all my friends agree. So what am I really worried about? Can anyone tell me???

Richard Shipp



FOR A LONG TIME

For a long time I lived trying to pass my time creatively, trying to forget how difficult it was for me to stand the circumstances in which I found myself

We learned to hate our parents because they did not give us the food that we needed, that they did not give us the love that we had to have, that they were incapable of giving us the love that we had to have.

I cut myself, the blood flowed from my finger, suddenly I felt the room revolve around me like one of those mirrored globes that cast reflections on the ceilings of old dance halls.

I fell to the floor in a cold pile of warm flesh. Ages passed in front of me. They pressed cold clothes to my head and I awoke in a shiver of cold towels. What is wrong with him they asked? Where am I? I asked. The room continued to revolve.

He is too sensitive, they said.

I cannot pierce the face. The eyes move. I cannot tell the difference between him and a self-animated doll. I want him to speak to me, I want him to talk to me, at least to calm me down and assure me that he is not a part of an old dream. He ceases to exist. He is just an old joke. The puppet will leave me. I am tired and want to sleep until the next day's dying.

Fantasy, fantasy, fantasy, music to jerk off by. The fantasy becomes real and it is now a lie.

Perry Brass

he offers me a measure of peace

sleeping curled into the center of his body I don't dream beyond his arms lips at nape knees contract to be all at night curled into the center of his body sleeping with the entire world at my back curled onto my body dreaming at my back he offers me a measure of peace.

James Patton



IV. Carol, in the park, chewing on straws

She has taken a woman lover whatever shall we do she has taken a woman lover how lucky it wasn't you

And all the day through she smiles and lies and grits her teeth and pretends to be shy, or weak, or busy. Then she goes home and pounds her own nails, makes her own bats, and fixes her own car, with her friend. She goes as far as women can go without protection from men.

On weekends, she dreams of becoming a tree; a tree that dreams it is ground up and sent to the paper factory, where it lies helpless in sheets, until it dreams of becoming a paper airplane, and rises on its own current; where it turns into a bird, a great coasting bird that dreams

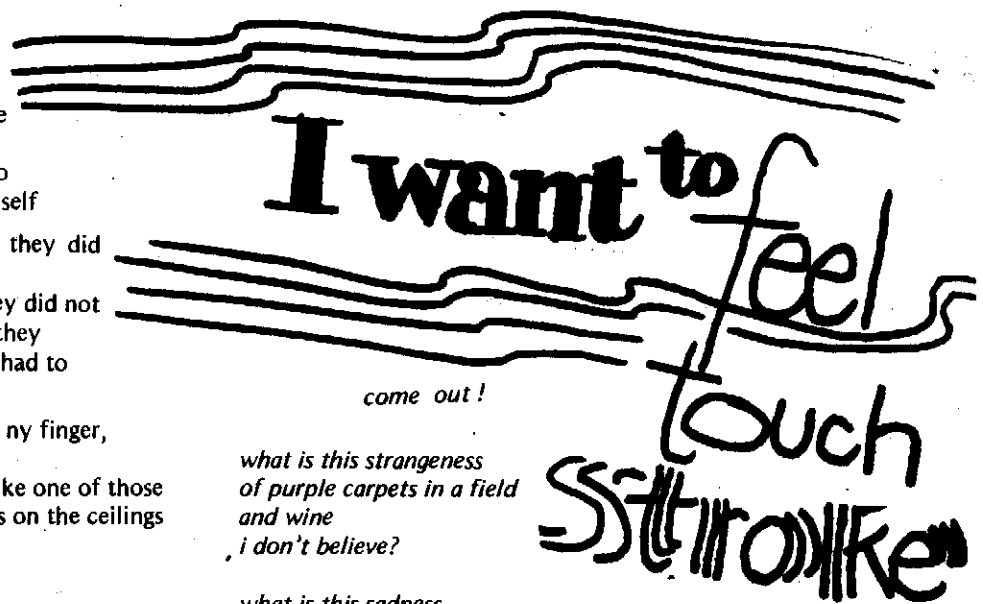
of becoming more free, even, than that-- a feather, Finally, or a piece of air with lightning in it.

she has taken a woman lover whatever can we say

She walks round all day quietly, but underneath it she's a bitch; angry energy inside a passive form. The common woman is as common as a thunderstorm.

Judy Grahn

Our thanks to L.N.S, the Detroit Gay Liberator and Judy Grahn



come out!

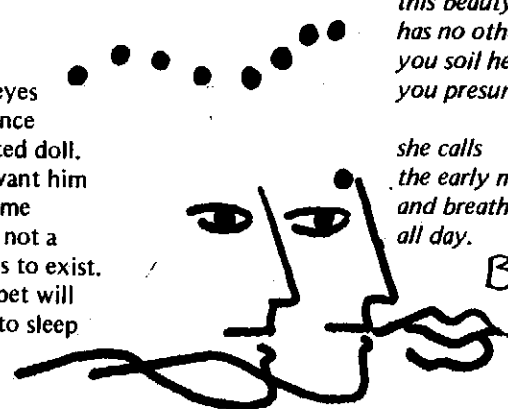
what is this strangeness of purple carpets in a field and wine I don't believe?

what is this sadness of a promise broken? your house is furnished with denials.

this beauty has no other beauty you soil her goodness you presume.

she calls the early morning for your touch and breathes for you all day.

Bohdan L.



Be glad for the War.

Be glad that a war is going on so that men can no longer ignore the beast of male-chauvinis, prowling inside of them, gnawing at their insides erupting in old-fashioned, normal, good-natured destruction so that people can no longer ignore the insanity of capitalism instead of shoveling it under the rug like they did in the decade of the 50's so that they can no longer jail and cage anyone who dares to escape the prisons: back to BUSINESS as usual, back to everything in its own time back to a time and a place for everything, back to lobotomy back to Librium, back to coffee breaks, back to If you don't THINK about it it doesn't hurt, back to ALL-AMERICAN BOY, ALL-AMERICAN GIRL, back to faggot-faces waiting, staring. waiting, staring in little bars in back-to-back allies.

Be glad for the War. Be glad that a war is going on that is the pit of our insanity open for the floods of revolution.

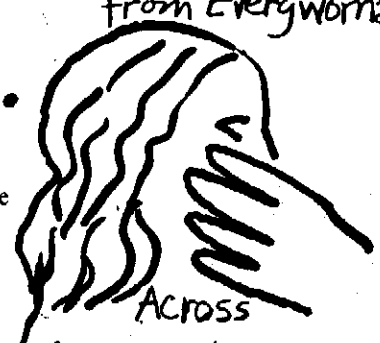
Perry Brass

what really happened was

I wanted love uninhibited motion and without deceit, but you were weak and wanted love as one would seek toothpaste a towel a place to sleep. things to borrow but not to keep. a durable arrangement. Easy. like visiting a vacant cell. your version of enduring. my vision of hell.

patricia wheeler chase

from "Everywoman"

