come out!

a liberation forum for the gay community

Winter 1972 Vol 2 issue 8
Dear Steve Gavie and Come Out!

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

It seems, in the negative sense, to see a system as either a satisfactory or unsatisfactory replacement. This system reflects the struggle that has taken place to put it into effect. If there is no content, no opposition, no assimilation, no alienation, and an indifference to gay politics. With the political power to do anything about it, it certainly to women and gay people, how can there be a political response that can collectively embrace the struggle. It is not my business, by now, to demand sympathy or moral reforms from anyone, including the sexist male left, if there is oppression, then I am present for a political movement, in which case the left would be confronted with a real choice, and a real imperative. Consciousness is not a movement in itself.

Belgium, China, and Cuba have been consistent in their treatment of homosexuals, but they are not necessarily examples of the limits of socialism. All these countries have dealt with the problems, but not with the resolution. I am sure that if I was a more radical socialist than I am, which I have enjoyed a long tradition of bourgeois revolution, would be different, open to new possibilities. I am also aware that xenophobia and gay issues are not necessarily raised, then the results of a revolution here and there and minor. That makes the real work of women and gay people quite important.

On behalf of the sexist male left then, I would urge you to politicize yourselves and then to go on to something about social materialist dialec.

Black communists see racism as bad for everyone, and are actively involved in trying to win over white racist workers. They know that without white they cannot win, that nobody wins.

Dear Brothers, Sisters,

I was receiving your paper a brother was sending it to me, and I would allow them to enter (They can't stand the truth)

I'm grateful for your paper because it is the only way brothers and sisters can get the truth. So for this reason I would like for you to place my name on the personal column, I would like to correspond with socialism and progressive is based on a world-visions that overshadows simple personal likes and dislikes, then it can last as something more powerful and, even revolutionary.

Sincerely,
Max Swickwick
All You Can Eat
New Brunswick, New Jersey 08903

Dear Steve Gavie and Come Out!

I am enclosing 15 cents for your list of international gay organizations. To bother you with a few lines about me: I am a gay poor (fig.), 16 years old, and live in Fairhaven, New Jersey, which is in the Red Front. I would like to say that I have a friend in New York City who knows me well, anyway, my problems are the other complete isolation and alienation I have felt in the past. I feel it is far from N.Y.C. and hence few gay people live here. Those few that I know I know by name, but they are more interested in my own personal life, and few gay consciousness raising, coffeehouses, etc. organizations around this area, or in Monmouth County N.J. We have a few mixed groups, and gay bars around here, but I can't dig that because of its uniformity, unity and atmosphere and there is no one there who I can talk to or can help me, especially since the other over 21 set. I have contacted GAY YOUTH in N.Y.C., but that isn't much help either because it is hard to get up there since I am too young to drive. I had there phone number, but it got canceled and I don't know how to get there. I really appreciated it too.

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

Your Name withheld because of age by Come Out! Collective.

Come Out! is published by the Come Out! collective seasonally organized, in April, July, October.

Subscription price is $6 for 12 issues. The office of publication is 752 9th Ave. (4c), New York, NY 10019.

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

Sisters and Brothers of Come Out,

As I was reading the last issue of Come Out! (vol. 2-78), I found an article, the series of questions you got from Gayline, that I must say I'm very much. Since the article was not signed I assume that the editor's of the paper take responsibility for that and I've been writing.

First, I must say that the questions asked about the Communist Party are very real questions - ones I've never heard them answer. What I didn't like straight away is that Gayline chose people where there was every reason to. To ask questions ween the people who answered the question, when almost all that was said about the CP could and should be aired in public, so that people can understand why they're not getting on. Also, I felt that some of the questions put forward were not done in a way that was meant to be constructive. For example, asking whether the CP is so infiltrated with pigs that Washington is not really a policy for them. Another question is that the contemporary organization is infiltrated by pigs right now, the CP is hardly an exception, but that's - doesn't mean that they put through the people we criticize our friends as if they were enemies, which I'm sure that is incorrect of those specific organizations. Another question was about the CP. In fact, the question was about the CP. In fact, the question was about the CP, but it was bawled out so quickly, criticism for publishing them. I can't imagine why this was so - the one that was asked in good faith - in order to get more information about the case. To ask if the CP is an intelligent organization, for being confused about the case, I'd be in pretty good shape. Never before in the history of the party has there been an official statement that the country for someone as they have to Angel. To ask why was she caught in a white section of town on a late night and she was carrying some thing she could stay out of the pig's clubs. If she made any mistakes in that area, I'm not sure now that they are going to become. What she needed was an open statement about the case (giving in a way that cannot be used by opportunists), not that we should attack her escape plans or speculates of how she had done this or that...

The above questions and answers were written by the author the Communist Party. What happened in Florida, or about breaking Party discipline, was the case answer, and I was asked. And I definitely think that it is high time that the gay line and all revolutionaries got their attention to the political education about the history and methods and failings of left-wing groups.

sent with love
Jim Jones

Though I'm not the author of the Angel Davis article, I feel a response is necessary since, I believe the writer of the above letter has not understood the article. The articles in the article to question treated Angel Davis. The idea is not: Angela is a traitor, let's shut her in the back. Rather it is: An intelligent revolutionary does not automatically jump on bandwagons, especially bandwagon crimes, especially important crimes, that replace the genocide of gay people. At this late date the partial explanation given is only to underscore the idea put forth in the article. For as there being many good people in the Communist Party, I think the statement.

Steve Gavne

this issue brought to you by
Perry Brass
Steve Brooks
Joy Broy
Clayton Cavin
Deborah Goldstein
Vivian Grace
Stephan M. Hatcher
Martha Shelley

Dear Donald,

I am writing to the above address to let you know that I have received your letter. I would like to say that I am very glad to hear from you. I would like to say that I am very glad to hear from you.

Donald Pichon
Cubanize 89282

Dear Mr. Pink, Pennsylvania, Pennsylvania 16052

1. Our Letters

Peace and Power, Editor's Notes:

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

My reasons for writing this is in hope to gather information on this, your portion of opposition, for I am aware that the straight society is hard on your way of life and through reading various articles and excerpts from newspapers and literature I feel that in order to obtain your consciousness raising, coffeehouses, etc. organizations around this area, or in Monmouth County N.J. We have a few mixed groups, and gay bars around here, but I can't dig that because of its uniformity, uniformity and atmosphere there is none of one there who I can talk to or can help me, especially since the other over 21 set. I have contacted GAY YOUTH in N.Y.C., but that isn't much help either because it is hard to get up there since I am too young to drive. I had there phone number, but it got canceled and I don't know how to get there. I really appreciated it too.

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

New College is a hedge pseudo-experimental haven, designed to apathetic students with repressive tolerance as though it were the liberation they really hungered for instead. Calling itself "the Harvard of the South," it is rather a fake Goddard or Anisch. It offers no sweat-pot-smoking, narcissistic encounter games, and sexual liberty for straight (mostly upper-middle class) men: they beat up queers and call orientation "Rape Week." The college seeks out the highly intelligent and the highly rebellious — those over 20 who are potentially dangerous to the status quo. The cooling out process is remarkably effective. Also, standing on the edge of a black ghetto, the college is unbelievably racists; instead of a significant number of scholars to the black community, free guickmores are offered to ghetto children on Halloween.

