

ICONOCLAST COMES OUT

Vol.1, No.31

August

25¢



purple *** star *** tribe



The sisters of the Stompin' Lilac Society and the brothers of the Purple Star Tribe and the people who bring you the **ICONOCLAST COMES OUT** is an amorphous group of women and gay men who have been working and living together for the last few weeks--most of our energy going towards putting out this issue of the paper.

A few weeks ago, when the Dallas News came out with a "Gay Pride" issue, we were incensed: we considered it a gay trash issue. Nowhere in the paper was there anything about the two-year-old struggle of gay people for liberation, the issues we have been raising, the struggles we have gone through in an attempt to change our lives. Instead, there were pages of ads for gay bars--one of the most oppressive institutions for gay people--and for gay skin flicks--again reinforcing the degrading ways in which gay people are forced to relate.

So we decided to demand that the staff of the News allow us to use their facilities to put out a gay feminist issue, and that they allow us complete control over the content and production. After a couple of long and fiery meetings, our demands were met. It was agreed that we would put out this issue, with the help of gay and straight women and the gay men on the staff and in the community. And we asked that the straight men be available to typeset and solicit ads; and that they spend the time they would normally spend working on the paper to read gay and feminist literature, which we offered to provide.

In case you're wondering who "we" is, here's a list of characters in the cast: sls, flaming flamingo, peter, gwauva, diana, kato, possum, gasper goo, john richard, steve, mary, alexis, anonymous haronamus, holly, pay, apogee, kalita, camomile, total assault, maggie and heather.

We've tried to put out the paper as a collective effort. What that means is that at every step of the production of the paper, we took the time to involve everyone who wanted to work on that particular phase. We read the articles out loud and all discussed them. We decided together what was to go in and what was to be left out, we began layout with a class, for those who had little or no experience working on a paper before.

It took a lot longer that way. That's part of the reason that the paper didn't come out on time. Another part of this reason is that the co-operation which we (half) expected from the straight men on the staff was very low. Only one of the men helped us with typesetting. The rest, when they had any contact with us at all, contacted us to complain. Typesetting was delayed because none of the straight men would lower himself to the position which is assumed for women--that of a shitworker. We were locked out of the office on one occasion. And then when we didn't have the paper ready on time, the straight men came by to be moan being kept out of the office to work on the next issue.

But I don't want to talk about straightness anymore, we have had to spend too much time already trying to explain ourselves to them--time we could have spent working on the paper.

So instead I'll talk about how working on the paper has made me feel. Because that has been the emphasis of our work from the outset--our **FEELINGS** about what we have been doing. There have been a series of freak-outs over the last couple of weeks. People having trouble relating to each other, people feeling left out of one or another aspect of the work, questions about the domination of the men over the women. And each freakout caused us to stop and examine what we were doing. We always tried to take the time to work out whatever negative feelings anyone was having. But I don't want it to sound all

negative. Because on the whole I felt like the experience of working on the **ICONOCLAST COMES OUT** is one of the most valuable of my life. I have never before seen any group of people who dedicated themselves to each other--as well as to getting out of the paper--so totally as what has happened with us. That doesn't mean it's never happened before: I've just never seen it to this extent. I feel like I've learned more about what love and collectivity mean in the last two weeks than I have in the two years before that; living in collectives, doing political work, working on other newspapers.

And I really hope that if you're reading this, you'll take the time to read the rest of the issue, too. And to think about it. And talk about it. Try reading some of the articles out loud to each other. We

found it an incredible way of coming together.

Though you may not identify yourselves as gay, gay liberation is **TRULY** everyone's liberation.

If you are gay, you may find that some of the things in the paper will help you to understand and work past the pain all gay people in this society are forced to feel. And if you don't identify yourselves as gay, think twice, because gay liberation, woman's liberation, are truly everyone's liberation.

If you want to contact us, you can write the PS Tribe at PO Box 19433 Dallas, Texas 75219. We hope to soon be putting out a paper of our own to serve the needs of our community. Come and join us!

PURPLE SPACE GAYS FROM RED PLANET OF LOVE INVADE MANHATTAN IN ATTEMPT TO SAVE WORLD FROM STRAIGHT WHITE MEN

by Shabby Genteel

(Ins) On June 27th, 1971, as a conclusion to Gay Pride Week in New York, between 5000 and 10,000 gay women and men from all parts of the East marched from Christopher Street in Greenwich Village to Central Park. The march commemorated the riots in June 1969 around the Stonewall Inn gay bar where police attempted a raid and were driven off by infuriated gay people...

Almost from the moment of last June's Christopher Street Day march, I date the beginnings of a new fullness which I never expected in myself and my bonds with other gay people. That amazing weekend introduced me to many of the people I have come to love and struggle with for the past months.

The march on June 27th this year had twice as many people here in New York. 5,000? 10,000? Besides those of us already familiar to one another, there were many new faces bright with astonishment in that critical moment of discovery...there are hundreds, thousands! of other gay people--strong, beautiful, and flagrant with the desire to be free.

As we walked into Sheridan Square on Sunday, the leaves on the park's oak trees shimmered in the heat. The sunlight filled Christopher Street and the front of the Stonewall Inn with New York's rarely seen summertime beauty. To walk into this space on June 27, 1971 is a ritual which repeats for us our first steps into history. Here the shared memory of consciousness, the full potential of each gay person and our solidarity with each other and with all oppressed peoples began. It is a lucky, crystalline day in June, coming after thousands of lifetimes of oblivion, fear, and humiliation.

The men are dressed for carnival. I

PURPLE

especially remember Hank, Ron and beautiful David, an apple-cheeked, red-blooded All-American boy in an old flowered crepe blouse, leaping and dancing along with red and purple pom-poms, seething "Hohmohsssexuaality! Hohmohsssexuaality!" to the crowds of straight people on the sides of the march. If you spend years with heterosexuals squinting at you to see just what it is about you as a gay person that is grotesque, it becomes an act of liberation to parade their nightmares before them in life--to disturb the fatuousness of the straight.

Another of my happiest images of the day is a group of gay women pausing for a moment. Their faces are austere and radiant, stripped of decadence of America. One moment they seem fierce with grief and hope, then they laugh with one another in a circle.

This year though, it is clear from the mood of the crowd, we are more sober. In the two years since the Stonewall riots and the beginnings of the Gay Liberation organizations many of the myths about revolution which we associated with our enthusiasm have been laid aside. Not our desire and need for a real revolution of all oppressed peoples, but the false images of the how and when and who. We are more sober now because we realize that unity and victory will come only after long and bitter struggle -- nearly all of which still lies ahead. Changing our habits of thought, work, and everyday life has been slow and painful with the risk of merely negating ourselves and our comrades

each time we discovered the various kinds of supremacist, racist shit America has drilled into us.

At this moment in history the eradication of sexism toward gay people as an integral part of a whole revolutionary process in which capitalism, imperialism, male supremacy, sexism toward women and racism would be destroyed is anything but certain as a goal or even an issue for struggle with perhaps most revolutionaries. When gay people were so much involved in Mayday at all levels, it disgusted me to read in the *Liberated Guardian* and elsewhere reports of that week with not one mention of the way gay people were fucked over or of their presence in the actions. Our very existence and struggle are still negligible to far too many people who claim to be revolutionaries and liberators.

The weekend commemorating the Christopher Street riots coincided with my first chance to talk with a gay brother who had been on the fourth Venceremos Brigade. (I had been accepted for this Brigade and then cut a week before departure by the Brigade bureaucracy.) So in addition to my witnessing a special moment for gay people in the process of history here in America, I also had a glimpse of a special moment in the history of Cuban gay people. This glimpse came when my friend told me about watching on live Cuban TV the declaration of the First National Congress on Education and Culture which denounced Cultural Imperialism and included a statement of policy on homosexuality.

Dear Folks,

It was good to talk to you all on Father's Day, and to hear that everything is well in Falconer. One thing you mentioned, however, caught me somewhat off-guard --that you were

a

planning on being in Pullman during most of my vacation time. I would certainly enjoy meeting you there and visiting Chuck & Dee & family (my brother and sister-in-law), but I had hoped to be able to spend some time with Tom (my younger brother) this vacation as it's the last time I will have an opportunity to see him before he is married. Also, I had hoped to have a long and very important conversation with you--a conversation I'm not sure you would welcome in the middle of your visit with Chuck and Dee. I should have had this talk with you a long time ago, but my mind was never before clear enough on the subject and somehow I always lacked the courage to bring it up.

You see, I am a homosexual. Because the society around you has taught you from birth 1) what is "normal" and "acceptable" sexual behavior, 2) that anyone who does not conform to this "normal" sexual behavior is a deviate and is sick, and 3) that a homosexual is a contemptible, sick, lonely, and frustrated person, you are undoubtedly shocked, confused, and hurt to learn that your son is a homosexual. I am sorry that this hurts you, but you must see that this is not because of homosexuality per se but because of what society has taught you to believe about homosexuality.

The ban on homosexuality in our society goes back through our Christian heritage to the early Hebrews. They were a small nation, surrounded by large and powerful enemies --their survival depended on a steadily increasing population. Therefore they had to place a powerful

religious and social taboo on all forms of sexual expression, homosexuality included, which did not result in procreation. Thus the only form of sexual expression they could encourage, and the only one our society overtly encourages to this very day, is the male-female coital relationship within the institution of monogamous marriage. In a day when increasing population is a threat to our survival it is high time we lifted this antique and artificial ban on homosexuality --our views on the subject are in need of drastic revision.

letter

Homosexuality is not the result of maladjustment to the pressures of adolescence, or of a poor family life, or of glandular disturbances or hormonal imbalances. In fact, it is not the result of anything. It is simply the recognition within the individual of the desire and capacity to love another of the same sex. Of course, my view of homosexuality was not always this open or healthy. The usual results of social pressures on the homosexual are confusion, guilt, and self-hatred, and I was no exception.

I first recognized that I was gay when I was 15 but I did nothing but think and worry about it until I was 20, during my third year at U. B. (University of Buffalo, N. Y.). Then I "came out", or openly admitted my homosexuality--to other homosexuals, that is. I still tried to keep up a pretense of being "straight" to the straight world. It was largely due to this "double-life" kind of existence, and my socially-induced view of myself as a sick person for being homosexual, that I had so much trouble that third year at college. It was during this period that I tried twice to commit suicide. Please remember that I am telling you all of this not to hurt you, though I know I must, but to help you see what I have been through, and why I think and believe as I do.

When I decided not to go back to college, the first problem I had to face was the draft. Here, for the first time, my being gay was of help to me. I simply told the Army I was gay and had attempted suicide twice, and they classified me 4-F. Then I ran right back up against the "double-life" problem because I didn't have the courage to tell you what I had done --so I made up some line of bull and we went through the charade of you taking me to a psychiatrist. I was able to tell the whole story to him, and to the psychologist I was referred to for testing and counseling, but the psychologist was less interested in helping me adjust to myself than in getting me to conform to society so I quit seeing him.

I tried in many ways to deal with my

to

homosexuality, but I always ended up causing pain to myself and those around me because I still thought of homosexuality as a disease and hated myself for

my

it. I can no longer do so. If I am to live a full and happy life I cannot hate and repress what is a part of me. I must accept myself for what I am --only when I am at peace with myself can I extend peace and love to anyone else. I am continually discovering new sources of this understanding --good friends, the literature of the Gay Liberation movement, various religious teachings (especially the writings of Alan Watts).

I have written a great deal, and I'm sure this has been as difficult for you to read as it was for me to write. I am also sure that you must have many questions to ask and many things to say to me about this. Please write to me as soon as you can, and I will do what I can to help you come to an understand-

ing of all this. One thing you must remember - I am what I am: I can neither deny nor repress what I am, I can only accept and live it.

Hoping to hear from you,
With love,
Peter

A couple of weeks after I sent the letter to my parents I received a letter from home, written by my mother. She started off with two pages of family gossip, and then wrote the following paragraphs:

"Each day I would think I must get a letter off to Peter, but found it was not something I could do until I had a quiet moment to sit down and try to find the right words to express how I feel --and now that it is quiet the right words may not come.

First of all let me say what I really hope you know and therefore should not be necessary to say --we love you. And of course because we love you we hate to have you hurt --which you already have been, apparently and factually from what you have said. We also want the best for you and I find myself fearing that your life style will be filled with difficulties. And of course on the other side I can see if your feelings of guilt and doubt are now resolved you can be a much happier more worth while person. I cannot honestly say to you Peter that I do not wish it were different, but I am not as shocked and confused as you might think."

parents

She then went on to urge me to spend my vacation with them in Washington. All in all, it was a relief to get the letter. The tone was restrained and loving --not at all the kind of tearful hysteria one might reasonably expect in such a case. Knowing that this phase of coming out is behind me makes it easier to deal with the myriads of other problems that are involved in being gay in a straight male-dominated society.

SPACE LIBERATES

The whole Brigade and the Cuban leadership were sitting at tables in a large hall. When the extremely anti-gay repressive passage on homosexuality was read, the Cubans and the most anti-gay of the North Americans began pounding on the tables and cheering in the presence of all the gay Brigadistas.

The scene revives feelings from the worst of the anti-communist brainwashings of the fifties and the sixties. To repeat the description of the scene is not vindictiveness toward the Cubans but an attempt to point out the limits in practice and theory of dogmatic Marxism-Leninism as an approach to eliminating sexism. Though my gay Brigadista friend grinned a lot and was resilient with a sense of adventure, his stories of the experiences in the camp left me angry and glad that I had not gone. The most vicious and hypocritical of the North Americans were some of those who were most "adept" in Marxist theory.

It is probable that certain sectors of the movement here will use the Cuban statement to reinforce and validate their own anti-gay stances by expressing solidarity with the policy of the Cuban government. I am also disturbed that gay North Americans who do not understand cultural imperialism, underdevelopment, and Cuban history will simply react and criticize the Cubans in ways that are counterproductive for us all. Knowing as we do that the elimination of male supremacy and anti-homosexual attitudes is essential to the true liberation of all people, we gay people must not be diverted from building among ourselves and in all oppressed



say it with a gorgeous lisp: VENCEREMOS!

North Americans the consciousness of the absolute necessity of a unified struggle against capitalism, racism, and imperialism.

There will be no space for a true liberation of gay people without the defeat of imperialism.

A final anecdote. There is a lonely rebellious 15-year-old brother living with his family in New Jersey who calls me every week or so to talk about his activities in high school politics and about his being gay. He has no gay friends to talk to about that.

About two weeks ago in one of those archetypal American nuclear family battles he told his parents that he is gay. They later refused to let him come in for the march and have forced him to go to a psychiatrist who calls him "homo" to his face. I hope this brother knows how much I respect and love him. Our future is with him and the hundreds of thousands of other young gay women and men who spontaneously refuse secrecy, lovelessness, solitude, and abuse in the face of jail pig hospitals, and pig "doctors".

I was raped and offed throughout my youth. Many of the people I have loved most in the last two years have been ripped off into the fascist death world of jails. Or they have just wandered off into madness under their oppression. But we have come back. We share the memory of our triumphs.

It is by the light of faith in struggle and in our love -- restored through death -- reaching throughout our lifetimes that I look out into the dimness of America and hail my sisters and brothers.

On July 4, the Maars Bar held a drag contest. The Maars. Maars. Maars. Star. Star! By having a drag contest, the Maars held all the dreams, and claimed to offer some answers. I'm gay and I love dresses, so on July 4, I was at the Maars.

It wasn't easy to make the transition from hate-filled, racist, death culture Dallas, to the supposed glamour of an imitation Hollywood - the Maars Bar. I would think later that the transition was so difficult precisely because there was no transition at all.

Riding through Dallas in broad daylight in a Volkswagen, I wore an antique, ripped-off, deteriorating black lace dress, with lots of feathers on my head (to hide the thinning of my mane). "My dears, let's not get busted".

Kalita was wearing a fetchingly barbaric outfit of skirts and sashes; Indigo was in an antique, floor length peach lace dress (with feathers to hide his thinning mane). And finally Aurora Borealis was Ann Southern from an early "Mazie" film.

We were tacky; we were insane; we were outrageous; we were gay and we were beautiful.

We were a troupe of eight radical male, gay, transvestite people who had been living out of a tent and small trailer in the country. To get some bread together we hauled hay. We queens? You'd better believe it, and not for a second did we stop being gay.

We wore make-up and bonnets in the field and as we rode on the high and hard-earned load of hay we would transform into "Miss Texas Hay and Her Court" and wave graciously to the awe-struck cows.

The first hint that the Maars was not all it was cracked up to be: it cost \$1.50 to enter.



Once inside the bar, we were stunned that the performance area was dominated by a massive Amerikkan flag. Aware that it was July 4, we wondered if gay people owed any allegiance to a government which, through heterosexual psychiatrists and judges, castrate gay men (Nebraska), or put gay people in institutions which legitimize the torture of electric-shock, "brink of death" drugs, and brain surgery?

More people from the troop arrived at the bar, and we entered the talent contest as a group, to sing a revolutionary gay liberation song*. We agreed not to accept any award we might win because competition, we felt, was the source of too much sorrow.

Flamingo, another member of the troupe - Flamingo the outlandish, Flamingo the intolerant, she often said, - "Enough of this shit!", while others sat silently endured. Anyway, Flamingo arrived. She was wearing a pink chiffon dress and a lot of make-up, and her eyes told me she wished she didn't look how she knew she looked. In comparison to the other queens, our troupe was shoddy, but our joy was in being gay, not in being glamorous.

But we were unhappy, because we saw no one else there who seemed to be joyously gay.

Flamingo, with a sincere love for the other queens, had stayed backstage and seen firsthand the hurt caused by pitting one human being against another in competition. Each queen wondering if she was pretty enough, or talented enough, while harboring a feeling of worthlessness.

The queens, because of competition, were forced into playing the role men created for women, which was totally artificial: much wig, much breast, much gown, much make-up and all the humanity is so smothered you wonder if it's still alive. If a queen did not play that role, she would be made to feel hurt. I know.

We began to call on Flamingo to say a few words. After being called several times she came out on the stage; it was noticeable she had been drinking, but wasn't that alright? Others, who had been invited to say a few words, had been less than inspirational. Besides, Flamingo was the only queen not in competition who felt a need to comment on what was coming down. Precisely because of all this, the shit would hit the fan.

Flamingo began to speak when the lights momentarily went out. Finally the MC (in pants, of course) "allowed" her to speak for two minutes. Flamingo began to say that every queen in that bar was beautiful. Either every queen should have received an award, or there should have been no awards. When Flamingo mentioned the Viet Nam war, and that men (many of whom must be gay) are dying, she was interrupted by pants-wearing "butch" men in the audience. Those "butches" began to sing "God Bless America" in a way that would have caused even Kate Smith to shudder. Then the transparent bubble burst. The MC called for the security guards to clear Flamingo out. Hanoi

OH STRAIGHT MAN SO DID YOU EVER YOU MIGHT BE

Hannah streaked to the stage to support and protect Flamingo's right to be in the Maars and to speak.

Someone yelled, "Tell those hippies to get a job!". ("Oh, God, Camomile I don't think I can lift one more bale of hay." - "We have to Possum, we just have to!")

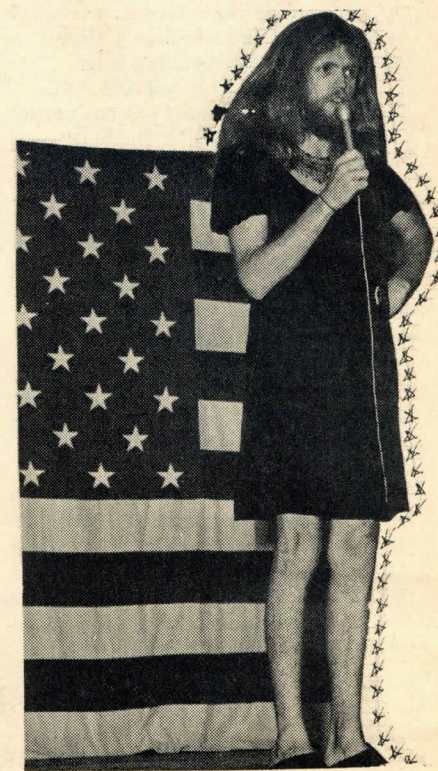
The entire contest was a male structure which defined femininity as plastic, competitive and artificial. And the queens had no voice in defining or altering that stereotype. Either pay your dues and stay on the treadmill, or get your ass out, but don't ever rock the boat!

