Come Out! 25c

A liberation forum for the gay community

Photos by Diana Davies

The Door is Open! Come Out! now
We are here & Love is in the air. Gays Out NOW!

SPRING-SUMMER '71
Vol. 2 No. 7b

Vol. 2, #7b, front page
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’ve filled it from a few of you GLF journals, but as we’re 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 steam. We’re growing in numbers continuously, groups are appearing in places as far away as Scotland which good gay people a particularly rough time. Sisters are joining us from Women’s Liberation, brothers are finding out about us in prisons and we are going to attempt, 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, fund raisin’. If you don’t have a paper without your help, so please don’t ask us when the paper will come out. Ask us what you can do to help Come Out grow and we really appreciate it. 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, fund raisin’, you can contact us at our box number of Call 212-881-3639.

Sincerely,

Martha Akey

Dear Sisters and Brothers,

I really dug your issue no. 7 - best one I've seen. Could you send me 15 copies to this store and bill us? No one in this dopey community sells Come Out! Of anything really radical except All's A Woman (of course). So this is the minute local shop is trying to get a local with political papers. Can’t find out if you have bulk rates, but send us the 10 copies at whatever price - we'll tell them or I'll give them away and say you!

Hello to any of the sisters who met when I was in NY in September - lisie, Ana Sanchez, Lis, Ellen, Pat Maxwell, and at least 10 others whose names I don’t remember - love and power to you all. I hope to be in NY sometime in the next 3 months. Does Come Out! address change with every issue? Hope I can find you there.

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 moving beer party. There is no gay bar in Iowa City and most of the GLFs are middle-class-student-white and serious. So GLF is like a substitute for a bar - Yucko. 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 around people who have an "up" and important to me was 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,
Jeanne ("d") Taylor

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 initiate 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 read 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,

Come Out! is finally out! We’re back again and we’re 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 untimely events and sometimes things like letters, even poetry and articles have gotten lost in the scrumbles since the Gay Community Center closed. We would like to get in touch with 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 we really appreciate it. 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, fund raisin’. If you don’t have 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 we really appreciate it. 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, fund raisin’. If you don’t have 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 we really appreciate it. 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, fund raisin’. If you don’t have 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 we really appreciate it. 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, fund raisin’. If you don’t have 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 we really appreciate it. 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, fund raisin’. If you don’t have 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 we really appreciate it. 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, fund raisin’. If you don’t have 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 we really appreciate it. 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, fund raisin’. If you don’t have 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 we really appreciate it. 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, fund raisin’. If you don’t have 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 we really appreciate it. 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, fund raisin’. If you don’t have 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 we really appreciate it. 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, fund raisin’. If you don’t have 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 we really appreciate it. 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, fund raisin'.
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 choke gay movement which now has become big enough that we can catnap some of the 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 bitte polecapped battle 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 one-year look at Mandel's. 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 TOURÉ. Gay people marched openly in the May Day demonstrations in Paris. Gay Liberation in Paris can be read by writing F.H.A.R. - Front Homosexuel d'Action Revolutionnaire, 73 rue Buffon, Paris 5. Telephone 707-4937.

Gay Activists Alliance of New York now have a new center at 98 Wooster Street. It is a four-story firehouse that is really incredibly beautiful and is already over-flowing at the Sat, might dances that GAA has been having to pay for. Since the dances have been huge successes (at least financially), there is little doubt that GAA does have much of the male New York City political scene. It is important 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 crusty 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 hurrin is GLLF at this moment. The Gay Liberation Front of New York is at this moment, very fragmental but not dead. As long as there will be radical Gay people there will be a GLLF, but the question is how to find it when so many people who have identified themselves with GLLF have gone into their own little radical cliques finding it easier to stay in there with old friends and radical acquainances than to come out and deal with the world whose consciousness always needs raising. There has been a number of people who had a very close relationship with the GLLF to New York to Brooklyn to set up a Brooklyn GLLF. A few brothers and sisters have moved to the country or back into other outlets in the movement (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 or as open Gay person is like name your own oppression. It is really bad that so many people in GLLF believed that Gay Liberation was at hand with the last 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 (for some long as 15 years). Although it is bad that some of these "old timers" are still in the old timers, 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 ain'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 can't go back to being where we were two years ago. We cannot go back to the old old and the old fears. Just as it was not always easy 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 Steinier and Day, 7 East 48th Street, New York 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 Los Angeles apartment in 1963 and came out the Mattachine Foundation, the early Councils on Religion and Homosexuals 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. The book can be bought from special events. This 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 One Wide Memorial Bookstore, 291 Mercer Street or through the publisher Steinier and Day. It retails for 7.95 and is the first book of our history, although it 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 Spectre is out! A radical Lesbian newspaper put out by Revolutionary lesbians in Ann Arbor. For a sample copy send 25 cents 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 work shops, dances, and special events etc., write to 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 25 cents.

Another Woment's Songbook is out! It has Sisterhood songs and graphics. Send $1.00 to GLLF at 441 Prince Street, NYC, care of DOB.

Gay Liberation Front Women have changed their name to Gay Women's Liberation Front (GWLFL). Another step in the right (I mean left) direction.