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

Monday, November 1, 1977, we presented our Demands to President Elendtrom, after he tried to divert us and then sneak out a side door. That night, at an emergency "town hall" meeting, Elendtrom called our demands a threat to the existence of the college, thus creating a kangaroo court atmosphere among alarmed students.

Tuesday, November 2, without adequate notice, Elendtrom summoned us to a secret meeting, during which he promised not to support them, not to intimidate us, particularly about the dangers of pressing our case further — whether in releases to the college, to the media, or the national Gay Liberation movement.

Wednesday, November 3, we walked into a faculty meeting, nationally on strike, and named the demands of homosexuals whose life and times merited attention as part of an affirmative action program, contrary to DeMott's mockery.

Monday, November 8, after growing love and support, we developed a direct action: our own sexism and feminism, Smash Heterosex—Sexism, building toward the trustees' meeting on November 10.

Wednesday, November 10, a notice of the homosexual jailings appeared in the two Sarasota newspapers. We sent a New College trustee. We took this as a direct warning concerning the next gay action. We issued Thoroughbred Games, our dawn indictment of the college — so far — in the context of the increasing ugliness of mood on campus. We moved, now, only in tactical groupings. We did not feel safe except when we were working, eating, and sleeping together.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ON FREE DOMANDS. This attempt to set two oppressed groups against each other, in competition for his approval, was male supremacism of him. Our male supremacy was evident: hence, in that we let this slur go unanswered. On another occasion, he used the term "gals" in speaking to us — which we failed to challenge: each time. And indeed, we were exasperated. Second, in the demands themselves, we incorrectly included the oppression of lesbians along with our own. Although in some instances we were not permitted to speak only for ourselves, in others we actually expressed demands on their behalf in true male fashion. Throughout history, men have assumed the right to speak for women; it is imperative that we put an end to his oppressive practice. This is also in our own self-interest, since the hetero-sexist, masculinist mentality is the source of our oppression, and is thus our enemy, even when it crops up within ourselves.

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

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

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

contin on page 10
The article is about the use of marijuana in public places, specifically at the gay bar in Boston. It discusses the challenges of enforcing laws on marijuana use, especially in places like the gay bar, and the implications of such laws on the community. The text is written in a narrative style, using quotes and anecdotes to illustrate the points made. The author, a member of the gay community, expresses concern about the enforcement of marijuana laws and the impact on their community. The article also includes interviews with people from the gay community and law enforcement officers, providing a variety of perspectives on the issue.
Gay Jewish Revolution Continues

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

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

From The Wall

Noach Levenson

John Hersey Ed.

WE OPPOSE RACISM

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

WE OPPOSE SEXISM

Even when the project is built, it will discriminate against Gay People, Single People, and Living Collectives (Kibbutzim). The New York City Housing Authority only recognizes the heterosexual family as a legitimate life style. Therefore Gay People, Single People, and Unmarried People with Children are being denied decent, integrated, housing at rents they can afford. This perpetuates the genocidal and pogroms that Gay People have undergone for over 5000 years.

WE AS GAY JEW DEMAND:

1. The construction of Public, decent, integrated housing for all People at rents they can afford.

2. We therefore demand that all American personal and resources now being used for warfare be immediately withdrawn from places where they are neither wanted nor needed. We demand that these swords be converted to plowshares. Let us turn Tanks, Pilots, and Guns into the Builders, Cranes, and Bricks needed to saw the seeds of a better world.

GAY JEWISH REVOLUTION

come out!

Box 233

Times Square station

New York, N.Y. 10036

Current projects of Liberation House Gay Collective includes:

...crisis counseling

...organizing women's and men's coming-out groups

...consciousness-raising groups

...organizing gay groups in the boroughs

...hunting gay...helping gay people form their own living communities

...housing and job counseling

...a food coop

...starting a cooperative crafts workshop

...learning to provide emergency help to gay sisters and brothers with drug problems

...community meals

...re-education workshops and seminars

...starting a health clinic

These projects are centered around our basement storefront at 247 W. 11th St. If you'd be interested in joining the Collective, or if you'd like to participate in any of our projects and activities, or if you'd like to be in touch, come see us or call (212) 243-7521.

SISTERS AND BROTHERS, LET'S GET IT TOGETHER!

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

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

In the next issue.

motive comes out

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by Alice Bloch

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

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

Vol. 2, #8, Page 5.
GAY AND THE REVOLUTION

I grew up on a farm in Flat Rock, Pa., a tiny little place about two hours’ drive from Philadelphia. Flat Rock has a post office, but no stores, not even a gas station. A visit to the post office is a minor adventure in Brooklynville. It was a small high school; there were only 60 students in my graduating class, and of course we all knew each other.

I don’t know if any of my classmates figured out I was gay. They knew at least that I was: I was good at sports, that I threw a baseball “like a girl,” and that alone caused me to experience a lot of alienation. But I never was a real outcast. I discovered a good way to overcome my inadequacy at sports, and that experiences would change me for the better.

I started reading sports news for the local town weekly and I became the manager of the different teams. Now, if you don’t know what a manager is, I’ll tell you: he is a glorified towel boy. While I always felt there was something strange about that role, and I used to wonder if people were thinking unkind things about me, I found myself enjoying the position. You could say I thought of myself as some sort of administrative assistant to the coach. Or you could say, as they do in the professional sports world (so I’ve been told), that I was a “jock sniffer.” At least, I was a competent towel-keeper and time-keeper (I cheated once and this enabled our team to win the section championship, though I’ve never told anyone about it.

As for being towel boy, the truth is that I didn’t mind the role. Toweling off swimmers gave me a perfect excuse to walk in and out of the locker room, myself fully clothed, and I saw every boy’s beautiful naked body. At night, I closed my eyes and imagined each boy’s cock and balls — I definitely had my favorites — and with such glorious visions I fell asleep.

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

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

Now, you will remember that my home in Flat Rock was five miles away from the school in Brooklynville. The bath house of the school was for transport kids who participated in after-school activities, but Flat Rock was the last stop on a very long circuit and I was not in a situation for a convenient connection, each day at 5 p.m., with Pete, the mailman. It was a 10 minute drive in his white pick-up truck from the Brookville post office to the little one-room post office in Flat Rock. Riding with Pete became a routine for me. I’d leave the practice sessions, walk a half-clock to the post office, hop in Pete’s truck, and off we’d go. I was 15.

Pete was in his 40s. If you were looking for a derogatory term for Pete, you might call him a hick, a hillbillie, a booby, or a dumbass. But he was the kind of person who has no notion of commanding authority, who is uncultured, and if the dominant partner agrees to play the role of the office, the scene is set. It is the opinion of

(by "Larry S" member of the Euleanplosi Society, but the opinions expressed here are not necessarily those of the Society.)
One day, with the joke-swapping routine established, Pete suddenly said, smiling and looking directly at my crutch. "Looks like you have a boner there." I guess I do," I said, somewhat embarrassed. Then Pete reached over with his hand and squeezed my crutch.

It felt good, and I didn't object.

