

GAY LIBERATION FRONT

5 P. COME 10 TOGETHER

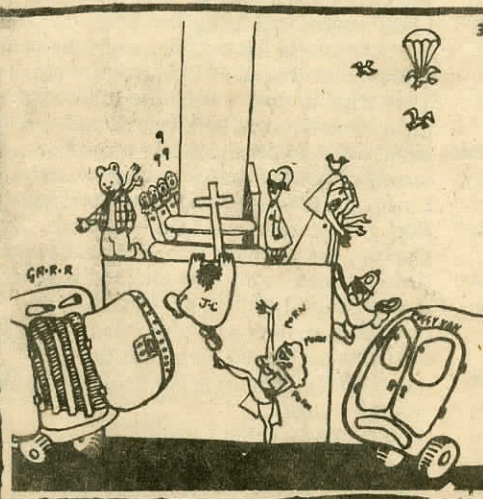
NOVEMBER 1971



1. One day Rupert Bear invited all his forest friends to do a street theatre. They were all very excited and met him at Covent Garden, dressed in their best clothes. There was Jesus with his toy cross, the bible reading priest, Mrs Mary Whitehouse, a choir singing 'all things bright and beautiful', some jolly policemen with red noses and cans of C.S. gas and six schoolgirls who had brought along the coffin of freedom in case anyone wanted to rest on the way. There was also a very pretty little fairy called the spirit of porn and some school teachers with canes and five nuns.



2. Everybody met in Henrietta Street and there were some other policemen, who didn't look quite so jolly as the ones with red noses. When they got to Trafalgar Square they stopped to rest and watch all the other forest creatures who were singing other songs. Finally they set off to join the others when suddenly one of the other policemen came up to our jolly ones and said they were going to be arrested for looking like them. Had this been true our jolly little policemen would have deserved arrest but it wasn't true at all, my dears.

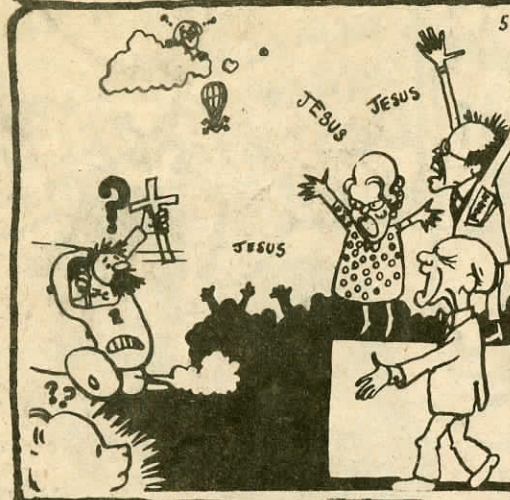


3. Our schoolteachers and Mrs Mary Whitehouse heard the commotion and asked the other policemen why we couldn't join the march. 'Because you are an angry brigade!' This amazed the forest creatures and did in fact make them feel quite boss. Suddenly the other policemen's big green bus arrived and the forest creatures moved away because they didn't want to ride in the bus. They wanted to join the march with the other animals. They were not allowed to move forward so they climbed up a nearby statue taking the cross and coffin with them, giving all their friends a leg up.

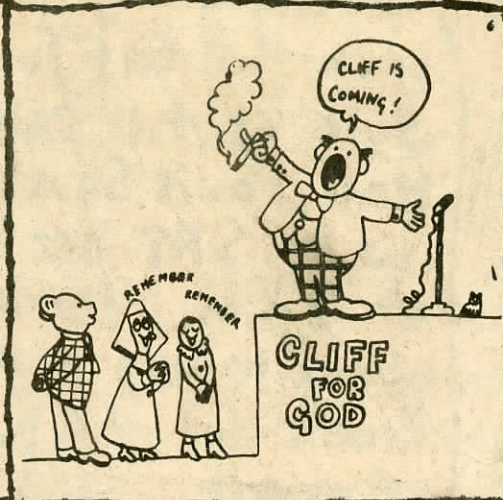


4. Well dear readers, can you imagine? Rupert and all his friends hanging on to the statue with the cross and coffin, when suddenly the other policemen climbed up as well to pull

Rupert Bear and The Other People (a fairy story).



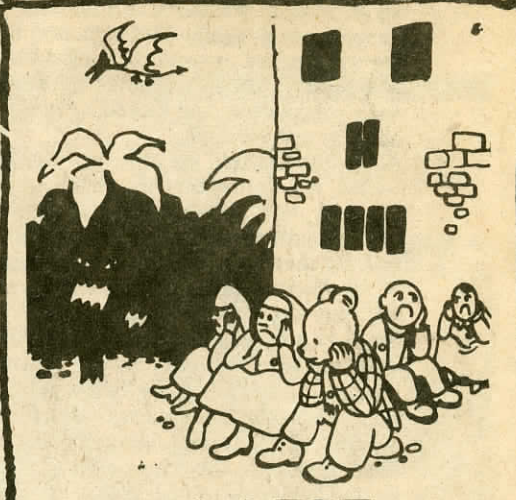
5. Five of the furry forest creatures tumbled down on the hard ground and were driven away in the big green bus. The other animals, noticed, and were shouting 'Jesus! Jesus!', which seemed very strange as the little friend Jesus had been knocked to the ground a long time ago.



6. After that, Rupert and his friends (those that were left) realised they were in a dangerous place, so they ran away to the park. The park was also full of other animals shouting and screaming things so Rupert and his friends searched around for other things. Then a man with a microphone said: 'Cliff Richard is going to sing'. Rupert and his friends cheered, as they used to know him quite well when he also played in the forest.



7. Then more of the other policemen arrived, and hurled themselves at the forest creatures and dragged poor Mrs Mary Whitehouse, the little spirit of porn, and several nuns into the big green bus. The other policemen made Mrs Mary Whitehouse take off her bra in case she would hang herself, and another policeman cut his thumb on the little porn fairy's bracelets, who was crying because she lost her pretty earrings.



8. This is the end of the sad story, except to add that the remainder of Rupert's friends sat outside a nasty building belonging to the other policemen until their friends were realised. One thing was quite clear though there might have been a time when they couldn't tell the wood from the trees, they all knew now where the jungle began.



2 BORSTAL

I was arrested in May 1968 on a charge of breaking and entering a factory and stealing tyres. When I appeared in court, they brought up the fact that I had been to bed with a man, although this was not on the charges brought against me in court. This did not in any way relate to the charges that were brought out in the probation report on my background. I don't know how the probation officer found out, but I suspect my father told him.

When I appeared in court, I was remanded in custody for two weeks for a medical report which in actuality consisted of a brief five-minute oral report to the prison doctor. I spent the two weeks in Dumbarton remand home, which for that type of place was quite nice. I returned to court on the 20th May, where I was found guilty and sentenced to up to two years in borstal. I did have one previous conviction, but this was not brought up in court.

I was taken from the court by a policeman in a van to the borstal, where upon arrival I was hauled out of the van by a screw. The pig that had accompanied me told the screws all that had happened in court, including the fact that I had slept with a man. I was then stripped and searched, which to my mind was quite unnecessary, as I had come straight from remand home to court, to pig shed, and then on to the borstal. I was given a heavy black serge battle-dress to wear, also heavy boots, despite the fact that it was very hot and almost summer. I was then taken from the reception area into a big hall called Douglas House, where I went through a door and walked quickly up to a table. The screw there hit me across the mouth, and told me to go back to the door and march in, and never to forget the fact that I was in borstal. This happened three times before he was satisfied. I was told that I could only have one letter and one visiting order a month. I was then taken out to have a shower, and then locked up in a cell for the rest of the afternoon.

The cell consisted of one iron bed, one straw mattress, one coat-hanger attached to the wall, one sideboard and a shanty (piss-pot). I was left alone until tea-time, when I was marched down into a crowded dining-hall. After tea, everyone was double marched up to the corridors for an inspection. We had to run upstairs keeping our arms shoulder-high, and then we were locked up until recreation time at seven o'clock. I was then let out for an hour's recreation, and locked up in my cell again at eight o'clock. As no one had told me otherwise I undressed, folded my clothes over the chair and got into bed. At 8:30 the door burst open and a screw came in and told me to get out of bed. He then proceeded to hammer hell out of me. He then called the other screws in and they also beat me for not being properly prepared. Apparently I was only supposed to have turned my bed down, strip, fold my clothes into a regulation pattern, stand under the light and call out my name, number, and that the room was ready for inspection when the screws opened the door. They knew of course that I did not know what to do and were probably looking forward to beating me. I cried all night, terrified of what the next two years was to bring, if this the first day was anything to go by. Predictably the next morning was repeat of the previous night. I did not know what I was expected to do, so anything I did was wrong, and therefore I was beaten again and also lost my right to recreation that night. The screws never told me what I was expected to know, consequently I learned the hard way, by trial and error. The boys quite often told me the wrong thing, as it was a using to see someone else get into trouble. For example one was not allowed to use the shanty during the day, although the cells were supposed to be opened every two hours they never were. The punishment if caught using the shanty without permission was loss of recreation and extra PT, which you can imagine was sheer hell.