Radicalblums are now holding their regular Wed. night meeting at the Lesbian Center at 441 Prince St., Women in the NYC area who would like to join a lesbian consciousness raising group or who have been gay or identified a year or less and would like to be in a Come Out group write to Radicalblums at the Lesbian Center. The RADIICALBLUMS 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 by Radicalblums is also available for free. If you can, please send us a stamp, so we can mail it back to you. WIFK is now a big part of lesbian and women's history. Both papers are available by writing to Radicalblums care of the Lesbian Center.
The Cuban government has come out with an open expression of official homosexual oppression. This has come as a shock to many people who have served in the Venceremos brigade and after the Movement in the country has openly tried to deal freely with its own vast nation. 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 revealingresearch was conducted and presented from spreading. It was painted by a new study, 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 purpose of our culture, 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 causes, including the control and relocation of isolated cases and degrees of deterioration.

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

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

b) Appropriate sexual education for parents, teachers, and pupils. This 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 appropriate means which would contribute to the acquisition of a scientific knowledge of sex and the eradication of prejudices and falsehoods which can 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 problem 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 research with a view to transmitting to other organizations those who, as homosexuals, should not have any direct influence on our youth through any form of activity.

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

Finally, it was agreed to demand that severe penalties be applied to those who corrupt the morals of minors, deprave repeat offenders, and undermine anti-social elements.

Cultural institutions cannot serve as a platform for false intellectuals who try to make mockery, demonstrate contempt for the Revolution and other aberrations into expressions of revolutionary spirit and art, isolated from the masses and the spirit of the Revolution.

As excerpted from GRAMMA
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, demand 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. Gay people cannot control their own lives unless they see themselves historically and analyze critically the culture and institutions which have formulated them.

Centuries of sexist attitudes inoculated, by all the institutions of "western civilization," especially the church, have convinced 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 perpetrate divisions among us.

There can be no real revolution, no truly socialist society, unless we remove the walls of self-hatred that separate us from ourselves and others. Gay people owe allegiance to no nation. The revolutionary task of the Cuban government does not simply fail to include gay people in the revolutionary process; it specifically excludes them from determining their own position in society.

We have been told that it is reactionary for us to criticize and condemn our oppression 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.

We denounce the national committee of the Venceremos Brigade as the agents of a sexist hierarchy. They, in their liberalm have not engaged in revolutionary struggle with either the Cuban people or with revolutionaries here.

We call upon all progressive people to join in our protest 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 leftist 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 sank 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 newprint for all to see.

Some of us will still try to explain away what happened in Cuba by using the standard cliché which the sexist Marxist line has been applying to each other for at least fifty years - pseudosocialist, neosocialist, 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 philosphic theorizing functions as a male chauvinist pain, 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—sisters need a justification for being straight.
I tried to write all of this before I forgot it. If there is any thing that I want left out of this because it is too personal, then I guess I did this whole thing in a entirely make shift of view. Many more women took a very active part in May Day and Gay May Day. There was a strong, active women 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 (it 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 so isolated as most of the people I met were all of the time. But I was so isolated I had been somewhat protected from the straight movement. I really wasn't used to straight movement, I wasn't used to all the straight games they play-just looking at you unless you happen to be a woman they want to fuck, etc.

like carrying on conversations with you in which you could be replaced by a box of confettis. Too 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 or the New York Region nor even of the New York University Region but of the... what was that 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 'freaks' spread out over the meadow of West Potomac Park listening to the beginning of the all-seniors 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 Gay May Day Tribe. The closer I came to the people around me, though, the more I realized that I 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.

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 and from the Women's Liberation and Welfare Rights and different...
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 activist alliances, 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 parliamentarian procedure in high school and it had failed there. i had gone through parliamentarian procedure in college and it had failed there. i had gone through parliamentarian procedure in union meetings on my first job and it had failed there. i had gone through parliamentarian procedure at mortatorium to end the war in vietnam meetings and it had failed there. why was i now sitting in a meeting going through parliamentarian procedure again? because this time i was free. i was myself, i was gay, i was proud, i was beautiful. i was naive! if things hadn't changed, parliamentarian procedure had not changed, it was not working here either. but i was a liberal and liberals believe that there must be parliamentarian procedure to get things accomplished. when i expressed my feelings i was assured by those people around me that parliamentarian 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 we aren'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 elitist 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 gay movement itself, the more i became involved the more i became aware of my own oppressions and the more i became aware of the oppression of those around me and the more i became aware of oppression the more i became aware of our oppression i forced upon them by participating in the system that oppresses both them and myself. how could i be guilty of oppression when i was a liberal? how could i be guilty of oppression when i was sympathetic to every oppressed minority? how could i be guilty of oppression when i was with an activist group every night to overcome oppression? how could i be guilty when i was so understanding? "out of order stan! you are out of order! i watched parliamentarian procedure destroy minorities within the group. minorities that did not know how to use parliamentarian 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 honesty-toward they were talking success. a month later i was the person standing up out-of-turn and expressing my frustration with parliamentarian procedure and liberalisms, 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 robinet's rule: anyone who questions parliamentarian procedure or the executive committee is out to destroy the organization just as anyone is who questions nixon's decisions is out to destroy the united states - peace.

love is a poem feeling, breathing holding hands and walking in the snow saying goodbye but telling you not to go
tearing seething whispering ridiculousness closenessness touching tempting wondering where we will go after we are too tired to leave kissing sucking kisses butterfly kisses little loving looks keeping my hands to yourself fingertips telling terrible secrets
taking the other 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...