The majority of people in the bar were men, but the ROLES were rigidly defined as "butch" or "fem" by whether one wore a dress or not. In the straight world, women are dominated by men, and the Maars Bar gave us an imitation of that straight world... With costuming by Edith Head on acid.

Not only did the Maars society imitate the heterosexual world, it also cowered to it. The best tables in the bar went to the straight people who came to watch the circus. (Sure, straights, you can watch the circus, but the righteous, raging lion in every gay person is going to escape, and the cage is getting weak!)

After Flamingo was interrupted, the people we identified and sympathized with - the queens - became outraged, for they felt we were trashing their one chance to live and enjoy what the rest of the world condemned. We tried to point out that the people running the show; MC, security guards, ALL the judges, as well as the people who felt they had the right and privilege to interrupt Flamingo, were all wearing pants.

Let's face it: the ruling class of the Maars Bar was defined by pants. Any "fem" was dominated by any "butch". If one did not submit to that domination, and if one didn't dig the competitive treadmill, one was not only of no use, but also a real threat. And the oppressed, raising their heads with pride, in rags and rage, were once again going to be crushed by pants-wearing supremacists.



The show went on as we tried to carry on some discussion.

The security men would not let Flamingo back in the bar, so we sneaked her in the back door, and we all sang of liberation.

Because the male-identified gay men were still angry, and because for "men" anger soon leads to violence, we left the Maars.

The Maars may be a "gay" bar where a queen is "free" to be a queen. (But you know, my dears, you must pay the dues: entrance fee, make-up, gowns, bras, wigs, and enough alcohol and dope to numb the pain of it all.)

My gay sisters and brothers are those I can and want to love. But straightness - butchness - is my-OUR- common enemy. AND WE ARE ALL TOO STRAIGHT! Gay liberation is a rejection of that straight-

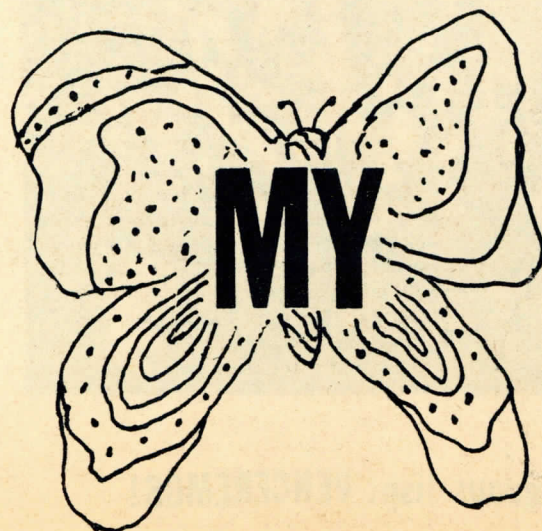
A few weeks ago a Gay brother and I interviewed B.J. Beckwith, a lawyer who is sort of the Terrence Hallinan for the Gay community in San Francisco - when homosexuals are busted a lot of people hire him to defend them.

I asked Beckwith if he is Gay (he obviously is, but that's just my slanderous opinion - I can't prove it). He said, "If you're trying to get me to say I'm queer, I won't do it. What I do in bed is nobody's business."

I wanted to scream, "Honey, I don't care what you do in bed, I just asked you if you are Gay."

A few days later I was in a rap with some women who are heavy into Women's Liberation. "You zero in on sex, you always zero in on sex," they said.

I've been told the same thing by liberal homosexuals and straights alike, "what you do in bed is your business, do your own thing." They are saying that Gay means SEX, nothing but sex.

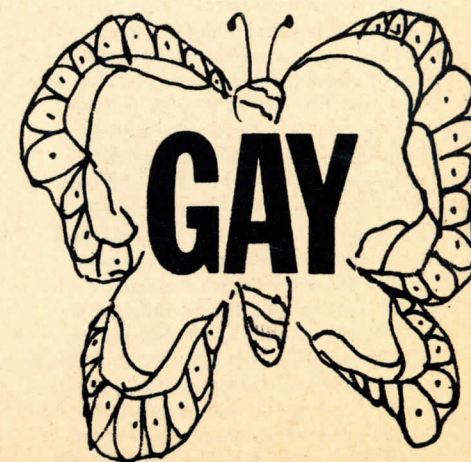


Well, I am tired to the bone of being told what I am. I am Gay. Yes, yes my cock, my mouth and my asshole is Gay. So is my fingernail, my big toe, my nose and my brain. I am not Gay because of where I put my cock or who I sleep with. I am Gay because everything about me is Gay, because I am part of a Gay community.

I was Gay long before I admitted my homosexuality to myself, long before I had ever had sex, long before I knew what sex was.

When I was 10, I played paper dolls with the girls and dug it; when I had 20, I played baseball with the guys and didn't dig it.

When I was 13 a gang of four or five guys tormented me - all through junior high school. They called me a cocksucker. I didn't know what it meant, but I knew it was the worst thing a guy could call another guy.



BIG AND STRONG, THINK WRONG?

ness which brought us Richard Speck, Lou Sterrett, Richard Nixon, mascara, Jayne Mansfield, Viet Nam, My Lai, ABM, Terrell and Huntsville.

What is gayness then? I'm not so sure, for I haven't been able to push back the tide of stinking suffocating straightness that entraps us all.

But if we had all been gay, my loves,

there would have been no competition, no domination of those in dresses by those in pants, and there would have been no pig bouncer.

Yes! If we had been really gay, we would have come together in the sun to share our love, talents, and the joy of being lovingly beautiful.

WHAT GAYNESS IS NO STRAIGHT MAN CAN DEFINE

When I was in high school, I was a very lonely boy. I never had any friends at all. I'd sit and wait for hours by my princess telephone, But no one, no one ever called.

I was embarrassed and ashamed to tell anyone About the gay feelings that I had, So I'd masturbate in bed each night, And think about the bodies of the boys in my gym class.

I listened to the radio with all the songs they played, Told the same straight story time and again. I tried to find an exit door with grass and LSD, But all they did was magnify my pain.

So I went to see a psychiatrist Thinking maybe he could help me make it through another day. But the only thing that wretched doctor could prescribe Was that masculine aggressor was the role I had to play.

But that's all in the past now, 'cause I've become aware That straight men have kept us gays apart with the pain they've made us bear. They've tried to make us think men can't find love in their brother's arms, But we're rejecting their perverted norms.

We're not going to eat their rotten garbage any more, Or drink the piss that they pass off as wine. We're creating a reality in which we control our lives, For what gayness is no straight man can define.



We Are Faggots

We are faggots, flaming faggots, We are queens, we are drags, we are fiery femmes. We off the pig state by smashing manhood. We make the revolution now.

If you scorn us, or try to trash us, Better run, better hide, better change your mind. For we will fight you until we win you, And you are gayer than we are.

But if our flaming brings you pleasure, Come out now, be a queen, be a fiery femme. Go out and fight for your liberation, And make the revolution now.

Songs

I'm tired of Straight Men Fucking Over Me...

Music by Bev Grant... Words adapted for gay men by Michelle...

When I'm walking down the street And every man I meet, Just wants to lay some chick, I up and gag. Cause although those guys are sick And think only of their prick, They're the men who make the rules That name me fag.

Chorus: They don't know how to love a man, Those tight-assed turds who rule the land. Heaven knows they sure got problems I agree. But their problems I can't solve, Cause my Gayness is involved And I'm tired of straight men Fuckin' over me...

When I'm trying to be gay, And some pig comes by my way, And I loose a chance to love, I get real sore "Cause although the choice is mine, that Ain't what is on his mind, He says, "Be cool, or wind up on the prison floor."

Chorus

These columns aren't straight; like me they're gay!

Well, their maleness is a drag, If it means I've gotta brag, And grab me to my side some Sweet young thing. I'll love anyone I can-- All those I can understand. They won't find a name for me; I'll just be free.

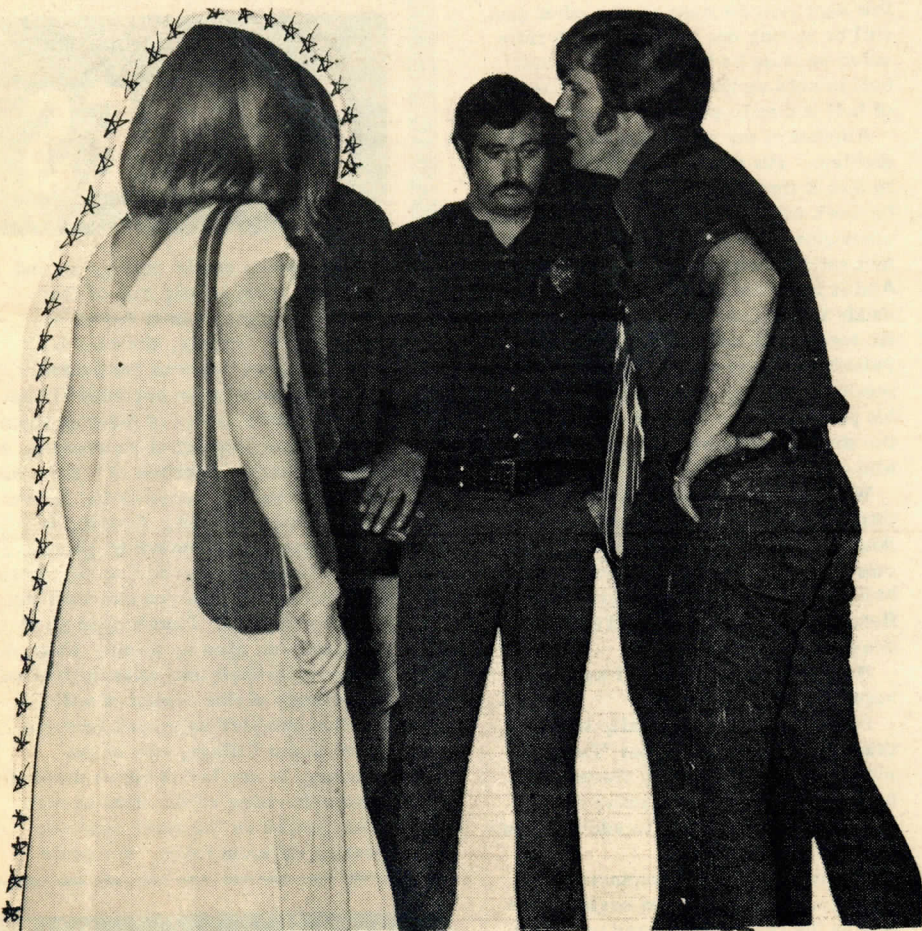
Chorus

Well, I know that life is rough, And to be straight is tough, But I have had enough and can't ignore That their masculinity just don't Respect my right to be, And I solemnly do swear To go to war.

Chorus

I sing this song in hope that you won't Think it's a joke "Cause it's time we all awoke To take a stand. We've been victims all our lives, And to fight we gonna need Each other's hands.

Chorus



They called me MRS. Alinder. They probably had homosexual fantasies and wanted to relate to me physically and the only way they could sense to do it was to provoke me to fight them. But I didn't. I was scared shitless.

There were five of them and I was alone.

I grew up on a farm in southern Minnesota and there you proved your masculinity in competitive athletics. I had too much self doubt to be any good in that. In high school I earned a bit of respect through journalism, theatre and art. But I was never the man I was supposed to be.

Don't get me wrong. I was not exactly a flaming faggot. I drove a tractor, plowed the fields, tossed bales of hay into the hay loft and joined the Future Farmers of America.

I went to a small liberal arts college near my home for two years. It was a parochial, superstraight middle class place, everything based on a social pecking order of fraternities and sororities. Even the lowest fraternity--a bunch of creeps--didn't want me.



Did I have B.O.? Bad breath? No. I was hipper and in some ways more together than they were. But I couldn't censor myself enough. My Gay self was showing through. And my Gay self was me. And every response I got from the world told me Gay self was despicable. So I censored myself more, built higher and thicker walls around my soul and retreated deeper into my closet.

I had friends, other guys at the bottom. I was afraid to be seen on campus with them. I thought I would slip even lower. We were all Gay, but that could never be talked about, never be acted out. We were the outcasts but we were not together.

Two years later a good friend came out. At first I played straight; finally I admitted that I was Gay too. We had been friends since we were seven years old. But it was not until we were 22 or 23 that we could deal with what brought us together. Since then--although we live far apart--I've felt very close to that friend. We've been through a lot.

What separates me from the straight boy is not just the things we do in bed, but what our lives have been. When I meet an upfront Gay brother, I make a connection. I already know a lot about him.

I need to be together with other Gay men. We have not been together--we've not had enough self respect for that. Isolated sex and then look for another partner. Enough of that, that's where we've been. Let's go somewhere where we value each other as more than just a hunk of meat. We need to recognize one another wherever we are, start talking to each other. We need to say "Hi, Brother" when we see each other on the street. We need consciousness raising groups and communes.

Our Gay souls have nearly been stomped to death in that desert called America. If we are to bloom, we can only do it together.

I need you brother, because brother you are all I have.

Reprinted from GAY SUNSHINE

I am gay and the father of three children. When I told my boys that I was gay, their first question was "What does that mean?" I replied that it meant I prefer having sex with men. While at the time I congratulated myself for being so open with them, I think that this answer was a disservice to them, to me and to my gay sisters and brothers.

You see, I didn't help them come to a real understanding of who their daddy is. My answer was a shallow sex-oriented explanation. Of course, there is a simple explanation for my answering in such a way: I couldn't help my children understand because I hadn't helped myself to understand. I hadn't come to a real understanding then for who their daddy is, and I still am having to work and struggle with what it means to say that I am gay.

I am at a place now where I am redefining what it means to be gay, and I can say without any qualification that I am not only proud to be gay but I hope my boys will be gay. Before all of you begin desperately to fan yourselves and moan and groan over my desire to inflict such a life on those innocent boys, let me try to explain myself.

Actually, I do prefer sex with men, as I had told my kids, but this is not the sum total of my gayness. Because the straight world didn't allow me a sensual relationship to men--only a handshake in public, butt slapping only on the football field, an occasional hug at funerals, guarded conversations about personal feelings and onepupmanship in business and sex, because the straight world wouldn't let me talk about my feelings of love for men and left me only an inner-directed fantasy world of absurd sex, because the straight world forced my love-making underground (not just underground--they forced it into dark bars, regularly raided bushes and smelly toilet stalls), I was brainwashed into thinking my gayness was a sexual obsession and, sure enough, **THAT IS WHAT IT WAS!**

Really, when I came out I did the whole T-Room Trip with foot tapping and "What do you like to do" note passing. If I saw a face over the stall I would really freak out--all I wanted was an impersonal hand, mouth or dick. And I hated myself for it. That kind of homosexuality I do not want for my kids!

Later I met a guy and I found out I could enjoy sex with a person--not just a hand. So I played the game of late hour visiting--the romance of a "few stolen hours," and then back to the pretense of being straight-straight in the light of day. Things were better, but I was asking my lover to revolve his life around a few hours in bed and I always had to act my life out of guarded sham and much guilt. That kind of homosexuality I do not want for my kids!

So I came out in a really big way--separation and divorce from my wife and a different trick every night. Man was I free! All I had to worry about was those dry periods when I couldn't get a trick. And worry I did! Keep myself as butch as possible; hit the bars as often as possible; worry about my hair, my waist, my wrinkles and my charm. And that kind of homosexuality I definitely do not want for my kids! (Lest I sound too liberated: hair, waist, wrinkles, charm, butchness, bars and dry periods still plague me!)

Well, what do I want for my kids? To explain it, let me talk about some of my feelings as a child.

I can remember a time when my friends--boys and girls--related on a more or less equal basis. I loved and was loved without reference to gender. We shared secrets and games, dolls and marbles, hurts and pleasures.

Then slowly attitudes began to change. A few samples of that change: Football was no longer something we played for fun. It was a competitive and physical way to prove maleness. It encouraged the value of a boy to be judged by his ability to excel as an aggressor. I couldn't get into this and suddenly found myself separated from my brothers.

In regard to sex, it was no longer the innocent pleasure it had been in childhood. From the older boys we learned



GAY CHILDREN???

that sex was conquest. Little Janie always sat in a certain corner of the movie house. Who was brave enough to get a feel? Everyone knew Barbara was an easy lay. Who would be man enough to try first?

No, I won't accept any of this as "Boys will be boys. Isn't it cute to see them growing up?" It is the beginning of alienation of the sexes. Boys become masters over the soft little toys known as girls. Approval from the peer group is based on the success of "having my way" or "getting it on."

And I felt guilty when all of this repulsed me as a child. When noon would come around at school, and I felt more at home hanging around with the girls I thought something was wrong with me.

Hell, no! There was nothing wrong with me; there was something dreadfully wrong with my brothers. They were losing what I now call their gayness and were moving into that sickness I call the straight world. And it had nothing to do with whom one has sex. It is the attitude that man's tool makes him superior to woman. It is the attitude that a man's relation to another man is aggressive and competitive. If he shows emotion, it is a female weakness. If he gently caresses a brother's hair, he is suspected of being somewhat less than a man. And, my God, if he touches his brother anywhere between waist and knee, he is sick! Bullshit! The gay man recognizes the oppression of women and strives to erase the prejudices which stand in the way of his relating to them as equal beings. The gay appreciates the softness that should be a part of all men. The gay man gives up his privileged position of power and glories in his femininity. Gay women and men touch and trust. That's what I want for my boys!

But it may be too late. One of my sons had an illness which was almost fatal. As a result he has to wear special stockings all the time. He couldn't go to the bathroom at school this past year because the booths didn't have doors and the other guys made fun of his "women's stockings." He is dreading this next year because all the other guys will be suiting out in gym. He is ridiculed because he has to wear a garter belt to hold up his stockings. What kind of hell is that to put a kid through?

Another of my sons has a slight eye problem. His depth perception is poor so that it throws his coordination off and he can't catch a baseball as well as the other guys. Do you know the anguish that such a seemingly small thing causes? And it isn't enough for his mama and daddy to remind him that he is a fantastic reader. It isn't enough that we--his parents--can see the beauty of his sensitive nature. No. The approval of his peers based on learned qualities of the straight world have already made him doubt his worth.

Why in God's name, must they go through such needless hurt and self-doubt? Why? Because this society of ours is ruled by the sick values of butch--hail the conquering hero--watch me flex my muscles--see what I have between my legs--males.

Don't ask my again why I want my boys to be gay.

Postscript: I had originally intended this article to end with that "Don't ask me again" sentence. My sisters and brothers talked over the entire article with me, and I decided to add this postscript.

The reason for the abruptness at the ending was the rage I was beginning to feel as the realization began to hit me harder and harder that my children are being pressured into a stereotype image of maleness that kills their innate sensitivities. I was also feeling quite heavily the pressures of the straight world that had forced me to think I had no alternative but to live apart from the boys--denying what I had to give them and what they had to give me. (It should go without saying that this also applies to the society encouraged barriers between my ex-wife and me.)

I know now that these three boys need the support of a gay identified society. They need the identity of fully realized humanity--the "strength" that enables a man to fight tyranny and oppression--the "weakness" that allows a man to empty himself for another; the "sharpness" that motivates him to drive a sword into the injustices and inequities of today's power structures--the "softness" that gives him the force to reach out and comfort his sisters and brothers.

Pretty words and idealistic hopes? As a gay brother and father, I'm ready to struggle so that words and hopes become concrete realities for everyone--and especially for three boys I know.

"You have to be a girl before you can be a boy."

David is a young man from a farm in Iowa. Since leaving home and coming to San Francisco, he has had to hustle (sell his body for sex to older men) in order to survive.

David is 22 but he could pass for 15, and because of that, he had little trouble staying alive once he got into the swing of hustling.

In fact, it wasn't long before David was buying fine clothes and having his hair styled with all the money he was making.

He was getting \$25 to \$50 a "trick" and could "tum" three or four tricks in an evening.

He had buddies, but could never get along living with them, and before long was living in his own room downtown, \$22 per week, plus \$3 extra for use of a television set.

When I met David, he wasn't hustling as much as he had been. He was spending most of his money on grass so he could stay stoned most of the time.

I felt really alienated from him. As we talked, he would start to tell me about his feelings, and then suddenly

GAMES

The games people play go on and on. This is especially true of that cruelist of human games known as cruising. In cruising, the hunt is on and the hunter becomes the hunted. Eventually the tension becomes so high that the whole aspect of meeting someone with the prospect of an evening, a week, or even a lifetime of satisfaction, or even pleasure, becomes lost in this confrontation of wills. Cruising is one of the great male chauvinist games: I can be tougher than you can be. I can hold out longer than you can hold out. I don't need you. I can't open up to you until you open up to me. Most men try to set up their own roles in the first movements of this contest of wills. Whether the playing ground be some street in the Village, one of the Avenues, or any bar or beach there are always the same roles, often enough being played by the same men only wearing different faces. We could

YOU

Gay liberation is the opposite of homosexual freedom.