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

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

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

"What about you, spring," Pete said, "how you like to go to the drives with me?" "OK," I said. Drives being synonymous with sex, I anticipated that Pete's meaning was straightforward. The point was, not exactly sex, but some sort of virtual foreplay. I was willing to go along with this if I was to get my crutch that I was going to the drives on clere with Pete, and they showed no negative reactions towards me.

The weekend came, and so did Pete in his pick-up truck, and off we went to the theater. I don't remember the movie we were seeing, except that there was a scene where the man killed the woman in her bed, and it made me feel uncomfortable. So I shot up instead of going to the movies with Pete, and they showed no negative reactions towards me.

The next week, and so came Pete in his pick-up truck, and off we went to the theater. I don't remember the movie we were seeing, except that there was a scene where the man killed the woman in her bed, and it made me feel uncomfortable. So I shot up instead of going to the movies with Pete, and they showed no negative reactions towards me.

writer that the ideas found in section 5-8 are more essential to S.M. than usually realized by non-S.M. people. It should be noted that this was "given in receiving of pain" or "S.M." in the strict sense of the word, also frequently occurs.

9. One classical understanding is true of "pure," or "pure S.L." and those who can switch from one role to another depending on mood and/or partner. Don't be offended if I have "pure" hobby into your knowledge." isn't either that you must be all one, or the other, or that everyone is always both.

CRITICISMS OF SM AND REPLIES

1. "This stuff turns me off, I positively disgust me!" Reply: Not only do most heterosexuals think of this as homosexuality in general, (and sometimes vice versa), but many think it is this, and this is homosexuality (and vice versa). I imagine that we of the more radical wing in the Gay Liberation Movement are _sour grapes_ about it (Quo Que to Roussea). "I am disgusted by what you do in bed but I will defend to the death your right to do it." 2. "These Sexual Stuff turns me off;" Reply: We know that the word "sick" is merely the pseudo-scientific version of the ancient moral terms "maul, hateful to God," and the resulting societal term "illegal." "Homo sexuals are sick." "Transvestites are sick." - we've heard enough of this garbage! Just as Gay liberation is the time being Gay, so S.M.'s have a wonderful time doing their thing, and enjoyment of any kind cannot be "sick."" 3. "These Sexual Stuff turns me off;" Reply: We know that the word "sick" is merely the pseudo-scientific version of the ancient moral terms "maul, hateful to God," and the resulting societal term "illegal." "Homo sexuals are sick." "Transvestites are sick." - we've heard enough of this garbage! Just as Gay liberation is the time being Gay, so S.M.'s have a wonderful time doing their thing, and enjoyment of any kind cannot be "sick."" 4. "S.M. perpetuates violence, and the exploitation oppression characteristic of imperialist cultures. (I regard this as the strongest criticism). First reply: When we say: "two gay S.M. men met each other", we are speaking of the same kind of usually chance meeting, that any two gay males may have on the streets, in the parks, in bars, at parties, clubs (incl. G.L.F., G.A.A., etc.) in other words, two fellows strike up a conversation, get a general understanding of each other's desires, and voluntarily agree to have a sexual encounter which may be, (I hope not) new life-style. In other words, rules are not AUTOMATICALLY bad, even for the radical wing of Gay liberation; they must be evaluated by each person for himself and in terms of his total consciousness. What the radical Gay movement should desire is total individual freedom, which means the freedom to reject roles or to choose them if one wishes. 5. "S.M. perpetuates violence, and the exploitation oppression characteristic of imperialist cultures. (I regard this as the strongest criticism). First reply: When we say: "two gay S.M. men met each other", we are speaking of the same kind of usually chance meeting, that any two gay males may have on the streets, in the parks, in bars, at parties, clubs (incl. G.L.F., G.A.A., etc.) in other words, two fellows strike up a conversation, get a general understanding of each other's desires, and voluntarily agree to have a sexual encounter which may be, (I hope not) new life-style. In other words, rules are not AUTOMATICALLY bad, even for the radical wing of Gay liberation; they must be evaluated by each person for himself and in terms of his total consciousness. What the radical Gay movement should desire is total individual freedom, which means the freedom to reject roles or to choose them if one wishes. 6. "S.M. perpetuates violence, and the exploitation oppression characteristic of imperialist cultures. (I regard this as the strongest criticism). First reply: When we say: "two gay S.M. men met each other", we are speaking of the same kind of usually chance meeting, that any two gay males may have on the streets, in the parks, in bars, at parties, clubs (incl. G.L.F., G.A.A., etc.) in other words, two fellows strike up a conversation, get a general understanding of each other's desires, and voluntarily agree to have a sexual encounter which may be, (I hope not) new life-style. In other words, rules are not AUTOMATICALLY bad, even for the radical wing of Gay liberation; they must be evaluated by each person for himself and in terms of his total consciousness. What the radical Gay movement should desire is total individual freedom, which means the freedom to reject roles or to choose them if one wishes.

AND THE REVOLUTION
The Radical Radish Adventure - A Continuing Saga

Part 1 - One year ago

Dykes of the world unite! Pick up the gun!

You're quite a woman. Let's break the prison.

And we'll always be around to meet each others needs.

The sound of knitting needles is heard from behind a locked door.

I never go anywhere without my lover.

I've got 3 new lovers since that groovy 99 bar opened.

Kee-yah!
"You may see him then."  

We went into Jim's room. It was half lit and smelled of all kinds of serious medicines. They had already removed one of the tubes from his arm and he was sitting up against a pillow. He was talking to the woman next to him. He was very talkative and seemed to be enjoying himself.

"I lost all of you," he said. "When we got out, we must have other each other. I feel like I've been here for so long." He paused for a moment. "We all have, you know." He was talking to the woman next to him. He seemed so young and warm in his hands which was old and cooler, but moist. "It has been so good of you," he said, "to love me now."  

"I'll need you," I protested.  

"You are so much younger than I am."  

"I was forty three years ago."  

For a moment we looked at each other. It was as if time was a bridge that we were looking back and forth over at each other. He still held my hand and I did not resist it, I went the first step he held my hand last year when I first became a part of the three of them. Mark was trying very hard not to cry, Mark who had been so very good at making cocktails and talking about the revolution that had taken place so many years ago when I was still a teenager. He used to talk. Chatter all of the time and now, now he was chocked with tears. He couldn't speak a word.

I left them for a moment. They were both holding his hands. They were looking like people on the landing of boats, getting ready to say goodbye. The doctor came over to me. He was her very long hair in the old style, like pictures from old magazines.  

"Are you his next of kin?"  

"Yes," I said.  

"Where is his wife?"  

"We are all his wife."  

"I only see three men."  

"I told you we are his next of kin."  

"We need his next of kin for the certificate of release. I don't believe any of you is his next of kin. We'll have to keep his body there and here until we find the next of kin."  

"I told you we are his next of kin."  

"He has no children! He is an old man."  

"We are all his children."  

Suddenly his lips curled into a slight smile. "No daughters!"  

The doctor persisted in sticking his hands in and out of the pockets of his smock. It was made of a strange kind of paper. I was sure it would break. He also shook his head up and down as if he were making a list. I didn't understand why the doctor was not there. Hospital doctors were notorious for giving us hard time. They were the only ones who signed the record that gave women and Gay people autonomy. He still had a modicum of power in the State and made sure everybody knew it.