OOh! But I felt so damn dis-join-ted!

I really hated myself!

Till I just couldn't stand it any longer!

Gay means "free."

Vol 2, #76, Page 8
GENERAL EROTICS
The Department of General Erotics at Gay University offers a complete program in general erotics as well as a sequence leading to advanced professional training.

Sexual deprivation is one of the foremost diseases of our time. Cheap thrills are being hawked as the finest sensations possible by the vast commercial advertising apparatus. Schools practice wholesale mental sterilization resulting in the superstition of the people. They teach automatons for industry, and cannon fodder for the military. Only the sexually proficient perpetuates wars and massacres. Eventually they become so alienated from themselves and nature that they are 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 requirement set by the National Bureau of Erotics and the Department of Sexuality. We are pleased to announce that the Erotic General has designated Gay University as an Erotic Research Office Station.

Members of EROS may be seen engaging in 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-sexuality 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. 11. COME OUT!
A course in coming out for those who have not, or who, for various reasons, have come out and gone back, for those who have never come out at all, and for those who have come out and stayed out. The course is designed to help you come out and stay out, and to make sure that you come out and stay out. The course is conducted in a relaxed and friendly atmosphere.

G.E. 2. Survey of Gay Erotics
A practical approach treating such problems as getting an apartment, cruising, finding a roommate, sexual life in a religious or non-religious setting, and the like. The course is suitable for students, adults, and professionals.

G.E. 21. Individual Coaching in Erotics
For those who plan to specialize in erotics. Instruction based on the individual's own points of view and unique anatomical attributes is provided. Practice with other master artists and skilled students will help you develop your own style.

G.E. 27. The Sexual Collective
Explore the origins of the Collective and the role of the individual in the Sexual Collective. Consider the role of the Sexual Collective in society.

G.E. 107. Erotic Art and Poetry
Erotic love is the most exquisite, the most poignant, sweet sensation of all. It makes the repose of spring, the fragrance and perfume of life, the eternal hope and dreams that sing in our hearts, the wonder of the seasons, the splendor of the summer, the inestimable wisdom 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 are examined in this course.

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, and to enjoy the full rights of citizenship.

This work is 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. 306. Advanced Transcendental Orgasmics
A course in, the mystical ecstasy of orgasmic desire. Only given that term when all the planets are in conjuction.
Hello.

April 29, 1971

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 writing, as we must be, to fight the state, the prison administration, and the PSS (Public Security System) for our rights, human rights as prisoners and as citizens.

We, at one, are sick, disgusted and weary of the obscene remarks, sexual 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 against the harassment, prejudice, we demand the 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 all us. We, the gay men and women in the furn, 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. everlastingly 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 donation is to be put into the Chris Wheeler Fund or simply the Homosexuals/Transsexuals Fund. Please send to:

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

Only in Utopia 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.) smod.

The following is the plan concerning the use of any donations to 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 from imprisonment, harassment, and prejudice.

3. The fund is to be used for the protection of homosexuals and transsexuals from harassment, morbid prejudice, morbid persecution, unconstitutional discrimination and to help safeguard their rights.

4. The money needed to pay our legal representatives, Mr. John Dempo and Mr. Duane Erickson, concerning the legal defense and 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 his homosexual himself as a problem and not as a human being.

The homosexuals view 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 mind of some of the guards or else 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 "yand", to the gymnasium, library and all other areas of recreation for months and even years. The homosexuals have no

Vol. 2, #17, page 10
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 see the St. Marks Clinic with the man from whom I thought I had caught gonorrhea. We went down there because we thought the clinic would be less sexy, more understanding, more greedy than regular public health clinics. In actuality no clinic 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 asked outside the examining room to discuss the test they had both of us together. I overheard one of the doctors saying-interesting to one of us: “Yes, I guess we were playing the same role.” For a minute I was too taken back to say anything. I told Robert what I had heard: “Inex,” 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 Berkley, there is a very informative article called “Fascism, How to Get Fucked and Like It.” The article goes into some depth about the roles of the fucker and the fucker. How to be a good fucker. How to get fucked and like it. . .

May there be no creativity in roles except in destroying the role that has already been created for you.

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On March 6, 1971 we received a special delivery letter "terminating" our employment at Brown & Delhi Bookstore (6th Ave & 13th st., 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 refunded with full back pay to be contributed to the Gay Liberation movement. We also demanded that Brown & Delhi Bookstore stock Gay Liberation literature. This letter 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.

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 Brown & 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 they have never been on the human rights line. We are far too bright to see 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 aversive merchants of his ilk thing twice before messing over Gay people. They, Gay People, will win even if it means protracted conflict.