The screws were sadists. They took everything upon themselves and made up rules to suit themselves as they thought fit. They were in fact just working out their own fantasies and aggressions on people who were in no position to defend themselves against their vicious unprovoked attacks. There seemed

to be an unspoken spirit of competition among them as to which one of them could devise new ways to humiliate the boys.

The other boys soon found out that I had had sex with a man from the screws, who delighted in publicly calling me names like nancy or pearl; also at that time my voice had not broken and I was effeminate compared to the other so-called pillars of manhood. Some of the boys did not mind as they used to make me wank them off. After I had been there a month they put me into a dormitory with seven other boys, which turned out to be sheer hell. The boys I went in with were all gard-boiled kids from the Glasgow district and the leader told me that on my first night I was expected to wank off the other seven boys. I refused, but they managed to persuade me with the bed stick. The second night, however, I was forced to suck them all off, and on the third night they tied me to the bed and held me down and they fucked me one after the other. I have never liked being fucked as it is too painful for me, that night the pain was excruciating and I bled profusely. They tried to do the same the following night. One boy was fucking me, and as I could not stand the pain any more I screamed out and was very near hysterics. I managed to break away from them but they got me again and held me down. One boy got a sewing machine needle and slowly pushed it into my arm and wiggled it around until it must have touched the bone or a nerve or something and I passed out. This frightened them, but did not deter them from using the bedstick on me on other nights.

Due to the fact that I was timid, shy and homosexual, I was forced to become the dormitory skivvy, doing all their dirty work for them. When they were fucking me they used to play with each other and make each other come by mutual masturbation with obvious enjoyment, and they did not mind making me suck them off, but they would never suck each other as that was considered to be 'queer'.

I was beaten every night by the boys and occasionally the screws came in and walloped the boys if the noise got too much. I stood this treatment for three months until I could take no more, and one night I attacked one of my tormentors. I don't know where the strength came from but I hammered hell out of him. The screws came in and we were taken out of the dormitory and put on punishment duties, but the following week I was transferred to another type of borstal. After three months I was sent to another borstal called Friarton, which is in Perth. This was like what I would imagine a Gestapo prison camp looked like - it had a high barbed wire fence surrounding it and you were not allowed out at all. I was sent there because I was homosexual. At all the other borstals the boys slept in dormitories, but in this one they had single cells. The screws were even more hostile here as they knew that I was going to be there for a long time. There was another boy there who was also gay and we became very good friends, but we were not able to get anything together because of these restrictions put on us.

I worked making nets, and my work officer, who was a man of about 45, made me suck him off on various occasions; he was married with two children, and this happened towards the end of my stay. It would have been useless my complaining, as no one would have believed me, so I did what he wanted. He occasionally brought me in some cigarettes, but this was more to save his own conscience than out of any regard for me as a person. It was horrible, because I was forced to do this, not because I wanted to or liked doing it. I knew he was working up to it, and then one day he trapped me in a cupboard, and that was that. After I had been there for eight months, I was given remission for good conduct. I had served eleven months in all, out of the not more than two years sentence.

Malcolm.

On sale from GLF: 5 Caledonian Rd, N.1., and from liberated bookshops.

A pint of creme de menthe, please!

Ever since we moved into Notting Hill for our meetings, we were subjected to a creeping harassment by police and pubs in the form of overcharging, being barred and, in one case, four arrests for 'obstruction'. This exploded last month into a systematic attempt to force us back into the ghetto. We found evidence of police threats to landlords who served: anyone wearing a badge; four landlords actually met and agreed that they would never serve us; and police were waiting for us when we tried. The police were telling us: *Take off your badges, get back into the ghetto.*

Our object in resisting was to expose this transparent oppression, to break it down and then to get on with other matters that we wanted to discuss and act on. Actually we attained more than this, for, through the struggle, many sisters and brothers came to understand more clearly society's oppression of us, and indeed the general nature of society.

We did expose the situation through use of media - for a change we used it and were not used by it. This forced the police and pubs to tread very carefully: they knew they were being watched. And we had a passive demo to assert our right to be served and at normal prices. 250 of us left the general meeting and made our demand at the first pub, the Colville: it gave in immediately. But it was necessary at the second pub, the Chepstow, to occupy it, force the landlord to close, and have a thoroughly demoralised and nervous police force to carry us out in a very gentle fashion. By the next day every pub in the area had backed down and we could get on with other matters. It isn't often that Notting Hill police back down to anyone; that they had to do so to us must have been quite upsetting for them.

We showed in this action that power, gay power, forced them all to back down (with no need for sexist aggression). Basically, we all were aware that our power rested in our trust and confidence in each other, our love for each other: we didn't need to rant and rave to force each other forward. Of course, during the preceding discussion and the demonstration itself, egoism, ego tripping, 'leadership' in the old bad sense was not completely absent, but it was less present, less dominant, less influential.

There's a postscript, we remain, five weeks later, free to drink where we please at regular prices and unhindered by the police, except at the Chepstow. There, after a short interval, evictions continued. Some sisters and brothers feel that this negates the whole victory that we gained, and that we must continue the struggle, arguing that society's oppression of us is formed from the sum of individuals' prejudices and the sum of single instances of oppression. Others think that discrimination by the Chepstow is of a very different form. We know that the brewery, the landlord and his son have tried to accommodate us, no doubt because we frightened them; but his wife has

Shit! What now then? Religious Persecution?



such deep rooted prejudice that no campaign of whatever intensity or duration, no logic, no power will alter. So some sisters and brothers think that there is no principle involved here, that it is a matter for one nasty and rather pathetic person to work out in her own head and that we would be better spending our time in helping our sisters and brothers in the straight gay pubs - who certainly have more problems in this respect than us.

A further postscript: The day before this paper was produced, 4 brothers were arrested at the Chepstow. They had been refused service - so they put on a spontaneous demo, and were carted off. **What now?**

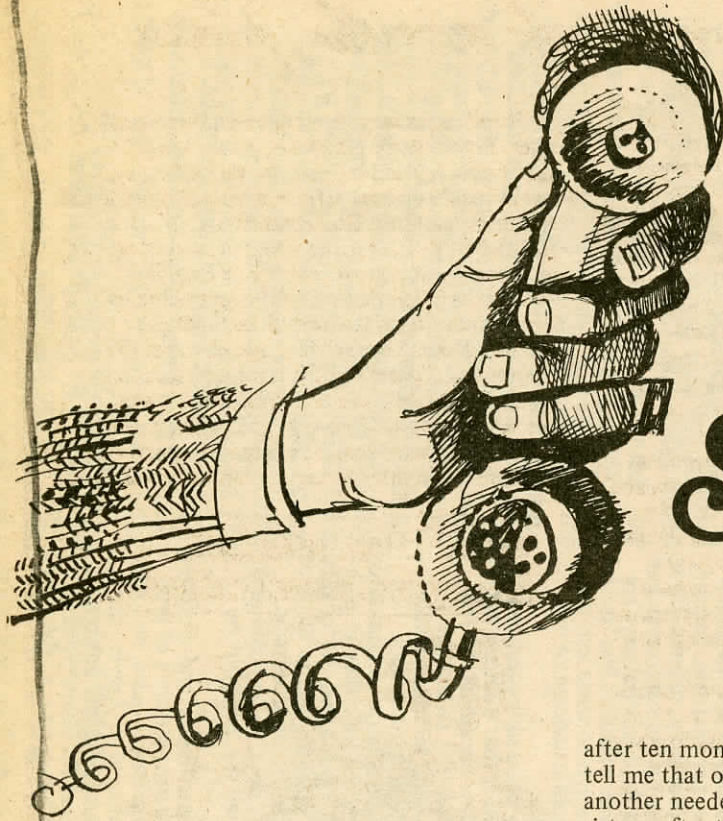
my dear I've heard you are going to open the GLF Jumble Sale at All Saints Hall, Powis Square, W.2. SAT Dec 11th at 2 p.m. I'll be along to buy a new frock for the Cosmic Carnival Dance

Malcolm darling fancy GLF asking you to open the Cosmic Carnival Dance on FRI. 17th Dec. at Seymour Hall



London 1971 10p
gay liberation front manifesto

* Music by 'Squid' and 'Liason'



want a token sister, mister?

at 3 p.m. the telephone rang.
me: hello.

hi, love. hey, we could use several sisters to help interview— can you help out?

me: yes.

can you think of any other sisters who might go? i've been trying to get in touch with sisters all day - racked my brain - but they're either out or on holiday. you know any?

me: what about the woman with whom i live - she's been in glf for the past ten months too.