"We are all his daughters," I finally said. Suddenly I became very angry. "If you don't stop this, I'm going to report this to the Committee on the Extended Family."  

He nodded his head once more: "then you are all homosexuals."  

"If you insist on categorizing us as such."  

I thanked him. Such a bit of a lot was always there. Even as Jim who had lived through incredible sights, and by hospital fear, who grew up when men were afraid to be known as homosexuals or Gay or anything other than the codified code of class which had been superseded by the Revolution: even as Jim was dying, I had to deal with this reactionary.

"Your friend has been here for a week," he finally said.  

"I don't understand what he was getting at. "What are you talking about?"  

"It's just that we don't like to keep people here any longer than we have to. That's why I've got to have the name of his next of kin."  

"I told you that we are his next of kin."  

"I can never understand what you people have for each other."  

"Maybe you were never meant to."
What is most infuriating is that even if INTRO 475 is passed, it will give Gay people scant protection against the harassment and abuse we suffer daily. The bill gives no protection to the "obvious homosexual." So we will still be expected to act straight on the job. And Transvestites are left out altogether! Such an outrage — even if we win we still lose! In either case the Gay People end up as stepping stones to the Politician. He toys with our feelings as if they were a play for his ambitions.

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

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

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

What lessons can we learn from the INTRO 475 hearing? The first lesson is that we can never win at a game where the rules change at the whim of the Dealer, and the cards are stacked to boot. Why should we be blamed and wonder, "What did I do wrong?" In a crooked card game the mark cannot win no matter what tactics are employed. The only thing to do with a cheat is to knock the cards out of his hand.

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

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

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

So sisters and brothers remember that transvestites are not the queer of our community; just think back on the events of the past two years and you should be proud that we are part of the community and you should try to gain more knowledge of your transvestite half brothers and sisters and our valid life style. Remember we started the whole movement that day of June of the year 1969. Street Transvestites Action Revolutionaries meet Friday at 6:00 p.m. at Martha Johnson's, 211 Eldridge Street, New York, N.Y. apt. 3. For information write: S.T.A.R., c/o Martha Johnson, at the same address.

POWER TO THE PEOPLE!
You're only pretty as you feel.

Wake up in the morning
I put on my new face for another day:
My image begins another lie
Another day of pretending.

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

I think that new kid down the block is a queer.

Hey, Smith, let's get a couple a broads and

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

You're only pretty as you feel, Only pretty as you feel inside is all about our daily oppression. Gay consciousness does not stop at 9 A.M. Come Out! 11.
TO A SISTER

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

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

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

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

— Heather
ACORN

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

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

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

— Martha Shelley
Proposal for a GAY CARE center—continued from last page by Alice Bloch

and be willing to revise constantly as needs appear and change.
As I perceive the needs of the gay community at this time, there are some things we could do and ways we could do them.

What We Could Do:

1) Be a crisis center with short-term living space. In some communities, this is a necessary and effective way of responding to people’s needs in various areas of life. This would mean we couldn’t refer them to outside agencies. We would have to have the money and help to want to help people discover what they really want and how they can get it and then to help them get it--it would be a professional service. We could not afford to make divisions among ourselves.

2) Be a drop-in center. We could have our doors open at all times and each other and people who would come to us in a time of crisis could soon help new people.

3) Be a workshop center where we could make and sell things. This would be good from a self-sufficiency point of view. (a) We’re going to need money to keep going, and while we’d hope to get funds from donations, benefit performances, etc., we can’t count on that to support us.

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

(b) We should be able to attract people. Someone who wandered in could immediately join us at work if she wanted to. Also, shopping would be a less risky thing to do. Some of us might be shooting up in the cities of Amsterdam, Paris, and London. We have sisters and brothers there who after the traditional European reserve and suspicion towards anybody or thing non-European will readily and wholeheartedly welcome your American sister and brother into their struggle for freedom. Its people in the struggles to make sure that the fight against Gay people against straight society.

Holland is a country and very liberal—liberal here in the sense that all European countries are with their very homogeneous populations and lack of democracy and socialism. This liberal homosexuality, however, severely hampers and postpones any revolutionary attempts at changing much less destroying the repressive alienating modes of government and institutions which are as much a sickness on the European scene as on our side. In some communities, this struggle for authority is maybe even stronger there than here, where the frontier and the West still exist more than a faded memory or a dream.

We talked in Amsterdam with such a liberal group and we were the surprised and extranged young people, radically living or opposing this weave good-willed representative of Dutch liberalism under which as a side issue important only for their very homogenous Dutch homosexuality. A very conclusive attitude can be gathered from the Dutch answer we received to our question as to how much damage to the nation’s people was caused by the official blackmail. We were told that the pictures themselves contained the key words and if this could not come about in this generation—then we must wait for the next. If we wait to long, however, we could be found as—lover, a apartment, a well-paid job, manicured toenails (not that toenails mustn’t look good), and then it’s too late. We could be found as—lover, a apartment, a well-paid job, manicured toenails (not that toenails mustn’t look good), and then it’s too late.

The gay liberation movement has become, and I am part of it. Pete, now 60 years old, still drives the mail truck from Brookville to Flat Rock. I saw him at the beginning of the Christina Church Street March in Amsterdam simultaneously with the New York March (as there had been in various other parts of the world. France, Italy, England, and so on). Dutch homosexuality had deemed this a wise thing to do; it was unfair to confront straight society with such a march of the naked. At least people are getting used to respectable and shapely image they were engaged in building into straight and gay society alike. I was lucky enough to see some of the key words and if this could not come about in this generation—then we must wait for the next. If we wait to long, however, we could be found as—lover, a apartment, a well-paid job, manicured toenails (not that toenails mustn’t look good), and then it’s too late. We could be found as—lover, a apartment, a well-paid job, manicured toenails (not that toenails mustn’t look good), and then it’s too late.

I have written an essay on the story of Peter’s life because of that his homosexuality has been (and still is) for the most part stationary. He is the story of Peter’s life because he is my brother, and because, in that struggle against sex and sin of 1956, he was my lover.

(editor’s note: Jonathan Stone writes frequently on gay liberation under the psuedonym H. S. Stone. His last given fictitious name is in himself and the main, and changed the locale, in order to protect the names of the friends in his family to contend with. This is a true story.)
Coming Out in Australia

Dennis Altman

Have you given a talk on Gay Liberation to the local...
Homosexual Liberation
by Dennis Altman
Reviewed by Andrew Dwork

First, general impressions: Nobody’s going to stay up all night to read this one, except, perhaps, those who are very serious about the book. But that’s heavy, Dennis Altman’s book. A 27-year-old Australian political scientist who taught at N.Y.U., Adelphi and now the University of Notre Dame. He is not in the least a polemical, and study, and as he puts it in what is probably the book’s only witty or concise remark, “Bring an academic and a movement together and one produces a book.”

The book Altman, as I must call him (hateful to call him a gay brother, that way by his last name; it creates a strange, depersonalized, and I was reading a N.Y. Times Book Reviewer’s head) has produced is a learning experience. I am not entirely sure, to what we are, i.e., why a gay liberation movement at the particular time.