This is becoming clearer and clearer to us as we are finding our greatest conflict is coming in encounters with persons who should be our brothers and sisters, but who have vested interests in the pursuit of homosexual freedom.

It's becoming clearer, for one thing, that if gay liberation succeeds, homosexuals will have no freedom whatsoever--freedom, that is, to perpetuate homosexual patterns which reinforce alienation.

The essence of what it means to be homosexual in this society is to take on oneself oppressed patterns of alienation imposed by the predominant heterosexual social norm.

By definition, then, a homosexual is a person whose self-identity and life style is defined for him by the imposition of a

DAVID

he would flip out and become cold and distant.

It wasn't hard for me to understand why. I represented another older man to him; an older man who really didn't care about him, but desired his body.

And I guess I did desire his body, which made me feel doubly uptight. It pained me because it was so plain how much he desired honest affection, and how much of a threat of exploitation there was in every move toward affection with me.

I suppose a breakthrough came the night I came across him hustling on Market Street --dressed for the part, stoned out of his mind, and totally indifferent and matter-of-fact about his being there.

My stopping to talk with him bugged him because it was hurting his business. His eyes flitted around me in search of a business contact (a "john", in hustler's terminology) while I stood there.

I told him I'd give him \$10 if he came to my room just to talk. I told him I didn't have the \$10 with me, but would pay him the next day.

He acted impatient with me, but shrugged his shoulders and said OK. In my room, he continued to act impatient.

We talked uneasily, and after awhile he left. Out to hustle again, I suppose.

I felt totally shitty. Deep down I knew I was just another john, and that was why I really didn't have anything to say to him. It fucked me over so much that I really wished I'd never see him again.

But I had promised, so I went to his room the next afternoon to give him the \$10. He was stoned again, watching Popeye cartoons on TV...the way he usually spent his time when not on the street.

He turned to me and said, "Did you really come here just to give me that \$10?"

"Yes," I sighed, and I said goodbye and left.

That was the last I saw of him until he knocked on my door a few months later, about ready to keel over from ODing on drugs.

He had to find someone, and I guess I was the only person he could think of to come to. He said he was afraid he was dying.

After spending a few days with me to get himself together some, he went back to Iowa; back home to parents who had years before sent him away to a men

tal hospital in Omaha where shock treatments did something, he fears, permanently to his brain. Back home to where he could work seven days a week on his brother's farm. Back home to where all he did was work all day, watch TV in the evening, and go to bed.

A couple of weeks ago, David came around my place again. He was back in San Francisco.

He couldn't stand Iowa any longer. His brother wouldn't even pay him for the last two weeks he worked.

He spent two weeks looking for a job, but couldn't find any.

The other night, he said, he had turned his first trick (for \$15) since coming back out. He hated it, he said, but said he would have to do it more if he couldn't find a job soon.

We talked about life...about being a young man in the city.

David can think...it's just that he had been denied the opportunity for 20 years in the Bible belt.

After rapping awhile, he flashed: "You know, I just thought of it...how awful it must be to be a woman."

He talked about how being a young hustler is like being a woman, insofar as older men were constantly seeking to

exploit him for the sake of his body value. He spun on and on, running the gamut of his oppression, applying it all to women's oppression, and then talking about his oppression of women.

He summed it up by saying, "I guess you have to be a girl before you can be a boy."

It was a simplified way of stating the basic reality of gay liberation. A more complicated way of putting the same thing would be to say that feminine oppression (the exploitation and oppression of women, children and the feminine aspects of the male) is gay oppression so that gay liberation is the liberation of women, children and effeminacy from the influence of the straight, "macho" pig male.

David understands gay liberation, I think, better than all those bourgeois queers in gay organizations who talk about their own liberation while continuing to be the oppressors of younger men like David as well as the oppressors of women.

Gay liberation lies with the like of David, except that right now David is finding himself being forced back into patterns of alienation that have destroyed so many...

MALE CHAUVINISTS PLAY

begin with the extreme caricature of masculinity who believes that it is below his masculine dignity to ever approach anyone else. He will usually stand like the steadfast tin soldier for hours on end, wondering why this isn't his particular night. Next to him is the aggressive animal, the tiger stalking his way through the situation, looking at everyone but not looking at anyone. He is really looking for that perfect fulfillment of some adolescent sex fantasy (referred to as his "type") who was possibly his first love at the age of twelve (his first "type") and whom he expects to walk by momentarily.

There is also the verbal bully who thinks the best way to captivate his latest is to out-man him (voice three octaves below normal) or to outwit him (except that you've heard it all before) or out talk him (most of which you've heard even before he tried to outwit you).

And there are of course also the always-with-us clothes queens (nothing below Bonwits) size queens, body queens, height queens (nothing below six feet), race queens, blonde queens, chicken queens, astrology queens (his sign always agrees with yours), drug queens, campus queens (world's oldest frat men), muscle queens, and even queen queens.

There are the "numbers" guys who have to announce to you that you're going to be their first of the evening or the week or whatever. They also have to constantly tell you what the cruising report is for every port between here, San Juan, and Dubrovnik. In other words, this is to make you feel like another swell number in his address book. If you're lucky.

And the put-up artist who has to first off embarrass you with how you're the most beautiful thing he's ever seen since the last most beautiful thing he has ever seen.

Or the put-down artist who thinks he has to shake you up to get out out.

There are the fantasy creeps who stare at you all night until you walk over to them and then they walk away. They'd rather not know you, too well.

All of these men add up to a frightening lack of self-understanding and self-confidence. They can not face up to a situation without the roles pre-defined, the definitions roled out. We are all too afraid to find out that certain gorgeous "number" over there is just like we are inside: afraid and alone. Trapped in the role that he has learned how to play very successfully, but has outgrown years ago, whether it be the gorgeous "number" role or the twittering little boy of thirty.

Gay roles in the whole of society are designed by fear. Just as we act in straight society out of fear that they will discover us, we react with each other out of fear that we will discover ourselves

also.

It is no small wonder that from out of this self straight-jacketing, many gay men develop a real hatred for men, just as many straight men hate women because of the roles they must act out. Because we are forced to live in a society that condemns us as half-men, many of us feel that we must become men and a half. This means to shut out all of the real tenderness and sensitivities associated with femininity. Gay life is a gay drag when it forces a man to reject most of himself and only leaves him a shell or role he must show in order to live with the reality of our situation: that we are all outcasts.

We must reject what straight society has straight-jacketed us with and form our own life as real people not merely the old male chauvinist roles left over from a dodo society. It's very simple, men. It's just a matter of getting together or falling apart.

MUST BE BORN AGAIN

heterosexual norm -- a norm by comparison with which, he or she is indeed "queer" or deviant.

Gay liberation, by contrast, is a process by which persons who have been the victims of the social distinction between heterosexual and homosexual, reject that distinction and begin to develop a new self-identity and life style.

Therefore, homosexual freedom is the plea of homosexuals ("queers" who understand themselves as such) to be free to be queer. The appeal for law reforms regarding homosexuals, for sympathetic understanding from church and society for homosexuals, is simply nothing more than the plea to be allowed to perpetuate the patterns of alienation which form the basis for the homosexual self-identity and life style.

Homosexual freedom people want freedom

from police harassment or discriminatory practices in homosexual bars. Homosexual freedom people want to be free to be known as homosexuals without being trashed on the job or in arenas of public life.

Gay liberation, on the other hand, wants to destroy the system of homosexual bars, altogether. To be free to continue patterns of alienation and exploitation such as goes on in bars -- where the old rip off the young, the rich rip off the poor, the beautiful rip off the ugly, and sexism (hatred of women) runs rampant, is to be free to destroy human lives.

Gay liberation is the process of reversing patterns of alienation...it is the process of giving alienated persons franchise over their own lives.

Where gay liberation works, the young are freed from the oppression of the "dirty old man".

Where gay liberation works, the poor do not find themselves at the mercy of the rich.

Where gay liberation works, gay brothers and sisters join hands with sisters in the recognition of a common social oppressor -- the straight male who has the power in basic social class/caste distinction rooted in sex roles.

Gay liberation is not just being out front and guilt free in doing the same thing that closet queers do.

When the Metropolitan Community Church, for example, has as its basic message God's love for the homosexual (i.e. "Don't feel guilty about being queer"), it is acquiring a vested interest in homosexual freedom, and becomes the enemy of gay liberation.

Gay liberation says God does not love the homosexual who insists upon justifying

patterns of alienation as fundamental to his life style.

If you use your power to rip off the young, the poor, the naive, for the sake of a sexist preoccupation, then you SHOULD feel guilty, and you stand in need of repentance, not forgiveness....

Let's we forget, it's the straight man's value system which has imposed these patterns of alienation upon persons whom it has subjected to the label of homosexual.

Therefore, gay liberation focuses its attention on the straight value system as it seeks to establish free ground for the development of a gay identity.

However, would-be brothers and sisters who are victims of this value stand in the way of gay liberation when they reinforce their and our oppression by insisting on homosexual freedom.

GAY RAINBOWS SUBPOENAED

Liberated Guardian/LNS

(Editor's Note: The following is an edited transcript of a long conversation between the Liberated Guardian and Leslie Bacon that was joined in the middle by Colin Nieburger and Michael Tola. Tola and Nieburger are Mayday organizers who were subpoenaed before the Detroit Grand Jury that is investigating Mayday and the Capitol bombing.)

Leslie, who was held without bail for over two months as a material witness in the Seattle Grand Jury investigation of the Capitol bombing, has recently been indicted by a New York Grand Jury. She is charged with conspiring to firebomb a New York City bank on December 4. Leslie is now free on \$10,000 bail.)

LESLIE BACON IS A MYTH AND A SYMBOL TO THE PEOPLE IN THIS COUNTRY RATHER THAN A PERSON. MAYBE YOU COULD START BY TALKING ABOUT YOUR LIFE AND HOW ALL THIS BUSINESS WITH THE GRAND JURY HAS AFFECTED YOU.

LESLIE: The whole thing started in a period of about ten minutes. I got up one morning and I was hanging around the house a little bit asleep. Suddenly someone came running up the stairs and said, "Leslie, get the fuck out of here, the FBI is here again." And then suddenly this whole thing was put on me. It was weird because before that I was just hanging around...ripping off Safeway...working on Mayday...organizing things. Suddenly I was in the hands of the pigs --totally cut off from reality.

I had no communication with anyone except lawyers and my parents. It was total culture shock. I was put in a plastic American hotel with color TV. No music, no grass, no hanging around; they wouldn't even let me sit on the floor. There was no one I could talk to except pigs.

For awhile the feds decided that we would go out to dinner when the news came on, which was incredible because the news was my only contact with the outside world. Mayday was happening and I could see all my friends on TV -- watch them all get busted. Later on, when I went to jail, it was like going home --going back to the people --people I could communicate with. When I walked in, all these women crowded around me and asked me if I was Leslie Bacon. They'd read about me in the papers and they wanted to know why I wasn't in that hotel room anymore. I explained all that and then there was this silence. And then somebody said, "Tell us about the revolution."

The thing that's so strange about it is that we don't know the grand juries are investigating anything until they start subpoenaing movement people without ever saying why. When you won't answer their questions, they can throw you in jail. It's a great way to put people in jail without a trial. I spent a month in custody and a month in jail and yet I have not been convicted of a criminal offense.

HOW DID THE MARSHALS TREAT YOU? YOU ACTUALLY LIVED WITH THEM FOR AN ENTIRE MONTH. IT MUST HAVE BEEN A STRANGE EXPERIENCE.

LESLIE: At first, they kind of stood at a distance and I was constantly screaming at them, and lecturing them: "You're only following orders. Eichmann was only following orders." Then I calmed down because I realized that I had to have a sense of humor about the whole thing or I would go crazy.

They discovered that I didn't have fangs, I didn't breathe fire --that I was a person --and then they started doing a parental thing on me. The way I spoke and the experiences I had had were similar to a lot of things their kids did.

The day I was getting out of jail, they were holding me in a cage before I went to court. A marshal came over to me and gave me a rap about how it had

been interesting talking with me, but that we disagreed about a lot of things. He turned away and I said, "Do you think I blew up the Capitol?" His answer was, "I don't think you lit the fuse, but I think you know who did. Maybe you are too far ahead and I'm too far behind!"

WHAT WERE THE PEOPLE ON THE GRAND JURY LIKE?

LESLIE: They looked like the United States bowling team. Most of them were in their 40's and really straight. There was one black man who came just a few of the days, and he always smiled at me when I looked at him... There were a few that were young, but they were really incredibly straight, with silver hair and stretch pants. Most-



ly they were really bored. They'd look out the windows and read newspapers.

WHAT WAS GUY GOODWIN'S APPROACH?

LESLIE: He's a very slick, slimy questioner. He'll ask you a very vague question and you'll give him a very vague answer and then he'll shoot a very specific one at you. Or he'll ask you a question that has a long answer and in the middle of it he'll throw out something incredible like, "Did you go to the Revolutionary People's Constitutional Convention in November, 1970 as a representative of the Yippies or the Weathermen?" And I'd go, "Wait a minute, where's that coming from?"

Goodwin just has totally evil vibes. He turned in his 13-year-old daughter for smoking weed. He wears Benjamin Franklin glasses and looks down over the top of them at you. One eyebrow goes up to the top of his head and the other one goes down. Goodwin knew that I didn't know anything about the Capitol bombing. I knew he knew it. It was very clear, but it was his game that was being played.

DID YOU HAVE ANY SAY IN THE PLANNING OF YOUR "DEFENSE", OR DID YOUR ATTORNEY COMPLETELY RUN IT?

LESLIE: I had very little say because I didn't understand what was going on. Someone should have explained...what a grand jury meant. No one told me who Guy Goodwin was. It was three weeks before I knew that Guy Goodwin was the pig who had the weatherpeople, the Berrigans, David Hilliard, and the Seattle conspiracy people indicted. I read who he was in the New York Times finally.

Then they started asking about this attempted bank bombing in New York. Now I knew that six people had been indicted by a state grand jury there and that all of the information had come from the testimony of an informer so that they knew all along any participation I would have had in it. So when they started asking me about that my attorney's response was, "They're just trying to freak us out; don't take the fifth."

But after answering about ten questions about that, we freaked out and I started taking the fifth. They let me take the fifth for awhile, and then they asked me

more questions. They then went into court with a motion to compel testimony --no immunity. I was ordered to testify and once you've incriminated yourself, you've given up any right to the fifth. My attorneys didn't tell me that about the fifth. They explained everything to me after we were being totally fucked and dragged around the court.

WHAT DO YOU THINK WERE THE WORST MISTAKES THAT YOU AND YOUR LAWYERS MADE?

LESLIE: The first day when I went before the grand jury and they asked me the first question --my name--I probably should have taken the fifth amendment because every newspaper in the country said that I had blown up the Capitol. I could have gone in there, taken the fifth, maybe been given immunity. I would have gone to jail for contempt and then would have been bailed out without ever having said anything. The point is that you just don't talk to the pigs...it legitimized everything that they knew and it gave them a chance to subpoena people. They probably would have been subpoenaed anyway, but the government probably would have had to go through a whole different trip to do it.

HOW MANY PEOPLE DO YOU THINK WERE SUBPOENAED AS A RESULT OF YOUR TESTIMONY?

LESLIE: It's difficult to tell because a lot of people would have been subpoenaed anyway --a lot of people who have been subpoenaed were never mentioned in my testimony. I think that the only place where it directly relates is in the New York grand jury, where there were 12 people subpoenaed. It would have been difficult for them to subpoena any of those people without my testimony.

WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING WITH THE DETROIT GRAND JURY?

COLIN: They subpoenaed six of us to come before them. Michael and I were from Boston, Cathy and Larry Canada were from the Raintree Tribe and Terry Taube and Ken Kelly were from Detroit. We had no knowledge of what it was about, but we had one week to figure out what to do. One of the things that was important was that we already had Leslie's case as a basis, as something to study.

I think one of the reasons for the mistakes made by the lawyers around Leslie's case was that we've never had revolutionary legal coordination before. We never expected a nationwide repression to happen in which we would have to coordinate things in a collective sense. By the time the government came to us, it was obvious that the correct solution to it was not to talk, that any kind of answers that we would

may day is
gay day is e

READ
THIS

! MAYDAY GATHERING!

women's conference, august 10-13

gathering of all tribes, aug. 13-17

-- contact

MAYDAY collective n.e.

1911 cliff valley way

unitarian church

404 - 876-7668

!COME TO ATLANTA!



give would lead to other possible subpoenas.

WHAT WOULD YOU SAY ABOUT GOODWIN?

COLIN: Goodwin would never change expressions, but you could tell that each time it was getting more tense. We knew that we were putting a lot of pressure on them and that we had foiled their attempt. We tried to talk with everyone we met about the grand jury. We talked about Mayday...about the war, the Pentagon Papers, racism and sexism. We explained that the fact that we had raised these issues was the real reason that we were being called before the grand jury, not because we had any knowledge of the Capitol bombing, which was what the questions were about.

The questions ranged from knowledge of explosives to participation in the use

BERNARDINE, JEFF-
SEE YOU AT THE GOLD OF POT.
HAWAII HAWAII



GRANDMA'S HOUSE

2811 OAKLAWN - DALLAS

OPEN: Mon. - Fri 11am. - 10pm.
Saturday 11am. - 9pm.

JEANS & T-SHIRTS
RECORDS & TAPES
INCENSE, POSTERS
CANDLES

LEATHER
SHOP

526-9554

Legal Hash??

Entirely
Organic!

Gets you off...
naturally

Comprised of
completely natural
herbs and vegetables.

5 Grams - \$2.50
+ 50¢ handling

FLASH - BOX 16425
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94116

Fashion
SPECIALTIES

POSTERS - T-SHIRTS
PATCHES - INCENSE
WHOLESALE ONLY
729 N. COLLINS
ARLINGTON - 261-6841



ABORTION

Abortions are now accessible on demand in California and New York. There is no waiting period. An appointment can be made with 48 hours notice.

If you need information concerning abortions in New York or California, telephone Problem Pregnancy Information Service. There will be a counselor at the phone 24 hours a day.

Problem Pregnancy Information Service makes every effort to set the patients at ease. Transportation is provided to and from the airport and hotel accommodations are reserved in advance. There are no age restrictions and financial aid is available. In most cases a patient can expect her stay in California not to exceed 24 hours.

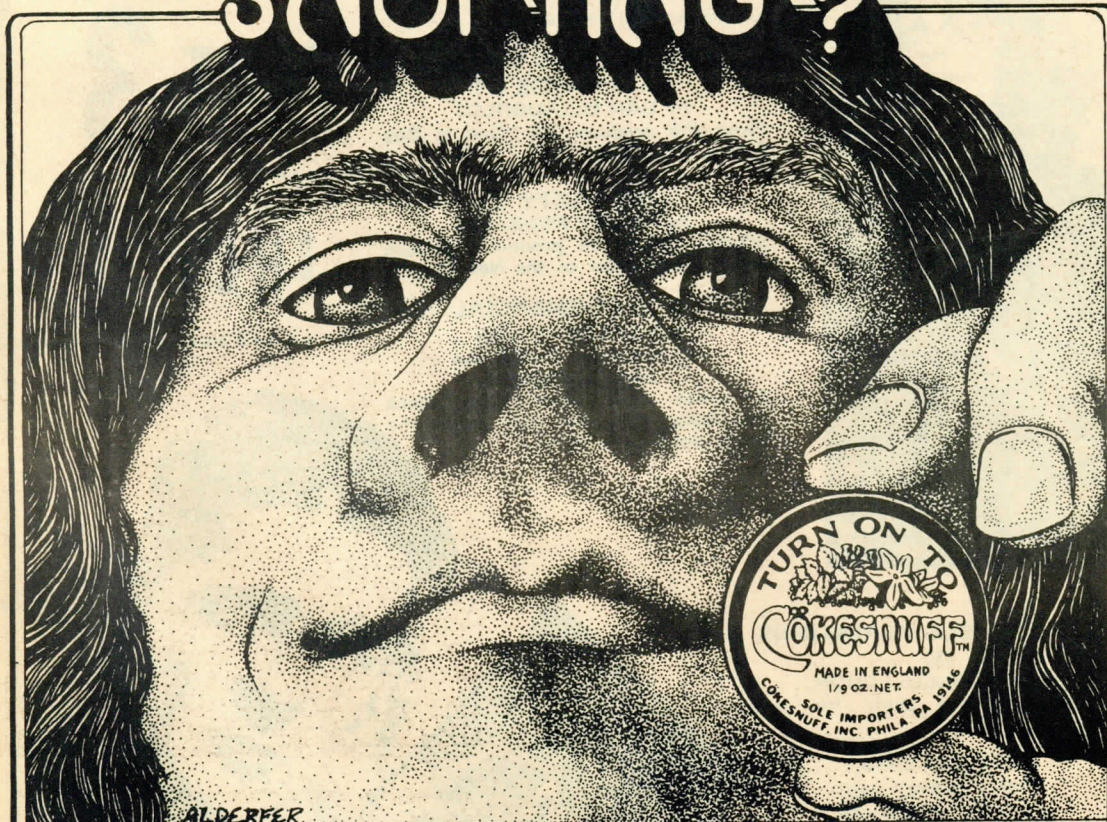
If you suspect that you are pregnant, consult your doctor. Abortions in the early stages of pregnancy are safer and simpler.