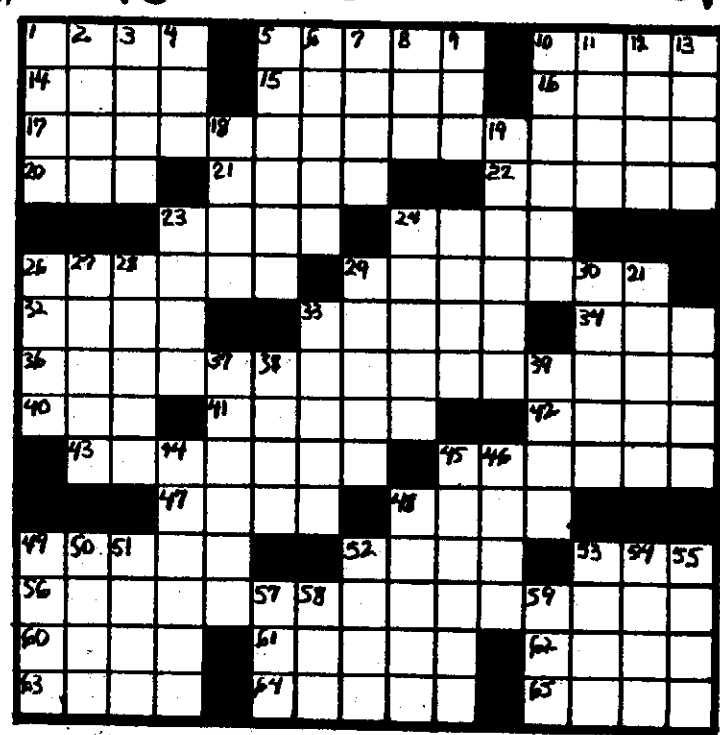


- 1. _____ noir
- 5. Spanish nuclear family sexist
- 10. have a gay time
- 14. Black Sea gulf
- 15. European country
- 16. Jai _____, Mexican game
- 17. part of GLF
- 20. Mirna _____
- 21. misfortunes
- 22. fungus attacking rye
- 23. _____ of lovers
- 24. nimbus
- 26. produced by 22a
- 29. what to do with love juice
- 32. elephant-ear plant
- 33. gain admission
- 34. Ode _____ Grecian Urn
- 36. goal of 56a
- 40. deep recess
- 41. to us (Latin)
- 42. hip bones
- 43. assault
- 45. moves thru the air (Old English)
- 47. small bird
- 48. je ne sais _____
- 49. oriental inn
- 52. unite
- 53. homosexual, a la francaise
- 56. people of the highest consciousness
- 60. Algerian city
- 61. barnyard fowl
- 62. less, musically
- 63. snake sound
- 64. _____ Unis (Amerika)
- 65. scheme

DOWN Kiss

- 1. round plaything
- 2. _____ Pinza
- 3. beer jug
- 4. woman in sexist mythology
- 5. hymns to a sexist god
- 6. capably
- 7. elevated platform
- 8. nickname for Brazilian city
- 9. letter of the alphabet
- 10. bunny treat
- 11. sleep like _____
- 12. hand (Italian)
- 13. British parliamentarian late 18th century
- 14. laugh (French)
- 19. cat
- 23. cock (see 11 down)
- 24. detests
- 25. honeybee genus
- 26. watch your _____, honey
- 27. French GLF headquarters
- 28. make a speech
- 29. open up for
- 30. useful
- 31. hypothesize
- 33. African country
- 35. oriental nurse
- 37. pertaining to hardening
- 38. overcome
- 39. unlucky Roman numeral
- 44. two's (poetic)
- 45. ado's
- 46. NYU closet queen center
- 49. signs of a hit play
- 50. listening devices
- 51. recommended dietary allowances (abbr.)
- 52. insect pest
- 53. Scottish highlander
- 54. woman's name
- 55. the joke _____ me
- 57. chronological state
- 58. permit
- 59. fairy

GAY Liberation X word



GAY Prison Liberation



Continued
from pg. 10

in solitary confinement for five or ten days, more or less, and then upon release he is told that he cannot associate with his love-mate under threat of more solitary confinement. This is not all. When he appears before the parole board, he is very likely to get a "flop" which means another year to do because of what he has done. **WHAT HAS HE DONE???** Is love such an atrocity that he must pay with his emotional and/or mental health - pay by being forced to do another year under such nightmarish conditions?

Concerning transsexuals within this prison, I present my own case as evidence of the totally unrealistic view taken by the administration and the parole board concerning transsexuality and sex conversion operations. To those of you who are unfamiliar with the term "transsexual", it means this. Transsexualism is a very real and a very deeply rooted problem of gender identification with the opposite sex, beginning in the very early years of childhood. Thus this identification with the opposite sex in regard to habits, reactions, actions, mannerisms, plus the desire to be a member of the opposite sex physically, is deeply implanted, psychologically and emotionally within the transsexual. All other forms of treatment psychiatric, psychological, and medical having failed or proved When I came to prison in December of 1968 with a life sentence, I asked the classification committee to let me live in a multiple cell with call mates, to let me live in the general convict population. This request was denied and I was and am yet forced to live in a one man cell. Later, seeking to help myself I saw the prison psychiatrist telling him of my problem of transsexuality and asked for his recommendation that the much needed sex change operation be done since this is the only form of rehabilitation left for me. But even though the prison psychiatrist did write a five page report recommending that this corrective surgery be done, and even though I stated that the state would not

have to pay for this a operation since a sex change fund is kept in trust for me by my attorney and which now contains over five thousand dollars, the recommendation was met with a resounding "no" from the prison administration.

When I appeared before the parole board in December of 1969, I was told by a member of this parole board to "forget the operation and become a man" and that they could keep me the rest of my life. I have been a transsexual for thirty years that I am aware of and I cannot "become a man".

When I appeared before the parole board in December of 1970, I was given a "no action" or time cut for "failure to adjust to prison conditions and regulations" (not "becoming a man").

I was told in 1970 also that I was to have all of my privileges taken away. They were. I told the parole board members that I had all of my privileges revoked for the last fourteen months and was being punished for being what I am, that the prison administration went out of its way to point up my difference and then punished me for being different. The parole member agreed. This was indeed true when he said "well, you are different, aren't you?"

In february of 1971 I received a letter from the doctor who is to perform the operation. This doctor stated: "we have tried to stack the cards in favor of a good outcome by selecting reasonably stable candidates who have demonstrated their ability to adjust socially and economically by living for a period of at least six month or a year in the new sex role. Unless a male can pass successfully as a woman and can demonstrate successful social and work adaptation, we feel it is hazardous to proceed and have uniformly discouraged surgery."

I am sure that the reader is aware of the impasse

Homosexual Bias Bill is Defeated in Albany

The assembly defeated a measure yesterday that would have banned discrimination against homosexuals in housing and employment. The vote was 84-60.

The measure was sponsored by Assemblyman(sic) William Passante, a Democrat representing Greenwich Village.

Assemblyman Manuel Ramos (D,Bronx) opposing the bill called homosexuals "scum and filth (sic)" and said he would "never hide my discrimination against homosexuals." Assemblyman Joseph Lisa (D,Queens), voted for the bill and asserted that those who opposed it were "doing do to secure [their] heterosexual identity."

face, gay is not that; neither is it those qualities of self-depreciation

which SS Men attribute to women as 'bitchy'.

Joy is facing the inner self and then liberating it. It can manifest itself in screaming and tears, not just laughter. Joy is realizing 'I am gay. All of me past clothes, years, all of the sterile shit that this society imposes upon me, past all of this I am gay. And I will be myself and love myself and love my sisters and brothers because this is liberation and liberation is Gay'.

When a homosexual can liberate this energy of joy and be liberated by it, I believe that person is Gay and being Gay has nothing to do with sterility. It has nothing to do with the homosexuality of the Death Culture which worships the beauty of young soldiers in splendid uniforms lined up, ready to die, of people afraid to know the whole name of the person in their bed, of our whole cult of hidden bars and dark allies called Gay(?) Life(?).

I have spoken with several sisters about the recognition and spread of Lesbianism in the Women's Liberation Movement. I thought how fabulous this would be if that happened to the straight male part of the movement. I discussed it with the sisters. Wow, imagine what that would be like- not having to be afraid among people you shouldn't have to be afraid of, your

that has presented itself. In order for me to live for a period of six month or a year passing as a woman, socially and exonomically so that I may qualify for surgery, I must first be released on parole. The parole board will not think of releasing me until I forget about the operation and "become a man"???

What is to be done for the homosexuals and the transsexuals, the forgotten ones in prison? We have been recognized as a "class" of people in a class action against this institution, this action being included in a regular class action for all the inmates and made a part thereof. This class action is now before the courts.