To this end, straight prophets of sexual liberation (Freud, for example, O. Browns, Frecceras, semigay Paul Goodman) are invoked by the shaft (film), and what we have to say is interesting, somewhat, very interesting, later.

But from a book whose subtitle is “Oppression and Liberation” one expects some of the stuff of life, the sense of what it means to be gay here, now, in an “out” world, and this comes not from abstract theory, but from personal testimony and experience. I feel that this is what is important to write about all of us ever, still at the point, this still takes for granted, are barely aware of, so much of the shit, so many of the limitations that society sets for us. Of such testimony, there is very little in this book.

(That Altman didn’t intend to write that sort of book, I strongly suspect. It’s not a book that he would have written, except, perhaps, that he would have written a book that says, “to change consciousness in an underdeveloped and once colonial state like Cuba must be in some ways the same as to change the consciousness of the Northern American West/Africa/East/Australia.” Of ol, Dennis)

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

The big, new idea in the book is that gay liberation is in the “child of the counter-culture,” e.g., or rock, drugs, living not to work but to live, of all that has happened to American youth culture in the last ten years. This is the book, “The Counter-Culture and Gay Liberation,” in which increased technology is seen as having made obsolete the dualism of mind and body, the two separate identities, of lesbians, men, women, and men, of homosexuals, this phenomenon, Altman feels, has softened the superbiafemal/male/female dichotomy that affiliated American society.

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

The book’s political viewpoint is radical: gay liberation means a revolution of society rather than an incorporation into it. On the one hand, gay liberation’s essential quality “lies in its assertion of gender and sexuality,” to feel shame or guilt at being homosexual, the real oppression we suffer is psychological.”

But, in two chapters entitled “Towards a Polysexual Whore” and “The Well-Fed Homosexual,” Altman recognizes that as long as a minority group differs from the majority, it will continue to be oppressed by that fact, which he frightens: “Unlike other minorities, we lie within the oppression system.”

For this reason, gay liberationists will, along with women’s lib, have to shoulder the straight man’s burden, he says, break, caroling out a world and an existence where there is no more intimate familiar with straight and gay, etc. This is implicit in Altman’s statement that he may be the historic function of the homosexual to “discard the image and bring, well, and bring to its logical conclusion the Freudian belief in our inherent bisexuality.”

Such a society would increasingly be based on communal living, in which children would be free from the moral perverseness of parents, which they ingest, and in which male children in particular

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

This is all heavy stuff, and we all damn well know that it’s not going to happen tomorrow. Meanwhile, I’ve seriously contemplated adopting a male child, because I dig them, and they dig me. But while a woman grows up, she will suffer when he comes into contact with his little macho equivalents on the block or in school. So many great moments for us gay people who dig raising kids — to create an atmosphere with more human values for both kids and adults.

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

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

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

Homosexual Liberation takes a look at women’s liberation’s, and I think, here it may be said for trying to see the gay revolution in a historical context of changing ideas and social values. But I write so as to claim equal emotion from the movement and its brothers and sisters. There is little passion, little outrage in the book, and not one manifesto, which it’s painful to have to write about this gay brother who’s sweated so hard to articulate his vision of the movement, but it’s true, it’s true. Scholarship there is aplenty, along with some perceptive thinking.

Impeccable, but don’t bother cruising her, as we used to say, let more shipwrights at Julias in pre-liberation days.

Arthur Bell, one of the founders of the Gay Activist Alliance, has also published a book called “Dancing the Gay Lib Blues.” The book was not reviewed in this issue, but “Come On Kids” because it could not overcome a review we felt we could publish. We did not review the book ourselves because we felt that somehow there are more intimate familiar with the events described in the book should review it. Our action is in no way related to an evaluation of the book, but for some books we have an important question: Can there be Gay Liberation without Gay consciousness? We invite a review of the book from our readers.

Homosexual Liberation
by John Murphy
Reviewed by Steve Gerlin

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

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

John appears much too sheltered from the movement. He never stayed with one movement group long enough to appreciate the immense contradictions that must be resolved. While he dropped in, and now and then, to the Gay Community Center and other centers, that with the right perspective the Gay Liberation movement is compatible with middle class values. And, unfortunately, at the stage the movement is in now, he is basically right.

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

E.M. Forester, for all that he is acted, never wrote a novel with the public in mind. Instead he chose to serve an inner light, one of personal growth, and present this development to his reading audience. This honesty to a growing inner view of life eventually led Forester to forsake art and pursue life directly. So then we are to view Maurice. Forester appeared at the height of Forester's creative powers and also it seems at the point when he was making another important facet of his life conscious. Today in an age of consciousness raising it is easy to understand this process, but it is all too comforting to know that the human being is capable of working these things out for himself.

What was the life Forester would have to face as a homosexual? Edwardian England was a time of great repression. It was not a time for assertiveness as Oscar Wilde proved; and yet it was a time for close introspection. Most ages to the homosexual can be viewed in feudal terms. Even in an age as liberated as ours one still must face the neo-Edwardian post of Manhattan's Upper East Side and shoulder for homosexual love. Forester was pushed as many of our liberated contemporaries into developing a character pose (luckily only in a novel) that was as completely unlike himself as possible. It is no wonder as I see the various sets of New York acting out their roles just whose novels they have adopted to their lives.

Nonetheless, E.M. Forester has presented the world with its first modern gay artifact. He has given us the contemporary world view into a thinking and acting which at times though never in overtones is always searching and growing. Forester, in spite of all, must have been a very strong man. He was direct strong and the optimistic tone of love though he himself probably did not find a totally satisfying relationship. Even in the last pages of his fall one must dare to live his dreams. After all, Maurice Hall, the epiphanes of England's middle classes, knew best that it was not possible to forsake a life of posting for one of dream fulfillment. Perhaps after, Forester though any thinking in this direction is contrary to straight oriented biographies.

J.S. Satatta

Review: Unbecoming Men, A Men's Group's Writings on Oppression and Themselves

Perry Brass

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

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

17 make friends & influence people. Hawk ComeOut! also make a copy. Call 521-2639 or Write ComeOut! 602 233 Times Square NY 10036
On November 24, 1971 a men's consciousness raising group held an apartment on Manhattan's upper west side. Seven subjects made up the research sample. Their ages and experiences varied greatly.

The purposes of the seminar was to help combat our patriarchal notions which shape us in the gay liberation movement. Owing to a low consciousness women identify with their straight counterparts and distance themselves to a tertiary function in their lives. One thing characteristic of gay men before the movement is that they can put aside their political development and technique. Feelings of inadequacy arise when we cannot face awkwardness in our early experiences. We were surprised to see how awkward we all do even after the many sexual experiences we have had. We discovered we are emotionally deprived. Our seminar: from each experience we gained a new freedom of sexual expression making us more capable to solving problems ourselves, which allows the achievement of an expertize defined only by our own sexual satisfaction and a complete human being.

To those of you who are easily embarrassed, I hope that you enjoy in bed we can only recommend that you own a very good boyfriend or girl friend. Perhaps you may learn things about yourselves as we have learned about ourselves. Our sexuality is an ever-changing process, affecting every cell and atom. It's a common theme to release us from our present hangups. But until we can accept these hang-ups and how others have overcome theirs. This can be another benefit of such a seminar.