Steve Brooks
Tim Elliot
gAy PriDe wEeK!
JuNe 18–27, 1971

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" 3:30pm at 7am continental breakfast. "Cabinet: An afternoon of Arts and Pleasures" - in the afternoon
GAA - Dance, 9pm ending with breakfast
DOB - Dance, 8-10pm

Sunday, 6/20
DOB - Discussion groups, banner & poster making for march, 2pm

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

Monday, 6/21
MSNY - Legal Clinic, 243 West End Ave., 6:15-9:15pm
GAA - Rap Happening, 7pm

Tuesday, 6/22
GAA - Play, "Requirements" performed by the Intense Family

Wednesday, 6/23
Demonstration against YMCAs in New York City, afternoon; contact Peter Boffeto 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 Clingan Burden bill, 10pm, assemble at 99 Wooster Street

Friday, 6/25
MSNY - Dance, place not set; for further info call 795-9916
GAA - Housing center, community pot luck supper (6pm), 2nd birthday party for gay liberation, 9pm.

Saturday, 6/26
CSLDG - All-day Gay Lib Forum, 9-6pm.

Will most likely be at Washington Irving H.S. For latest info, call 242-5273.
DOB - Dance, 8-10pm
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. 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.
WBAL - 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 Francisco
Seattle
London
Stockholm
Paris
parked small cars into the streets to stop traffic. At Dupont Circle we found several hundred (mixed with a few Biel and National Guardsmen. There was a ring of gas around the Circle, but no rocket fire. The Likewise looking not so straight then Shirley Temple, was arrested. Arrests were already starting to pile up. People with signs, bags full of demonstrators and there were Hertz Rents vans parked against the curbs and filled in the gaps between the cars became filled. Let Herbert put you two today.

The main boulevards of Washington were filled with traffic. The movement of most people on the streets was quickly halted 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 felt like they would suffer because people in seven villages in Nirwam would cost one million dollars would take them one minute away.

The war never ended in Washington. One young man who had just "plugged into the hip scene" as he told us, fresh from doing and told us that he admired us for coming so far to stay out in West Potomac Park. He told us the same of a restaurant in Georgetown where we could eat ‘cheap’, less than the other people; cheap and "chic".

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. Stephen’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. The note to exist in civil disobedience and be arrested was very tiny, maybe fifteen people out of a full church meeting. Politicians no woman spoke for any other women (one woman said something about continuing demos for that Guy, but the others just sat in silence)

The whole meeting seemed like a group of serious black male revolutionary 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 million pigs with their rifles in Georgetown. “You mean you’re all here to protect us” I quizzed as we walked past them. I still didn’t know then. We saw a brother dragged off by five pigs when his feet happened to land close to the protest line on the moment.

We were almost arrested for standing on a streetcorner between “no walk” and the same time the whole crowd was still only with two of my afflatoxins brothers. The other. This was the only thing the pigs 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 and he declared nothing had happened to him. Very few Gay people were arrested and plans were announced for the zap of the American Federation of Labor. It was that night in the Shafter Hotel. It was a monumental night that we had to live in the church. Again alternative living arrangements were arranged, this time at National Student Association. We were allowed to stay through we arrived. The next day 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 planned 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 it would be able to distribute it would not be at a loss for words at that time. About thirty people from the GayMayDay Trip arrived including several members of the Washington commune tilted into a VW van and a few cars and headed for the Shafter. Half of the men were in really fabulous drag, with wildly painted faces that accentuated the spontaneous, liberating attitude of brothers in drag who were not merely putting down women but were affirming identity in this particular Gay culture. The hotel was lowbrow with pigs. We got out of the van and the cars and began walking slowly in the pig cars and vans cruised back and forth in front of the hotel. We were really frightened, more so than earlier that day. The queens were so great and eating the applause that sometimes I did not know where they were. In fact I did not think of them. Our saw the garage entrance that lead to the Regency Room where the queens were congratulating themselves upon the lies that they were able to bring forth about Gay. In the park any woman cannot‘support’ their new roles as priests of the plastic culture. I saw the queens and brothers from the Shafter who had been infiltrating in tie-coat earlier.

I asked 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 entrance to it before any new nazi could be spotted.

The noise coming from the Regency Room was like out of the Inferno. I tried to open the door, but a very black man was pulling it. 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 screaming.

I heard voices from inside the room shouting, Faggots! Drag queens! I ran down to the main entrance to the street and joined the GAA brother and another brother who had not been able to get into the room.

A pig began to follow us and we split up and began to walk very coolly and slowly, then I saw all of our people starting out of the Regency Room. It was a long event. A pose of cursing shrinks. A pig cop asked us what the conclusion was, and we paid the pigs with our own money. 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 cop rushed us. A few got away from the car, the pig cops got off 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 Boys Go Marching In". The feeling at that time was so high that I could hardly control myself. I just wanted to kiss and hug everybody. We had done this incredible thing we had got into that hotel. Many policemen were outside, pigs ringed with pigs. The police there had not 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 broad. But he showed up a few hours later, and it was complete that none of us had been busted and that the tap had been very effective because Frank Kameny from Washington Mattachine had been allowed to speak and he had spoken and the most revolutionary step of the day 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 overthrowing strangers for such a short time and loving them. Tom was supposed to take the bus back with Rick and me. We could find him near the Lincoln Monument where we supposed to meet the buses that NYU had chartered.