During a recent conference, we decided to start a chapter of the Gay Liberation Front within this institution. This organization to be formed is an attempt to help ourselves and protect ourselves. There is a fund held in trust by the legal firm who is to handle all legal action, ^{class} or personal cases. This fund is an "open" fund. All monies in the fund is to be used for legal and medical aid for the homosexuals and transsexuals who do not have the means or the way to help themselves.

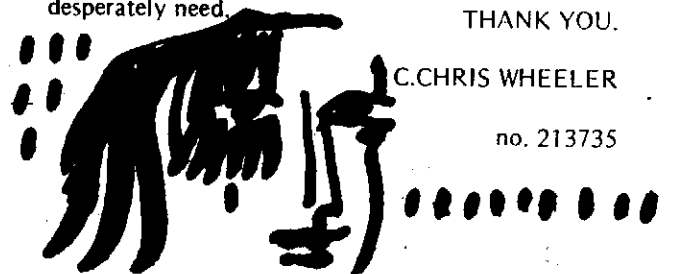
Hopefully in the near future all homosexuals will receive equality. All homosexuals will be recognized as human beings with very human needs. Hopefully, in the near future all homosexuals will have a chance at rehabilitation suited to their needs.

Hopefully in the near future, the transsexuals will receive the medical and psychological help they so desperately need.

THANK YOU.

C. CHRIS WHEELER

no. 213735



IN A WORLD OF DARKNESS

Do you know what it is to live in a World of Darkness?

Where people put you down for being what you are.

Day or night it is always darkness for us of the Life.

Do you know what it is to live in a world of darkness?

I wish you knew.

When we walk down the street

In this world of darkness where people

always talk about us and call us names.

People are supposed to be free,

Where??? To be what God has sent her or him to be?

This is not freedom, I ask you. Is it?

Do you know what it is to live in a world of darkness? I ask you.

No, you don't, do you? Well it's miserable.

It's nothing but coldness from the day we are born to the day we die.

No, you don't, you don't understand us of the gay Life or you would't put us down the way you do.

Do you know what it is to live in a world of darkness forever. No you don't, do you? If you only knew the feeling to be cast away in darkness.

Sylvia Lee Messne.

so-called straight brothers. No more sexist Woodstocks. Liberation in the Sheeps Meadow everyday, not just once a year in June. But it just isn't there, it isn't about to happen because Men, sons of the old SS society, just can't face it. They still say they're "afraid of nothing", because homosexual men to them are still nothing and they are still scared to death because we still represent the sterility of their own life that they can't face.

The time of the children of women and men will come. The time when creativity will no longer be sold in department stores with price tags on it and is judged as something outside the 'normal' range of human feelings and thus something in the special province of homosexuals. Creativity is now sold and packaged as a commodity (look at those department stores of art called galleries or museums run by the rape-artists of art called curators). When creativity does bring a price-tag it is called immaturity. But a time will come when the children of women who are not just the possessions of SS Men will be unafraid to look at the sterility of their own life. And we, homosexuals aspiring to be Gay people will have no more need of the justifications that we now call 'creativity'.

sterility and homosexuality.

Continued from pg. 11

Fucking has lost most of it's connection with 'intercourse' which does denote a very beautiful communication between people. But 'intercourse' is something that people do in marriage manuals that deal in partners like "the Man and his wife" and fucking is something that people do out 'on the streets'. Also fucking is something that homosexual men do, which deals with partners called 'fucker' and 'fuckee'. If fucking could be something that gay men do and was a 'gay' (therefore liberated) thing, not just an activity but a thing to be shared, then there would be no recreating of those old SS Man and wife roles and fucking would be very beautiful and planned together.

Where there is fear, there has got to be not much else. Laing says that the turning point in life is to go from 'being afraid of nothing' which does not look at the realities of ugliness and violence, to saying 'there is nothing to be afraid of', in which case all of the violence and ugliness has been faced and dealt with. In our life it is very hard to face the realities of being homosexual. It is very, very heavy to face the omnipresent sterility of the Death Culture which wants to off homosexuals because we are such a threat to the sterility of this Death-Role-Culture. Straight society obviously doesn't want us around because we are what they are most afraid of: the reality of their own sterility which they protect by doing sexist violence to anyone manifesting real joy. Being gay is releasing real joy. Not just the old capitalist shit of the painted-On Miss America

WASHINGTON
APRIL 24

power...and the people!

martha shelley

Scene I: Power Sometimes an ego trip, or power trip, brings unexpected blessings. Following my ego taught me a lot this week. It began in New York, about a week before the April 24th Peace March, when a pacifist friend of mine asked if I would speak for the Gay Liberation Movement in Washington. Since I am not currently a member of any organization, I wondered how I could properly represent the Gay Movement. My friend replied that I was being asked as an articulate woman who had been in GLF and Radicalesbians, and not as a representative of a particular faction. With my characteristic lack of modesty, I accepted. She then told me some fellow named Brian Yaffe and confirm the acceptance. I called Brian. He promptly gave me a quiz on my Movement credentials -- it was unexpected, but I complied, figuring that he was going to use the information for an introduction. He then told me he would have to check with Fred Halstead (who the hell is Halstead?), and would call me back, but that everything was fine. He never called back. Two days later, and several telephone calls, I tracked him down in Washington. I wanted to find out if I was indeed going to speak, so I could make adequate preparations, rather than just spouting off the top of my head to half a million people. Anyway, I was finally told that I would not be

speaking; The National Peace Action Committee (NPAC) already had too many speakers and too little time. After hanging up, I felt hurt, but assumed that my hurt feelings were entirely the product of my own egotism. Then it dawned on me that standard procedure is to ask someone if she would like to speak. If she accepts, you've got a speaker; if not, you look for someone else. These people had asked me to speak, then given me a rather complicated run-around. In the end, I began to feel like I had been begging them for the right to speak, when all I really wanted to do was go hide around Lake George and read poetry that weekend. Now the way to figure out if you've been fucked over by the Left is to ask yourself, "Would they do that to Kate Millett? Huey Newton? Abby Hoffman? Angela Davis?" If you get treatment that no one would dare mete out to the superstars, you are being treated with less than the dignity due you as a human being. And it doesn't matter whether you are a speaker or a typesetter, whether you are sweeping floors or designing posters. After this incident, I decided to investigate to find out who I should blame for damage to my ego. The New York Times said that the Socialist Worker's Party was running NPAC, and friends of mine who were working with NPAC agreed. Furthermore, they said that NPAC chose these speakers to represent each contingent. Two months ago, the Socialist Worker's Party wouldn't let gay people into their precious organization. Now they are the ones who decide which people shall represent the Gay Movement. They chose Frank Kameny of Mattachine Society of Washington and Tina Mandel, of New York Daughters of Bilitis. Frank and Tina are friends of mine, and I have debts of friendship to them. But how can they represent the Gay Movement at a Peace March? For years, Mattachine Society and the Daughters of Bilitis have consistently refused to take a stand -- even a wishy-washy liberal stand -- against the war. While GLF and Radicalesbians were fighting to get recognition as human beings from the self-appointed "liberators of oppressed peoples" on the Left, while we sent contingents to every Peace March and got spat upon for doing so, Mattachine and Daughters of Bilitis stayed home. What makes the whole thing even more ludicrous is that Frank and Tina were practically pushed off the speaker's platform by "labor leaders" who didn't want gay people speaking at their pretty rally. And where were the labor leaders when George Meany was championing the at the AFL-CIO convention in Miami? Now they, too, have the right to decide who shall speak for peace. And when they finally got a chance to speak, it was already 5:00 P.M., and everyone was heading for the buses.