Question: What do you think are the various zones of the body? Jose: You're nose, mouth, neck, throat, soles of your feet, buttocks, inner thighs. Entire Group: The whole body when you come to it.

Eric: The penis. I like to lick or suck that area because it's so sensitive. I like to have my penis and the ass together and I like to have my hands on it to stroke it. I like the thrusting part and I like to feel the pubic hair. David: I'm going to like his testicles and maybe his inner thigh.

Burt: One area is right above the rectum. Sam: What about the inside of the anus? and the space behind that? Jose: I would like to lean over and bite on his inner thigh, and he will find that he is especially turned on by the thought. I love to have my hands on his thighs, and the goal area, and I enjoy doing this. I find it exciting. Sam: Usually, I respond sexually to the pubic hair.

Eric: I think the men would be more into going to bed, the feel that whereas you would be playing to them because there are no feelings involved.

Jose: I like to use the whole body and go over the entire person. This is just as much as you can do on your own. I like to play with it. The goal area, the neck, and the pubic hair. I also like to do it in bed and to have the pubic hair.

Eric: Like that technique (the teasing technique). I find it very stimulating. I don't carry it out for two hours, but it stimulates me a lot. To start to use my finger on the rectum for added stimulation, I am sensitive, it is a long time. I like to feel skin, that's how I am classified. I enjoy the teasing and the stimulating. I know it is a person who is not a person. And then when I play with it, they tell me what they want, and I like it. My target is not the same.

Question: Have we aroused someone? What positions would you like to try sometime? Jose: I would like to return the favor and play with his testicles if I could.

Burt: To return the favor, I would like to do it in a way that is sexually correct, and use my mouth, and then my work with my hand on my own. Sam: I would like to use my mouth on my own.

Eric: I would like to write to you.

Question: How do you know you've turned someone on? Jose: Well, you can talk to them and find out. It is not as easy as you think and then find out if you aren't doing anything.

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

Question: Question: What is your technique? Jose: I don't like them standing up. I like him lying down.

Eric: I prefer to stand or kneeling over me. To see that he is enjoying it.

David: The way I really enjoy it is if he is lying down and he puts his hands on his head and I'm massaging his body into his body; then he's at the height of it. Then stopping his penis and sucking him. If he has an erection we'll gradually build up to each other. Then to work into my favorite position. I prefer him standing or kneeling on my lap.

Eric: That's wonderful. I like it. I rub them, feel their penis and kiss them on the breast...take off their shoes and I put them on the opposite. Like, I work on the nipples and the sexual areas around them. Then to work on the nipples and the sexual areas around them...or...to work on the nipples and the sexual areas around them...or...to work on the nipples and the sexual areas around them...or...to work on the nipples and the sexual areas around them. Then to stop and take some time to hear them. Then to...I'll tickle it, rub it, and massage it with my right hand. Burt: I will take the other hand of the woman and come into it and I will go to it.

Eric: I don't know if I have a technique. I described the hard work of massaging and kissing the area. You just have to get to know his standing over me. The actual juggling. The person stands or sits just about behind him as he's lying. I also like to kneel before the person whose pleasure I have.

Question: What do you do now that the sucking is over? How do you respond with your tongue? In what sequences? How do you get feedback, or do you? Eric: I like littering, but I think I would like the individual differences you have found?

Burt: I think it's different. You would gauge by the reaction. I think I would try to do what would turn him on if...he tells me to do it...it's not for me to control. If there was a reaction from the person you would do that. I think you'd have to be sensitive. I'll lick it, rub it, and massage it with my right hand.

Eric: I would take the hand of the woman and come into it.

Burt: I think it's a good idea to ask them what they don't like. Some people get their satisfaction from your telling them how good it feels.

Jose: If I think the person is being important; some would like it, they would like him to go on his back or...if they are a sexual person, and that way you'll get a better response.

Eric: I like to play with someone's nipples and belly while I'm sucking, hold them tight, lick them first and all around them. Then I'll put them back, but such them many times in between. Sometimes someone's nipples [are] like a milking machine can be immensely gratifying. Showing someone how you can make them happy, that's the secret. Somewhere, take your partner that you really like what he is.

On the back of the seminar.

Eric: What is your technique? Jose: I stepped with someone who tried that, and he had a problem because he didn't have it to do with it. He was a very happy person, some would assume it was satisfactory...some would not. I think it's a good idea to ask them what they don't like. Some people get their satisfaction from your telling them how good it feels.

Jim: I think the person is being important; some would like it, they would like him to go on his back or...if they are a sexual person, and that way you'll get a better response.

Eric: I like to play with someone's nipples and belly while I'm sucking, hold them tight, lick them first and all around them. Then I'll put them back, but such them many times in between. Sometimes someone's nipples [are] like a milking machine can be immensely gratifying. Showing someone how you can make them happy, that's the secret. Somewhere, take your partner that you really like what he is.

On the back of the seminar.

Jose: I think that's an ideal technique. Sam: I'm learning to do it myself. There is just as much enjoyment in it for both people.

Glen: After all the mouths are one of the orogenous regions and the cock is a wonderful instrument. I really enjoy it.

Chris: Usually I just keep that one aim in mind—his orgasm. I try to further the idea that's my goal. Feedback is a big thing with me. I become very focused on the feedback, which is very positive to improve. To a high point I just concentrate on pleasure for me.

Steve: I learned to enjoy doing it myself. There is just as much enjoyment in it for both people.

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Steve: I learned to enjoy doing it myself. There is just as much enjoyment in it for both people.
I'm Gay and I dig it, I live in NYC dormitory, and I don't dig that but I try to make the best of it. Why I live here and why I don't move out, I won't go into now, I want, however, to relate some of the experiences of being openly gay in a dorm.

When I returned to NYU this September, I moved in with a gay boy because I thought that if I was going to stay here, I wouldn't be so bad rooming with a gay person.

After about a week, a black male was the first to move out. He is now living in a separate room. I almost considered that move, but it wouldn't be so bad rooming with a gay person. After all, his cousin's little brother is gay (I am sure that would be a great secret to the roommates), and some of the roommates are just as good as we are.

Little or no communication passed between me and my roommate. Finally, after about a week, he packed up and moved out. Naturally, housing sent me another prospect. This on was a real winner.

Little or no communication passed between me and my roommate. Finally, after about a week, he packed up and moved out. Naturally, housing sent me another prospect. This on was a real winner.

The housing office told me (after having the room to myself for seven weeks) that someone was moving in and that it would work out all right because it was ready to move in with a roommate. I told her that she was close to how I now had a monkey, a very big and furry one.

The day arrived and he moved in. It's now just five—about 11:30—now he announces that he is going to bed at about midnight, but he doesn't do anything that he says he won't do. We have to have any say, to please him. This habit, however, may be because I plan to "liberate" him. The next morning, he makes us plan to start having sex with my guests.