A group of women sitting in front of us talked Women’s Liberation and the anarchy in the movement and in Washington. We felt free to touch each other, to be Gay now. Without feeling like constant guerrilla theater actors, something I had not felt in straight society in a long time.

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 about Jim, but I was missed and we felt less complete without him.

Come Out! note: This article is reprinted from “Come Together”, the newspaper of the London Gay Liberation Front. The address of the London GFLF is: 5 Cadogan Place. London SW1. To inquire about 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 Wolfenden Report that legalized homosexuality.

Firstly I must say. I am a queer - perhaps one of the campiest of all. Since the GFLF three months ago, I have been asking myself. Why?!, and I am happy with myself. I ask the first question because I see myself as being part of the mainstream, although obviously feminine, are not queens at last. I think I’ve got the answer. First of all, when I was launched into the world by God, I was a little boy. When I was conditioned by Gay Society into being camp - it was the thing to be. All my friends had grown through the same process, and my older friends 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 I stop? Where will you ask me to stop? Where indeed? To me, coming out was simply to camp oneself in front of straight. 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 he was smart enough to be straight. No, they all said. Don’t take any notice of all the queers said; they’re only men and what do they know? to say. And right out of the Gay World, Sad isn’t it? I was one of its victims, and if it was possible to do so, we would reject it. But these are.

"Am I happy?" Well I’ve decided out. Life shouldn’t be one long ego trip and a daily performance seven days a week; fifty two weeks a year gets boring for everyone. What can I do? This is hard to answer. Just don’t camp - be yourself, the rest will take care of it. I am a little bit crazy and very "aware", so I enjoy the lively GFLF meetings, and I get quite excited when I go to ballroom dances, and souls back at someone else. Then someone says something about a lot of screaming queens & men. What I say myself, queers have a right to be 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. Arms passed in front of me. They pressed cold clothes to my head and I woke in a shiver of cold towels. What is wrong with him they asked? Where am I? I asked. The room continued to revolve.

I felt 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. I cease to exist.

He is just an old jake. 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.

Be glad for the War.

Be glad for the War.

Be glad that a war is going on.

So that men can no longer ignore the beast of male-chauvinism, proving inside of them, blazing at their insides eroding in old-fashioned, normal, good-natured destruction so that people can no longer ignore the insanity of capitalism instead of shedding 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 is 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 alleys.

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

GAY LIBERATION X WORD

29. Joy (heavenly)
30. Horse
31. Hymn
32. Hat
33. Website
34. Russia
35. Boston
36. South
37. Wisconsin
38. Central
39. Eastern
40. New
41. West
42. North
43. Pacific
44. Arizona
45. Nevada
46. Texas
47. California
48. Montana
49. Idaho
50. Utah
51. Wyoming
52. Colorado
53. New Mexico
54. New Mexico
55. Colorado
56. Montana
57. Idaho
58. Utah
59. Wyoming
60. Nevada
61. Arizona
62. California
63. Oregon
64. Washington
65. Idaho
66. Montana
67. Wyoming
68. Utah
69. New Mexico
70. Colorado
71. Nebraska
72. South Dakota
73. North Dakota
74. Minnesota
75. Iowa
76. Wisconsin
77. Michigan
78. Ohio
79. Indiana
80. Kentucky
81. Tennessee
82. Mississippi
83. Alabama
84. Georgia
85. South Carolina
86. North Carolina
87. Virginia
88. West Virginia
89. Maryland
90. Delaware
91. New Jersey
92. Pennsylvania
93. New York
94. New York
95. New York
96. New York
97. New York
98. New York
99. New York
100. New York
in solitary confinement for five or ten days, more or less, with the parole board is very likely to get a ‘stop’ which means another year to do because of what he has done. WHAT HAS HE DONE?? Is love such a crime that his emotional and/or mental health - pay 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 arealistic process of gender identification with the opposite sex, beginning in the very early years of childhood. Thus this identification with the opposite sex is regarded as a convention that ‘is meant 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 been abandoned before. 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 male mates, to prevent the general convention. This request was denied and I was and am yet forced to live in a one man cell. Later, seeking to isolate me from the other prisoners, I asked the psychiatrist telling him of my problem of transvestism and asked for his recommendation that the much needed sex change operation be performed. 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. The parole board went out of its way to point out my difference and then punished me for being different. The parole member agreed with the fact and said true when he said ‘you are, different, aren’t you’.

In December of 1971 I received a letter from the doctor who was in charge of the operation. This doctor stated: ‘we have tried to stick 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 months or a year in the new sex roles. Unless a man 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 Blue 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 64-60.

The measure was sponsored by Assemblymen (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 disinclination against homosexuals.’ Assemblyman Joseph L. DiQue (D-Queens), voted for the bill and asserted that those opposed it were doing so to ‘secure [their] heterosexual identity’.

sterility and homosexuality.

Continued from pg 11

Fucking has lost most of its connection with reproduction and in the past which gave it a beautiful communication between people. But ‘transvestism’ is nothing that people in marriage mean when they say ‘men do not go to the transvestite’ and fucking is something that people do out ‘on the streets’. Also fucking is something that homosexuals do, which do not suffer from ‘vulgar’ and ‘fucked’. If fucking could be something that men do and was a ‘gay’ (therefore libeled) thing, not just an activity but a thing to be shared, then there would be no recreating of those old ‘Men and woman roles and fucking would be very beautiful and pleasant together.