The SWP-run speakers' committee also considered Kip Dawson as a representative of the Gay Movement, but they were persuaded not to use her by the non-SWP members of the committee. Kip, a longtime Socialist-Worker's Party member and candidate for public office, has now revealed that she is a lesbian and is



accepting speaking engagements in which she will represent the Gay Movement. Just a few months ago, when we threw the Socialist Worker's Party out of the Women's Center, she vigorously defended the SWP policy of excluding gay people from the Party. I was there. So were fifty other women.

Kip has never been a part of the Gay Movement -- now the SWP has appointed her to be our spokeswoman. Because the Women's Liberation Movement and the Gay Liberation Movements are so disorganized, the old white heterosexual men who run the SWP think they can send in their minions and co-opt us into Trotskyism. Is Kip's lesbianism dependent on the pleasure of these little old men? And what about those other SWP gays who are now working so hard at taking over the Christopher Street Liberation Day Committee and running our parade for us in June? Where did all these gay Trotskyites come from (I have just received reports that they are doing the same thing in Boston and in Phoenix), since the SWP supposedly had no gays in it two months ago? Who are these poor pathetic closet cases, so grateful now that they are accepted by the SWP and that the SWP has "changed"?

Don't call them gays, don't call them sisters -- the proper names for these people are male-oriented infiltrators, cowards, opportunists, traitors.

Scene II: ...and the People

I decided not to spend the day sulking, and went down to the March with three lesbian friends of mine. Nothing notable on the way down, except for a busload of Construction Workers for Peace. We stuck a big Women's Liberation symbol on our side window and got a few raised fists from sisters, as well as all the V-signs.

Arrived late. The Gay Liberation contingent had already passed, and we had to hustle to catch up with them on the right side of the Capitol. Apparently the Gay contingent made quite a stir -- everyone knew where they were, and pointed in the right direction. "Oh, yes, just behind Women's Liberation. They went that way." "It's a big purple and white banner." "Yeah, every once in a while they popped up and did their chants -- over there past the

United Farmworkers." And sure enough, we saw their banners right past the Aztec Eagle.

We sat down and passed the food and drink. One gay guy had some bread and grape juice, so someone said the Latin blessing and I did the same in Hebrew. The whole thing was one big open-air mass, with the sweet smell of grass replacing incense. We made the sign of our religion -- the V or the fist -- and sang the liturgy, "Blowing in the Wind." Meanwhile, the SDS tried to get people to repudiate the liberals running the march, and to organize a "worker-student alliance" and prepare for class war. Nobody paid attention to the SDS, and nobody paid attention to the speakers, either.

I begin to realize that if I had actually spoken at the March, I would have missed the significance of the event. The action had nothing to do with the words -- we hear the same thing at every march, and we all know the story. Genocide in Vietnam. Neglect of domestic needs. Genocide in the ghettos. Repression by the government.

The real story lies in the mass itself, an experience of community which was inconceivable in the 1950's. Somehow a lot of people have overcome their fears to the point where vastly different kinds of people were accepting each other on a minimal level -- but that minimum wasn't possible ten years ago or even five years ago. Nobody freaked out at Viet Cong flags or at the banners of the Communist Party. Nobody freaked at the Gay Liberation except the "leaders" of the march, who were light years behind the people. And the people knew something that no leader has been able to articulate.

Remember the grey flannel '50's? I remember them as a time when all of us in high school felt that we had no alternatives but to join the lock-step up the corporate ladder. The alternative to corporate liberalism was racist McCarthyism. Spiritual expression meant Billy Graham's commercialized death-of-the-spirit in Madison Square Garden, unless you were prepared to take off looking for a fix and cheap wine and bastardized Zen with the Beat poets. We could not conceive of a way out that did not lead to self-destruction, loss of jobs, loss of friends, even of life.

But the people are finding a way -- we have come out of the computerized plastic office, we are trying to build a community together instead of competing with each other for the approval of the corporate officers, we are trying to re-establish contact with the earth. We have returned to the earliest and most universal form of religious festival: the rites of spring.

Every culture has a spring festival. We have been the only society without one: Easter and Passover have become formalized, empty observances, without meaning. But now we have created our own festival, our annual April march against the war, and our harvest festival in October or November, our Moratorium. It may seem pathetically ineffective to the more militant, but the need for community, for communion with the earth, for a mystic experience, is far more powerful than any intellectual doctrine.

The gay movement has its own religious aspects, and I don't mean the re-upholstered Christianity you can find in the newly-created gay churches. Gay-ins in the park are our spring festivals. The circle dances are our communion. In fact, the circle dance is the most ancient form of dancing, cutting across barriers between individuals and families to unite the tribe.

More than doctrine, more than reason, more than the combined weight of all the propaganda put out by all the Movements in the country, it is the mystic experience of community and communal support which will give people the strength to break away from the old ties of the corporation jobs and the nuclear families. It is the experience of the circle dances that gives gay people the strength to fight against the contempt of the right, middle and left, to come out of our isolation and lose our jobs and our pseudofriends, to find our real selves. It is *los grandes sentimientos de amor* which can give us the courage to pick up the gun.

Photo by
E. Bedoz
WASH Sq.
PARK
NYC.

"CONSCIOUSNESS RAISING EXPOSES THE ORWELLIAN LIES OF SEXIST AMERIKA"

B4 Steve GAWW

consciousness raising

Throughout the world gay people are gathering in consciousness raising groups. Some groups have been very helpful to the participants while others have ended with little satisfaction. Many CR groups are attended only sporadically and have a high turnover rate. The purpose of this article is to introduce the uninformed to the phenomenon of consciousness raising and also, perhaps, to assist some consciousness raising groups already formed.

Presently in the gay liberation movement CR is the vital process by which gay people develop an awareness of gay oppression. Up to now it has been the only really effective way in which gay people become aware of the self-hatred imposed on them by the sexist straights. Despite claims to the contrary, it is not possible for gay people to fight gay oppression without first establishing a gay consciousness. Gay organizations with a low consciousness wind up supporting causes which are covertly, if not overtly, oppressive to gay people. They end up reenforcing the oppression foisted on them by straight society. Thus a gay supporting security clearances for homosexuals is the same as a black supporting integration to the Ku Klux Klan.

Yet there were many blacks who supported causes equivalent to integrating the Klan. They believed what white society wanted them to believe, that racism was an abnormal aberration, some wart that could be surgically removed with the skillful incision of the white liberal scalpel. But oppression is a good teacher. It didn't take blacks long to realize that racism is not some isolated compartment in American society. Social phenomena of this sort are never isolated. Rather, racism permeates the thoughts and actions of American society; it permeates the very minds of blacks themselves. Blacks began to see that much of their actions were motivated by the self hatred imposed on them by racist America. They went through centuries of indoctrination that white was good and that black was inferior. To achieve black liberation blacks had to first develop a black consciousness; they had to establish their own identity as blacks free from white influence. Only then would they be able to truly recognize their oppression.

Gay people must travel the same route. To fight gay oppression they must cope with that oppression within themselves. Sexism with its perverted concept of maleness is the norm in American society. It is accepted to some degree by everyone even women and gay people, the chief victims of sexism. Those who do not play this perverted game are made to feel inferior, inadequate, mentally ill. This tactic is used by the sexists to perpetrate their super human facade, the facade which masks the impotence and sterility of straight sexuality. The sexists are not satisfied with the mere degradation of gays; they bring gays into mental rehabilitation clinics. There gays are confronted by sexist indoctrination, and they are told that the root of all their difficulties lies within themselves; they are confronted with the ultimate solution - reorienting their life styles to adopt the sexist oppression of the majority.

Consciousness raising exposes the Orwellian lies of sexist America. By sharing together their common experiences, gays begin to see the patterns of oppression foisted on them by the straight world. Recognizing their oppression they can begin to devise methods to deal with it. Dealing with their personal hang-ups they develop a capacity to love which is unattainable in present straight society.