oh, good idea, hadn't thought of her. could you make it to meet the brothers by 4? they really need your support.

me: it'll be a rush but we'll try.

at 4 p.m. we met with the brother who had arranged the interview.

me: hi. we weren't sure we could make it on time but we rushed. how are you?
fine we've got alot of brothers now who want to do the interview.

me: oh ye were told that you needed sisters to help out. we could use one, but that's all. why don't you come?

me: i'm not coming alone. well, see you later, sisters.

after ten months of men phoning up to tell me that one group of brothers or another needed support from the sisters, after ten months of being the only woman among my friends whom homosexual men seemed able to see, i was fed up. i still am. my basic response is to tell most of my gay 'brothers' to go to bloody hell. i think that i have never in my life been in such a chauvinist group of males.

why do gay brothers always ask me to discuss with them what it's like to be a woman? why don't they ever ask the women who have really experienced women's oppression? those who have been forced to sit and to listen to the conversations of and the knowledge that their betters have to impart to them? do the brothers really think that people who are quiet have nothing to say? do they really think that those who do the most talking are the ones with the best ideas to give to other people? why is it always sisters like me, with middle-class backgrounds, and middle-class educations, whose opinions are taken as representative of women?

you're being naive, boys. chances are that any woman in glf whom you know, and with whom you would feel really comfortable asking what it's like to be a woman, isn't qualified to say shit about it - she's as middle-class, bourgeois, intellectual, and capable of speaking out as i am. we are the token sisters who have learned to play the male chauvinist political = power games that you have. what i would like to explain here is that male chauvinism is a much more subtle thing than simply:

prick = power = oppressor
cunt = no power = victim.

many of the women of glf are just as much male chauvinists with other women as the gay men are with them. why do working-class sisters, black sisters, drag sisters, and many others who used to come to glf, no longer come? offhand i can think of fifty sisters who no longer come, thirty of them i can name - and it's not from lack of political fervour that they no longer come.

male chauvinism is inextricably related to the values of our society. while no woman will ever be allowed in the sacred inner power circle (except perchance an occasional token sister), the ugly little inarticulate male isn't in a much better position than his ugly inarticulate sister. no one in glf will really listen to him either. someone will tell him rudely to shut up (last night's meeting may have been an exception - i'm not sure, i don't come too much any more), or else if he says something to a sister which implies that human beings are human beings and men can be just as oppressed by intellectualism, beauty, size, chauvinism as women, then the more articulate sisters may well scream 'male chauvinist pig' at him and silence him effectively for another three months. (i have seen this happen - if you want to know when and where come to media workshop one night and ask.)

the point ultimately is that we need new values - we need a new life style, we need new ideas about human worth. not even our brothers want to be seen with ugly, little, pimply men. but a pretty young boy is

another matter. where the hell did we get our ideas of beauty and of intellectual superiority if not from oppressive fashion magazines and rigid schoolmasters? what of those inarticulate sisters and brothers with whom no one has spoken? do you really think that they have nothing to say? maybe they will never be academic

scholars, but don't you think that their years of silence and careful watching might have led to something worthwhile - to observations about human beings and to deeper perceptions of power relationships between people than you (you ought to know of whom i'm speaking) and i, in our constant gabberings, have had.

why not let's all of us who have dominated, manipulated, gathered the praise of leadership and authorship and authority (this article applies to me as well - i have been very oppressive to others in a number of ways), be quiet and listen - let's stop saying things like 'we need support from the sisters and brothers on this demo' (baby, in that sentence you just made yourself a leader). i am tired of 'leaders' who, because they think their ideas are worth more than anyone else's, think that they are leading us to a promised land. i am tired of people who consider themselves political without taking time to understand the power (political) balances and imbalances they have in their relationships with other people. and i am fed up with brothers who consider themselves less oppressive male chauvinists because they take the time to listen to token sisters while they have not bothered to liberate themselves from false standards, and listen to and learn from that ugly little inarticulate man who may never come back because he is of no interest to his brothers. why the hell make the effort to avoid 'chicks' and say 'sisters' first if the only sisters whom you know are the ones who have learned to play the male-chauvinist word-power games?

let's try to be a little kinder to one another, a little more patient. and let's try to listen to one another for a change - no more domination by those with the loudest voices or most imposing ideas. liberation can only come by liberating ourselves from the values of the past. i don't want to change a white heterosexual male chauvinist male oppressor for a black heterosexual male chauvinist, a homosexual male chauvinist, or a male chauvinist lesbian oppressor. if you do, well, see you later, sisters'.

carla.

BELOW:
Street theatre show some of the 'niceties' of a backstreet abortion, 'Reuben' style...

November 20
Women in America are marching. Women in Britain are marching.

We demand AS A RIGHT free abortion on demand.
We demand AS A RIGHT power over our own bodies.

The law as it now is, is not being allowed to work properly. There are hassles, delays, expense, torment: we have to go begging for an abortion as a favour, have to make out we're sick. We're regarded as criminals even to want one. The quick, simple "punch-time" method is being withheld from general use.

Moves are now being made by reactionaries to have the law changed - to make it even harder to get abortions.

Black women in America are being pressumed into having sterilisation - i.e. genocide.

ABORTIONS

Doesn't apply to gays?

- Most of us have had some heterosexual experience.
- All of us suffer from the puritanical mystification that denies us knowledge about our own bodies - so that others can use them for gain and keep women "in their place": down.



I've discovered from my encounters with Christians who supported the Festival of Light that they are largely simple folk, more at home with the simple nonsense like 'Jesus loves you' than the complex realities of politics, and human motivation.

Like other simple folk they expect to be led and put a childlike trust in their leaders' integrity. They respect paternalism and fear individuality. Robot-like they march behind their leaders. How insecure they feel in the melee of the present social scene, with its quickly changing values, its promise of liberation, its rejection of the past, its talk of revolution, its undermining of family life, together with sexual frustrations and economic depression, to know simply that 'Jesus loves you', and to be reassured in this by Saint Malcolm Muggeridge, Cliff, Hairy Mary Whitehouse and Goofy Longford. What joy, what security, what liberation, what shit.

These simple folk, who volunteer their minds, bodies, souls and energies, and become robots in the service of the Lord and their leaders, have a standard conditioned reflex action; when they are challenged, they click

out in a jerky voice "Jesus loves you", or with arm raised, 'Jesus is the light', or with a mechanical smile, 'Jesus saves', or with a shuffle, 'Jesus is the way'.

In Hyde Park three of us set out to provoke the robots. Amid the litter, the hotdogs, the coca-cola sellers, the mass-produced food, the manufactured music, the ego-tripping, power-tripping leaders, we turned up with placards — YOU MURDERED GEORGE JACKSON/ HITLER LIVES / I AM OBSCENE. These largely turned out to be just stimuli to Pavlovian robot dogs, and the gastric juices of, 'Jesus loves you/ Jesus is the light/ Jesus etc.', oozed out of their Christian systems.

My placard bore a large swastika, and the words, 'Festival of Light—HITLER LIVES'. Some of the robot Christians took me for a fascist, others confronted me with the good news that, 'Jesus loves me'—click—'Jesus cares'—jerk—shuffle I saw my friend talking to a firmly built, smoothly dressed, young/old slick Christian man. He looked like important men look like—nonchalant air of condescension plus confidence. His eyes had the slight glazed expression of a power tripper. He had the coolness of a smug headmaster. Smug was saying, 'You must have laws', 'You must be law-abiding', 'God's Law', 'Moral law—man law'.....

I said, 'Moral is such a vague, big word. You can't be against moral pollution unless you can give definite examples of things. After all everyone agrees that war is immoral, exploitation is, violence is, treating people as objects is—sexually or otherwise. You must give specific examples. His silence and smug stare I took to signify agreement. I went on, 'You campaign

The yearly remembrance ceremony at the cenotaph is really about the glory of war and death. The great military display and pathos show this. However, representatives of minorities who were oppressed and massacred by the Nazi regime in Germany and its occupied countries, take part to remember their dead and to remind everyone of the horrors of that oppression.

Official records show that the Nazis killed thousands of gay people in occu-

strongly against what you consider morally polluting in reference to sexual matters—sex outside marriage—so-called pornographic literature and theatre—the little red schoolbook.....' 'And Oz' said Smug, emotionally. Me: 'Now, what about violence—would you consider that the death of Stephen McCarthy, who died as a result of police violence, was immoral? (Stephen McCarthy absconded from a Borstal, was apprehended and caught by the pigs, who handed out such heavy treatment that Stephen died). Smug: 'I support the law'. Me: 'The killing of a young boy?' Smug: (really cool) 'When the police have to deal with the anarchic forces in society, inevitably someone suffers'. Me: 'This was violence. Along with the Little Red School Book and School Kids Oz would you include the violent death of Stephen McCarthy in your campaign against moral pollution?'