Where there is fear, there hate only to be not much else. Loving days 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 being afraid of nothing to afraid of, in which case all of the violence and ugliness has been based in. With us believe that the real life that they are most afraid of: the reality of their own sterility which they protect by doing sex instead of sex and the destruction of the real joy. Gay is releasing real joy. Not just the old capitalist shit of the painted-On Mas America has presented itself. In order for me to be for the period of six months or a year as a woman, socially and sexually does not mean that I may qualify for surgery, 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 that the prisoners are to handle all legal action, legal 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 experience 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.

CHRIS WHEELER
no. 213735

I N A W O R L D O F D A R K N E S S

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.

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 their own 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?

No, you don’t. But it’s the world of mortality.

And nothing but coldness from the day we were born to the day we die.

No, you don’t. You don’t understand us of the gay life or you would 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 Mesure.
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 please the Gay Movement. My friend replied that I was being asked as an articulate spokesman, since I had been in GLF and Radicalesbians, and not as a representative of a particular faction. With my characteristic lack of modesty, I acquiesced. She then told me about a fellow named Brian Yaffe and confirmed the invitation. 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 Halper (who has the Hell is Fair?), and would call me back, but that everything was fine. He never called back. Two days later, after several phone calls, I tracked him down in Washington. I wanted to find out if I was indeed going to speak, so I could make appropriate preparations, rather than just stepping on the top of my head to half a million people. At first, my letter was finally told that I would be speaking. The National Peace Action Committee (NPAC) 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 mind. Then I realized that I was asking for that standard procedure is to ask someone if she would like to speak, if she accepts, you get a speaker; if not, you look for someone else. These people had asked me to speak, then gave me a time and date to report, and, in the end, I began to feel like I had been beggining them for the right to speak, when all I really wanted to do was give a hole in Lake George and develop a poetic that somewhere. Now the way to figure out if you've been fooled is by the Left is to ask yourself, "Would they do that to Kate Millet? Huey Newton? Abby Hoffman? Angela Davis? If they were your friends, that no one would dare move out of the superstars, you are being treated as a lackey, leading to a real lack of due as a human being. And it doesn't matter whether you are a speaker or a typewriter, whether you are a working-class person or a professor, this incident, I decided to investigate in order to find out what should happen to you and me. The New York Times said that the Socialist Workers' Party was running NPAC, and friends of mine who were working with NPAC said that NPAC counsel. Furthermore, they said that NPAC those who represent each constituency. Two months ago, after the only joker's Peace Party, wouldn't let gay people into their precious organization, I thought that it was the people who would be the Gay Movement. They had, in fact, encouraged people to come in. Now with their new policy of excluding gay people from the Party, I was there. So were fifty other women.

Cip has never been a part of the Gay Movement — now the SWP has appointed her to be our spokeswomen. Because the Women's Liberation Movement and the Gay Liberation Movements are so disorganized, the old white heterosexual man who run the SWP think they can send in their minions and co-opt us into Trotskyism. Is Cip's lesbianism dependent on the pleasure of these little old men? And about those other SWP gays who are now working so hard at taking over the Christopher Street Liberation Day Committee in the SWP have "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 do the day saying, and went down to the March with three lesbian friends of mine. Nothing notable on the whole except for a bust of construction Workers for Peace. We stuck a big Women's liberation symbol on our side window and got a few raisins from fatter and egg, as well as the cops. 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 Arizona stuff. We sat down and passed the food and drink. One guy had been hanged and another shot, so someone said the Lenin blessing and I did the same in Hebrew. The whole thing was one big open-air meeting, with some small bits of grass replacing incense. We made the sign of the rooster: the V for the first, and 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 is the depression, mass, itself, an experience of community which was incomparable in the 1950's. Somehow a lot of people have overcome these tears to the point where vastly different kinds of people were accepting each other on a mass level — but that minimum wasn't possible ten years ago, or even five years ago. Nobody freaked out at Viet Dom flag or at the Masses and communities Party. Nobody freaked at the Gay Liberation except the 'leaders' on the march, who were right behind the people. And the people knew something that no leader has been able to articulate.

Remember the gray flannel '50's? Remember them as a time when all of us in high school felt that we had no alternatives but to join the lock-step run-up the corporate ladder. The alternative was to cut off your hair, smoke dope, read Lawrence Ferlinghetti, McCarthyism, Spiritual expression meant Billy Caldwell'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 bastardize 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 prison of the five minute day and are trying to build a community together instead of competing with each other for the approval of the capitalist state. We have come out of the prison of trying to re-establish contact with the earth. We have returned to the earth and the most personal form of religious festival: the rites of spring. Every solstice has a spring festival. We have been the only ones, the 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 own solstices. We 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 megalomaniac, Christianity you can find in the megalomaniac, gay church. Gay-thanks are our spring festivals. The circle dance are a means of celebration. In fact, the circle dance is the most ancient form of dancing, current in social units between individuals and families to unite the tribe.