The products of consciousness raising are easy to enumerate but difficult to achieve. The shackles of sexism have been with us thousands of years. To free ourselves requires a thorough and diligent examination of our life styles. But, when we look at the alternatives - blindly striding out at an elusive enemy or going to sexists for assistance - we can recognize the correctness of our course. And, when we consider the benefits, we can eagerly anticipate the real love that arrives with our new gay consciousness.

A consciousness raising group is a group of gay people who have regular sessions together. By consensus a topic is selected for each session. Each member of the group contributes her personal experience relating to the chosen topic. When all of the testimony has been heard, the group looks into the similarity in the experiences related by all of the members. The fact that a similarity exists could, of course, be a coincidence, but the chances of this are very remote. What the similarity demonstrates is the interaction of society on each individual of the group. From this similarity gays can readily recognize how sexism influences the behavior of gay people. A gay person begins to see that his personal hang-ups, those that he was afraid to divulge to others, are indeed the same hang-ups that other gays were also afraid to divulge. It becomes increasingly difficult to explain this commonness without considering each person's

interactions with sexist society.

Thus consciousness raising sessions become political sessions. But, they are not ordinary politics which is a sexist power trip. Rather they are the beginnings of a new gay politics, a politics based on love and not domination.

An ideal size for a CR group is six to eight gays although variations can be tried. Too many people means considerable testimony which is time consuming. By the time all of the testimony is heard, members are more interested in getting home than in looking into the similarities in the testimony. Too few members supply insufficient material on which to base political conclusions.

The group should be limited at least initially to individuals interested in developing a gay consciousness. Needless to say, straights and "bisexuals" should never be admitted into a gay consciousness raising group; otherwise, the whole procedure is a sham. Ask women why the mere presence of men is a hindrance to the development of a woman's consciousness. Or, as I have previously stated, look into the black liberation movement. Gays demonstrating "objectivity" toward straights are only showing how deep in the closet they really are.

A CR group is not a so called "encounter group". This latter group is sexist as is implied by the word "encounter". Attacking and exposing people is a frequent mechanism used by sexists to conceal their own inadequacies. It is of dubious help to the person being attacked. Worst yet, it reenforces the sexism of the attacker. If the group is male, the sexism of the person attacked is rekindled so that he in turn counter attacks; this result of male conditioning is unavoidable. It has its most virulent form in the supposed docile males of the group. Situations of this sort should not be allowed to develop.

This is not to say that constructive statements should not be made when appropriate. Many members of CR groups tend to intellectualize the topic being discussed. They go into abstractions in an attempt to divert attention from themselves. Intellectualization should be corrected when it occurs. The group should insist that each person's testimony be limited to her own personal experience. If necessary, the group can set a rule that each member speak completely in the first person avoiding second and third personal pronouns unless they directly relate to the first person.

In this same vein there are people who ramble on

and on relating what is commonly termed "bull shit". The other members of the group should correct the bull shitter and at the same time prevent the session from becoming a total bore. On the other hand, a person's individual experience is never questioned. Each person is the expert of her own experience and should be given ample time to state it in the way he deems appropriate.

One good way to gauge the effectiveness of a CR group is by observing the subjective consciousness level of each of its members. Gays of the highest consciousness are those who recognize how low their consciousness really is. And, at the stage we are in the movement, our consciousness is necessarily low. In

fact one of the main objectives of CR is to permit us to realize how low it really is. Members with the liberated aplomb are generally the members with the lowest consciousness. Some demonstrate this aplomb in ways that can be very destructive to the group. They try to induce others to relate experiences to which they show strong resistance. They propose bold experiments in a group which is relatively new. They privately deride other members of the group.

If the atmosphere of the group is truly liberated, individual reticence will be overcome. Forcing people to relate can be a good way of precluding their reappearance.

There are always members of a group who have reservations about bold experimentation. Many times the sexist atmosphere of the group prevents them from exposing what they regard as their own inadequacies. Anyone proposing such experiments should check his own motives. Is he doing it because he believes the group will benefit, or is it just one of his power trips?

Criticism should always be open - never in private. If the criticisms are valid they can face the confrontation of the entire group. The motives of the critic can be examined as well as the validity of his criticism.

Members of a group should not try to impose a specific life style on anyone including themselves. The old saying "practice what you preach" has no place in a CR group. We are not at this point in a position to follow this maxim. Our present actions develop from our past consciousness. Our consciousness is necessarily ahead of our actions. An interesting story can clarify this concept. Two members of a gay liberation group, unmentionable of course, presented themselves as shing examples of liberated men. They strongly criticized the objectifying of people. Future events disclosed an amusing encounter between them. It seems they recognized each other in the dark back room of a well known bar. Signs of recognition began to develop when they were mutually engaged in the same activity.

With few exceptions, every member of the group should be present at each session. The membership should be adjusted to include only those members who attend regularly. It is easy to find excuses not to attend. There are plenty of events in our environment to attract us elsewhere - tickets to a sports event, a political meeting, an alternative rendezvous. Persons who stray from the session are demonstrating the relative importance they have to consciousness raising. Other members of the group should criticize this lacy and expose any hidden reasons for poor attendance. Some members, for example, express a dislike for another member of the group and use this dislike as an excuse for poor attendance. This particular excuse is not a reason for low consciousness; it is an example of low consciousness.

Consciousness raising groups unlike visits to a psychiatrist are very unprofessional; this is one reason they have been so successful. Therapists create a wall between themselves and their patient. This makes them appear super human. Actually, this screen of formality serves only to hide the therapists' hang-ups from the patient. Many therapists are persons whose feelings of inadequacy is so great that it requires the constant reminder of the hang-ups of their patients. We, gay people, are too sensual to be super human. We learn through CR to relate to people as humans not as characters in straight fairy tales. CR groups can do many things together. They can go on trips, eat together, work together, sleep together. In the absence of sexism these things tend to bring the group together. For men it is a new experience; they learn to be close together without becoming aggressive; they develop a sensuality among themselves without staging a performance. For a male this is indeed an accomplishment. For a woman, the satisfaction of doing things with other women independent of sexist males is a new experience - an experience which most males fail to comprehend.

Gay people searching for a nice place to meet often search in vain. Too often, we end up in bars, cruising spots, or being disgusted with these places, not going out at all. Gay liberation groups from their inception have recognized the need to provide an alternative to the places gay people have been frequenting for god knows how long. The individuals who have worked to fulfill this need, have found it an exercise in futility.

We have built centers, rented churches, and started groups in an effort to get rid of the ugly,oppressive ways we meet one another. Our genuine ambition, somehow led us astray and we have failed. The trouble with the centers is that they are centers, huge places swarming with strangers similar to shopping centers where you get lost in the aisles. A lot of people just do not feel at ease within ten blocks of any kind of church. Groups are good and necessary in any organization. Some of us are not talented, others have to work for a living and do not have the leisure required for group participation. Our mistake in a hasty getaway to find any place at all to meet, has been to ignore making our centers where people can come and go and not feel guilty about either; a sort of ready made oasis where people feel at ease with themselves and one another; a relaxed atmosphere where people can get away from political arguments, groups dynamics and mutual analysis.

One Sunday not long ago, I ventured into the wilds of Manhattan's upper west side and discovered the People's Coffee Grounds. located at 82nd Street just off Broadway. Occupying what was once a basement apartment, you would very likely pass it by walking down the street. Down the rickety steps behind the creaking door, I was in. "Welcome to the Grounds." I poured some coffee and sat down at a big table in the center of the room. Off to the right are smaller tables; two fellows were playing chess while three others talked along side them. A record player, decks of cards, scrabble and monopoly were on shelves to the left. A hallway leads to the other room furnished with a couch,telephone, a rack of books and newspapers.

Talking with a member of the collective responsible for opening and closing, I learned the grounds had opened last August.