Dallas, Texas	214/522-8601
Atlanta, Georgia	404/874-4014
Berkeley, California	415/843-0828
Houston, Texas	713/523-7408
Los Angeles, Calif.	213/322-8787
Denver, Colorado	303/399-7065

FREE MARIJUANA!

Don't pay high prices when you can grow it FREE. Our "Complete Guide" tells step by step, exactly how to grow super powerful Marijuana in your closet WITHOUT SUN, or in the woods. Order Now and we will include FREE, a copy of "MAKING HASHISH AT HOME" & "MAKING THC AT HOME". To get all 3, send \$3 to: WORLD LABS, Dept. G, BOX 3359, SANTA MONICA, CA. 90403.

SNORTING?



Try Cokesnuff: fancy snuff from England in 4 freaked out delicious flavours... Cherry, Strawberry, Jasmine & Patchouli.

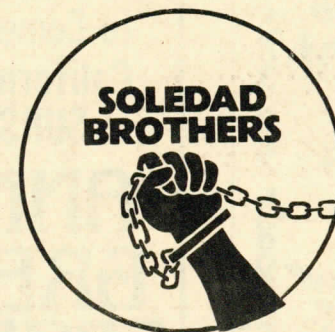
Cokesnuff is tobacco, methol and fragrances... which refresh, tantalize and satisfy. Cokesnuff gives you a pleasant, elevated sensation.

Cokesnuff should be at your local headshop, but if it's not there, tell the man to get his shit together. Then send \$2.00 and get the Cokesnuff 'starter kit' (4 asst'd tins). Discover that little rush that Cokesnuff will give you.

Send \$2.00 (Cash or Money Order. No. C.O.D.'s)

Name..... To: Cokesnuff, Inc. Dept. D
Address..... 2415 South Street
City..... State..... Zip..... Phila., Pa. 19146

Also - discover the new experience of Cokesnuff with your "smoke"
Retail stores write for information.



THE SOLEDAD BROTHERS DESPERATELY NEED CASH!

With the trial finally about to start, the Soledad Brothers Legal Defense team is on the verge of total bankruptcy. The outcome of the trial hangs in the balance. The Soledad Brothers have been under indictment since February 1970 (more than 18 months). The massive pre-trial assaults by the prosecution (changes of venue, gag rules, harassment, endless pre-trial hearings) have almost completely exhausted every penny raised by the defense.

The trial is now scheduled to start on August 9, 1971.

Defense attorneys expect it to last 5 months. Conservative estimates put the cost of the defense (expert witnesses, special investigators, travel expenses for witness interviews from all over the state, the bare necessities for supporting three attorneys and their staff during the trial, etc.) at \$125,000. The state will be spending many times this amount in its ruthless attempt to railroad the Soledad Brothers to the gas chamber. Your money is urgently needed to prevent a legal lynching. Please send your contribution immediately to:

THE SOLEDAD BROTHERS LEGAL DEFENSE FUND

510 North Third Street
San Jose, California 95112

I enclose _____ for the cause of justice in the Soledad Case.

_____ Please send Soledad Button (75¢ minimum contribution)

_____ I would like to work for the Soledad Brothers in my community. Please send information.

Name _____

Address _____

ICONOCLASSIFIED

Get into the fastest moving business in Amerika today! Sell waterbeds! The original bed wholesaler in Dallas offers best possible service. Small beginning investment. Contact us for more information. Dimension Unusual. 741-0794, 741-0535.

OSCAR'S has everything --- bags-moccasins-belts-patches-beads-stickers-candles-incense clips-pipes, etc. boot repair-shoe repair-bag repair-alterations-custom leather. 6903 Greenville, 691-0529.

UNCLASSIFIED

Rates for unclassified ads are 10¢ per word. The same rate applies to both individuals and commercial ventures. The Dallas News Co-Op reserves the right to edit ads submitted for publication. ALL ADS MUST BE ACCOMPANIED BY YOUR NAME, ADDRESS AND PHONE NUMBER. THIS INFORMATION WILL NOT BE USED UNLESS REQUESTED BY THE ADVERTISER. ALL ADS MUST BE PRE-PAID. SEND TO: DALLAS NEWS CO-OP P.O. Box 7013 DALLAS, TEXAS 75209

Print Your Message Here

When the "nigras" go whiteface!
DALLAS THEATRE CENTER'S
MINORITY THEATRE

Janus Players
"DAYS OF ABSENCE"
by Douglas Turner Ward

Tues., July 27 - Sat., July 31
8:15 P.M. - LAY STUDIO - \$1.50
ALSO at DTC... "PRIVATE LIVES" &
"DIARY OF A MADMAN"
Box Office - 526-3857

TAPE CARTRIDGES REPAIRED

TIRED OF BROKEN, LOOSE
OR WORN OUT TAPES?
Send your 8 track tape
cartridges to JIM CRABTREE'S
TAPE REPAIR, P. O. BOX
529, Grapevine, Texas,
76051. \$1.50 each. Be sure
to print your name and ad-
dress on each tape. Money
Back Guarantee.

SOUTHWESTERN
PREMIERE!

The
last
man
alive...
is not
alone!

CHARLTON
HESTON

THE
OMEGA
MAN



Starts
August 4th

McLendon CITY WIDE

PANAVISION®-TECHNICOLOR®
FROM WARNER BROS. A KINNEY LEISURE SERVICE

THIS IS AN AN ADVER-
TISEMENT POSTER. LIFT
OUT AND SAVE

HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE 9TH ANN ARBOR FILM FESTIVAL IN 8 PARTS

PART 3

JULY 31

RATAMATA (8)
by JEFF KREINES

Interviews with nobodies.

DEVIL IS LIVED SPELLED
BACKWARDS (2)
by DAN McLAUGHLIN

From the producer of "God Is Dog
Spelled Backwards".

THE PARTY (3)
by HARRY WEISBURD

Snappy cut-ups to produce a unique
party conversation of the New People.

SORT OF A COMMERCIAL FOR
AN ICEBERG (16)

by MICHAEL HUGO and
ERIC SAARINEN

A great new vision from Claus
Oldenburg, the man who made the
hamburger a work of art.

UPPERVILLE SHOW (9)
by TOM DAVENPORT

High falutin bullshit
at the horse show.



FOUR POSSIBLE VARIATIONS
(3)

by DAVE McCULLOUGH
Cracker absorption study for soup
freaks.

GIVE 'EM WHAT
THEY WANT (49)
by JAMES A. BRYAN

An unbelievable documentary of a
fumbling, horny young man directing
his first porno movie, (in fact, he's so
ambitious, he's making two at the same
time) including good shots of the
"good shots," interviews with the
"actresses," and the "producers," this is
a film for anyone who's ever wanted to
watch a sex flick being made but never
had the right opportunity.



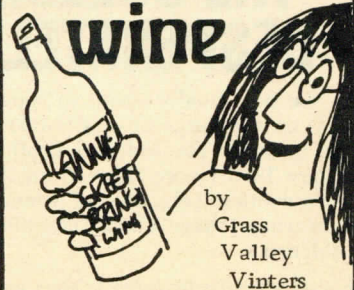
THE NEW AMERICAN CINEMA
festival
11:30 PM
SATURDAY NIGHTS
THEATRE 3104 MAPLE AVE. Not recommended for
young persons

The
universal
joint

314-6650
109 E. Saner
Moving to Bigger
and Better
Things

The Best Thing
to Come Out of
California Since
SUNSHINE!

ANNIE
GREEN
SPRINGS
wine



89¢ Fifth, \$1.75 Half Gal Jug
exclusively in Dallas at:

Keg n Bottle
3519 McKinney Ave

Dodson's

AUTOMOTIVE
WE REPAIR ALL MAKES
& MODELS. TUNE UPS:

6 CYN. \$15.50
8 CYN. \$18.50

2915 ELM
741-0359

10%
OFF WITH
THIS AD

JAYLEE
GIFT
&
RECORD
SHOP
234 W. JEFFERSON
942-6427

an immediate end to
orce.
the only way this
ed is by putting the
le in the hands of

ll third world and
mpt from compulsory
a the imperialist army
military oppression
abroad.

the only true army
e is the people's army
7 people, and women
rticipation in the
nary Army.

in end to all institu-
cause they aid in
ing superstition and
ld people, homosex-

We want a guarantee
ess natural spirituality
institutional religions
of capitalism, there-
he People.

ad immediate non-
m admission/member-
omosexuals into all left
groups and organiza-
to caucus.

so-called comrades
es "revolutionaries"
l with their sexist atti-
ey cling to male su-
efore to the condition-
ers. Men still fight for

ition of man-on-the-
ckly fall in line behind
eir counterrevolution-
untain and to force
ad the nuclear family,
ecadent remnants of

gain, their anti-homo-
ey have used the wea-
ssor, thereby becoming
oppressor.

to realistically define
ause it is they, who,
ives, have struggled to
ic roles of "men."

tried to reach this pre-
y climbing on the backs
omosexuals. "Masculini-
ned by capitalist society
possessions (including

ollects, and the amount
gained over other men.
have been denied even
ards of "masculinity."

lity fosters sexual repres-
emacy, weakness in
ve, and results in an
bjective political

efore, we believe
g revolutionary groups
s must immediately es-
timinatory, open admis-
policies.

t a new society--a revo-
st society. We want the
nanny, free food, free
thing, free transportation

, free utilities, free
art for all. We want a
e needs of the people
believe that all people

labor and products of
ing to each one's needs
ardless of race, sex,
preferences. We believe
ology, and the means of
ng to the people, and
by the people collec-
beration of all.

RY SOCIALISM IS THE

GAY REVOLUTION PARTY MANIFESTO

Gay is a process of attaining mutual
and equal, social and sensual relation-
ships among all human beings, which is
realized only through participation in
the free dynamic expression of love a-
mong people of the same sex.

Straight is the systematic channeling
of human expression into various basic-
ally static social institutions and roles.
The original social expression of straight-
ness was gender: the division of humani-
ty into the castes, woman and man, on
the basis of the biological sexes, female
and male. In this process, females were
deprived of their subjectivity and their
erotic energy was suppressed, while
males developed roles involving aggres-
sion and the search for power and dom-
inance. Since gay, roleless relations
acted in opposition to this process, they
were suppressed.

With this caste division as a tradition
and model, it was a logical consequence
that the male rulers extended the caste
system and placed other males (and
appendaged females) into similar func-
tional or object relationships, based
either on their ethnic origin (caste) or
on their personal heritage (class). This
was the process in which racism, despot-
ism, feudalism, capitalism, nationalism,
and imperialism were developed. The
male rulers ensured the socialization of
people into this system of relationships
by developing self-validating institutions
such as straight sexuality, the family,
the church, and the state.

Gradually these straight societies came
to dominate the entire planet since their
nature led them continually to seek con-
quest and colonialization of other peo-
ples. Today their dominance is practi-
cally complete.

But since the nature of these societies
has never corresponded to the actuality
of human needs, they could never suc-
ceed in the indoctrination of the entire
population. Gay people, homosexuals,
are the most socially defined group of
those not indoctrinated. Generally, we
have been treated as an untouchable
caste, "agents of Satan", criminals,
sociopaths, since we act inherently to
destroy the prevailing social order of
straight gender.

Sometimes the reaction of societies
has been to purge gay people. Examples
of this are the medieval European prac-
tice of burning witches and faggots and,
subsequently, our confinement in con-
vents, monasteries, prisons, concentra-
tion camps, and mental institutions.
Another reaction was the attempt to im-
pose straight gender definitions on homo-
sexual relations, as in many ancient
Greek and Native American groups.
Generally, the practice has been to iso-
late gay people, deny the existence of
homosexuality and increase the indoc-
trination.

Despite this oppression, we gay peo-
ple have continued to discover ourselves.
We have seen in ourselves the capabili-
ty of loving each other as complete peo-
ple outside the roles of straightness. We
have found that humans are capable of
tremendous creativity, imagination,
and constant change, but that these
qualities are suppressed in the process

person.

In the past, we gay people have never
been allowed to openly associate with
any nation, race, ethnic group, reli-
gion, or social movement. All have
denied our gayness, even while using
our abilities. The result of this exclu-
sion has been that we have had no vest-
ed interest in dogmatism, sexism, rac-
ism, and nationalism, and have been
able to see the essential nature of human
personhood and the restrictions placed
on it by classes and castes. These fac-
tors have historically produced in gay
people the desire to break down or over-
throw systems of class and caste.

The isolation of gay people has, in
the past, forced us into individual solu-
tions: criminality, madness, mysticism,
abstract creativity, suicide, and the
conformity of the closet life style. We
have also sought solutions through direct-
ing our anti-social energies against
systems of caste and class other than
those of gender.

Today, conditions have changed and
the isolation is breaking down. We are
beginning to realize that the end of clas-
ses and castes, and even the survival of
human life, depend on the total destruc-
tion of the caste system which has made
women objects for straight men and
made gay people the outcasts of society.

Revolution is the method by which
we will create the conditions leading to
the destruction of the gender caste sys-
tem and thereby to the gay liberation
of all people. It will be a total change
which will reach to the roots of the pre-
sent social order and destroy of its as-
pects which restrain freedom.

Revolution differs from reform in that
it means that the oppressed, with a full
consciousness of their oppression, create
social change through their own power.

Historically, revolution is the method
by which one class overthrows another.
Gay revolution will see the overthrow
of the straight male caste and the des-
truction of all systems of caste and class,
because they are based in sexism. It
is on this point that gay revolution differs
from past revolutions of the proletariat
and third world: it is complete revolu-
tion. Any movements seeking less than
an end to sexism and total liberation
will ultimately be co-opted by the op-
pressor. History has shown that the
maintenance of straightness, female
oppression, and the family system has
prevented every revolutionary social
and political movement from realizing
its goals. Instead of destroying classes,
these revolutions have produced either
new class systems or a return to the pre-
vious social order with new faces. Be-
cause they retained the sexual caste
system, the rebirth or non-destruction of
castes and classes was inevitable.

Gay revolution will not produce a
world in which women will receive "e-
qual pay" for work traditionally assigned
to their gender, nor in which they will
become "equal partners" in the nuclear
family. Rather, it will mean that bio-
logical sex will have nothing to do with
occupation, and that there will be no
families.

Gay revolution will not lead to free-
dom of association for gay people in a
predominately straight world, nor will
it lead to straight-defined homosexuality
with marriages and exclusive monogamy.
Gay revolution will produce a world in
which all social and sensual relationships
will be gay and in which homo- and

tems.

Convergence at the point of gay-fem-
inist consciousness by people from the
gay and women's movements will be the
initial stage of revolution. Gay people,
first lesbians, and later males (after rid-
ding themselves of their manhood and
its privileges), will move toward becom-
ing gayer and eliminating sexism and
straightness from themselves. The
straight women's movement, with its
consciousness of the fundamentally op-
pressive nature of the man/woman caste
model, will move toward sensual rela-
tions of equality and mutuality, that is,
homosexuality, and from there, to gay
consciousness.

At this point, increasing numbers of
straight men will be forced to make a
choice between becoming gay or attack-
ing gay feminists in order to restore the
previous imbalance of power. Reaction-
ary repression is their more probable
course, and it would occur both indivi-
dually and through the institutions of
society: government, religion, psycho-
logy, etc. The goal of this repression
would be to force women back to the
home and gay people back into the
closet through threats of imprisonment
in jails, mental institutions, and any
other means that could be devised.

This reaction would then produce a
collective insurrection by gay-feminist
revolutionaries which would seek to end
the power of straight men.

The preferable alternative to such re-
actionary repression would be for males
to become gay in large numbers. But
just as straight movement women must
explore each other sensually and sexu-
ally, so also must straight males bring
each other out. Gay-feminists will no
longer serve the oppressor sexually or
psychically.

PARTY

Party is the medium in which the op-
pressed collectivize their individual ex-
perience of oppression and develop a gay
feminist consciousness and programs of
revolutionary action. A Gay Revolu-
tionary Party is the means of becoming
gay and destroying straight, in and a-
round us.

A party is the specific organizational
medium which effectively concentrates
energies through combating individual-
ism, power-tripping, and anarchistic
self-indulgence, while encouraging
commitment, collectivism, and self-
discipline. This is in contrast to other
organizations which dissipate our energies
and to small groups which tend to be-
come totally inner-directed.

The Gay Revolution Party is a dyna-
mic network of small groups organized
to collectively deal with specific work
projects or organizational functions.
Such small group functions would in-
clude: collective living, political action
consciousness raising, political educa-
tion, and sensual development. A coun-
cil of representatives, acting out of the
collective consciousness of their groups,
will formulate party policy and co-ordi-
nate action.

We will develop our structures from
our own personal-sensual selves and our
understanding of how to best respond
out of love, not fear, to our own exper-
ience.

Our emphasis will be serving those
who are sensually identified as gay.
Our service will not be doing things for
gays, but becoming, with gays, gayer
and freer gay humans.

les.
self-determination over
e's own body is a human
ght must be defended
body being put on the

as you have taken against
ers and sisters of the
u who throughout your
ered the torments of soc-
and sexual repression,
ed yourselves in the role of

uality fosters sexual re-
-supremacy, weakness in
rive, and results in an
-objective political per-

OS NO SE CONVERTIRAN

EN OPRESORES

Hermanas y hermanos del 3er Mundo:
Uds., que se llaman revolucionarios, no
se han enfrentado a sus actitudes sexis-
tas. En cambio, se han aferrado al
machismo y en consecuencia al papel
de opresor. Aún Uds. luchan por la
posición privilegiada del machismo, y
cada una de Uds., hermanas, sigue de-
trás de los "hombres".

Por vuestra lucha contrarrevolucionar-
ia para mantener (y forzar) la hetero-
sexualidad y el núcleo familiar, Uds.
perpetúan las viejas ideas remanentes
del capitalismo.

Por vuestra posición anti-homosexual
han usado las armas del opresor, en con-
secuencia convirtiéndose en agente del
mismo.

Está en Uds., hombres del 3er Mundo,

--definir la masculinidad de un modo
más realista, porque son Uds. quienes
a través de sus vidas han luchado para
alcanzar esta posición precaria poniendo-
se por encima de las mujeres y los homo-
sexuales, en consecuencia perpetuando
en Uds. mismos y en la comunidad las
nociones capitalistas blancas del machis-
mo, las cuales se encuentran básicamen-
te en vuestra propia opresión.

Nosotros, gente homosexual del 3er
Mundo, sufrimos una triple opresión:

1) Estamos oprimidos como personas,
pues nuestra humanidad está sistemática-
mente devorada por el sistema carnívoro
capitalista.

2) Estamos oprimidos como gente del
3er Mundo por el racismo derivado del
sistema económico de la sociedad ame-
ricana-blanca.

3) Estamos oprimidos por el sexismo
de esta misma sociedad blanca y a
menudo noseados verbal y físicamente
por el machismo de los hombres del 3er
Mundo. El derecho de autodetermina-
ción sobre el propio cuerpo es un derecho
humano y este derecho será defendido
con la vida.

A consecuencia de las acciones que
Uds. han tomado contra sus hermanos y
hermanas homosexuales del 3er Mundo,
Uds., que a través de sus vidas sufrieron
los tormentos de la opresión social y la
represión sexual, se han puesto ahora en
el papel de opresor.