Smug: 'No.' Me: 'Why?' Smug: 'You must have law.' Me: 'Would you support the police?' Smug: 'Yes.' Me: 'And would you support the police even in the particular action that caused the death of Stephen McCarthy?' Smug: (very smugly - without hesitation) 'Yes.'

I staggered and reeled around Hyde Park; a Christian supporting police violence of this order? Well— Jesus saves—click Jesus loves me—click Jesus is Light—etc click—click—click—click—buzz I staggered back, still clutching my placard displaying its swastika. I touched Smug—I really touched it on its lovely grey, green, greasy shoulder.

Me: 'By the way, what did you say your name was?' Smug: (Looking with smug contempt at my placard, and at me) 'HITLER' it said; Me to it: 'You're fucking right!'

When I recovered I thought I had seen its face somewhere before. Then In Time Out I found it. Peter LYNE. A leader of the Festival of Light, the man who organized the beacons and bonfires, among others.

In the Fourth Reich perhaps Fuehrer Lyne will again co-ordinate with Calor Gas, perhaps the solution to moral pollution will be in his hands.

Hitler lives—raised from the dead—he does, I touched him—

Hitler lives—click He is the light—click He is the Way—click Click—click—click—click

John

probably unaware of the attack that was made on gay people. Maybe it would be worth reminding people about the massacre of our sisters and brothers. Maybe also we should start reminding people that we are still persecuted. Everyone knows that all the stuff about the inferiority of the Jews is nonsense but we are still murdered, hospitalized, imprisoned, etc.

Sisters and brothers, it is because we are still persecuted and oppressed now that people

Reuben's book is uniquely important to GLF. By "unique", though, we don't mean "more important than" something or anything else, merely "unique". At each point in time the established order of things over-reaches itself somewhere - shows the knife up its sleeve when it had been pretending to play fair cards and that becomes a point of vulnerability, a point for GLF or others to work hard at.

The Notting Hill Gate pubs which don't like "freaks" (as they define them) and therefore don't like "gay freaks" and therefore don't even like "gay straights" if the gays happen to wear a badge of solidarity, - these pubs are a point of vulnerability. We showed that, and no doubt we'll have to show it again.

Certain resemblances show up each time we go for a point of vulnerability, each time the established order has overreached

itself and shown the knife up the sleeve: the cops get called for. Another resemblance between (say) the pub question, the Reuben book, the Festival of Light, is that the militancy shown is just about all on the side of "law and order".

We want a drink - the police are called. We want to talk to the publisher of the malevolent book - the police are called. We go to present an alternative Mary Whitehouse, an alternative sexuality, to the Festival of Light - the police are called. Another resemblance: in all three cases the people who want the police called get very heavy - "militant", in short.

Yet if the press or outsiders wish to describe GLF, or other solid revolutionary groups, the word "militant" is attached to us. That's objectionable, because "militant" is the same sort of word as "military", and it falsifies our position: we're protesting against violence, against the institutions militant - whether they are the police militant, the church militant, the pubs militant, the publishers militant.

Similar protests against violence are made by black or brown revolutionaries, and by the sexual revolutionaries, the sisters in Women's Liberation. Anyone who resists institutionalised violence is termed 'militant' and one of the results is the remarkable one seen at the end of October in Foyles

bookshop: a junior manager threw a sort of fit (not that he was at all aggressive) when we merely said we were GLF and would like to speak with Christina Foyle.

Word of press and word of mouth leads people to think that black equals senseless violence, that Womens' Liberation equals 'unfeminine aggressiveness, that Gay Liberation equals militancy. If any of these three groups turns up anywhere, the word has preceded them: 'militancy', 'violence', etc. See how the mirror of society reverses all those who stand outside it, all who look clearly at it, so that society accuses 'outsiders' of its own crimes.

So, on to the Reuben book, and its 'unique' importance. We'll assume that everyone reading thus knows that *Everything you always wanted to know about sex* is mass marketed by PAN Books, has a chapter on male homosexuality, innumerable references in other chapters to homosexuality, and places gay sisters under the chapter heading of 'prostitution', and that it's bad.

How bad? is the question. Bad enough for GLF to risk being accused of favouring censorship? Bad enough to risk publicising the book, and so raising sales and (ultimately) revenues for author David Reuben? Bad enough to devote scarce GLF energies to it, when we could all be out hunting for premises, writing our own book, or doing other important things?

Yes, bad enough. Pan's book brings on to the surface of the printed page, makes explicit the feelings that the immense majority of educated or ill-educated people have been raised to have about gays. It is (in a less significant degree) the same sort of thing to us that Enoch Powell is to black liberation: Powell says what the blacks cannot get the liberals to be honest enough to say. Because Powell says them, our black, brown and other racially discriminated against brothers and sisters can fight back with an open struggle.

Here we have a chance to get people out into the open. Any gay sister or brother who goes to a psychiatrist and is received courteously (the Argyle treatment) and offered any assistance other than a bus or, in emergency, taxi fare to the nearest GLF or CHE center is meeting David Reuben under coats of whitewash. Indeed, as a gay patient she or he might actually meet David Reuben if she or he happens to buy private consultation in California for he is private practice there.

It wouldn't happen to us in London GLF that we actually met the real David Reuben, but many of us have already met that series of reflections of him which pales out into infinity and goes variously under the names of magistrates, priests, psychiatrists, doctors, and - too often, unfortunately, parents. Each of these experts works on the same unspoken assumptions as David Reuben: that gays are necessarily inferior, less 'reliable', less 'stable', less 'mature', in some mystic sense less 'natural' than the unscientific concept of 'the average heterosexual'.

Quietly and calmly phrased suggestions by such as Dr Antony Storr that homosexuality is 'immature' condition are similar to Jensen's 'proofs' that black I.Q. (whatever I.Q. may be) is 'naturally' inferior to white in America. In academic circles such writings cause no physical harm to homosexuals or blacks. But by the time they've percolated down through legislatures, the 'quality' press etc, they wind up as a queer or black or Paki-bashing, on some heath, or aversion therapy forced onto one of those jailed gays whom we ought to call the gay political prisoners.

Dr David Reuben is a 'liberal' and profoundly unscientific psychiatrist stripped of pretension or courtesy, no longer quite, no longer calm. Dr David Reuben is no Argyle: this is a hanging psychiatrist. He lets down his profession, he disgraces his fellow psychiatrists, he shocks the Church (the Archbishop

of Canterbury is understood to have written to Pan Books complaining; Cardinal Heenan has promised to make some complaint in private if he finds, when he returns from Rome, that the book is as bad as we say).

So, to return to the first comment in this piece, we have in this Pan book a vulnerable point: the knife has slipped down the sleeve, and the sharp tip is showing. The establishment will probably give us some help in blunting it, for in Britain the various scientific and ethical establishments cannot for long endure that curious discomfort that comes from believing one's profession 'tolerant' and finding someone is 'letting the side down'.

In GLF we should probably welcome this contact with the Liberal Establishment, and not be frightened of contamination by it. It's marvellous how shifty and unreliable that establishment is, it's also marvellous to find from time to time that there's a friend, a sister, a brother, buried inside it. Turn by turn, on the Reuben book, we've found examples of how the Liberal Establishment (or Institution Militant when it's had enough and calls for the cops) operates an invisible cartel - invisible to itself.

viz.: doctors we've approached say that their professional code prevents from voicing open protest about the V.D. or the homosexual sections in Reuben's book. Then they don't rush to give their views to the Lancet; they do nothing. Young publishers at a conference on Obscenity and Censorship, arranged by themselves, have nothing whatever to say when asked to compare the laws' affects on The Little Red Schoolbook and the Reuben book. Churchmen write in private to Pan Books. M.P.s and peers (one of each so far) resist action for 'We cannot defend any sort of censorship'.

So here, finally, some thoughts about censorship. Jeffrey Simmons, managing director of W.H. Allen, who first published Reuben's book in Britain in hardback form, is an active campaigner against censorship. No doubt he's

honest in that, but his actions arouse an interesting echo: the unbelievable gun-lobby of the US defends its verminous trade by asserting that in wanting Americans to wear guns that lobby is defending freedom.

It is not censorship to insist that people check their facts when mass-marketing books that pose as factually accurate. It is not censorship to demand that publishers who fail in this elementary duty, owing to their greed to cash in on the best-seller of another country, withdraw the book and correct or abandon it. It is nothing to do with censorship when women or men who are grossly insulted or men who are grossly labelled publicly proclaim the fact, and demand an end to that libelling.

Peacefully we request the freedom not to be persecuted whether in word or deed: militantly, Pan Books, and Foyles (in much lesser degree) seek to deny us that freedom.