The Coffee Grounds is at 210 West 82nd. It is open specially for Gay People on Sunday nights from 6-1:00 AM



MALE HOMOSEXUALS AS BOGEYMEN

"The most bigoted outsider has always found lesbianism vaguely glamorous if a bit naughty, while much of our stolidest intelligentsia still derides faggotry. Lesbianism is perverse, while faggotry is perverted; lesbianism serves as an appetizer at suburban orgies, while faggotry would be beneath contempt at those same orgies; lesbianism is exotic or at worst, good for a laugh, while faggotry is viciously punishable, or, at best, good for a laugh." - Ned Rorem in a letter to the Village Voice, May 20, 1971.

Therefore.....

Gay male composers who go off to France to compose and write terribly narcissistic journals are perverse (exotic, even!)

but Gay male teachers who stay home to teach about Gay male composers who go off to France are perverted!

Gay male ballet dancers who come from Russia are perverse (and exotic!) but.....

Gay male gym teachers at the YMCA are perverted!

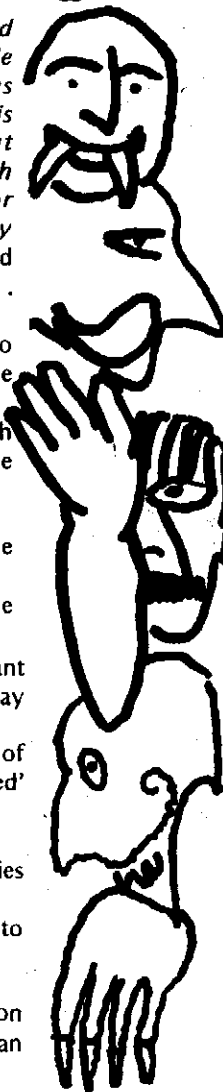
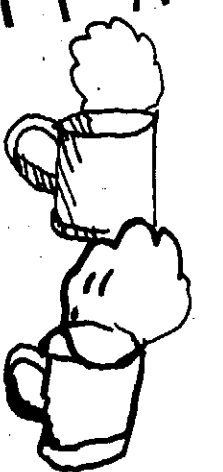
Gay male poets who have been to India and chant mantras all of the time and never speak up about Gay Liberation are perverse (and so exotic!) but.....

Gay male poets who write poems that are proud of being Gay and who don't want to be just 'accepted' by straight people are (you guessed it) perverted.

Handsome Gay actors who star in Warhol movies and come Newark are (exotic ?) perverse.....

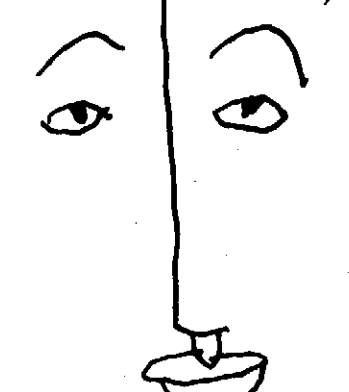
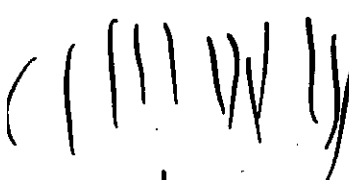
but everybody who stayed behind in Newark to fight for their own liberation is PER-VER-TED!

And finally all homosexual males who rely upon straight society for their own identification as human beings are not GAY and are most perverted!



People's Coffee Grounds

"Right now we pay half the eighty dollars rent. We are non-profit and use the donations we receive to pay our half. We are open Saturday from six until twelve and Sunday from four until one." Somebody got up and asked if I wanted more coffee. Yes, I said and thanked him. Impressed with the grounds I inquired of my friend why more such places did not exist. "I don't really know; I guess others just haven't thought of it. We work awfully hard to keep this place open. One of us always has to be here. We alternate; and if I want to set out for a bite to eat, someone takes over- so it's not as bad as I seem to make it." I told him I thought it was important to keep the place open, and he agreed. People were coming and going. I found the experience unique. Never had I been at a place where gays were talking so easily about books, television, or anything they wanted- no pressures or hassles or arguments, just nice people having a nice time in a nice place.



Teal also quotes Martha Shelley for effect, here and there. He fails to mention, however, one of her most radical articles SUBVERSION IN THE WOMEN'S MOVEMENT, which is about how different groups are trying to infiltrate the women's movements. Perhaps, because it was a radical article by a woman, Teal felt intimidated or inferior and left it out. Much to Come Out's dismay.

I'm sure that the men in GAA will adore THE GAY MILITANTS. The last couple of boring chapters are almost exclusively about GAA, of which Teal is a member. Also, people who are chronologically trivia lovers will love this book. The chronological order of events and actions named are indelibly precise-not to mention irrelevant. When actions take place is important to remember, but what is irrelevant is who came into what GLF meeting first and with whom. And so on and so on. And here is the last great unsales pitch. If you insist on reading THE GAY MILITANTS and your name is mentioned in the book or you are quoted anywhere, write to Stein and Day and demand your free copy. If you don't want the book simply for ego's sake and want to read it, please don't support someone who's just ripped off the Gay Movement. Don't buy it. Steal it.

By Debra Moldovan

The most Note worthy thing about.....

All they did was to aid Teal with his token Lesbian representations. They should have demanded total say over anything that was to go in about Lesbians and better still they should have demanded half the space in the book.

There are a few spaces outside of the women's chapter where lesbians are fleetingly mentioned. One of them is about the part that New York Radical Lesbians had at the Panther Convention in Philadelphia last fall. They (I should say we) were quoted loosely from an important paper we wrote concerning our feelings and experiences at the convention. Teal has extremely under rated our importance there. He seems to understand that we were angry at something, but he wasn't sure what at.

Another big deficiency in the book which makes it invalid as a true representation of the gay movement, is the bare mention of the Third World Gay Revolution. Teal gives less space to TWGR than he does to the Lesbians. TWGR got about 2 1/2 pgs. altogether. Because of the tragic lack of information on the Lesbian and Third World movements in THE GAY MILITANTS this book in no way is a valid representation of the Gay Movement. It's tragic because closest cases and straights who read this book are going to accept it, verbatim. The biography on the jacket of the book calls Teal "gay and proud". It's more like male chauvenist and racist'.

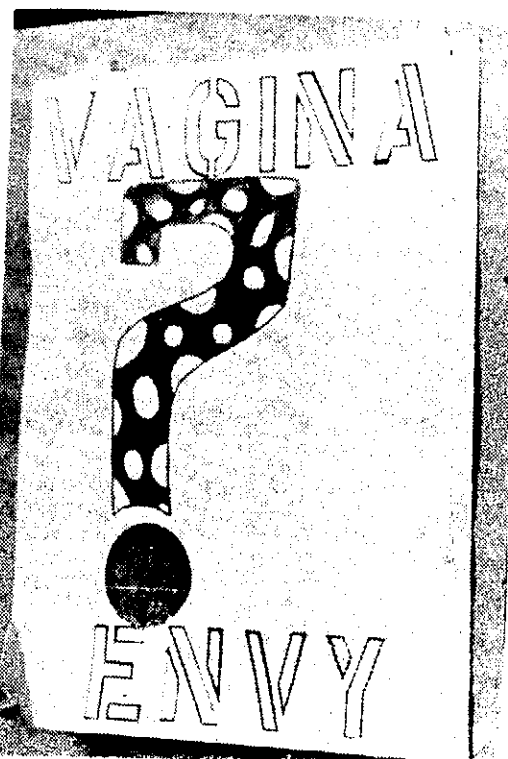
Teal's book, THE GAY MILITANTS, is what he doesn't write about. Mainly, women. At first I thought that I should be glad that a nice, liberal book (meaning one that would impress the straights) had come out about the Gay Movement. But after reading the first few chapters I realised that the Gay Movement that Teal was writing about had little to do with Lesbians, except in a few token cases. Women in the straight world exist between the sheets and among the pots and pans. Women (lesbians) in Teal's world exist in chapter nine. That's what we got, one lousy chapter. In the words of the author when confronted with this, BEFORE the book was published, "but I gave them a whole chapter to themselves, what more do they want?"