More than doctrine, more than reason, more than the combination of all the propaganda put out by all the movements in the country, it is the mystic experience of the community and communal support which will give people the strength to break out from old ties of the corporation jobs and the church. It is the experience of the collectives that gives gay people the strength to withstand the contempt of the right, middle and left, to come out of our isolation from our jobs and our pseudo friends, to find our real friends, those few grandsentimentos de amor which can give us the courage to pick up a gun.

E. B. Eades
Consciousness raising

Throughout the world gay people are gathering in consciousness raising groups. Some groups have been very helpful to the people who have joined them with little or no success. Many CR groups are attended by the people themselves and have a high turnover rate. The purpose of this article is to introduce the phenomenon of consciousness raising and also, perhaps, how consciousness raising groups already formed.

Consciously, the gay liberation movement CR is the vital process by which gay people develop an awareness of their condition. Up to now it has been the only really effective way by which gay people can become aware of the self-hated imposed on them by the society. Despite all the contrary, it is not possible for gay people to fight gay oppression without first establishing a gay consciousness. Gay organizations with a lot of enthusiasm can only support gay organizations with a lot of enthusiasm but cannot establish the oppression on itself by straight society. Thus a gay supporting gay consciousness for homosexuals is the same as a black supporting black consciousness by the Ku Klux Klan.

There are many people who supported the cause of the liberation without realizing it. They believed in the social justice of the cause as a general cause, but that the manipulation they received was not to differentiate between the white and the black, or the same and the different. Thus, they became the supporters of the cause without realizing it. The result was that they were not able to develop a consciousness of the cause, but rather a consciousness of the cause of the liberation. The result was that they were not able to develop a consciousness of the cause, but rather a consciousness of the cause of the liberation. The result was that they were not able to develop a consciousness of the cause, but rather a consciousness of the cause of the liberation.

A consciousness raising group is a group of gay people who have regular sessions together. By consciousness raising is meant to develop gay consciousness. Needless to say, everything that is a consciousness raising group should not be admitted into a gay consciousness raising group. Otherwise, the whole process is a sham. Ask women why the mere existence of men is a hindrance to the development of a woman’s consciousness. Or, as we have previously stated, look at the black liberation movement. Gay people should not be considered a consciousness raising group. This latter group is as it is implied by the word “encouragement.” Attacking and exposing people is a frequent mechanism of groups to encourage their own inadequacies. It is of dubious help to the person attacked. Gay people who have any grievances are made to feel inferior, inadequate, mentally ill. This tactic is useful to the victims to perpetrate their super human facade, the facade which makes the inferiority and inferiority of straight society. The victims are not satisfied with the mere deprivation of power; they bring gays into mental rehabilitation clinics as a stimulus for any group of people. Gay people are confronted by the socialization of the gay identity, and are told that they are not perfect, that all their difficulties lie within themselves; they are confronted with the ultimate solution, recognizing their lifestyle to adapt the straight consciousness of the group.

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

The benefits 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 consistent examination of our file styles. But, when we look at the alternatives—being blown out at an abusive enemy, or going to sex with a stranger—we can recognize the correctness of our course. And, when we consider the benefits, we can expect eagerly anticipate the real love that arrives with our new gay consciousness, which is unattainable in present straight society.

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Gay people searching for a nice place to meet often search in vain. Too often, we end up in bars, cruising spots, or being discussed at these places, not going out at all. Many liberation groups from these inception have realized 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 attempt to get rid of the uglyapparatus ways we meet one another. Our genuine ambition, somehow led us astray and we have failed. The trouble with these centers is that they are centers, 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 hurry to find any place at all to meet, has been to ignore making our centers where people can come and go and 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, group 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 aloud side them. A record player, decks of cards, Scrabble and games 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 820 West 82nd St. It is open specialty for Gay people on Sunday nights from 6-9pm.

MALE HOMOSEXUALS AS BOGUEY MEN

"The most bigoted outsider has always found lesbianism vaguely monstrous. If a bit of highbrow is much of our smartest intelligentsia still derides faggotry. Lesbianism is perverse, while faggotry is disciplined; 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, but faggotry is at last viciously punishable, or, at best, good for a gaugh." - Ned Korem in a letter to the Village Voice, May 20, 1971.

Therefore.

Gay male composers who go off to France to compose and write terribly nascistic 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 (card 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......

We are an effort to try to please those 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 assume 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 men who rely upon straight society for their own identification as human beings are NOT GAY and are most perverted!
A Lesbian is a lesbian is a Lesbian!

Photos by Cleo Bc002 - Free 0c002!

Vol.2, #76, page 21
COMING OUT AND GETTING BUSTED

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

I recently recalled the full depth of the experience of my first paddy wagon ride. Although I consider myself one of the few in my generation who has 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 D.C. in the spring of 1985, shortly after I had started a job with the D.C. Brotherhood. I was an after the bar party. I was busted 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 part of me really was gay. At the party I was justified in being with gay people; dancing with me was really erotic. But it turned out to be weird.