'Everything You Wanted to Know About Sex'



**'Everything You Wanted To Know About Sex'
by "Doctor" David Reuben
IS INACCURATE HYSTERICAL & DANGEROUS**

confused, repressed, guilt-ridden, media-conditioned mass populace as to the real meaning of pornography (if, indeed, it can be said to have any real meaning at all).
Take the word homosexuality: another word which means different things to different people. Those who seek to oppress homosexuals have mentally filed a negative image of homosexuality. They're afraid of it, so they repress their own homosexual instincts. This causes subconscious guilt-feelings, and any attempt to humiliate homosexuals is a result of their own guilt. The preposterous, malignant, and terrifyingly dangerous suggestion that gay people are psychopaths, child-molesters etc., is still in this enlightened day and age put about by certain so-called authorities such as quack doctors who want to make big money by writing books about sex, even though they know nothing about it.

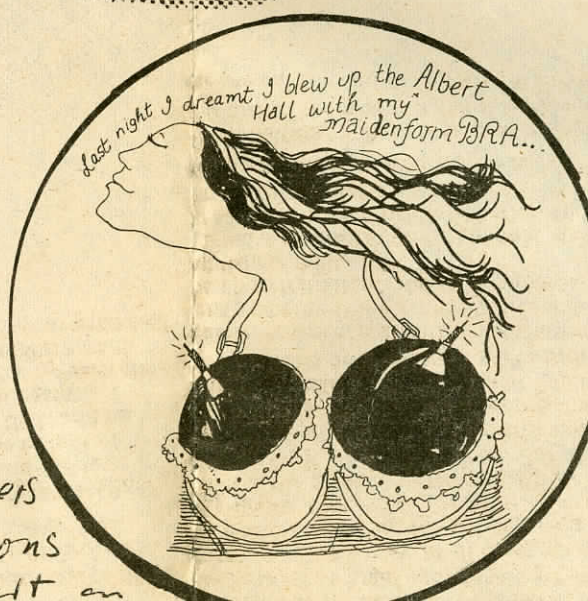
In consequence of the wide-spread fear and hostility towards homosexuality those who seek to re-educate people by furnishing them with the truth often come up against a thick layer of mental rubble which needs to be cleared away. The process of persuading a person to change one image for another image is not always easy, particularly if that person feels he or she has nothing to gain from making the change. A devout male-chauvinist, for example, whose life-style is deeply immersed in the whole butch power-game syndrome, is unlikely to have the incentive to wish to unearth and rejuvenate his own homosexual potential. He sees it, instead, as a threat to his life style, and so he continues to suppress it.

see the end of pornography, obscene spectacles, and the systematic corruption of the young." These same words could well have been used for a festival of Life leaflet, which only goes to show how ambiguous words can be. The images, which these words conjure up in one person's mind can be directly contradictory to the images envisaged by another. Thus, the differing definitions of these words cause a vast chasm of disagreement. The Jesus freaks are biased even before they begin to converse. They have to be: they're tied to the rigid rules and regulations laid down in the Bible. No matter how good the good book may be it cannot be denied that it preaches the suppression of natural, innate sexuality.

On the other hand 'head freaks', (whom I shall assume to include ourselves), not being subject to any such preconditioning are able to see that pornography is merely a product, a symptom of the straight, repressive, guilt-ridden life-style. It is indulgence in the kind of phantasy which stems from the repression of sexuality. It is exploitation. We know that the real obscene spectacles are the two-thirds of the world's population who are starving hungry.....the killing and imprisonment of innocent people by fascist, dictatorial governments....and the general outrageous capitalist exploitation of the People in which homosexuals get a particularly raw deal. "If it is, of course, of crucial importance that the current government and 'christian' campaigns against pornography" should be seen by everybody for the clever and dangerous red herring they really are. They contribute towards further confusing the already

Selfishness (fear) is, as always, the fundamental enemy. It is the root cause of people's alienation from each other. If we are ever to begin to understand one another, and to create an environment which can truly be called civilized, we must be prepared to see every situation objectively and to think over very carefully the definitions of words we use—before we use them. By doing this we begin to realise the extent of our addiction to words, and to discover that there are many words which are altogether erroneous and unnecessary in that they can be barriers to constructive conversation and clear thinking. Seen objectively without definition, words are empty shells, lifeless and useless. A word is only useful if its definition cannot be argued against—if it presents an image which is the same for all who are using that word. A word like pornography, being definable only according to individual opinion, is confusing and a nuisance. The words homosexuality, heterosexuality and bisexuality are just pointless pigeon holes. Basically people need only think in terms of sexuality. Period. Categorisation of sexuality is unnecessary.

We must not let our words rule our minds. Rather than say something which could mean a thousand things it is often better not to say anything at all.



GLF sisters and brothers arrested on various actions are appearing in court on Nov 10th (Bow St. 10am), Nov 18th (Guildhall), and on Nov 22nd (Marlborough Street).

persecuted and oppressed now that people chose to ignore what the Fascists did to us. It is because of the strength and dominance of the man and the sacred family still exist that we are still oppressed. We must remind people of what our oppression has been and through that, what it still is. We should be there at the Cenotaph on remembrance Sunday in a glory of crimson pink and purple, so that we stand out from the others because we are remembering not just a persecution which has ceased, but one which continues. It changes its shape, but is still with us. Perhaps we can say that our anger now at our sisters and brothers killed by the fascists and by all their enemies since will have not been completely in vain. Because their deaths have caused one step towards our freedom.

fo trying to understand our fellow beings. We allow words and cliches to limit us to certain 'reasoned' and 'logical' computer-style thought patterns. Yet the history of our species has proved that reason and logic are not always our 'saving graces'. Instinct remains our supreme guardian and our most far-reaching power. Words play an intrinsic part in conditioning each of us into our separate roles and 'pigeon holes'.

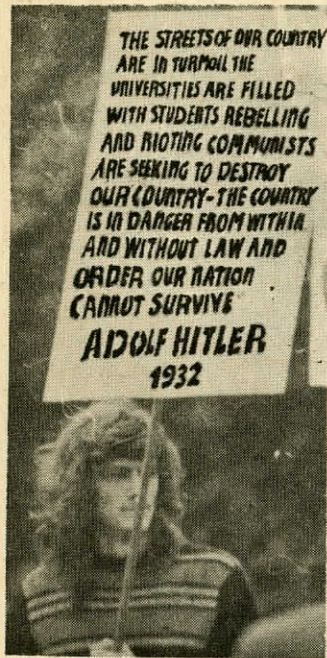
The more we are conditioned into a particular role, the more difficult it can be for us to relate to others who are conditioned into different roles. We each tend to categorize an experience according to how we, personally, can relate to that experience. It rarely occurs to us that other people may react in an entirely different way to that experience. Consequently, the world is full of a lot of people who think they are justified in trying to dictate how other people should live their lives, while in fact they're in no position to do so. In view of our capacity for thought and understanding, human behaviour is shamefully naive. We tend to label everyone as being either good or bad, and our opinions develop according to this positive/negative data panel of shallow brittle information. We tend to be afraid of not having opinions and do not always give deep thought to the facts upon which we base our opinions (if we base them on any facts at all): we are all content as long as we can let forth with opinions of some kind. It is generally considered good to be for or against something but to admit that one doesn't know is to be frowned upon and thought stupid.

And this is quite a threat to the ego. So in order to live what we call 'stable' lives we each build for ourselves a comfortable little haven in which we can hide from those forces which we do not understand.

Take the word 'pornography': this word means very different things to different people. Proof of this (if proof were needed) were the festivals of 'Light' and of 'Life' held simultaneously in Hyde Park a few weeks ago. This must have been one of the most ambivalent and ironic spectacles ever staged. There, the 'Rupert People' and the 'Jesus People' met in full, glorious opposition. Yet, if words were anything to go by they should have been united in one common cause: a desire—and here I quote from a festival of light handout—to

Official records show that the Nazis killed thousands of gay people in occupied Poland alone. These gay people were rounded up and put in concentration camps because the Nazis saw them as a threat to two of their most sacred ideas: the supremacy of the male and the family. So gay people were sent to the gas chambers and the ovens. Inside the camps they wore pink triangles to show that they were the lowest of the low. A massive campaign of hate against gay people was mounted throughout the Third Reich.

Since the war ended everyone has constantly remembered the oppression of the Jews and other minorities under Nazism. Jewish groups take part in the cenotaph ceremony every year, and most people are pro-



WORDPOWER: THE CONFUSING FORCE

It's one thing to be adept in the use of words and another to understand exactly what we mean by the words we use. And if we do understand what we mean, do the people who hear or read what we say also understand what we mean

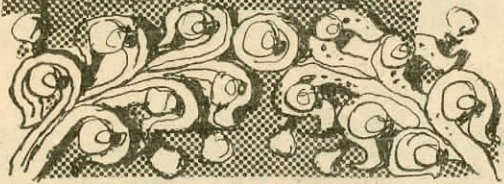
In order that speech can be practically useful and worthwhile it is obviously necessary that we agree on the precise definitions of our words. If, in a conversation, one person's definition of a word differs from the other person's, the chance of any real understanding is limited.