Antihomosexualidad alienta y promue-
ve represión sexual, machismo, debili-
dad en el empuje revolucionario, y una
inexacta no-objetiva perspectiva políti-
ca.

ds broader
without limita-
want truthful
ry. We want
which make
rities
lable source of

ind-rotting jobs
tions
aggles of all op-
orm of govern-
t the true needs
lly result in the
ent. The
women is a
l peoples. We
ourselves and
ents to end this
nd its founda-
We cannot



form of social-
tendencies.
ection of the
r all human
pleasure be-
including
resent laws are
people, gay
Such laws ex-
pialism,
state where
or groups.

ition of the
s nuclear

rgeois nuclear
se categories of
sexuality by
initions and
bourgeois nu-
unit of capital-
es of homosex-
. All oppres-
nuclear family
is a threat to
herefore to capi-
instrument of
he necessary
, i.e., racism,
y on. The
(upon the mo-
avior necessary
elligence and
boys and passi-
er, it is every
a non-sexist,
atmosphere
of all people,

on-compulsory
ches us our true
presents the en-
lity without ad-

sors. Brothers
ed position of
quickly fall
. By your
gle to main-
xuality and the
tuate outmod-
. By your
ou have used
or thereby
e oppressor.
males to real-
y because it
our lives have
alistic roles of
have always
ous position by
women and
ty" has been
s the amount

roles and determination of skills accord-
ing to sex be eliminated from the school
system; that language be modified so that
no gender takes priority; and that gay peo-
ple must share the responsibilities of
education.
We believe that we have been taught
to compete with our sisters and brothers
for power, and from that competitive
attitude grows sexism, racism, male
and national chauvinism and distrust of
our sisters and brothers. As we begin to
understand these things within ourselves
we attempt to free ourselves of them
and are moved toward a revolutionary
consciousness.
7. We want guaranteed full equal
employment for third world and gay
people at all levels of production.
We believe that any system of go-
vernment is responsible for giving every

woman and man a guaranteed income
or employment, regardless of sex or
sexual preference. Being interested
only in profits, capitalism cannot meet
the needs of the people.
8. We want decent and free hous-
ing, fix shelter for human beings.
We believe that shelter is a basic
need and right which must not be
denied on any grounds. Landlords are
capitalists, and, like all capitalists,
are motivated only by the accumula-
tion of profits as opposed to the welfare
of the people.
9. We want to abolish the exist-
ing judicial system. We want all third
world and gay people when brought to
trial, to be tried by a people's court
with a jury of their peers. A peer is a
person from similar social, economic,
geographical, racial, historical, en-
vironmental, and sexual background.
We believe that the function of the judi-
cial system under capitalism is to up-
hold the ruling class and keep the
masses under control.
10. We want the reparation for and
release of all third world, gay and all
political prisoners from jails and mental
institutions.
We believe that these people should
be released because they have not re-
ceived a fair and impartial trial.
11. We want the abolition of capi-
tal punishment, all forms of institution-
al punishment, and the penal system.
We want the establishment of psychia-
tric institutions for the humane treat-
ment and rehabilitation of criminal
persons as decided by the people's
court. We want the establishment of a
sufficient number of free and non-com-
pulsory clinics for the treatment of
sexual disturbances, as defined by the

of possessions (including women) a man
collects, and the amount of physical
power gained over other men. Third
World men have been denied even these
false standards of "masculinity". There-
fore stop perpetuating in yourselves
and your community the white-suprema-
cists notions which are basic to your own
oppression.
We, as Third World gay people suffer
a triple oppression:
1) We are oppressed as people because
our humanity is routinely devoured by
the carnivorous system of Capitalism.
2) We are oppressed as Third World
people by the economically inherent
racism of white Amerikan society.
3) We are oppressed by the sexism of
the white society and the verbal and phy-
sical abuse of masculinity-deprived

12. We want an immediate end to
the fascist police force.
We believe that the only way this
can be accomplished is by putting the
defense of the people in the hands of
the people.
13. We want all third world and
gay men to be exempt from compulsory
military service, in the imperialist army
We want an end to military oppression
both at home and abroad.
We believe that the only true army
for oppressed people is the people's army
and third world gay people, and women
should have full participation in the
People's Revolutionary Army.
14. We want an end to all institu-
tional religions because they aid in
genocide by teaching superstition and
hatred of third world people, homosex-
uals, and women. We want a guarantee
of freedom to express natural spirituality
We believe that institutional religions
are an instrument of capitalism, there-
fore an enemy of the People.
15. We demand immediate non-
discriminatory open admission/member-
ship for radical homosexuals into all left
wing revolutionary groups and organiza-
tions and the right to caucus.
We believe that so-called comrades
who call themselves "revolutionaries"
have failed to deal with their sexist atti-
tudes. Instead they cling to male su-
premacy and therefore to the condition-
ed role of oppressors. Men still fight for
the privileged position of man-on-the-
top. Women quickly fall in line behind
their men. By their counterrevolution-
ary struggle to maintain and to force
heterosexuality and the nuclear family,
they perpetuate decadent remnants of
capitalism. To gain, their anti-homo-
sexual stance, they have used the wea-
pons of the oppressor, thereby becoming
the agent of the oppressor.
It is up to men to realistically define
masculinity, because it is they, who,
throughout their lives, have struggled to
gain the unrealistic roles of "men."
Men have always tried to reach this pre-
carious position by climbing on the backs
of women and homosexuals. "Masculini-
ty" has been defined by capitalist society
as the amount of possessions (including
men) a man collects, and the amount
physical power gained over other men.
Third world men have been denied even
these false standards of "masculinity."
Anti-homosexuality fosters sexual repres-
sions, male-supremacy, weakness in
revolutionary drive, and results in an
inaccurate non-objective political
perspective. Therefore, we believe
that all left wing revolutionary groups
and organizations must immediately es-
tablish non-discriminatory, open admis-
sion/membership policies.
16. We want a new society--a revo-
lutionary socialist society. We want the
liberation of humanity, free food, free
shelter, free clothing, free transportation
free health care, free utilities, free
education, free art for all. We want a
society where the needs of the people
come first. We believe that all people
should share the labor and products of
society, according to each one's needs
and abilities, regardless of race, sex,
age, or sexual preferences. We believe
the land, technology, and the means of
production belong to the people, and
must be shared by the people collec-
tively for the liberation of all.
REVOLUTIONARY SOCIALISM IS THE
ANSWER.

Third World males.
The right of self-determination over
dominion of one's own body is a human
right and this right must be defended
with one's own body being put on the
line.
By the actions you have taken against
your gay brothers and sisters of the
Third World you who throughout your
lives have suffered the torments of soc-
ial oppression and sexual repression,
have now placed yourselves in the role of
oppressor.
Anti-homosexuality fosters sexual re-
pression, male-supremacy, weakness in
revolutionary drive, and results in an
inaccurate non-objective political per-
spective.

LOS OPRIMIDOS NO SE CONVERTIRAN

GAY REVOLUTION PARTY MANIFESTO

Gay is a process of attaining mutual
and equal, social and sensual relation-
ships among all human beings, which is
realized only through participation in
the free dynamic expression of love a-
mong people of the same sex.
Straight is the systematic channeling
of human expression into various basic-
ally static social institutions and roles.
The original social expression of straight-
ness was gender: the division of humani-
ty into the castes, woman and man, on
the basis of the biological sexes, female
and male. In this process, females were
deprived of their subjectivity and their
erotic energy was suppressed, while
males developed roles involving aggres-
sion and the search for power and dom-
inance. Since gay, roleless relations
acted in opposition to this process, they
were suppressed.
With this caste division as a tradition
and model, it was a logical consequence
that the male rulers extended the caste
system and placed other males (and
appendaged females) into similar func-
tional or object relationships, based
either on their ethnic origin (caste) or
on their personal heritage (class). This
was the process in which racism, despot-
ism, feudalism, capitalism, nationalism,
and imperialism were developed. The
male rulers ensured the socialization of
people into this system of relationships
by developing self-validating institutions
such as straight sexuality, the family,
the church, and the state.
Gradually these straight societies came
to dominate the entire planet since their
nature led them continually to seek con-
quest and colonialization of other peo-
ples. Today their dominance is practi-
cally complete.
But since the nature of these societies
has never corresponded to the actuality
of human needs, they could never suc-
ceed in the indoctrination of the entire
population. Gay people, homosexuals,
are the most socially defined group of
those not indoctrinated. Generally, we
have been treated as an untouchable
caste, "agents of Satan", criminals,
sociopaths, since we act inherently to
destroy the prevailing social order of
straight gender.
Sometimes the reaction of societies
has been to purge gay people. Examples
of this are the medieval European prac-
tice of burning witches and faggots and,
subsequently, our confinement in con-
vents, monasteries, prisons, concentra-
tion camps, and mental institutions.
Another reaction was the attempt to im-
pose straight gender definitions on homo-
sexual relations, as in many ancient
Greek and Native American groups.
Generally, the practice has been to iso-
late gay people, deny the existence of
homosexuality and increase the indoc-
trination.
Despite this oppression, we gay peo-
ple have continued to discover ourselves.
We have seen in ourselves the capabili-
ty of loving each other as complete peo-
ple outside the roles of straightness. We
have found that humans are capable of
tremendous creativity, imagination,
and constant change, but that these
qualities are suppressed in the process

EN OPRESORES
Hermanas y hermanos del 3er Mundo:
Uds., que se llaman revolucionarios, no
se han enfrentado a sus actitudes sexis-
tas. En cambio, se han aferrado al
machismo y en consecuencia al papel
de opresor. Aún Uds. luchan por la
posición privilegiada del machismo, y
cada una de Uds., hermanas, sigue de-
trás de los "hombres".
Por vuestra lucha contrarrevolucionar-
ia para mantener (y forzar) la hetero-
sexualidad y el núcleo familiar, Uds.
perpetúan las viejas ideas remanentes
del capitalismo.
Por vuestra posición anti-homosexual
han usado las armas del opresor, en con-
secuencia convirtiéndose en agente del
mismo.
Está en Uds., hombres del 3er Mundo,

through
person.
In the
been all
any nati
gion, or
denied o
our abili
sion has
ed intere
ism, and
able to s
personho
on it by
tors have
people t
throw sy
The is
the past
tions: cr
abstract
conform
have als
ing our
systems
those of
Today
the sola
beginnin
ses and
human l
tion of t
women
made ga
Revol
we will
the dest
tem and
of all pe
which w
sent soc
pects wh
Revol
it mean
conscio
social cl
Histor
by which
Gay rev
of the st
struction
because
is on thi
from pa
and thin
tion. A
an end t
will ulti
pressor.
mainten
oppressi
prevent
and poli
its goals
these re
new cla
vious so
cause th
system,
castes a
Gay r
world in
qual pay
to their
become
family.
logical
occupat
families
Gay r
dom of
predomi
it lead t
with ma
Gay rev
which a
will be
--defin
más reg
a traves
alcanza
se por e
sexuale
en Uds.
nocione
mo, las
te en vi
Nosot
Mundo,
1) Est
pues n
mente c
capitali
2) Est
3er Mur
sistema
ricana-

3) We are oppressed by the sexism of the white society and the verbal and physical abuse of masculinity-deprived



I
all those men
talking
about their fuck
and the way
they
thinking they will win
by being
men fighting
unable to
unable to love
they have become
putting it in and
not understanding
the real revolution
the turning
the changes
a cycle

DAYDREAM (OR A WAR POEM)

Screams. . .
Our natural explorations
wrenched from us
by depraved old men
in their desperation
to dig graves for us all.

Squashed. . .
Our childhood curiosity
for the sensuality of our bodies
shoved into tombs
dug by the hands of macho man
too weak to kiss the sky.

Discovery. . .
The exchange of sighs forged
by our yearnings to touch
falls upon our breasts
in hopes of nurturing
our compassion for one another.

Delights. . .
the brush of naked arm
on other naked arm and
the meeting of sparkling eyes and
the caressing of fingertips.

Kisses. . .
Sometimes wet and sometimes dry
rekindling the spark of life
so long dormant within us

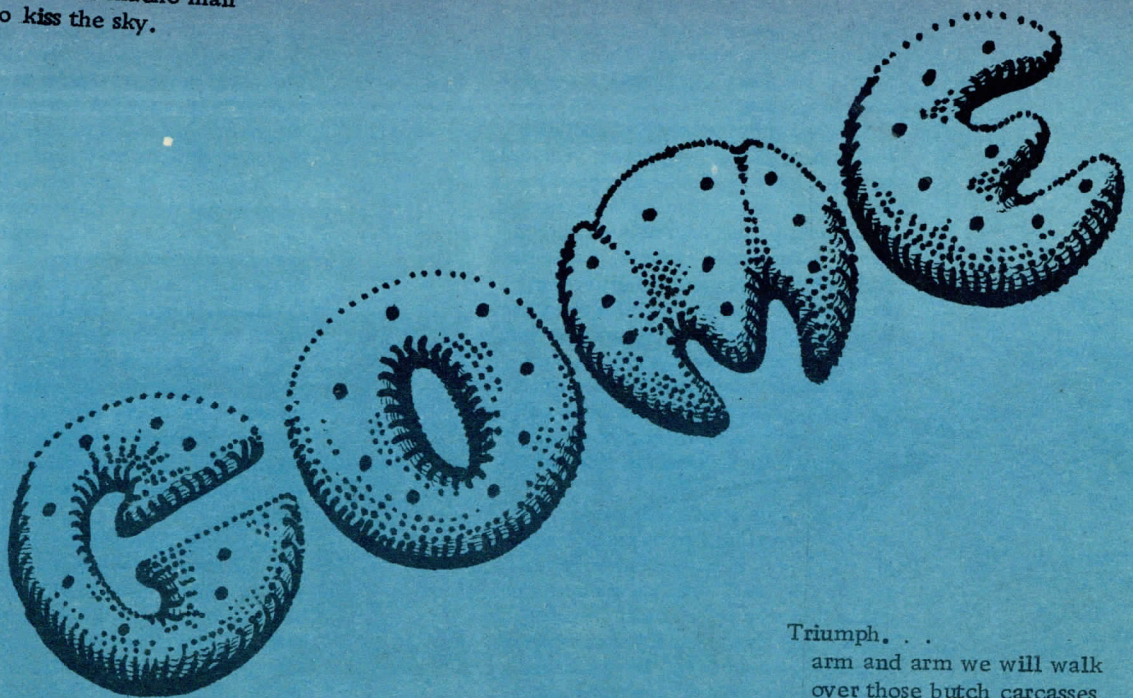
Growth. . .
the holding of hands grasping
for the reassurance that the reality
of our love does really exist.

Sweat. . .
Minds and bodies entangle in the heat
as we attempt to climb
to the point where we become one

Struggle. . .
Energizing from the fire
as a solid energy force
we present an obstruction
for all those who would
dare deny our truth.

Relief. . .
The wailing subsides
and the smoke clears and. . .
at our feet lie the bodies
of straight men.

Triumph. . .
arm and arm we will walk
over those butcher carcasses
to find a place where we can rest
bathing in the knowledge that
we have become victorious.



knowing only
how to put it in
putting in their fucking bullets
shooting their fucking masculinity
putting in their
fucking cocks
continuing their
fucking violence
unable to see beyond
the fucking barrels
of their guns

still fucking
out of frustration
the dreariness
of unimaginative lives
not thinking of
a real revolution
but reacting to the old
playing the same roles
living the same fucking lives
unwilling to create
a whole new world

all those fucking straight men
talking about
their fucking revolution
their fucking
needing to be fucked
to understand the difference
the other side
turning around
a real revolution
they are afraid to
touch each other
to be touched
allowing love to penetrate
the walls
they hide behind
their masculinity

they need to
give in to love
to feel another man
inside of them
to understand
the love
or violence
of that act
to give up their privileges
their fucking
white male privileges
no longer
on the top
the necessary training
for the change to come
when women
will take power
from their hands
an equal share
of everything
this loving revolution
is more difficult
than bombs
it will destroy
the prison of their minds

III
all those fucking men
still talking about
their revolution

still fucking
with the revolution
still talking and fucking
should take that revolution

and shove it
up their ass
until they learn
to love it
up their ass
then let that
loving
revolution come.
(from ECSTACY)



Ike and Tina
TURNER
 with the **IKETTES & KINGS of RHYTHM**
 SPECIAL GUEST STARS
SPIRIT
 in their farewell performance
Dallas Memorial Auditorium-Sun. Aug. 1-8:30pm
 Tickets at Green Parrot, 1908 Forest Ave., All Clark's Pack-
 age Stores and Preston Ticket Agency, 8111 Preston Rd.,
 363-9311. Reserved Seats—\$3.50 - \$4.50 - \$5.50

BLUE HIP HUGGERS
BELL BOTTOMS
 SIZES 26 W-40 W
 IN WHITE, WINE, BROWN, PURPLE, YELLOW, ORANGE
\$4.95 PAIR

WALLACE BEERY
SHIRTS
 AND SKINNEY RIBS
 ALL SIZES & COLORS
\$4.98

BLUE CHAMBRY
SHIRTS
 SIZES 14-17 **\$2.49**
 SIZES 17½-20 **\$3.49** EACH

SILK SCREENED
T-SHIRTS
 S-M-L **\$1.95** EA

ALL
\$1.00
 PATCHES, DE-
 CALS & CARDS
½ PRICE
WE HONOR

BIG TEX
 ARMY NAVY
 STORE
215
 W. JEFFERSON
 IN OAK CLIFF
 NEAR THE TEXAS
 THEATRE
941-0798

T-SHIRTS
 WITH POCKETS
 5 COLORS
 SIZES S-M-L **69¢**

master charge
 THE INTERBANK CARD

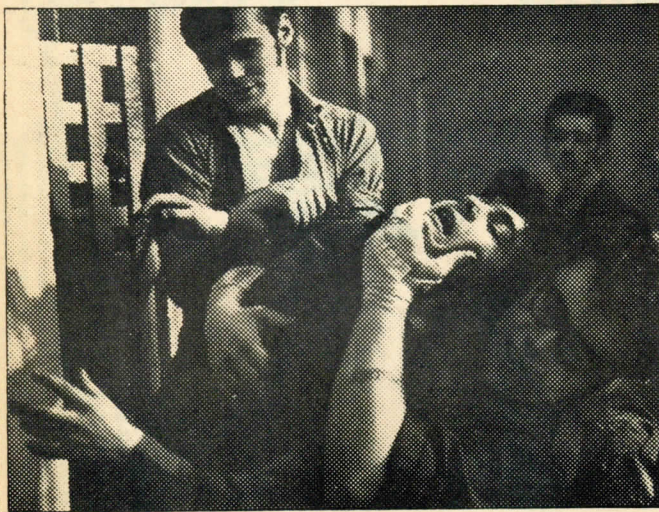
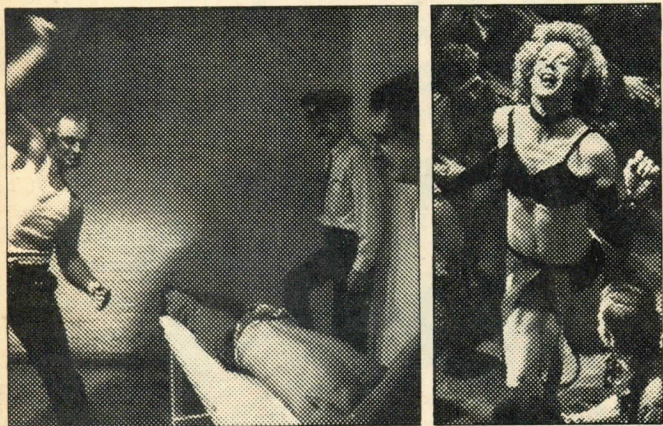
SEXIST AD! SEXIST AD! SEXIST AD! SEXIST AD!

FOR ADULTS ONLY

EXOTIC PRODUCTS
 Unique - Rare - Personal
 Over 50 Items - \$1.00 for Catalogue
 (Refunded with First Order)
 UniSales Co. - Dept. DN
 Box 574, New York, N.Y. 10036

SEXIST AD! IS

What goes on in prison is a crime.



This movie exploits GAY MEN!

PHONE • 821-2563
LA GRANADA
 3524 GREENVILLE AVE.

PHONE • 528-1181
L LOEWS DELMAN
 LEMMON AT NO. TOLLWAY

FORTUNE
AND
MEN'S
EYES

MGM Presents FORTUNE AND MEN'S EYES With WENDELL BURTON MICHAEL GREER ZOOEY HALL
 Screenplay by JOHN HERBERT Based upon his play Music by GALT MAC DERMOT
 Produced by LESTER PERSKY and LEWIS M. ALLEN Directed by HARVEY HART METROCOLOR
R NOT SUITABLE YOUNG PERSONS **MGM**

Starts WEDNESDAY!