I may be in a small room with a huge monkey, but I am still stuck in the furniture. I have a plan for one to plan to start having sex with my guests. I may never be able to get into the bathroom. But, things could be worse.
Gay Liberation seems to be in vogue among the chic intelligentsia this year. The SWP has its Kipp O'Donnell and its Hassidic Suckers posters for $2 now features the startingrevulsion that gay people are human. To some of us who have spent years in consciousness raising the amazing shift is a sight to behold! Think of all those many months we were getting our heads together when we should have been reading the New York Times and the Militant!

Thoughts on the Movement:

The year of the queen

Look at the people we liberators have chosen to represent! It's as if they were afraid of the growing militancy in the gay liberation movement... and this, of course, is not just Miller. One particular new left magazine which one month after its sales day announced its support for the black macho groups instead of enery for cock power, the power they once held.

This should serve as a good lesson to all third world male chauvinists. Let them take a look at white male radicals. From them they can learn what they cannot learn from the Philippine Revolution or the Japanese Revolution or the Chinese Revolution. It is evident that the model of sexual imperialism lead to dead ends as these.

Superstitions exist in all movements. They create their own personal enemies in the name of a people whose liberation they purport to be working for. Actually, they divorce themselves from the people they are supposed to be helping, define the people's oppression for them, and finally extort the people to follow the path they have lain. In order for us to be liberated, we must come and worship us, they seem to be saying is not surprising to find that the paths that they create lead not to liberation and to suffering, alienation that cannot be freed. Superstition use the power to compensate for a low consciousness. Understated for an absentee model of consciousness that is based acceptance of the dehumanizing precepts of the enemies of their people.

We are all searching in one way or another. As our consciousness develops we begin to see our errors of the past. Being open to self criticism puts us one step further on the road to liberation.

Recent events in the black movement seem very encouraging. Many people in that movement seem to be recognizing that and they have been traveling instead of working for black people, many blacks in the move are trying to work with black people. This is a great development. A development we in the gay movement should note carefully.

By putting ourselves in little compartments apart from the gay community, we are only helping sexism drive a wedge between us and the gay community. Some of us who say that unliberated homosexuals are the movement's worst enemy are only playing the oppressor's game. By this race and national self-hatred we do not fully understand the roots of gay oppression.

Race and sexism have a common element, dehumanization. The oppressor tries to convince his victims they are subhuman by their very existence. He creates a society whose basic foundations incorporate this dehumanization and then compel them to act based on the realities of their conscious domination. The development of our consciousness as gay people has a definite parallel with the development of the consciousness of the oppressed people.

It remains for us all to develop a joint consciousness, to be able to transcend our own oppression. If we do this, I've got our sisters and brothers in all true, liberation movements: the gay liberation movement, the women's liberation movement, and the third world liberation movement. We must combine our energies to create a force that will shake sexist and racial consciousness to its foundation. The time may not be completely ripe... but it is imminent.

Many C-R groups tend to be very selective of the people they accept, and even those that are not, find that those that they end up with is a way that "minimizes conflicts." In this latter case it is not for the remaining members to rationalizes that the drop-outs were those who did not want to face the political implications of their private lives. Clearly they had an absolute right to drop out. But a basic segment of the original group with a common property has been left behind. It is also important for those of us whose viewpoints would confront a pervasive prejudicial. C-R groups can degenerate into philosophical enclaves where one can choose one's companions and hang around one another that their hangups represent gay liberation. This development is the antithesis of consciousness raising.

In its early stages C-R gives each person insight into her personal problems, this insight helps resolve them. In its later stages C-R enables gay people to transcend their own hangups to develop an awareness which encompasses the whole gay movement. This is why it is important to remain in consciousness raising. The main theme of the movement is to carry C-R only to overcome their personal hangups. Once they've overcome their difficulties, they might find themselves in the same situation as their own straight counterparts.

Wittner what happened to the early gay community center. While the collectives who ran the center were "gay and proud", individual members placed their own straight identified heroes on the walls. They were too preoccupied with the rhetoric of the sexist left to appreciate the implications of a gay life style. So the result was the selection of the C-R groups - how all the members were of the proper perspective: malarky revolutionary, antiwet femeines, intellectuals, or other closet types.

Relating to a macrostructure is an essential part of the gay liberation movement. The exigencies of the movement demand that we not only examine our own consciousness but also by the opposite of the problem. In this way we constantly fight the movement that endangers their own sexist prejudices. Individualism is an ally of those who wish to destroy the movement. The future of the gay community is a new consciousness of the gay community not based on back yard furnaces of spinsters groups.

Collectivity and Consciousness Raising

Consciousness raising is very helpful to all gay people. It is essential for every gay person to go through the process of self-discovery. The techniques of consciousness raising have been effectively used by various groups to rehumanize their status in sexual society. But consciousness raising also has some drawbacks which should be kept in mind.

Many C-R groups tend to be very selective of the people they accept, and even those that are not, find that those that they end up with is a way that "minimizes conflicts." In this latter case it is not for the remaining members to rationalizes that the drop-outs were those who did not want to face the political implications of their private lives. Clearly they had an absolute right to drop out. But a basic segment of the original group with a common property has been left behind. It is also important for those of us whose viewpoints would confront a pervasive prejudicial. C-R groups can degenerate into philosophical enclaves where one can choose one's companions and hang around one another that their hangups represent gay liberation. This development is the antithesis of consciousness raising.

As we struggle to become a movement that is not just for gay people, but for all who wish to liberate their sexuality, we must be aware of the pitfalls of our movement. We must be aware of the need for consciousness raising, but we must also be aware of the dangers of being too exclusive. We must be careful not to create a movement that is only for gay people, but for all who wish to liberate their sexuality.

The problems of consciousness raising are not unique to the gay liberation movement. They are problems that exist in all movements. The problem is not whether consciousness raising is necessary, but how we can make it work for everyone.

One of the main problems is that consciousness raising is often seen as a one-sided process. The focus is on the individual, rather than on the group. This can lead to a feeling of isolation and loneliness, as people feel like they are the only ones who are struggling with their sexuality.

Another problem is that consciousness raising can be exclusive. Some groups may only allow certain types of people to participate. This can lead to feelings of exclusion and alienation.

In order to overcome these problems, we need to create a movement that is inclusive and welcoming. This means making sure that everyone feels like they can participate, regardless of their sexual orientation or gender identity.

We need to create a movement that is democratic and participatory. This means that everyone has a say in how the movement is run, and that decisions are made in a respectful and collaborative way.

Finally, we need to create a movement that is conscious of the wider social context. This means taking into account how the movement is affected by larger social forces, such as racism and classism.

By being aware of these problems, and working to overcome them, we can create a movement that is truly conscious and free from the pitfalls of exclusion and alienation.

by Warren Singer

This past year I spent several weeks in Paris, and during that time I had a small affair with a gay call girl. One of my close friends recently received a letter which inspired this article. To understand my feelings about this letter I have to go back to the beginning, and then to all that happened during it.