IT is difficult to go anywhere or do anything without being showered with words, (like this article, for instance)'

The majority of people throw words about about with careless abandon in an attempt to give a rough impression of what they mean, rather than an accurate explanation. The emphasis is not so much on what is being said, but more on the fact that something is being said - no matter how banal or meaningless it may be. Speech is an outlet for our nervous energy: We talk for the sake of talking. Our insight becomes blurred by the constant (mis)use of cliches, which ironically do more to put up barriers than to open worthwhile channels of communication. Cliches are born out of laziness, and they tend to insight mental lethargy by providing us with an excuse to generalise in matters where generalisations are not only insufficient but positively inaccurate.

Thus, the spoken word can be more of a hindrance than a help to us in the process

6 SKEGNESS WOMENS' LIBERATION



During the weekend of 16-17 October, a National Women's Conference was held at Skegness. A number of sisters from GLF's women's group went, along with our children and booze.

Gay liberation, for both sexes, cannot be separated from Women's liberation. This is obvious where gay women are concerned, and if you don't see how Women's liberation relates to gay men, consider: every man is meant to have an oppressed woman to define his manhood; the man who doesn't have one and doesn't want one is inadequate, so...

WNCC

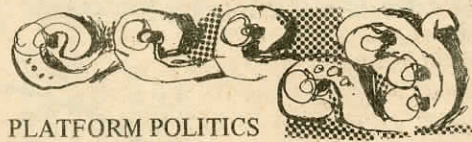
The Conference was arranged by the Women's National Co-ordination Committee which was set up at the first national conference in Oxford, 1970. This created the Women's liberation movement on an national scale and formulated a minimum programme (the Four Campaigns): Equal pay and opportunities; Equal education and training; 24-hour nurseries; Free contraception and abortion on demand. It also co-ordinated the National Demonstration in March 1971 around these demands.

The WNCC was supposed to be ideologically neutral and have no jurisdiction over the activities of individual groups. Within a deliberately fluid framework, hard-working, well-organised and bureaucratic groups came to assume an important role. It seemed to those of us who were in Women's liberation at the time that these were groups (mainly two Maoist groups - the Union of women's Liberation and the Women's Liberation Front) whose representation at the WNCC was disproportionate to their membership in their locality; it is possible that they saw the women already *within* the movement as prospective converts to their political tendency, and thus increasing their membership.

The meetings of the WNCC were characterised by a humourless coldness and lack of sisterhood reminiscent of the male left, which was frustrating and disillusioning. We failed to talk *with* women about the substance of our differences - we merely fought about the implementation of our ideals, not about their content. In this way many women who attended WNCC meetings were so horrified and depressed that they never returned and some even dropped out of the movement altogether. Meanwhile, the bureaucracy consolidated and used methods, dictated by the male left, to steamroller their own proposals and sabotage others'. This culminated in the organisation of the Skegness Conference. Women within the movement with libertarian attitudes, who could not stomach the infighting, absented themselves from the planning meetings and therefore had no influence on the structure of the conference.

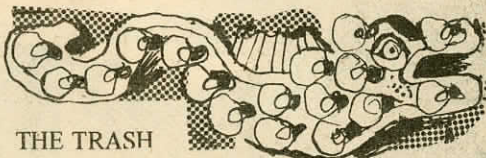
Nevertheless, many of us went there with the aim of changing the status-quo. We

were not prepared to sit passively while 'experts' about women read their papers and 500 women pretended to discuss them. Many of us were there to talk with women, to build some kind of sisterhood through constant contact for a weekend. Some of us were horrified to find that we shared all our public territory with two other conferences - International Socialists and Derbyshire Miners delegates - and our sleeping accommodation with some of the men who had come to 'support' their women. The patronising, violent and interfering attitudes of these men during the conference confirmed our fears. Couldn't there be one small corner of England where women could gather together *without* men? Obviously not yet.



PLATFORM POLITICS

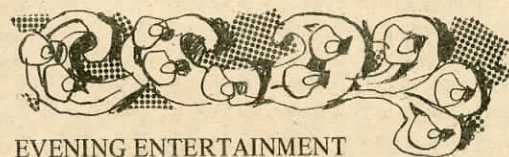
The conference began in a rigidly structured way with speakers delivering academic papers from the platform to a largely passive audience, as expected. This rigid structure reflected a trend to make Women's Liberation more centralised, more hierarchical, more like any other political movement. Most of the women there found this alienating, and some were alienated in the same way in the small discussion groups - the area officially allowed for non-hierarchical spontaneous activity - since these were dominated by e.g. academic Maoists. This made many of the women nervous of speaking because they lacked the Maoists' fluent command of jargon and theory, and resented the crude economism put forward which totally ignored psychological conditioning and the culture of the society to concentrate solely on material conditions. Women from many groups, including GLF, felt that this should stop; the conference situation ought to be of a kind that would let every woman feel free to participate and talk.



THE TRASH

So, at the full meeting at midday, Saturday, we took things into our own hands, and before bureaucracy could assert itself once more, the humiliated frustration burst out in open protest. One of the GLF sisters (it might have been anyone: the dissatisfaction was general), managed to get to the mike, and, in a hall now filled with shouts and dissension, announced a walkout. There was a spontaneous rising. Two-thirds of the women left the hall and began informal discussions. The atmosphere had changed at once, because, although many of us were nervous and a bit frightened at what had happened, at the violence and strength of feelings, we had at last created the sort of conference where everyone could play a part, where everyone had a voice. It was not a permanent split; the conference later re-united, but by now it was clear that the women weren't going

to be talked down to any more. No one was allowed to dominate the conference, and it became clear that no one group was going to be allowed to dominate the Womens Liberation movement as a whole.



EVENING ENTERTAINMENT

On Saturday evening the Derbyshire Miners were to enjoy the delights of a strip show and a group of us went along to 'trash' it. Probably most of us did this with mixed feelings and came away with mixed feelings about the success or failure of our demo. On the other hand we got no chance to explain our action to the miners, but managed only to cause a temporary break in the show; some of us felt we were being manipulated by the press, who had told us about the show; there was the danger that our demo might seem to be directed against the stripper, who, after all, was doing a job no more degrading and prostituting than most other 'women's work'. On the other hand, the strip show put in a nutshell the position of women in our society, and to have allowed it to pass unnoticed would have been an insult to all the sisters; also, many of the men in the audience freaked at what their mates did to us in the way of pushing, punching, hair-pulling and general agro. Maybe some of them had a few thoughts about such treatment of 'the fairer/weaker sex'.

Never disheartened, however, we completed the evening by joining the ball put on by the International Socialists. This, for a change, was by invitation to all at the women's conference. IS is heavily male, and they needed some 'chicks' to dance with. We weren't really into that, and strangely turned down offers to dance. In our perversity, we wanted to dance with each other. Perversity is catching. The idea of group dancing spread like some obscene rash, and, lo and behold! - we even saw some men dancing with other men. And so to bed.



JUST PRIVATE PROBLEMS

Previous to these excitements, at a rowdy 'plenary' session on Saturday evening, we from GLF tried to get the subject of lesbianism introduced on the agenda. Up till then, we had come across little or no hostility individually, but now we had to fight against every proven filibustering method in the book; whenever any of us got to the mike to put our point, the chairwoman ignored it and passed on to something else; we were charged with being 'red herrings' and 'private problems'; a false polarisation of politics on the one hand, and sexuality on the other, was created, so that we could be dismissed as a bunch of individualists with no contribution to make to the organisation as a whole; conversely, GLF was described as a 'subversive political organisation' which came to the conference



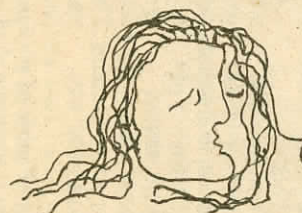
to disrupt and destroy Women's Liberation. Of course all these attacks came from the controlling bureaucrats wanting to deflect the general dissatisfaction into a blind alley. The contradictions in their arguments, however, were so blatant, and their descriptions of the facts so absurdly untrue, that they were met with a barrage of shouts, boos and jeers from all over the hall - and the subject of lesbianism was recognised as one important to women's liberation and put on the agenda of Sunday's discussion.

On Sunday, two groups were formed to discuss 'sexism and homosexuality', and these two became so large that each was divided again into two. Obviously, it was a matter which our sisters had thought about and wanted to have aired. Some were into the radical feminist view that relationships with men were impossible in the present society, and under the present gender role conditioning. Others were aware of this view but couldn't feel that it applied to themselves - 'yes, men are oppressive, but *mine* is different, he's very understanding'. Others again did not see the issue confronting women in terms of man versus woman, and therefore did not regard lesbianism as the solution to women's oppression. We ourselves did not have a single agreed-upon line to put to our sisters, but rather took part on an equal basis of exchanging and developing ideas. Hopefully, it will be a start towards a full working together of gay liberation and womens liberation.