CONCERTS WEST
PRESENT

Creedence Clearwater
Revival

SPECIAL GUEST: BO DIDDLEY & TOWER OF POWER
 DALLAS MEMORIAL AUDITORIUM AUGUST 8
 TARRANT COUNTY CONVENTION CENTER AUGUST 7
 8:00 PM

DAVID CASSIDY
 DALLAS MEMORIAL AUDITORIUM AUGUST 22 8 PM

Led Zeppelin
 TARRANT COUNTY CONVENTION CENTER AUGUST 23
 DALLAS MEMORIAL AUDITORIUM AUGUST 24
 EIGHT O'CLOCK PM

TOM JONES
 AUGUST 12
 IN PERSON TICKETS \$8,6,5
 tarrant co.convention center

TICKETS AT PRESTON TICKET AGENCY, SOUNDTOWN SHOPS,
 CRAZY LEGS DENTON, CENTRAL TICKET AGENCY FT.WORTH

SLIDE YOUR BOY INTO ONE OF THESE VOLUPTUOUS

T-SHIRTS

FROM THE

PHILBERT DESANEX
MEMORIAL T-SHIRT WORKS
(A DIVISION OF THE RIP OFF PUBLISHING EMPIRE)

ONLY \$3.95

INCLUDES POSTAGE AND HANDLING (CALIFORNIANS ADD 22% SALES TAX)

ALLOW 2 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY

1. WINO PERVERT

2. LENORE GOLDBERG

3. TRASHMAN

4. WONDER WART-HOG

5. FREAK BROS.

6. MR. TOAD

7. COCAINE

8. DEALER McDOPE

Send cash, check, or money order to:
THE RIP OFF PRESS, Box 14158
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA 94114

PLEASE SEND ME:

NAME	ADDRESS	STATE	ZIP
1. WINO PERVERT			
2. LENORE GOLDBERG			
3. TRASHMAN			
4. WONDER WART-HOG			
5. FREAK BROTHERS			
6. MR. TOAD			
7. COCAINE			
8. DEALER M. DOPE			

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
STATE..... ZIP.....



WE GOT BOTTOMS

AND TOPS

Harper

HEAD DEPARTMENT
STORE
2002 GREENVILLE
826-7143

DANNY C. -
WHEREVER
YOU ARE, I
LOVE YOU.
HANK

gay day
very day

GAY LIBERATION IS ANTI-WAR MOVEMENT

At the recent Vietnam peace conference in Ann Arbor, Gay Liberationists agreed on the slogan, "Gay Liberation is Antiwar Movement/Movement Against War." A Gay May Day Tribe formed shortly thereafter, and expanded on this idea:

"War, American style, is a man's game, where to prove his masculinity, he must maim or kill women, children, the very old, the very young, and his own brothers. War is an extension of our own oppression because it reinforces the masculine image of males and forces them into playing roles where the end result is death of millions of people."

Our Movement is also circulating another statement entitled, "Sexism and the War":

"How does the concept of sexism relate to the machinery that grinds out war after war? Wars are conceived and fought by men who are reared to play

a "Macho" role and to feel guilty if this sexual role is not fulfilled. As homosexuals it is especially ludicrous to ape this non-homosexual role playing. As gay people and people who oppose sexism, we can offer a truly permanent peace by offering a viable alternative.

Sexism is the most elemental form of politics. Indoctrination into the system begins at birth. Human interaction based on sexual roles conditions boys to be aggressive and to fight others, while it conditions females to submit to a lesser status in the hierarchy. This same system brands those outside these two stereotypes as 'queer' or 'foreign'.

Gay people are 'foreigners' in their own culture and are reminded of this fact at every opportunity. We must demonstrate, in whatever way possible, that the beast is within this, our system."



of explosives, to surveying the Capitol grounds, to transporting secret documents to the Chinese in Canada.

LESLIE: Goodwin spent about an hour and a half on rainbows. He is scared to death of rainbows. He'd say, "Miss Bacon, did this paper have a rainbow on it? I want you to tell me now, and remember that you're under oath, did you ever belong to the rainbow tribe, and the rainbow this and the rainbow that."

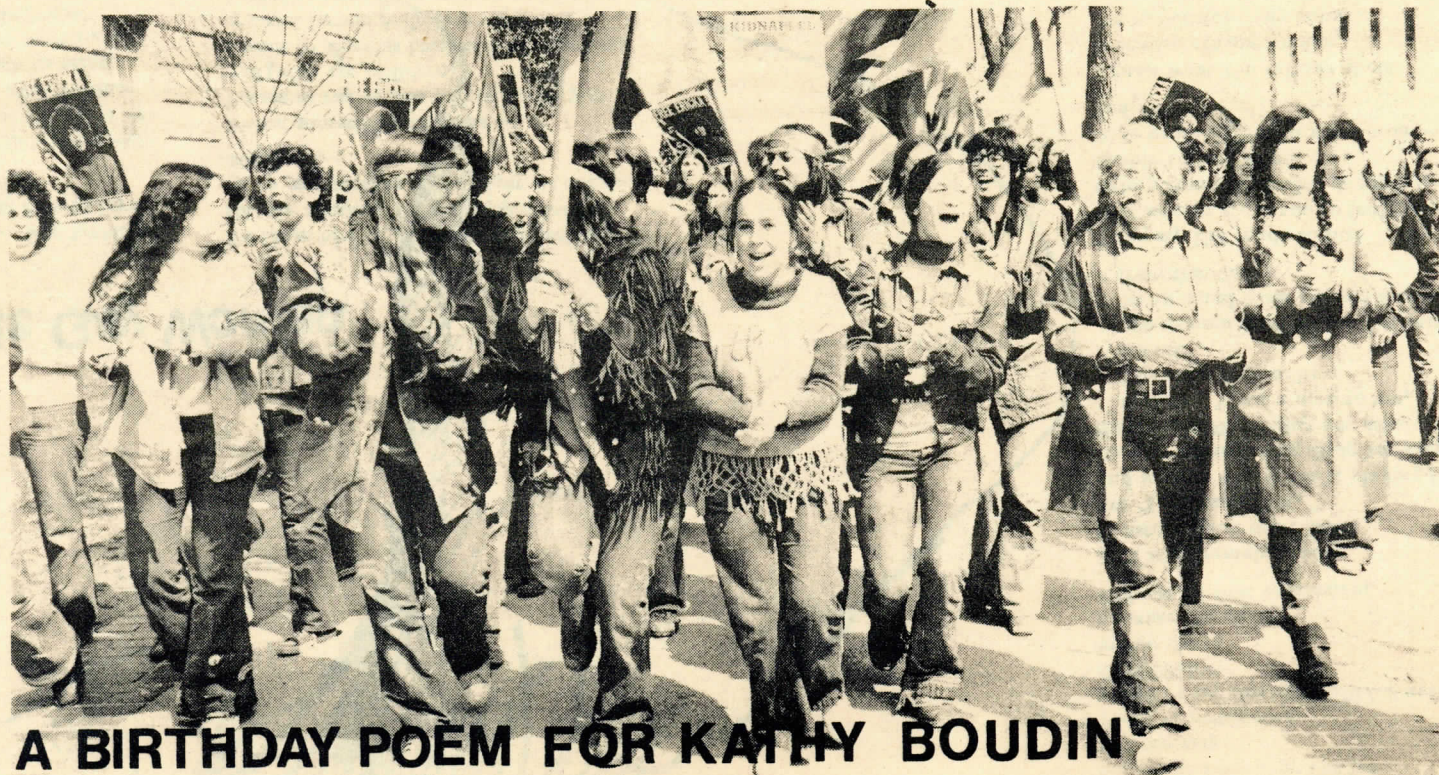
WERE THEY INTERESTED IN MAY-DAY?

MICHAEL: Absolutely. And the Ann Arbor Conference in February that met to plan spring anti-war organizing. They asked a lot of questions about meetings. From what we can gather from their questions about Ann Arbor, it seems that they think that the plot to bomb the Capitol was hatched at that conference. There were a lot of questions about meeting we overheard or attended at which there was "discussion of explosives and of going down to Washington in May to create disorder and havoc."

WHAT IS YOUR SITUATION NOW?

MICHAEL: In Detroit, all six of us refused to testify. We refused because we said our fourth amendment rights had been violated because of illegal surveillance. There's a chance that they may take us before a contempt hearing, at which time I guess we'll have to plead the fifth. Then we'll go through immunity and then contempt. If they are into taking it through to contempt --if they're into indicting people -- then they'll indict some of us and throw the rest of us in jail for contempt. They could quash the other subpoenas if they got who they wanted to indict.

But it looks pretty good. They ran through the questioning of all of us in two days and now they've suspended it indefinitely while they go back and talk to each other and figure out their strategy. They said they'd call us when they wanted us to appear again, and we're still subject to call, but they haven't set a date. Which seems to mean that they're sort of backing off.



A BIRTHDAY POEM FOR KATHY BOUDIN

I am consumed by a vision.
The rainbow route
teases me
inspires me
frustrates me.
I travel light these days: pen and paper,
pocketknife, couple of j's, spray paint,
harmonica, headband
Your eyes and smile often go with me,
the weight of an unanswered dream.
Aching with expectation and fear
of loving each other,
anew.

I want you to know me who I am now:
Hiding out in youth nation,
a fugitive from the exhausting luring
kaleidoscope of my life,
Two blocks away from home,
and invisible.
Me and an old friend are spending the
day together,
Sorry, we can't be reached by phone.

The warm spring breeze feels good on
my newly naked neck,
and the familiar purple mellow of acid
is rising sweet in my body.
Typewriter pillowed under my cheek,
I sit here,
thinking about you.
Fantasies billow by: shy lesbian fantasies.
Reaching out and touching the depths of
your passions
that I have seen touched by others,
and feeling our energies explode
together.

The miles between our dreams have
been many.
I have paused to drink deeply of new
waters,
to let the sun dry up old wounds.
Resting, and ready to move on out,
I search the crowd of my new sister
traveler companions,
waiting for our eyes to meet.

Fleeting memories: Grievance
Committee, Glenville, Chappies,
ripping off, draft resistance crazy
reckless carefree loving girls.
Not yet outlaws.
And men:
when they came between us, we tried
to share them,
but we didn't know how to be without
them.
For the future: dreams of sharing with
you the new wealth in my life:
womanliness, music, dope, struggle,
vision,
honestly and fully.

Hours from now, I will carefully fold up
my fantasies and go home.
They won't wither.
Nurture occasionally, and
they'll bloom where they find space to
grow.
I will tell my friends that me and my
typewriter had a nice acid trip
together.
I hope that you liked being with us.

FEMME OR FEMINIST

I spent the day in a fog
and came home with a sunburned nose
which I guess is to say
you can't go around not knowing
what's going and expect
to understand the results.
Here I am,
little ol' self-pitying me,
knowing damn well
I'd still be in the closet
if it weren't for good ol'
women's lib.
To lib is to ad(d)
and I'd like to at this time.
I wanted to write about role playing:
the fact that some lesbians
because of the chauvinist sexist
society that we are all forced to live in,
feel the need, in a relationship,
to play chauvinistic sexist roles,
ie., butch-femme,
opposed, of course, to the so-called
NEW Lesbian
who has left all that behind.

Because I'm one of those young ones,
not that age is that important
but would somebody PLEASE
tell me why
I feel so persecuted,
so (and I say this with GREAT hesitation)
OPPRESSED
by my sister
because I'm quiet
and not all that aggressive;

isn't it extremely sexist
to assume that these traits
are "feminine traits,"
and anyone with them is playing femme?
It's such a frustrating thing knowing
that I'm NOT playing any role:
my lover's not a man to me,
I'm not a wife to her,
we are
two women sharing love for each other
on an equal basis all that stems
from that love.

And yet, I'm made to feel
like women are made to feel by men,
unimportant, a passive sweet thing
unable to feel anger,
or to be strong, or to stand alone--
and make it.

I guess what I'm talking about
is sexism among women,
not to put down my sisters,
but to help to make them understand
that before we can free ourselves
from the sexist bondage of men,
we must realize our own
sexist attitudes toward women
and work toward their elimination.
When two women
consciously take on the roles
of butch-femme,
neither one is allowing her real
HUMAN self to grow;
this, to me, is sexism.
But it's also sexist
when a butch-femme interpretation
is put on you by others
because of a brainwashed understanding
of what is feminine
and what is masculine.
I owe my "coming out"
to the movement
and the solidarity and strength
I felt from it,
so please understand
that i'm not trying to be offensive
to my movement sisters,
but please also understand
that women like me
who have a hard time
SPEAKING OUT,
are like that due to some psychological
hangup left over probably
from a sexist upbringing,
not because we're trying to be femmes.

(a reprint from the 21st issue of
EVERYWOMAN)

My name is Gay Woman

My name is Gay Woman. Gay means to
me being open to learning how to love
other women in a total way.

This involves defining ourselves through
ourselves, as opposed to man's social de-
finition of women. This also involves
trusting in ourselves enough to relate
not only intellectually but learning how
to deal with the emotional/sexual
feelings we have for other women.

To assume that we do listen or see other
women is, I believe, a mistake. We
forget how incredibly narrow a path, our
education has led us along. We live in
isolation--without joy--without the
tools for creating joy--unable to
demand, let alone ask softly, for a
place in this world.

We must fight to regain ourselves--to
rediscover our own minds and bodies to
know that it can be a good thing to
love another woman.

To learn how to deal with our feelings
for one another, for the longer we say
no to one another, the longer we negate
ourselves.

I want something different--
I want to run as fast as I can with you
and (with our children)
I want to shout as loud as I can from my
gut and I want to do this with you.
I want to love other women and I need
you to learn how to do this with me.
I want to have a woman's baseball team,
a woman's marching brigade, a woman's
band and I need you to do this with me.
I want a new meaning for politics that
is not rhetoric in a vacuum but has, as
its basis, real change, change that in-
volves real human beings. I know that
this change holds much pain for us all
but I also know that this change holds
love and joy and a world in which
women can look at one another and see
clear reflection of strength and
beauty and love.

One of the most frightful aspects of
Gay oppression is isolation. Gay sisters
and brothers, especially those from
rural areas and small towns, write us and
ask where Gay Liberation literature can
be obtained. Here's a list of some of
the better mags and newspapers we know
about:

NEWSPAPERS

Come Out, Box 233, Times Square
Station, 340 W. 42 Street, New York
City 10036 (published irregularly by
women and men).

Gay Flames, Box 410, Old Chelsea
Station, New York 10011 (irregular). Re-
volutionary street paper.

Gay Sunshine, P.O. Box 40397, San
Francisco, Cal. 94140 (male, bimonthly)

It Ain't Me Babe, P.O. Box 6323,
Albany, Cal. 94706 (every 3 weeks).
Gay women very much a part of this
feminist publication.

Lavender Vision, 2036 Mass. Ave.,
Cambridge, Mass. 02104 (women).

Mother, P.O. Box 8507, Stanford,
California 94305 (monthly, free). Only

California paper directed exclusively to
Gay Women.

Rat, 241 E. 14th Street, New York
City 10003 (biweekly). Women liberat-
ed this paper from straight men.

The Detroit Gay Liberator, Box 631A,
Detroit, Michigan 48203.
MAGAZINES

Manroot, Box 982, San Francisco,
California 94080 (3.50/4 issues). Liter-
ary mag.

Sebastian Quill, 3345 17th Street, San
Francisco, California 94100. Spring
issue of this Gay-acid mag include
poems by Allen Ginsberg, Thom Gunn
and others. Highly recommended by
Gay Sunshine.

The Ladder, Box 5025, Washington
Station, Reno, Nevada (7.50 a year).
By Lesbians, for Lesbians and all women
concerned with full human rights.

The Other Vision, Box 8107, Univer-
sity Station, Austin, Texas 78712. Gay
poems, stories and essays.

Women: A Journal of Liberation, 3011
Guilford Ave., Baltimore, Maryland

21218 (quarterly, \$5 a year). Topical
issues in slick, professional format.

BOOKS

Gay and feminist reading list on sexism
for all people, but in particular men.

The Dialectic of Sex, The case for
feminist revolution. Shulamith Firestone
(Morrow) paper.

Sisterhood is Powerful, An anthology
of writings from Women's Liberation
Movement. Edited by Robin Rorgan
(Vintage) 2.45 paper.

The Mass Psychology of Fascism
Wilhelm Reich (Farrar, Straus & Giroux)
Sexual Politics, Kate Millett
(Doubleday)

Women's Liberation: Notes from the
Second Year \$1.50 c/o Radical Femi-
nism, P.O. Box AA, Old Chelsea Sta-
tion, New York, New York, 10011

Fanshen: A Documentary of Revolu-
tion in a Chinese Village, William
Hinton (Vintage) paper Chapter on
women

The Golden Notebook Doris Lessing --
Ballantine (Fiction)

GAY CARE CENTER

REPRINTED FROM RAT

We want the daycare center to express revolutionary lesbian politics so that our children can love themselves and each other. We are not just another special interest group asking for tolerance and a little part of the daycare center's program. As lesbians we are challenging the basic structure and value of the daycare center. We want you to question them too, struggle with us over its present politics, and become part of the new vision.

We are trying to provide an environment in which children have a chance to become new people. That means that we have to be in the process of becoming revolutionary ourselves. Revolutionary lesbians are not only fighting against the institutions of male heterosexual power and privilege but are attacking the very foundation of the male world view --a view which is based on competition, aggression, and acquisitiveness. Lesbians choose to reject that world view and to live apart from men who have perpetuated those values for thousands of years. We have broken our last dependence on male privilege which kept us from being revolutionary. As long as women cannot love each other they still see themselves as second class persons. We are building a new vision. We are creating a new identity, a new politic. Since we have begun to experience what it is to become new women --new persons --we have a vision of what children can become.

Our criticisms of the daycare center are in the context of that vision. Because we are becoming women identified women, we can see how the daycare center is failing in helping the children become new persons. We must start to change the daycare center now.

CRITICISMS

1) The primary content of the meetings is how to keep the daycare center running, not how we relate to children

and to each other and what environment we want them to be in.

2) The basic sexism of the daycare center has not been challenged. The main challenge to sexism has been that of requiring men to take equal responsibility for children (at the daycare center!) with some subsequent changing of home housework rules. The daycare center is still oriented toward heterosexuality and the nuclear family. No sustained effort has been made to encourage girls to become more active and boys less macho. The rampant sexism is evident in the fact that people still believe that "a fucked-up man is better than no man at all."

3) Homosexuality has been ignored. There has been no effort to encourage children to love themselves and those of their own sex.

4) The daycare center is not a collective. How much time people work is based not on need and ability but on a mechanical rule. People's relationships to each other and to the children are not open to challenge and pushing within the group.

5) There has been little attempt to deal with adult chauvinism --beyond the liberal dictum of permissiveness. The parent/child relationship of exclusivity, dependency, and monogamy has not been called in question.

The daycare center must change now if it is to begin to express the politics of what we want the world to become. It is destructive to our children for them to continue to be in this environment. The expression of our politics in terms of the daycare center means the following changes:

1) The heterosexual bias of the center has to go. There must be a continual gay presence so children can see women loving women and men loving men. Books and games that only express the heterosexual world view should be thrown out. We must develop new ones that show positively homosexuality and alternative life styles.

2) The daycare center must be run on communist principles. Scheduling in terms of needs and abilities must be worked out collectively in group meetings. The primacy of the parent/child relationship can no longer be assumed. Those who belong to the daycare center must be moving toward collective living themselves.

3) The primary subject of meetings must be the content of our relationships and the goals toward which we are moving --not the mechanics of running the daycare center. Adult chauvinism must be struggled with, along with class and race.

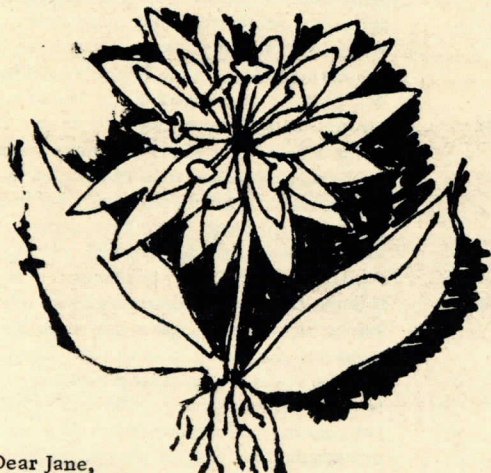
4) The nuclear family prejudice must end. Single women and lesbians with children must be the top recruiting priority.