Donn Teal tosses around and about names of women who are (or were) active in the Lesbian Movement (i.e. Martha Shelley, Lois Hart, etc.) This is one of his acts of pure tokenism and in most cases a total misrepresentation. As far as I have been able to find out, few, if any, of the lesbians mentioned in the book were ever interviewed by Teal.

The women's chapter was supposed to have been written by some women who are unnamed. Although I'm sure that the women who wrote did it with good intentions, I'm not so sure that they did the best possible thing, because



A lesbian
is a lesbian
is a
Lesbian!



PHOTOS BY ELLEN BEDOZ - FREE BEDOZ!



JESSIE'S COME OUT



REPRINTED FROM RAT

GAY! In the past that miserable, guilt-evoking label that I cringed at for so many years; a slinking underground intrigue; and exciting perversion OR-an attempt at a freer roleless life-style; as groovy vibes and receptiveness between women; as an energetic life-force moving towards a womens revolution.

HOMOSEXUALITY: as an adolescent a subject which arouses great interest-not to mention guilt.. I read about IT in the various psch. books laying around the house-I find out that I am : an abberation; anti-social (with arrested sexuality) (Did you hear about Mary and Sue; they were busted for being arrested) a prevert; invert, upstart. And on the street DYKE: FAGGOT: QUEER' etc,etc,not to mention the general boredom of our oppressive heterosexual culture: "do you have a boyfriend," "when do you plan to get married," Married or Single - check one: a doctor asks what do you use as a birth control device? The other day I was leafing thru "Summerhill" by A'S'Neill - founder of the grooviest school in the world - tells in his book about how his school owing to its extreme progressiveness has never turned out a single homosexual, never, ever...

Anywaw, what more or less happened was that I carried my closet around on my back (a gay turtle) for about as long as I knew I had one. All that time tho with a constant conflict of feelings; the terrific

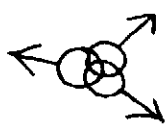
desire to be "normal", accepted, STRAGHT but at the same time the painful knowledge that I am living against myself and everything I really value by catering to such ridiculousness.

When I am 19 something incredibly lucky happens-I bump into recently formed GLF (Gay Liberation Front) - incredible vibes, not duck-assed haircuts, little by little my old stereotypes of lesbians as macho women begin to "drift away". People with leftist politics and the freak life style that I know.. A lot of difficulty in the beginning tho- everyone was very much into being upfront about being GAY-I gulp. After years of sneaking around, lying and for the most part totally denying an incredibly crucial part of my experience it was pretty tough to be (as I Was instructed) PROUD

Fuck this Shit they said, Fuck Freud and figuring out where and why we turned queer. Enough of this shit about domineering mothers and weak fathers. Fuck the straight male anthropologists and their stories about baboons and what is natural and unnatural, etc.

That's all I can think of for now..
love & struggle - Jessie.

COMING
22. OUT



AND

GETTING
BUSTED

I recently recalled the full depth of the experience of my first paddy wagon ride. Although I had flashes of it last year as we anticipated busts of our first dances, I never felt it completely. Now I can't get it out of my system. I was in the process of "coming out" in D.C. in the spring of 1965, shortly after I had started a job with the Census Bureau. I was at an after-the bar party (the bars closed at 12 A.M. on Saturday night). A few weeks before I had had my first experience; it wasn't very successful but I was sure that a part of me really was gay. At the party I was just getting used to being with gay people; dancing with me was really erotic, but it sure looked weird.

Suddenly a couple of men stood up on the stairs and said, "Everyone is under arrest." Uniformed police then appeared at all of the exits from the house.

During the long, silent wait, lots of thoughts went through my mind. "I'm doing a research paper," "I came here by mistake," etc. I moved near one of the women; she could be my cover. (later, I realized that the "woman" was actually a guy in drag. I was naive; I had never seen a transvestite before.)

Next we were herded into paddy wagons. Everyone went peacefully, about six pigs and one hundred nervous gays. I shake now as I think of it, but I was pretty calm at the time. It was as though I had been expecting this. Being gay was illegal, and I was experimenting with something illegal.

It was ironic that as we were riding along we sang, "We Shall Overcome." It was a good tension release, and it even shook up the pigs. The song started off in a campy, sarcastic way but by the end we all felt a little stronger. It's funny that we could use a Civil Rights song but not really apply the idea. We were still into

individual solutions then. Everyone blamed himself for getting caught-"I should have known better." United, we could have resisted easily; but each one accepted the "fact that gay parties were raided, and we should have been more careful.

At the police station, we were told that we were being booked for "disorderly conduct." If we showed identification, produced \$25 in cash, and signed the book pleading "guilty," we could go. If not, we would have to wait and probable spend a night in jail. I still don't understand how they could do this but you better believe that I paid my money and left. Fortunately, I had an Illinois license and didn't have to reveal my government affiliation. I didn't think I would be fired for being arrested-but they did have my name. Maybe someday it would be discovered. I wouldn't be fired for being gay, but I might be fired or asked to resign for lots of other reasons (remember Walter Jenkins).

The actual repercussions were - all psychological. I jumped back into my closet for a while. "Maybe I'm gay, but I don't want a life like this." My worst fears had been confirmed.

The arrest also intensified my need for security. I couldn't continue working for the government. I figured I was guilty of perjury, even though I hadn't been aware of it, when I filled out my employment form.) After that, there was no doubt in my mind I had to have a Ph. D. If I got on a faculty at a liberal school, maybe I would be safe. At least I would have the flexibility of running quietly away to another school if I were discovered. (I had to find my own individual solution.)

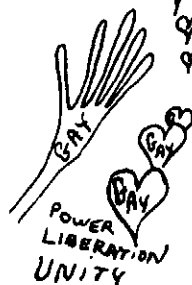
Well, I'm close to my degree now; if I get it, it will be by momentum. It won't give me any security; my name is all over the place now. I've

realized that this security is false. It really isn't much personal security to have a career during the day and to hide in the bars at night. To be constantly on guard for slips and to fear people finding out is not quite the safest way to live.

I feel now that I have a much deeper sense of security-the security of my sisters and brothers. I know I won't have to go passively into a paddy wagon for being gay.



Nobody's FREE
Till Everyone's
GAY



GAY
GAY
GAY
GAY
GAY

GAY SHRINKS
GET IT TOGETHER

Gay Shrinks of Chicago have now formed. We gathered as people from the mental health professions who are now doing therapy. Our intent was to offer services to the Gay community, but after the first meeting it was clear we should get our own heads together first. We are now meeting weekly as a consciousness-raising group. The group is not formally defined as a therapy group, but we have discovered new ways of helping each other.

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GAY
ALLIANCE
NEWSLETTER

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GAY
ALLIANCE
NEWSLETTER

STORY



CLIPSET
GAY
UNITY
POWER
LIBERATION

DEBRA'S STORY

REPRINTED FROM
RAT

23.

I don't think anything worth mentioning or worth thinking about happened to me until I came out as a lesbian. So that means I started my life (consciously) when I was 13. Actually, it wasn't until a year later that I found out what a homosexual was and that was because my mother gave me 'The Well of Loneliness' to read. There was no real hassle in my coming out. It happened so naturally and spontaneously with my best friend, that I had no idea when I became aware of the way homosexuals were talked about by my parents and other "adults". I went to Catholic schools and according to them heterosexuality was non-existent, except sometimes between married couples. Therefore homosexuality was never mentioned. About the same time I came out I had my first sexual experience with a guy, so as my sex life and vocabulary expanded I labeled myself bisexual.