WHAT THE CONFERENCE ACHIEVED

Clearly, the weekend was not a smooth running affair with lots of conclusions reached or matters decided on, but certain things were achieved. There were positive discussions on the family, on industrial action, on sexuality, and on the role of womens liberation as a radical movement. At the end, it was voted to abolish the WNCC and re-organise the movement on a regional basis; it was felt that this would help prevent any one group dominating the whole, and would reflect the way women's liberation actually works better than the previous arrangement. Some of those who had taken part in the disruptions had doubts about their value, and felt that such violence was unnecessary. At the end of the conference, many women left feeling dissatisfied and disturbed by the apparent lack of unity in the women's movement. Others believed that the trauma of it all, the antagonism and intensity, had released something that is valuable, that we had broken through a sort of paralysis and in doing so had come to recognise our power, freedom and *right* to change whatever cramps and hampers: away with fears and inhibitions - the way is forward.



way Miss World can hope to make between £40,000 and £50,000, and Miss UK up to £15,000 from public appearances, endorsements, advertising, tours and opening supermarkets. Mecca become their managers for the usual 25 per cent. The Miss UK is a sponsored contest, but profits from Miss World go to the Variety Club of Great Britain's charities.

Mr Morley: 'Married women aren't allowed - contrary to my nature, because I believe in equality of opportunity. The ruling comes from experience. We found dangers in the change of personality in the winner. After a year as Miss UK a girl comes out the better for it. She's learned to mix, learned to dress and she's been to the best restaurants. It equates, you might say, with having been to the very best public school. The single girl can marry into this world. But a married one may not be content to go back to

a husband who's a carpenter, a semi-detached house and a seaside resort holiday with the kids. There can be tragic consequences.'

After that she was mobbed by photographers, then went off to the hotel to get her beauty sleep.

And fortified by their good wishes Miss UK went off to open some supermarkets, which is what she's been doing ever since, all the way to Miss World.

(Choice quotes from Radio Times report - Rec. Cashes in tea.)

MISS WORLD AGAIN WHAT? ARE YOU DOING TO SUPPORT YOUR OPPRESSED SISTERS?

Look out, straights. Here comes the Gay Liberation Front, springing up like warts all over the bland face of Amerika, causing shudders of indigestion in the delicately balanced bowels of the Movement. Here come the Gays, marching with six foot banners to Washington and embarrassing the liberals, taking over Mayor Alioto's office, staining the good name of the War Resister's League and Women's Liberation by refusing to pass as straight any more.

We've got chapters in New York, San Francisco, San Jose, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, Philadelphia, Wisconsin, Detroit and I hear even Dalas. We're gonna make our own revolution because we're sick of revolutionary posters which depict straight he-man types and earth mothers, with guns and babies. We're sick of the Panthers lumping us together with the capitalists in their universal term of contempt "faggot".

And I am personally sick of liberals who say that they don't care who sleeps with whom, it's what you do outside of bed that counts. This is what homosexuals have been trying to get straights to understand for years. Well, it's too late for liberalism. Because what I do outside of bed may have nothing to do with what I do inside - but my consciousness is branded, permeated with homosexuality. For years I've been branded with your label for me. The result is that when I am among gays or in bed with another woman, I'm a person, not a lesbian. When I'm observable to the straight world, I become gay. You are my litmus paper.

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. From the beautiful boys at the Cherry Grove to the ageing queens at the uptown bars, taxi-driving dykes to the lesbian fashion models, the hookers (male and female) on 42nd Street, the leather lovers...and the very ordinary unlurid gays... 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're 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, because you sleep with the opposite sex, that you're a little bit better, you are asleep in your cradle and we will be the nightmare that awakens you.

We are the women and men who, from the time of our earliest memories, have been in revolt against the sex-role structure and the nuclear family structure. The roles 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 police or teenage queer-beaters, not the loss of jobs or expulsion from schools or dishonourable discharges - but the daily knowledge that what you are is so awful that it cannot be revealed. The violence against us is sporadic. Most of us are not affected. But the internal violence of being made to carry - or choosing to carry the load of your straight society's load of unconscious guilt - this is what tears us apart, what makes us want to stand up in the offices, in the factories and schools and shout out our true identities.

We were rebels from our earliest days - somewhere, maybe just about the times 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 rejected instinctively when they were five years old, 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 upon us.

If you are a 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 a radical. Get in touch with the reasons that made you reject straight society as a kid (remembering my own revulsion against the vacant women drifting in and out of supermarkets,

vowing never to live like them) and realise that you were right. Straight 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 gay, the flaming faggot or the diesel dyke? Or most uneasy by the friend you thought was straight - and isn't? 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 - and our outrageous behaviour comes out of your rage.

But what is strange to you is natural to us. Let me illustrate. GLF "liberates" a gay bar for the evening. We come in. Two or three couples are dancing. It's a down place. And the GLF takes over. Men dance with men, women with women, men with women, everyone in circles. No roles. You ever see that at a straight party? Not men with men - this is particularly verboten. No, and you're not likely to, while the gays in the Movement are still passing for straight in order to keep up the pretence that they are acceptable - and not have to get out of the organisation they worked so hard for.

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're forced to notice how much sex-role differentiation is pure artifice, is nothing but a game.

The roles begin to wear thin. The make-up is cracking. The roles - bread-winner, little wife, screaming fag, bulldike, James Bond - are the cardboard characters we are always trying to fit into, as if being human and spontaneous was so horrible that we each have to pick on 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.

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 skin of your mind - and to drive us down and into the gutter of self-contempt. We, ever since we became aware of being gay, have each day been forced to internalise 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 with and consubstantial with homosexuality, bodies that are no longer bodies but are labels; and sometimes we wish we were like you, sometimes we wonder how you can stand yourselves.

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 one another, when the woman is trained to repress that which 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, earthmothers, sexobjects, what have you; and men writing poetry of romantic illusions to those walking stereotypes?

I tell you, the function of a homosexual is to make you uneasy.

And now I will tell you what we want, we radical homosexuals: not for you to tolerate us, or to accept us, but to understand us. And this you can only do by becoming one of us. We want to reach the homosexuals 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 incomprehending 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 own minds. We will no longer allow you to drop us - or the homosexuals in yourselves into 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.

Self Oppression

We become the enemy of our own liberation:

- 1) when we insist that we are not oppressed;
- 2) when we persist in sexual chauvinism or elitism;
- 3) when we insist that gay types or a gay nature exists;
- 4) when we persist in seeking a lost half (and therefore devour, expand, overlap, possess, always by bringing others to their knees by force of need and dependency);
- 5) when we persist in identification with fascist war-game metaphors such as cops and robbers;
- 6) when we persist in not identifying with all those held in slavery and oppression;
- 7) when we persist in identifying with the master class;
- 8) when we persist in accepting identification from political institutions which are neither gay nor liberated (government, church, medical, judicial, military, industrial, familial, cultural and counter-cultural);
- 9) when we insist that non-violence is an obligation and not a favour;
- 10) when we insist we must wait.

We can plan all we want to, but God gave us *this day*.

Letter from a friend

Dear GLF,
Please excuse this paper, a family scrap perhaps it's symbolic that it's damaged. As a straight housewife, now obliged to be 'father and mother' to the children I love; but I hope not possessively, I really don't feel like making the long journey to your evening meetings, and I don't feel they are for me.

But please put me on your mailing list for your magazine and announcements. I like to hear of daytime street demonstrations and performances - once I was enchanted by your 'Oranges & Lemons' and took some photos... Sorry if you find this flipant or superficial - I might as well be honest - so

much of my life is dull or dismal. I like to include some beauty and fun. I suppose your atmosphere fits in with my feeling myth.
RUTH SPEYER

GLF on Demos

Last weekend GLF supported two demonstrations.

On Saturday (30th October) some sisters took part in the demonstration outside Holloway Prison (organised by Women's Liberation and RAP - Radical Alternatives to Prison), directed against the s'uit conditions there in general, and in particular the remand in custody of Pauline Jones - the woman who stole a baby after having a miscarriage herself. We got close enough to shout to our sisters inside - many of whom are on remand, as yet "innocent in the eyes of the law" - and they responded by waving sheets out of the windows and yelling "WE WANT A RIOT" and "WE WANT FREEDOM!!" It was a great feeling to be able to communicate with them in spite of all the efforts of society to shut them off from us "law abiding citizens". Hopefully our action will not stop there but go on to even more positive ways of helping them.