I met a small Left Bank, but without windows called Les Nervures (the clouds). It was an ordinary bar except for the language, having never before carried on a relationship in another language. Jean was thirty-one and what was described here as a typical New York Eastside, a typical American, with a typical English accent, and car. He worked for an American corporation, and as an American, spoke and wrote English. As I learned to know him that night and the following ones, I felt for him, and praised him as an oppressed brother in a horribly sexist society. Sex with him proved this more to me because he would only think of having a relationship in a heteronormative missionary type position. The guilt was so strong, without exaggeration it would take hours for him to come; and by that time I was, to be frank, extremely excited. I got the idea of anal intercourse, or "vulnation" in his words, shocking and wrong and evil of him to even think of, and then I got to him and I was too afraid to reach him with the radical gay spiel, but all he would do was stroke my penis, and if I wasn't any good because he couldn't fight straight society, and be back where I started from.

One week I met a work friend, and when I came back naturally called him up. I had no money and I had to walk around the parks during the day waiting for night and for him to come to me for dinner, then sex, and finally slept only to come back the next day and easily so the concierge wouldn't see me leave.

One Sunday he took me to Versailles and told me that he was getting married; he told me he had never had sex with a woman and I would help him to reach him with the radical gay spiel, but all he would do was stroke my penis, and if I wasn't any good because he couldn't fight straight society, and be back where I started from.

If I probably last time I went to New York, I will deeply diverge now. Nevertheless keep sure that I wish you to succeed as completely as possible in your way.

by Warren Singer

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

Dear Warren,

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

As I hoped last summer to succeed in, I have come once with my hands uncleaned and begun a new life, even if I am not yet married.

So I ask you - because I am no longer interested in it, to send me any of your paper it is the quality of such publications which is it but only my new life, my new issues.

If only probably large party and will deeply diverge now. Nevertheless keep sure that I wish you to succeed as completely as possible in your way.

Adios, Jean

I almost cried when I read about the same thing, especially in America but throughout the world. I can only answer this with hate to them for the cruelty and persecution done to my sisters and brothers, whether in New York, Paris, or Havna.
Wow I'll really be uptight if my family sees this.

But she also kept saying that she had a right to her feeling of wanting me to look a certain way, but that she'd never impose it on me physically. As if that physical grooming could be half as powerful as her silent longing for me to be more feminine.

The whole rest of the time we were together she had her arm around me. Because she wanted to be with me. I wanted to be with her too. More than I wanted to be with my sister, who was there too.

When I didn't get so much from when we talked, I always feel worn out from talking to my sister, I always end up being there for her, which sometimes makes me feel good, but I can't remember a time when she helped me with insight into my needs. Of course she was never encouraged to. I was conceived as her sister, not vice versa.

Mommy does help me with insight into my needs.

There's only one subject that Mommy and I can talk about. Me being a lesbian is taboo.

She began to suspect when I cut my hair off. From her comments, I thought she knew, I was really surprised when she acted so shocked when I finally stopped hedging and answered yes to one of her questions.

She assumed it was only in my imagination, and that I was only doing what was fashionable at the time. That was a familiar accusation, doing something because my friends were. Funny, how the accusation never helped me get any closer to knowing what I really wanted, only further away.

I answered her question that yes I do make love with women, and asked if she ever had.

She said she didn't want to answer that one on the phone, she wanted to talk to me in person. For months after that we avoided making a date to talk.

We'd see each other with the rest of the family, or go to dance concerts together (we've always done that) but stay away from talking about it. Finally she pressed me, we made a date for dinner. Instead, I was really there for her, how hard it is for her with my father sick. And other stuff too.

Then she came up to my apartment, we finally outlets with it.

Her homosexuality, and her. Me, proud, and basically use me, for her reactions, I've heard them all before, thought every one of them through, and rejected each.

She despairs that I'm gay. Despair is her words, and feels guilty that it's her "fault." Whereas I feel thankful that I'm gay and that she let me be open to a woman, her.

She begged me not to tell my father, and I haven't yet.

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

I wish that were more true than it is.

What I'm reminded of in our relationship is the classic dyke-and-straight-lady couple, where the straight lady insists that she's not a lesbian, they want to make love, implying that I am an awful thing to be.

And the lesbians stay because she likes the affection and sex, she's getting and she tries not to think about what she's not getting.

Her homosexuality: "I've been there and I was lucky enough to escape." She had a lover at age thirteen, and she says both of them were relieved when the girl's family moved away, thankful for help in ending something they weren't able to end for themselves.

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

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

Too much, Torture. I know the place, I've been there. During World War II, she joined the army, "to drive a truck." You've heard her say. They never let her. Is she conscious of all the gay community stereotypes she was acting out? Does she know I'm seeing it.

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

While she was in the army she and my father because lovers and got married. In her parents house, by a judge not a rabbi, very rushed-on, in her dress uniform. Has there even been a more batch bridal gown.

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

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

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

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

The Straights have managed by their numbers - swollen, as they are, by fearful latents - to put homosexual love into a realm of erotic dreams, "animal" or "aromatic" sex, diseases, man-killer devices, late-night masturbation in the company of taboo thoughts. And all this by simply freezing the issue "what do they do?" as opposed to "how do they feel?" One could cry real tears for the thousands (even millions?) who have died without ever having lived because of that rhetoric; because of fear: I love her, but what should I do, how is it done, what do Lesbians do?

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

I have been twenty years a Lesbian and, but a few weeks ago, learned that I didn't know it all. Don't ask "what should I do," at this sexist, sexless world. Sex deserves no more "what do you feel?" Then reach that asking hand toward your loved one. Believe me, it will be guided.

...
WOMANLOVER
At night your arms as cool
As winetkins in a running stream
Restore my soul.
By day I walk the valley
That consumes your gifts.
Valley void of the shadow
Of a rock, or tree.
Unlike one bound in chains,
Spreadagled to the sky,
Ientered
The sisterhood of flame;
To break the pinions of my mind:
To free you with the energy
Your hands pour into me
Throughout the night.
The energy that swells my lips, desire
To press my swollen hands to women, everywhere;
To share the fire
That melts my knees.
Then let these
Solid bones be burnt,
And burn these blistered feet;
Burn all but the bird
Inside me, and let free
The fire of legend, torn from the sun.
The fire men stole from me.

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

17TH STREET
(what else,
but a genius of sexuality claims me;
(intellectual night of your own making, love
on a mattress springs failures to life;
(afterwards you applaud my mouth at the door)
you asound me being
in London & away
from me so far.
&(I so plain
can’t fumble
your extremities.

Estrangement

LESLIE WOLFF
A wet November night,
Scurried on the street, I see
Leaves from a maple tree,
Like newspaper strips in paste
Waiting to be a mask.
November is past, November mist,
And what face will I wear
This year, what Christmas mask?
There will I sleep on Christmas night?

 Estrangement

LESIBAN

I see our ship will founder
On that reef...
but stand here,
hand paralyzed on the tiller...
Mike full rigged...
and make no move to save us.
Can speaking...
be more damaging than silence?
Can reaching out...
be filled with more terror,
than sitting on my hands?
How does one recapture
that awareness...
that needed so few words...
That there must be some flaw in me
that demands rejection.
For as surely as I turn away
my head...
to avoid those things I’d
hoped never to see...
I bring disaster down upon us.
If I could feel even a spark
of response...
an awareness of even a momentary openness...

Heather

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come out!

A LIBERATION FORUM BY & FOR the lesbian community

Winter 1972 issue 8
love each other love ourselves

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