When I was around 14 I learned that a lot of homosexuals lived in a place called Greenwich Village, which my parents called "pervert haven". So I began hanging around Washington Square and allowed myself to get picked up by what I considered very weird women and when things got really bad I'd let a man pick me up. Most of the people that picked me up were much older than I was, which wasn't unusual since I was so young. I don't recall any unusual experiences, but I do remember being very impressed by how intelligent and strong these women were. I guess I

thought that aside from being women and gay, that they had to be crazy and stupid too. I stopped going there after two years when I got kicked out of the Catholic school I had been going to. Somehow the administration found out that I was gay. It was probably the gym teacher that told them since she was always eavesdropping in on the conversations when the girls had to take showers. Anyway, it was some scene. Aside from being considered a pervert in the eyes of the church, I must have been considered beyond salvation and likely to contaminate my sister students. For some reason the school officials couldn't bring themselves to tell my parents and I was dismissed on grounds of academic inefficiency and sent to public high school where they would put up with the likes of me. After being in public high school about three months I somehow managed to get myself pregnant. I got

an abortion from this pre-med student quack who a "friend" knew. All that Catholic school brain washing must have got to me because I went through a lot of heavy guilt trips about how I had killed a life and I made a few serious attempts to kill myself. I still get pretty freaked out about the whole thing even now.

I was still having relationships with women during this time and it was the only thing that I even cared about seriously.

I remember thinking then that sexual relationship between women were the ultimate expression of love. Little did I know how right I was.

During senior year in high school I began getting into drugs a lot. The first drug I ever did was acid and during a two month period I tripped 30 times. I was getting more and more spaced out and eventually I began doing harder drugs. What had been happening was that my friends found out that I was gay and they couldn't handle it. They said I was sick but could be helped if I wanted to be. I never thought of myself as sick before, but the more freaked out they got, the sicker I felt and for them I tried to be straight. I wanted them to care about me but they said that it was hard for them to accept my lesbianism. So on came the escape into drugs. The harder I tried to be straight the more dope I took and on it went until I got busted. Not that getting busted stopped me from doing dope, I just did less and was more secretive about it. My parents were pretty fed up with me at this point and my father made my mother throw out all my "hippie" clothes and told her to take me shopping and get me some clothes that would make me look like a young lady and not like "some slut". The school was more than happy to see me graduate even though I was an A student, but I was an activist and they didn't want any more of that. The last straw was when I began wearing pants to school and just to appease me they modified their dress code so that girls could wear dress slacks.

The summer was uneventful except that I managed to convince my father that my going to college would be good for me. So I got into a private college as an art student and picked up where I left off in high school. In the first few weeks I ran in an election for dorm president and won. I was one of the leaders in the first demonstration that the college ever had, which thrilled my parents no end. I was afraid to tell my roommates that I was gay because I was afraid that they would react the same way as my friends did the year before. Anyway I wound up telling one of my roommates and she freaked out completely. She reacted to me as though I was a man and liable to rape her. During this time I had the misfortune to meet one of Boston's (that's where the college was) political leaders. In true form of most politicians he turned out to be an incredible pervert. He knew I needed money so he offered to be my pimp and being desperate for bread, I said yes. As it turned out I was not only hustling men but women as well. I made a lot of money and hated myself for it. My Gay women's consciousness was obviously non-existent for me to have hustled women and to bring them out for money. I was feeling very guilty and got into my suicide trip again. Luckily for me, a friend took me to a women's liberation meeting sponsored by the Socialist Workers Party where Florence Luscomb was speaking. After that I became more and more involved in the women's movement and in SWP. Unfortunately SWP does not like the idea of homosexuals infiltrating their organization (although there are plenty of gays in SWP), so I was not open about being a lesbian. Then the Kent-Cambodia-Jackson action happened and I put a lot of my energy into the peace movement. School soon closed and I found myself back in New Jersey - no skills to get a job with and a family who thought that I was crazy as hell and way beyond salvation.

One night last June, I was sitting home bored stiff and watching the T.V. and there was this program on about homosexuality. There were members of several different homophile organizations present. It was the first time that I was even aware that a gay movement existed, although I had known about DOR for several years. There were two women on who I was really digging. I didn't know then what groups they belonged to. One of the women knocked me out the way she was talking about her feelings for women and what it meant for her to be a lesbian. I knew I felt pretty much the same way. It was announced on the show that it was Gay Pride Week and that there would be a march on Sunday. That Friday I bought a Village Voice and saw that there was going to be an all-women's dance on Saturday. I kept thinking about the things that the woman had said and decided that where I really belonged was in the Gay movement. I was 18 at this time and although I had been gay for 5 years, it took me two hours to get up the nerve to walk into the dance. I couldn't get over how beautiful the women were. They all danced together and everybody seemed to know everyone else. Eventually I began going to GLF meetings and then to Radicalesbian meetings. I soon realized that I couldn't live with my family anymore and that it was vital to my growth as a woman and as a lesbian to live in a gay community. With the help of some Radicalesbians I soon found a place to live and went to tell my parents that I was moving out. My father couldn't understand why I would want to live with a "bunch of broads" and forbade me to go. So I told him that I was a lesbian and a lot of hateful words passed between us, he really got pissed and proceeded to beat the shit out of me and then threw me out.

That happened last August and now it's spring. I've changed in so many good ways that I get sick when I think about what I was headed for in trying to make myself straight for my friends and all that other bullshit. It's impossible to relate the different head trips I've still got a lifetime of changes to go through. For the first time in my life I'm confident that I can make decisions that will be good for me. It's getting a whole lot easier to be me.



Coming-out for me very much meant that I could say to myself, "I am a lesbian and I am beautiful!"

I was 20 once and it was then I remember having my first gay experience. While attending school and living with a family, I became close to the woman I worked for. It wasn't until Christmas that I became aware of my sexual attraction for her. I was leaving to spend the holiday with my family when she kissed me good-bye, a light loving kiss that women often share with each other on special occasions of goodbyes and hellos. For me this was intense and I could think of nothing else during my four hour train ride home.

I am 25 now, a lesbian. What I choose as my first gay experience is arbitrary of course. I had sexual things for women before her and I fantasized about them - however this is something concrete so I choose it as my first. It was not until 2 1/2-3 years later that I actually said, "I am a lesbian"; what people admit about themselves (especially if it concerns something as heavy as homosexuality) and what they actually are might very well be two entirely different things. I was a lesbian at 20, and probably at 13 when I used to fantasize about a nun in my school, but it wasn't until later that I realized it. That is what it means to be really in the closet, and that is what gay oppression is all about.

There was a period of repression—oppression between my first experience and my actual coming out. It was a time of trying to be heterosexual, of really trying to fit in. During this time I had conversations with the abovementioned woman about homosexuality. I remember her commenting, "homosexuality is a phase many people go through before they become sexually mature". Now I realize that is bullshit, but at the time I believed her. I was trying ever so hard to deal away with my "homosexual tendencies" and in the process become mature. I had deep relationships with 2 other women during this time, but was afraid to deal with my sexual feelings towards them. Not being able to accept the beautiful feelings I had within myself towards these two women is a not-so-good comment on where this society of ours is at regarding gay people. All in all, I was hung-up, frustrated, unable to move forward because the forward in which I wanted to move was too scary.

My coming-out was a very positive experience for me. I did not have to deal with the many horrors of the gay-bar scene that so many of my lesbian sisters had to go through (in fact, I was so naive that I was unaware that gay bars existed!). I came out with my best friend a year and a half ago. I went through the whole beautiful, struggling process with her; that process of discovering each other's bodies, and dealing with each other's inhibitions and fears, discovering how outasight kissing a breast or tongue or clitoris can be, discovering if you put your finger or tongue in her vagina, how soft and warm and wonderful this is, discovering each other's smells - that process of discovering that what we were doing was good and knowing that "being scared doesn't mean stop!"



come out!

25¢

35¢ outside
NYC

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



A WEEKEND OF LOVE, SPRING 1971.

PHOTO BY L. STEPHAN who is not in the picture

love each other love ourselves
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