5) Men who are not struggling with their sexism must leave. The women will decide who can stay. The men who stay must be in men's consciousness-raising groups that help them express their homosexuality.

6) The kids should be encouraged to explore their own bodies and the bodies of each other and to masturbate.

THOSE WOMEN

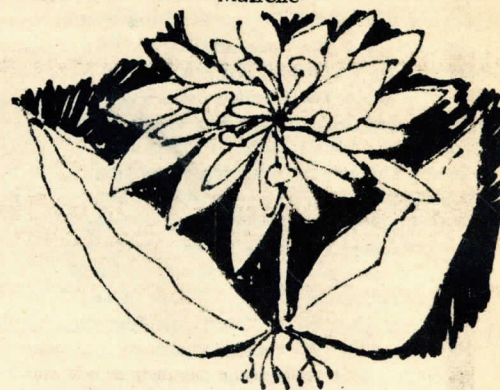
Celesta
Helaine
Sue
Ginny
Sharon
Joan
Susan
Rita
Tasha
Betty
Charlette
Marlene



DEAR JANE,

REPRINTED FROM

"PURPLE STAR"



Dear Jane,

I'm glad you sent me Joe's letter to read in response to hearing about your first encounter with radical lesbianism, but I just have to cite a few fallacies. So, bear with me.

First of all, I think he missed the entire point of what radical lesbianism means. First he says, "If you want to do some experimental frolicking with women, I would not try and stop you," and then he says, "you shouldn't sleep with her just because she's a woman" (or something like that). The point is that radical lesbianism means precisely what he's missing --that is, that you relate to women first on a friendship level, and then it develops into a trusting relationship which, if you love each other, should naturally result in sex. It's not sex as an excluded act, that radical lesbians speak of. It's rather the whole concept of relating to another individual on an equal level.

The reason it must involve two women rather than two of the opposite sex, is because the factors involved do not allow it otherwise to be equal. The factors are these: man, woman, and society. Even if you two do think your relationship is equal, the social factor still remains where man has the superior status, from employment advantages (and therefore financial independence) to the ability to walk down a dark street without protection. Women = dependence because she lacks these things. And our lives have revolved around the

fact that we're dependent. For instance --yourself. You're not really so concerned about staying in school so you'll be better off in the future like the guys are. Your ambition isn't as great as Joe's. Things will work themselves out.

Well, back to the letter. He says if his love for Pete was made manifest, physically, it would limit the mental bond. If he had a homosexual relationship, it would be preferred with some guy off the street. That statement just indicates how we're all socialized into believing that a sex act is separate from love. Joe is controlled by the idea (judging from this quote and the one I mentioned before) that you have friends --and you have lovers. Why should sex ruin his relationship with Pete if he loves him, except because he's been conditioned so perfectly into thinking that you have sex with the opposite sex, and with your own sex, you only go so far. It's wrapped up in his subconscious so well that he degenerates the sex act to "doing it" with some guy off the street. That's not a full homosexual relationship. That's just sex.

Then he says women may satisfy each other better because they realize their own physical necessities. But it goes a lot deeper than just satisfying physical needs. Like I've explained already, it is a full and loving friendship. He then explains that nevertheless, women enjoy other attributes in men which can't be substituted, besides the phallus. Such as muscles, and superior strength. To

me, strength and muscles equal phallus. They all imply that women enjoy submitting to strong male characteristics. But why does a woman, according to Joe, enjoy a "masculine physique"? He thinks it's because these sexual attractions are merely manifestations of "woman's desire to be dominated". When the man is dominant, she feels secure. She feels like a true "woman". Her "femininity", and therefore her submissiveness, has thus been defined.

But this is false. Why must there be a "masculine" one and a "feminine" one? A dominant and a submissive? If you enjoy these qualities in your sexual relationship, it may imply that your emotional relationship is operating on this same imbalance: that you do have roles. Joe says that the man likes to be dominant and the woman enjoys submitting. Why, though, can't it be the woman with the stronger body? Or why is it pleasurable at all for one to be more assertive? If your relationship is equal, as I feel is more possible with two women, if you relate to each other as loving friends, then there should be no dominant-submissive roles. I'm not saying that a "gay" relationship necessarily infers role-less equality. But that is the difference between radical lesbians, which I've just talked about, and lesbians, who are women still trapped in the socialized sexual roles, and whose sexual preference just happens to be women.

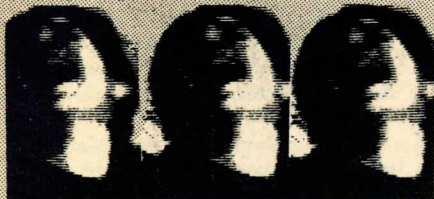
Joe's comment about how lesbianism is fucked up (a male term) if we just re-

late to each other because we have a common set of women's "lib" values and not because it's best for us personally, I don't understand at all. How can he separate a person's values from what is best for one personally? If a woman relates to another because of a common set of values, which just happens to be their entire life style --their whole constitution as people in this fucked up role playing society, then how can you objectify, and not internalize those values? I love other women because they understand and know what these "women's lib" values mean to all of us; something men like Joe cannot possibly understand.

He said he didn't believe there was going to be a revolution where people would be equal. I agree it can't be only a military thing. It will be a new society where personal relationships are set straight, where love isn't built on the weaknesses and strengths of a mate, devoid of wars and money=emotion. If we begin attacking personal relationships, becoming united as women and as full human beings, only then can we begin to attack the external social and political institutions. When you get past daycare centers and abortion counseling, you've still got to deal with the most important aspect --how you relate to other individuals. That, to me, is the initial stipulation, before any revolution (in fact, that is the revolution) occurs. It's not ideological. It's real. Hope I wasn't too hard on Joe, but I also couldn't let it go by unquestioned.

Woman Identified Woman

What is a lesbian? A lesbian is the rage of all women condensed to the point of explosion.



She is the woman who, often beginning at an extremely early age, acts in accordance with her inner compulsion to be a more complete and freer human being than her society --perhaps then, but certainly later -- cares to allow her. These needs and actions, over a period of years, bring her into painful conflict with people, situations, the accepted way of thinking, feeling and behaving, until she is in a state of continual war with everything around her, and usually with herself. She may not be fully conscious of the political implications of what for her began as personal necessity, but on some level she has not been able to accept the limitations and oppressions laid on her by the most basic role of her society --the female role. The turmoil she experiences tends to induce guilt proportional to the degree to which she feels she is not meeting social expectations, and/or eventually drives her to question and analyse what the rest of her society more or less accepts. She is forced to evolve her own life pattern, often living much of her life alone, learning usually much earlier than her "straight" (heterosexual) sisters about the essential aloneness of life (which the myth of marriage obscures) and about the reality of illusions. To the extent that she cannot expel the heavy socialization that goes with being female, she can never really find peace with herself. For she is caught somewhere between accepting society's view of her --in which case she cannot accept herself, and coming to understand what this sexist society has done to her and why it is functional and necessary for it to do so. Those of us who work that through find ourselves on the other side of a tortuous journey through a night that may have been decades long. The perspective gained from that journey, the liberation of self, the inner peace, the real love of self and of all women, is something to be shared with all women --because we are all women.

It should first be understood that lesbianism, like male homosexuality, is a category of behavior possible only in a sexist society characterized by rigid sex roles and dominated by male supremacy. Those sex roles dehumanize women by defining us as a supportive/serving caste in relation to the master caste of men, and emotionally cripple men by demanding that they be alienated from their own bodies and emotions in order to perform their economic/political/military functions effectively. Homosexuality is a by-product of a particular way of setting up roles (or approved patterns of behavior) on the basis of sex; as such it is an inauthentic (not consonant with reality) category. In a society in which men do not oppress women, and sexual expression is allowed to follow feelings, the categories of homosexuality and heterosexuality would disappear.

But lesbianism is also different from male homosexuality, and serves a different function in the society. "Dyke" is a different kind of put-down from "faggot", although both imply you are not playing your socially assigned sex role...are not therefore a "real woman" or a "real man". The grudging admiration felt for the tomboy, and the queasiness felt around a sissy boy point to the

same thing: the contempt in which women --or those who play a female role --are held. And the investment in keeping women in that contemptuous role is very great. Lesbian is the word, the label, the condition that holds women in line. When a woman hears this word tossed her way, she knows she is stepping out of line. She knows that she has crossed the terrible boundary of her sex role. She recoils, she protests, she reshapes her actions to gain approval. Lesbian is a label invested by the Man to throw at any woman who dares to be his equal, who dares to challenge his prerogatives (including that of all women as part of the exchange medium among men), who dares to assert the primacy of her own needs. To have the label applied to people active in women's liberation is just the most recent instance of a long history; older women will recall that not so long ago, any woman who was successful, independent, not orienting her whole life about a man, would hear this word. For in this sexist society, for a woman to be independent means she can't be a woman--she must be a dyke. That in itself should tell us where women are at. It says as clearly as can be said: women and person are contradictory terms. For a lesbian is not considered a "real woman". And yet, in popular thinking, there is really only one essential difference between a lesbian and other women: that of sexual orientation --which is to say, when you strip of all the packaging, you must finally realize that the essence of being a "woman" is to get fucked by men.

"Lesbian" is one of the sexual categories by which men have divided up humanity. While all women are dehumanized as sex objects, as the objects of men they are given certain compensations: identification with his power, his ego, his status, his protection (from other males), feeling like a "real woman", finding social acceptance by adhering to her role, etc. Should a woman confront herself by confronting another woman, there are fewer rationalizations, fewer buffers by which to avoid the stark horror of her dehumanized condition. Herein we find the overriding fear of many women towards exploring intimate relationships with other women: the fear of being used as a sexual object by a woman, which not only will bring her no male-connected compensations, but also will reveal the void which is woman's real situation. This dehumanization is expressed when a straight woman learns that a sister is a lesbian; she begins to relate to her lesbian sister as her potential sex object, laying a surrogate male role on the lesbian. This reveals her heterosexual conditioning to make herself into an object when sex is potentially involved in a relationship, and it denies the lesbian her full humanity. For women, especially those in the movement, to perceive their lesbian sisters through this male grid of role definitions is to accept this male cultural conditioning and to oppress their sisters much as they themselves have been oppressed by men. Are we going to continue the male classification system of defining all females in sexual relation to some other category of people? Affixing the label lesbian not only to a woman who aspires to be a person, but also to any situation of real love, real solidarity, real primacy among women is a primary form of divisiveness among women: it is the condition which keeps women within the confines of the feminine role, and it is the debunking/scare term that keeps women from forming any primary attachments, groups, or associations among ourselves.

Women in the movement have in most cases gone to great lengths to

void discussion and confrontation with the issue of lesbianism. It puts people uptight. They are hostile, evasive, or try to incorporate it into some "broader" issue. They would rather not talk about it. If they have to, they try to dismiss it as a "lavender herring". But it is no side issue. It is absolutely essential to the success and fulfillment of the women's liberation movement that this issue be dealt with. As long as the label "dyke" can be used to frighten women into a less militant stand, keep her separate from her sisters, keep her from giving primacy to anything other than men and family --then to that extent she is controlled by the male culture. Until women see in each other the possibility of a primal commitment which includes sexual love, they will be denying themselves the love and value they readily accord to men, thus affirming their second-class status. As long as male acceptability is primary --both to individual women and to the movement as a whole --the term lesbian will be used effectively against women. Insofar as women want only more privileges within the system, they do not want to antagonize male power. They instead seek acceptability for women's liberation, and the most crucial aspect of the acceptability is to deny lesbianism. --i. e., deny any fundamental challenge to the basis of the female role.

It should also be said that some younger, more radical women have honestly begun to discuss lesbianism, but so far it has been primarily as a sexual "alternative" to men. This, however, is still giving primacy to men, both because the idea of relating more completely to women occurs as a negative reaction to men, and because the lesbian relationship is being characterized simply by sex which is divisive and sexist. On one level, which is both personal and political, women may withdraw emotional and sexual energies from men, and work out various alternatives for those energies in their own lives. On a different political/psychological level, it must be understood that what is crucial is that women begin disengaging from male-defined response patterns. In the privacy of our own psyches, we must cut those cords to the core. For irrespective of where our love and sexual energies flow, if we are male-identified in our heads, we cannot realize our autonomy as human beings.

But why is it that women have related to and through men? By virtue of having been brought up in a male society, we have internalized the male culture's definition of ourselves. That definition views us as relative beings who exist not for ourselves, but for the servicing, maintenance and comfort of men. That definition consigns us to sexual and family functions, and excludes us from defining and shaping the terms of our lives. In exchange for our psychic servicing and for performing society's non-profit-making functions, the man confers on us just one thing: the slave status which makes us legitimate in the eyes of the society in which we live.

This is called "femininity" or "being a real woman" in our cultural lingo. We are authentic, legitimate, real to the extent that we are the property of some man whose name we bear. To be a woman who belongs to no man is to be invisible, pathetic, in-authentic, unreal. He confirms his image of us --of what we have to be in order to be acceptable by him --but not our real selves; he confirms our womanhood --as he defines it, in relation to him --but cannot confirm our personhood, our own selves as absolutes. As long as we are dependent on the male culture for this definition, for this approval, we

cannot be free.

The consequence of internalizing this role is an enormous reservoir of self-hate. This is not to say the self-hate is recognized or accepted as such; indeed, most women would deny it. It may be experienced as discomfort with her role, as feeling empty, as numbness, as restlessness, a paralyzing anxiety at the center. Alternatively, it may be expressed in shrill defensiveness of the glory and destiny of her role. But it does exist, often beneath the edge of her consciousness, poisoning her existence, keeping her alienated from herself, her own needs, and rendering her a stranger to other women. They try to escape by identifying with the oppressor, living through him, gaining status and identity from his ego, his power, his accomplishments. And by not identifying with other "empty vessels" like themselves. Women resist relating on all levels to other women who will reflect their own oppression, their own secondary status, their own self-hate. For to confront another woman is finally to confront one's self --the self we have gone to such lengths to avoid. And in the mirror we know we cannot really respect and love that which we have been made to be.

As the source of self-hate and the lack of real self are rooted in our male-given identity, we must create a new sense of self. As long as we cling to the idea of "being a woman", we will sense some conflict with that incipient self, that sense of I, that sense of a whole person. It is very difficult to realize and accept that being "feminine" and being a whole person are irreconcilable. Only women can give each other a new sense of self. That identity we have to develop with reference to ourselves, and not in relation with men. This consciousness is the revolutionary force from which all else will follow, for ours is an organic revolution. For this we must be available and supportive to one another, give our commitment and our love, give the emotional support necessary to sustain this movement. Our energies must flow toward our sisters, not backwards towards our oppressors. As long as women's liberation tries to free women without facing the basic heterosexual structure that binds us in one-to-one relationship with our own oppressors, tremendous energies will continue to flow into trying to straighten up each particular relationship with a man, how to get better sex, how to turn his head around --into trying to make the "new man" out of him, in the delusion that this will allow us to be the "new woman". This obviously splits our energies and commitments, leaving us unable to be committed to the construction of new patterns which will liberate us.

It is the primacy of women relating to women, of women creating new consciousness of and with each other that is at the heart of women's liberation, and the basis for the cultural revolution. Together we must find, reinforce and validate our authentic selves. As we do this, we confirm in each other that struggling incipient sense of pride and strength, the divisive barriers being to melt, we feel this growing solidarity with our sisters. We see ourselves as prime, find our centers inside of ourselves. We find receding the sense of alienation, of being cut off, of being behind a locked window, of being unable to get out what we know is inside. We feel a real-ness, feel at last we are coinciding with ourselves. With that real self, with that consciousness, we begin a revolution to end the imposition of all coercive identifications, and to achieve maximum autonomy in human expression.

Smash Phallic Imperialism!

Sex is an institution. In an oppressive society like Amerika, it reflects the same ideology as other major institutions. It is goal-oriented, profit and productivity oriented. It is a prescribed system, with a series of correct, building activities aimed toward the production of a single goal: climax.

It's also a drag. For women, in a culture based on our oppression, heterosexual sex is a product we have had to turn out. To encourage us, we are given two minutes of this, a few moments of that, a couple of minutes at something else -- all aimed toward the Great Penetration and the Big Come. There is great pressure to have an orgasm. Sex without orgasm is a failure, it's a drag, it's incomplete, and very, very sad. (Just like a marriage is not real until it is "consummated".) Because of the phallic imperialism built upon Freud's ignorance of the female body, orgasm is supposed to come from intercourse. That's just terrific for boys, but since our orgasm-producing organ is the clitoris, external to the vagina --contradicting capitalist sexist physiology --many women don't produce the appropriate orgasm through heterosexuality. By that criteria they are frigid.

I'm a lesbian. A lot of people can't figure out "what we do", how we make love without a penis around for the final consummation. A lot of boys have these ideas of dildos and bananas. Sex as an institution is too totally tied up with the penis and its goal that boys assume there must be some poor substitute for their noble item.

I always hated sex with men. The pressure of the goal, the rigidity of the process and end was always totally unsatisfactory. Whenever I hear the word "sex", all those shitty experiences I had with men come to mind. I cannot separate the word "sex" from the phallic tyranny I suffered from for so many years.

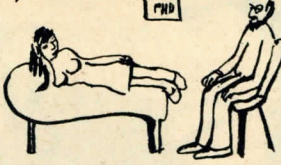
For me, coming out meant an end to sex. It's dead and gone in my life. I reject the institution totally. Sex means oppression, it means exploitation. It serves the needs of boys. It has little to do with pleasure for the greatest mass of oppressed people --women.

Physical contact and feelings have taken a new liberatory form. And we call that sensuality. The women's movement in general, especially at the beginning, and gay feminism now is a fantastically sensual experience for me. I love my body and the bodies of my sisters. Physicality is now a realistic experience. It is touching and rubbing and cuddling and holding and rocking and kissing and licking. Its only goal is closeness and pleasure. It does

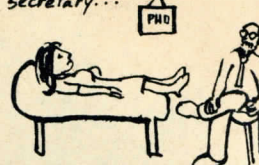
At Christmas my brother would get trains and chemistry sets and I would get dolls and carriages....



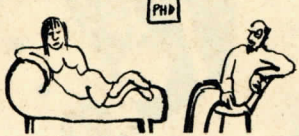
My brother would go out to play while I had to help my mother...



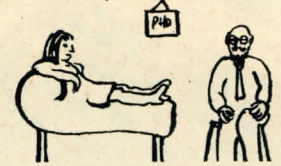
Boys with the same marks as mine went on to good jobs while I became a secretary...



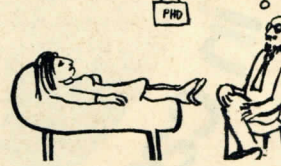
When my husband and I come home at night I cook supper and wash the dishes while he watches T.V. ...



I'm unhappy.



Penis Envy



not exist for the Big Orgasm; it exists for feeling nice. Our sensuality may or may not include genital experience, that may or may not be the beginning or the ending of the experience. It may be anywhere or nowhere.

To make good love with women, I don't want to have to "produce" anything except pleasure. And that can be at any level or in any form. The sensuality I feel has transformed my politics, has solved the contradiction between my mind and my body because the energies for our feminist revolution are the same as the energies of our love for women.

When we feel good about someone we may sleep together. That could mean a lot of things from hugs to climax to cuddling to being very close but not touching. If we feel good in a group we may have a pajama party which would be called an "orgy" inside the institution of straight sex. That could be a genital thing or not. We are free to act without pressure. I refuse to feel like I must make a decision about whether to "put out" or not. There is no such thing as putting out among us. There is no set physical goal to our sexuality. There is no sex.

The whole language is oppressive. It is white male oriented and heterosexual. One word that must go is "sex", because that describes a way of being physical that can only draw up very bad memories for a lot of us. We must use it only in referring to that oppressive institution, not to any new forms we are developing. Having sex means accepting a set of criteria for "success" that we did not set up and develop among ourselves.

Sensuality is formless and amorphous.

It can grow and expand as we feel it. It is shared by everyone involved. It isn't something one puts out for another. Sex with boys was like doing alienated labor so that one with power could make good profit off my surplus labor. Sexuality with women is a collective experience growing out of our struggle.