Suddenly a couple of men stood up and went into the ladies' room. And said, "You're 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 just a research paper," "I care here by mistake," etc. I moved near one of the windows, a chair was moved. (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 gracefully, about six and one hundred nervous guys. I shake now as all of this thing of the gay and I was pretty calm at the time. I 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 easier. But one accepted that gay parties were raided, and we should have been more aware of it.

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 pissing "guilty," we could go if we would have to wait and probably 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. To sum up, 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 - 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 was still still guilty of perjury, even though I hadn't been aware of it, when after I filed out my employment forms. After that, there was the whole thing of 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 we were discovered. I had to find my own individual solution.)

Well, I'm down to my degree now; 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 slaps and to hear people finding that I'm 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.
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 used to think about being a lesbian, which was so boring. I was just so busy with the idea of 'Lateness' to read. There was no real history in my coming out. It happened so naturally and spontaneously with my best friend, that I had no idea what it was. I was the kind of homemaker who was talked about by my parents and other 'adults'. I went to Catholic schools and according to them happening to be a 'lesbian' was not a problem, except sometimes between married couples. Therefore homosexuality was not an issue. Almost the same time I came out I had my first sexual experience with a guy, so in 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 mother called 'Brownsville'. I began hanging around Washington Square and allowed myself to get picked up by what I considered very well-dressed men and not just go out with them. I decided that I should never 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 young. I don't recall any unusual experiences, but I do remember being very impressed by how intelligent and well-read they all were. The more I learned about the AIDS epidemic, the more I thought that others didn't do this with men and gay, that they had to be crazy and stupid too, I stopped going there. All of a sudden I was not interested in the Catholic school I had been going to. Somehow the administration found out. I was sent to the principal and the gym teacher that told them she was always latching on in the conversations when the girls had to go to showers. Anyway, it was so strange, how people considered me a threat when I went to the eve of the church, I must have been considered a threat and convincing to condemn my sister. So the school officials couldn't bring themselves to tell my parents and I was focused on getting back to school where I would put up with the likes of me. After being in public high school for three months I somehow managed to get myself pregnant. I went to an abortionist in a pre-med student who a 'friend' had found for me. I had to work hard and get hard work and getting must go in to me because I went through a lot a heavy-er trips. What about three who killed a life and I could have killed myself. I was very excited about the whole thing even now. It was just a very interesting time with women doctors. I was excited about this time and it was the only thing that I even cared about seriously.

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

The next year I began getting into drugs a lot. The first drug I ever did was acid and during a month period I tried 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 I was gay and they couldn't handle it. They said I was sick but could be helped if I wanted to. I never thought of myself as sick before, but the more freaked out they got, the sicker I felt and for them to be so straight, I wanted them to care about me but they said that it was hard for them to accept my lesbianism. So I came into drugs to escape. The harder I tried to be straight the more dope I took and on and on it went until I got too hvad. Not that getting stoned straightening out was the answer brought new life and was more absorbing. I found that I was no longer able to dress up or be lady and not like 'some slut'. The school was more than happy to see me graduate even though I was a student. But I was an activist and didn't want any more of that. The last straw was when I began wearing pants to school and just to appease my parents I modified my dress code so that girls could wear pants.

The summer was eventful 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. In the end I lost, but on my side of the losing team I did a flash in the demonstration that the college ever had, which thrilled my parents no end. I was afraid to tell my roommates that I was a homo 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 we had a good laugh about it. He then told me that he was a man and liable to relative to her. During this time I had the misfortune to meet one of "Busters" from the college's political leaders, in true form of most politicians he turned out to be an incredible pervert. He knew I was a person and I was not to be desperate for love, I bided. As it turned out I was not only hustling men but women as well. I made it a rule to tell my roommates that I was a woman and not to be desperate for them.

One night last March, I was sitting home bored stiff and watching the TV and there was this program about homophobia there were members of several different homophobic organizations present. It was a first time that I was even aware they a gay movement existed, although I had known about PHR for several years. There were three women on who I was really digging. I didn't know that what groups they belonged to. None of the women looked at 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 found that there was going to be an all-women's dance on Saturday. I kept thinking about the scene and I was really interested.

I really became a gay. The Gay movement 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 was confused about how women were. They all danced together and everybody seemed to know everyone else. Eventually began going to a lot of meetings and the Radicals dance meetings. I soon realized that I couldn't live with my family anymore and that it was vital to my growth as a lesbian and to live in a gay community. With the help of some Radicals I soon found a place to live and went and lived there. I was living on my own.

I couldn't understand why I would want to live with a bunch of idiots and forbade me to go. So I told them I would be a lesbian and a lot of hateful words passed between us, he really got pissed and proceeded to heat the shit out of me and then threw me out. That happened last April and now it's spring. I've changed in many ways. I just don't like the idea of being gay or lesbian any longer. I've lost the sense of an identity. I feel like I'm not gay or lesbian any longer, but I'm not sure. I'm still interested in the gay community and I'm still gay. I'm just not sure any more. I'm just not sure any more.
COME OUT!

A LIBERATION FORUM BY & FOR
the lesbian community

25¢
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NYC

A WEEKEND OF LOVE, SPRING 1971

love each other love ourselves
vol 2 no 7b spring-summer 1971

Vol 2, #7B back page, page 24