Smashing the notion of sex, getting away from these concepts so intimately tied up with the penis helps us destroy roles. One thing we realized in our group of gay feminists is that the word "lover" doesn't describe anything for us anymore very much. It is very hard to tell who is who's lover, because that is a condition determined by genital contact in our society. But among us we have a very brazen set-up. I cuddle with one sister tonight because we were together and felt close and I might crash on some mattress with a bunch of women tomorrow because we all danced together half the night. If your lover is someone you feel emotional and physical attraction to and where there is some kind of mutual commitment, then we are surely the biggest group of floozies in town. It's so wonderful. Without that kind of exclusive coupling sex and lovers breed, people cannot fall into tradition roles so easily. Because each time you sleep with someone you have to make the decision that time. Dependent exclusionary relationships take away free will. It becomes an institutionalized habit to sleep together regularly and there is not usually a fresh decision each time. Amongst us, our getting together is dependent on the reality of the present, not on the promises of before.

Sensuality is something that can be very collective. Sex is private and

tense. Sensuality is something you want your best friends to feel and act on with your other best friends. Sex is something you want power and territorial rights over. Sex is localized in the pants and limited to that. Sensuality is all over and grows always. Sex is pinpointed in the pants because the penis is there and the penis is, if not the material source, the material basis for power in Amerika. If you don't have one you are fucked over by those who do. If you don't have capital you get fucked over by those who do. Unless you attach yourself to someone who has it so that you can serve them in exchange for protection (known as marriage). Sperm is coin. And that whole system of exchange necessarily excludes us as lesbians. We can't pretend that those few flaps of skin that make up the masculine apparatus are just a few objective ectodermal gatherings. That stuff is proof of a right to have access to privilege. Some boys reject that privilege, but they always have the possibility of whipping it out in an emergency and asserting their privilege.

We are building a revolution which isn't based on such drivel. And we must have a new language and aesthetic to describe it. Lesbianism is not a sexual perversion: it has nothing to do with sex. It is not another way to "do it": it is a whole other way to have contact. Sex is a phallic term and we are involved in building a humane world. It's like when people talk about being bisexual it blows my mind. It's like saying that if you have an apple and an orange you have two apples because they're both fruits.

Heterosexuality and lesbianism are two forms of physical contact. But that's as far as the similarity goes. I sleep with women, make love with women, am a woman, a lesbian. But I don't have sex with anyone. If I had sex, I could have it with a boy, but that would be a whole other trip from what I am feeling about my gay sensuality. It would be another trip altogether, not a different form of gay sensuality. I would be re-entering an institution the structure of which is inherently oppressive to me. Although particular experiences might be of reasonable fun, but radical lesbian sensuality is a form which I myself am helping to create. It is not an institution existing outside of me, like sex is. It is me, us, as it comes out of our new consciousness.

REPRINTED FROM LAVENDER VISION



photo by marcelina martin

WHOSE PROBLEM?

Why do men snicker at the mention of women's liberation and try to laugh it off as a "bunch of dykes"? Are men that vain to think that some of the members of women's liberation, in order to be equal, must be like a god-damned man? Do modern men still live in the Victorian age of Freud who fostered the idea of women's aggressiveness as mere "penis-envy"? Do men really think a penis between their legs makes them superior over women? I wonder if ol' man Freud ever really wondered what really made some women frigid? I also wonder if he ever heard of a frigid lesbian?

Putting out this issue and as a Lesbian receiving very little support from gay sisters-- in fact the only other women helping out were all straight, this issue, of course, won't all be there. It has been a particularly sad time as the only Lesbian since I can't possibly speak for the entire Lesbian population, much less in Dallas, wherever it is. It is also not particularly "fun" to be the only Lesbian working on this newspaper, the only Lesbian in Dallas Women's Liberation, the only Lesbian in The Stompin' Lilac Society, the only Lesbian where I work, and apparently the only Lesbian in Dallas. Of course the last statement just couldn't possibly be true BUT. . . Aren't there any Lesbians around Dallas aware of the already alternative life-style that they are leading? Doesn't any Lesbian in Dallas

in case you



see this . . .
at each other!

already know that SHE herself, has been and will probably always be a self-styled "Revolutionary," who hasn't had to follow the will of the past and present system nor follow blindly the dictates of the so-called "cure-all" of the New Left'ers who still don't know what a woman is beyond the "horizontal?" Have you ever noticed the lack of sisterhood feeling here in Dallas? Did you ever stop to feel what really was behind the forces of gay women, even being pitted against each other? Wasn't it stupid to be shunned within the gay culture (what you thought would be a pleasant recourse) but. . . someone somewhere thought you might be a threat-- and all you did was be yourself. . . and the women didn't understand you because you were you. . . and the high voltage that society puts us in comes out

(While doing production work, the women discovered another sister who is gay and within themselves feelings of gayness. Since the author could not be contacted, her statement is included in the spirit of sisterhood. It is valid if not precisely accurate.)

GAY IS GOOD

Look out, straights! Here comes the Gay Liberation Front, springing up like warts all over the bland face of America, causing shudders of indigestion in the delicately-balanced bowels of the Movement. Here come the Gays, marching with six-foot banners in Moratoriums and embarrassing the liberals, staining the good names of the War Resister's League and Women's Liberation by refusing to pass for straight anymore.

We want something more now, something more than the tolerance you never gave us. But to understand that you must understand who we are.

We are the extrusions of your unconscious mind --your worst fears made flesh. We are the sort of people everyone was taught to despise --and now we are shaking off the chains of self-hatred and marching on your citadels of repression.

Liberalism isn't good enough for us. And we are only just beginning to discover it. Your friendly smile of acceptance --from the safe position of heterosexuality --isn't enough. As long as you cherish that secret belief that you are a little bit better, because you sleep with the opposite sex, you are still asleep in your cradle and we will be the nightmate that awakens you.

We are men and women who, from the time of our earliest memories, have been in revolt against the sex-role structure and the nuclear family structure. The roles that we have played amongst ourselves, the self-deceit, the compromises and subterfuges --these have never totally obscured the fact that we exist outside the traditional structure --and our existence threatens it.

Understand this --that the worst part of being a homosexual is having to keep it secret. Not the occasional murders by teen-age queer-beaters, not the loss of jobs or expulsion from schools or dishonorable discharges --but the daily knowledge that what you are is something so awful that it cannot be revealed.

We were rebels from the earliest days --somewhere, maybe just about the time we started to go to school, we rejected straight society. Unconsciously. Then, later, society rejected us, as we came into full bloom. The homosexuals who hide, who play it straight or pretend that the issue of homosexuality is unimportant are only hiding the truth from themselves. They are trying to become part of a society that they reject

ted instinctively when they were five years old, trying to deny that rejection, to pretend that it is the result of heredity, or a bad mother, or anything but a gut reaction of nausea against the roles forced on us.

If you are homosexual, and you get tired of waiting around for the liberals to repeal the sodomy laws, and begin to dig yourself --and get angry --you are on your way to being radical. Get in touch with the reasons that made you reject straight society when you were a kid (remembering now my own revulsion against the vacant women drifting in and out of supermarkets, vowing never to be like them, trivial endless gossip, and realizing that you were right.) Straights roles stink.

And you straights --look down the street, at the person whose sex is not readily apparent. Are you uneasy? Or are you made more uneasy by the stereotype homosexual, the flaming faggot or diesel dyke? We want you to be uneasy, to be a little less comfortable in your straight roles. And to make you uneasy, we behave outrageously --even though we pay a heavy price for it sometimes --and our outrageous behavior comes out of our rage.

True, some Gays play the same role-games among themselves that straights do. Isn't every minority group fucked over by the values of the majority culture? But the really important thing about being gay is that you are forced to notice how much sex-role differentiation is pure artifice, nothing but a game.

Once I dressed up for a theatre benefit. I wore a black lace dress, heels, elaborate hairdo and makeup. And felt like a drag queen. Not like a woman-- I am a woman every day of my life --but like the ultimate in artifice, a woman posing as a drag queen.

The roles are beginning to wear thin. The makeup is cracking. The roles --breadwinner, little wife, screaming fag, bull dyke, Hemingway hero --are the cardboard characters we are always trying to fit into, as if being human and spontaneous were so horrible that we each have to pick a character out of a third-rate novel and try to cut ourselves down to its size. And you cut off your homosexuality --and we cut off our heterosexuality.

But back to the main difference between us. We Gays are separate from you --we are alien. You have managed to drive your own homosexuality down under the conscious skin of your mind and to drive us down and out into the gutter of self-contempt. We, ever since we became aware of being gay, have each day been forced to internalize

the labels: "I am a pervert, a dyke, a fag, etc." And the days pass, until we look at you out of our homosexual bodies, bodies that have become synonymous and consubstantial with homosexuality, bodies that are no longer bodies but labels; and sometimes we wish we were like you, sometimes we wonder how we can stand ourselves.

It's difficult for me to understand how you can dig each other as human beings --in a man-woman relationship -- how you can relate to each other in spite of your sex-roles. It must be awfully difficult to talk to each other, when the man is trained to repress what the man is trained to express and vice-versa. Do straight men and women talk to each other? Or does the man talk and the woman nod approvingly? Is love possible between heterosexuals; or is it all a case of women posing as nymphs, earth mothers, sex-objects, what-have-you? And men writing the poetry of romantic illusions to these walking stereotypes?

And now I will tell you what we want, we radical homosexuals: not for you to tolerate us, or accept us, but to under-

stand us. And this you can only do by becoming one of us. We want to reach the homosexual entombed in you, to liberate our brothers and sisters, locked in the prisons of your skulls.

We want you to understand what it is to be our kind of outcast --but also to understand our kind of love, to hunger for your own sex. Because unless you understand this, you will continue to look at us with uncomprehending eyes, fake liberal smiles; you will be incapable of loving us.

We will never go straight until you go gay. As long as you divide yourselves, we will be divided from you --separated by a mirror trick of your mind. We will no longer allow you to drop us -- or the homosexuals in yourselves --in the reject bin; labelled sick, childish or perverted. And because we will not wait, your awakening may be a rude and bloody one. It's your choice. You will never be rid of us, because we reproduce ourselves out of your bodies --and out of your minds. We are one with you.

REPRINTED FROM
COME OUT

What It Means to Love Another Woman

What does it mean to love another woman? Have we not all had closest friends who we have loved as we love ourselves? Why am I expected to channel my sexuality into narrow barriers? Can it not be just as whole and beautiful to love another woman as to love a man? And if you say no--tell me why--without rhetoric or sexist psychology or society's perversities. Tell me why from your being.

I've asked myself that very question and my answer is yes and no. Yes, I believe that ultimately, homosexual and heterosexual relationships can be equally whole and fulfilling. But I believe that in today's society, two women can love each other more honestly and completely than a man and a woman. Because we have been taught to play roles and stifle the real beings we are, the possibilities of getting out of that maze is much greater in homosexual relationships--where the entire framework of relating is different.

I believe the potentiality for a true love relationship is generally much greater between two women than between a man and a woman. There is a greater understanding and recognition of each other's needs and wants because

they are more similar and balanced. Of course there are variables. There are many beautiful heterosexual relationships. But as society creates an ever greater male-oriented, sexist world, the roles played and games learned become more involved and complex.

A great part of our economic system is based upon the sexist generalizations of men and women--and so is the structure of our lives. In many ways, we have lost our humanness and have been molded into societal puppets, who play out life's game by society's rules. We are losing our totality and humanity and they can't be regained until we are aware that they are missing.

I see radical homosexuality (its attempt to break down the roles and possessive aspects of relationships) as a healthy alternative and solution to these problems. I view the role-playing in homosexual relationships as being

LAY LADY LAY

I became a hippie to be free. I left behind stockings and bras, make-up and hairrollers. I went barefoot and grew my hair to my waist. I climbed trees, kissed flowers and smelled freshly cut grass. But most of all, I balled. To "love" was the thing, to express love the "straight" world tried to lock inside me. And here the problems began.

"Hippie chicks," as everyone knows, are free. But free has many meanings. Free to go braless, and shoeless. Free from the social conditioning of this oppressive society. But mostly, free as in--without cost. "Straight" women cost a wedding band. Sorority girls cost movies, dances and dinners. But hippie chicks are free. They cost nothing. And if we should balk at the idea, then we're "hung-up", "frigid," or a "bourgeois individualist." I've had men actually say they felt sorry for me because I didn't want to go to bed with them.

Hippie men are also free. Free to make it with any chick that strikes their fancy. After all, monogamy is "straight" and thus undesirable. Possessiveness and jealousy are out. Hippie men are also free to leave whenever they feel inclined. Like when you get pregnant. There are many ways to look at the freedom of Hippieland.

The philosophy behind all this is that society's sexual morals are oppressive, actually prohibit love relationships and thus must be broken away from. We should make love when we love and not when we have a wedding band securely around our fingers. Moreover, love need not necessarily be restricted to one person but is limitless and can be shared with many. While it is true that "straight" society's sexual morals are oppressive and that group love is a tremendously exciting idea, all too often in Hippieland this philosophy only acts as a rational for men who are looking for an "easy lay."

The question is often put to me, "But

don't you enjoy sex?" Of course women enjoy sex, but not the straight, white, male heterosexual sex that is prevalent in Hippieland as in straight society. The missionary position is the only position sanctioned by law and is thus to be avoided at all costs by hippie men irrespective of the fact that it is the position in which a woman receives the most direct clitoral stimulation. (The clitoris is the source of the female orgasm--of all female orgasms. Read up.)

If a woman doesn't "come" she's expected to fake it. Hippie chicks are especially never, but never, supposed to be too tired, or feeling sick, when the man wants to make it. Consequently, we hippie chicks are great acrobats and actresses, but as far as enjoying sex, we're quite capable of that, too, if given half the chance--and we're not, in hippie land.

But sex isn't the only area in which the hippie philosophy doesn't turn out to be all that it promises. Take work, for example:

Work in this society is non-productive and alienating--to be avoided at all costs by hippie men. Of course, there still is the basic problem of how to get groceries bought and rent paid. The solution is all too frequently to have the hippie chick work while the man stays home to paint or write or maybe merely because he is too sensitive to withstand the pressures of a straight job. Of course, the "chick" is never that sensitive, or never wants to do her own painting or writing. If we should complain,

we're put in place with a quick, "Well you want to be liberated, don't you?"

Sure, we do, but that looks more like exploitation than liberation to me.

In the "street people" neighborhood of Hippieland, the possibility of work may not be considered by men or women. Then there are other ways to get groceries--panhandling and shoplifting being two of the most popular. Everyone knows that women are much better at both of these professions than men. In big cities a fairly "attractive" well dressed woman with sad eyes, a "sweet smile", and a story about a lost purse, can net \$10 an hour. Women's clothing and purses seem custom designed for shoplifting. Of course, it is the woman who takes the risks, and the woman who gets caught, even though the groceries are for two.

There are many ways in which Hippieland, despite all pretensions to the contrary, is not all that different than straight society. Hippie chicks, like straight women, are expected to be "attractive" The clothes and hair styles might be different but it's basically the same old thing: being considered an object to be judged by physical merit. Hippie chicks, as much as straight women, identify through their men. In Hippieland it isn't one man, husband forever, doctor, lawyer, or business man. It's a series of men, artists, poets, philosophers, and musicians. The specifics differ but it is the same thing. Both hippie chicks and straight women, if they have interests are expected to keep those interests subordinated to those of

their men, to pursue them as secondary (to their men) interests or auxiliary interests to make them more amusing and intriguing, a better companion. Hippie chicks, like straight women, are required to be emotional support for their men, to encourage them and believe in their talents, abilities, and ideas, even when no one else does. The converse isn't true.

In Hippieland, as in the straight world, the woman is still subordinate, passive and supportive, while the man remains dominate and active. Hippieland might be a free place, but for whom?

While I lived in Hippieland I had few close female friends. Because I, like straight women, identified myself through men, and that rule of non-possessiveness kept me constantly competing with other women for men to identify through. I couldn't see women as human beings but only as threats to what little security there was to be found in a hippie relationship. Hippies supposedly search for new forms of love and new ways of expressing that love. But in Hippieland, there is little room for sister love, as little as in straight society. While in Hippieland I copped out by claiming that I, for some mysterious reason, "didn't relate well to women." That made me feel good, to relate to men only. I felt better than other women--"as good as a man." Looking back, I can only guess how much love I missed at a time in my life when love was the only thing I was looking for.

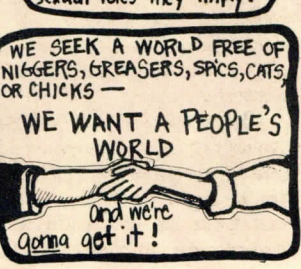
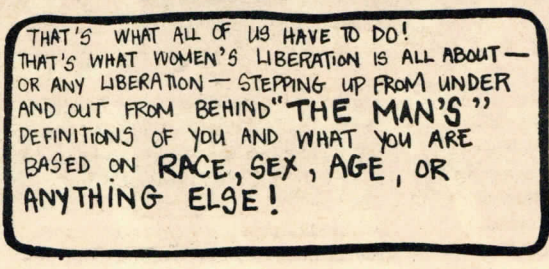
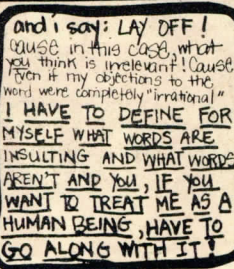
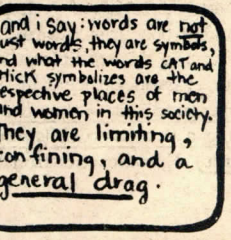
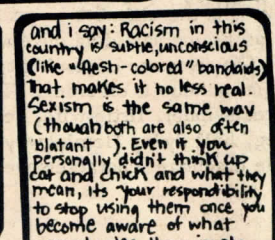
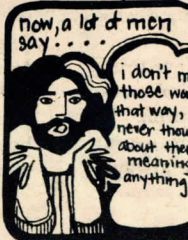
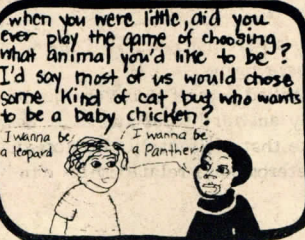
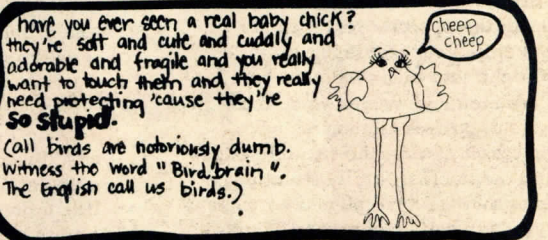
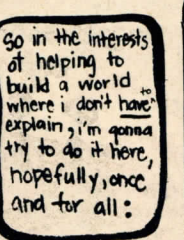
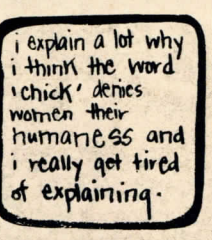
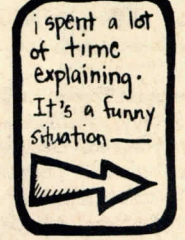
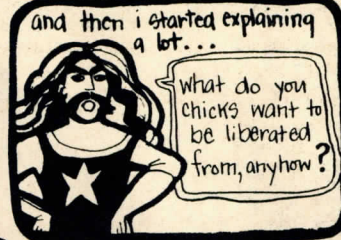
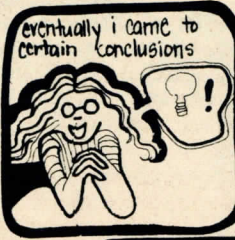
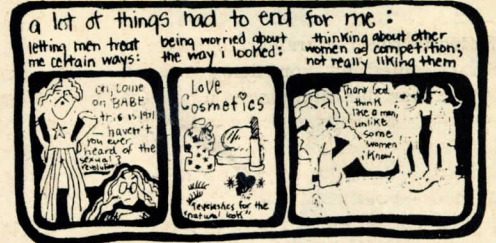
I left Hippieland one night after crying for hours in a bathroom with a razor-blade in my hand. I never quite managed to use it. In my new home I tried developing my own interests for no reason other than that they interested me.

I looked at my personality and searched for what was really me underneath all the games I'd learn because they pleased hippie men. I tried really relating to people, women as well as men. It's a nice place to live, where I am now I wish I could persuade some of my sisters to join me.



(Out of the shell and into the streets!)

like some 50% of us I was born
FEMALE!



CONOCLEAST COMES OUT

Vol.1, No.31

August

25¢



SISTERS ARE
BEAUTIFUL