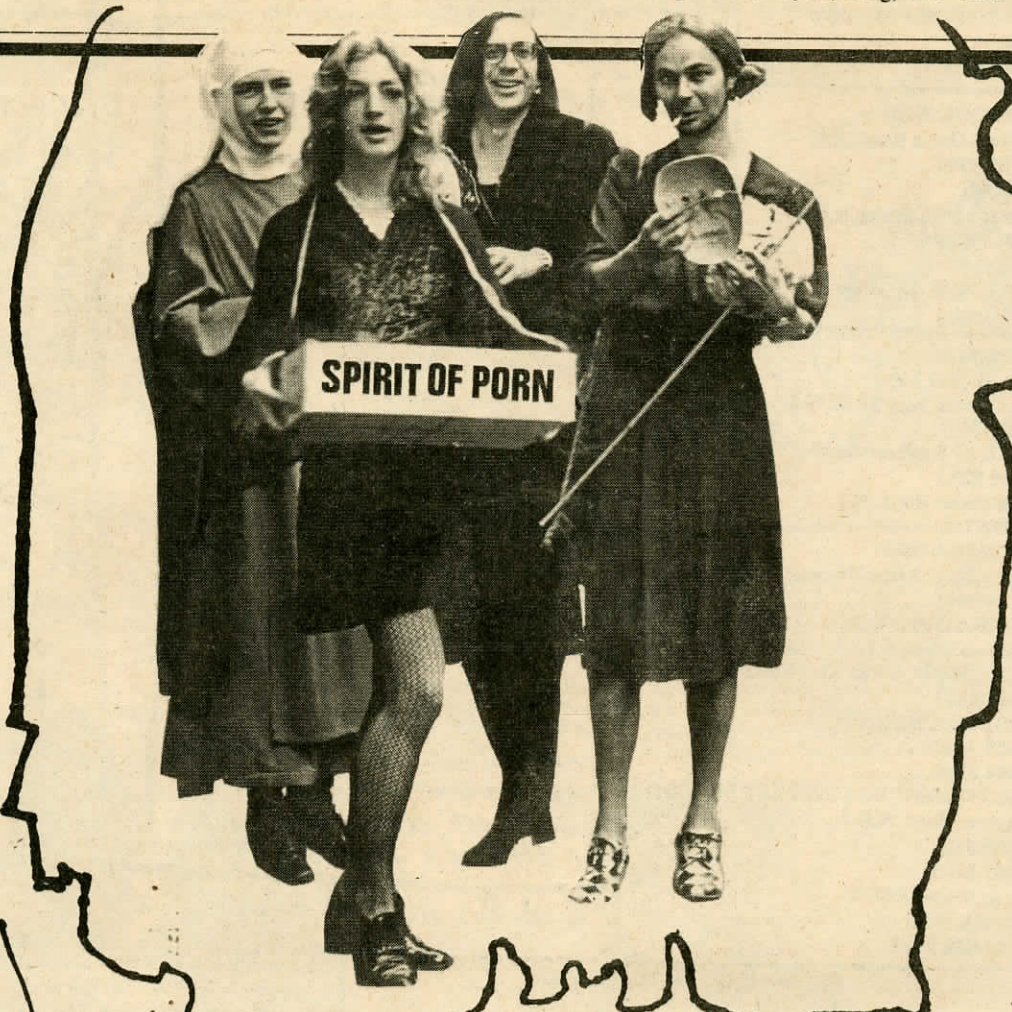
FREE OUR HOLLO WAY SISTERS

Many GLF sisters and brothers joined the Anti-Internment March on Sunday. It was huge, loud and angry - and grossly played-down in the straight establishment press. We felt that it was important to show our support for all people suffering from oppression in whatever form. We know what it is like too well not to feel sympathy. Many of us also

believe that there are links between their oppression and ours and that these links need exploring.

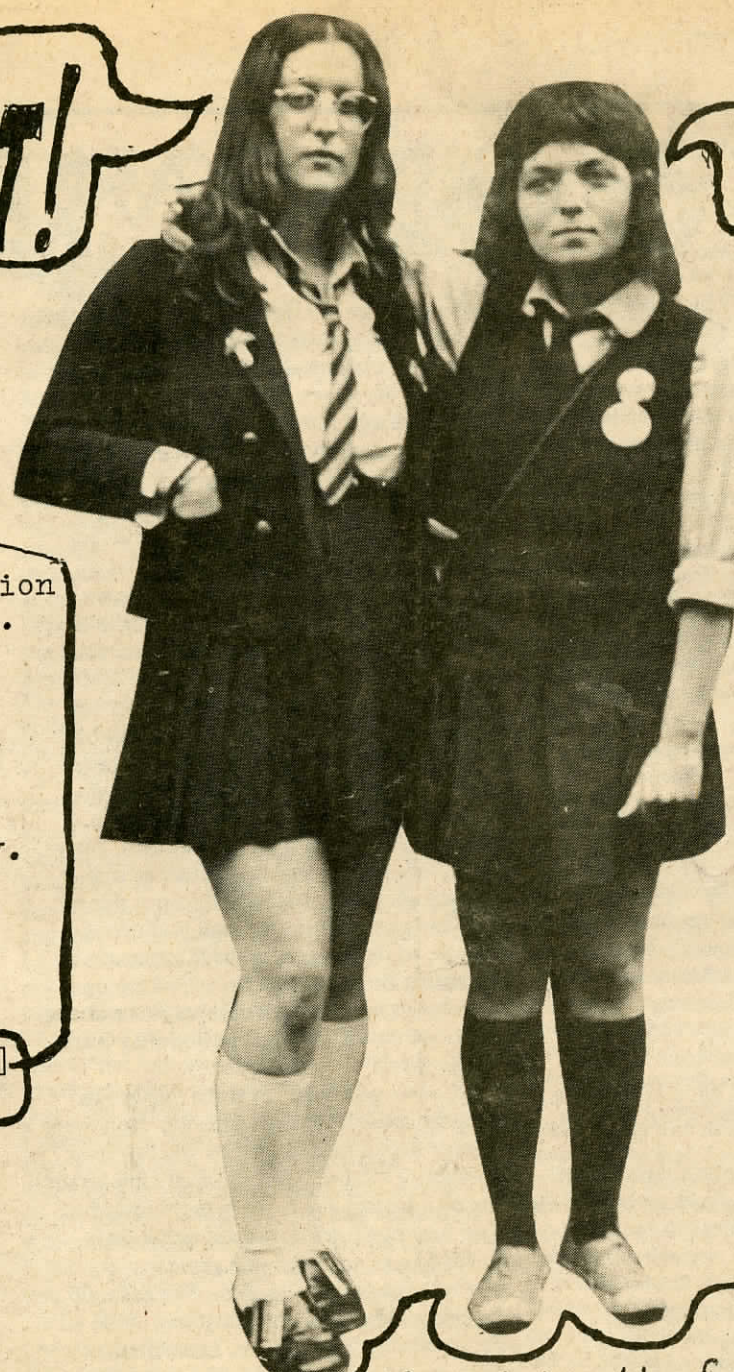
FREE OUR IRISH SISTERS AND BROTHERS

GLF Street Theatre really do need more sisters + brothers.



COME OUT!

On the one hand, until we accept that being gay is neither unimportant nor bad, we will keep important and good news from family and friends. The resulting addiction to camouflage and lies prevent us from asking even the first question about liberation and buttresses our oppression. On the other hand, if we persist in masochistically cruising some panacea, phobic of pain and fervently babbling the apolitical catechism there is good reason for compulsive secrecy. Sisters and brothers: What goes 'round and round and bites'? A vicious circle! martin.



TELL THEM TODAY (And give them GLF manifestoes for Christmas)

GLF gives a kiss to Oz for letting us use their typesetter.



Mmm, lovely

SISTERS DISCO

free for all women
7.30 19th November
Kings Arms
213 Bishopsgate
(Liverpool Street Station)

REGIONAL GLF

BIRMINGHAM
Gay Action Group
4 Park Avenue
George Street
Balsall Heath
B'ham 12

BATH
Corin Hardcastle
c/o Arts Workshop
Bath
tel: Bath 5169

BRISTOL
Lee Cataldi
27 Salisbury Road
Bristol
tel: Bristol 421625

CARDIFF
RIB
58 Charles Street
Cardiff
tel: Cardiff 44441

HULL
Keith Hose
47 Westbourne Ave.
Hull

LEEDS
Gay Liberation Society
Leeds University Union
Leeds 2
tel: Phil at Leeds 782270

MANCHESTER
Manchester Student Group (CHE)
Glenys Parry
Manchester University Union
Oxford Road
Manchester 13

SUSSEX
14 Western Road
Sussex
or
Union Offices
Sussex University
Falmer, Brighton

Community Services

Bristol BUZZ: 0272-36117
Cardiff RIB: 0222-44441
Dundee TOUCH: 0382-41085
Glasgow GAP: 041-332 8164
Leeds LIP: 0532-39071 (extn: 7)
Manchester ON 8TH DAY: 061-834 4892
Portsmouth HEAD COMMUNITY: 0705-811502

AGITPROP BOOKSHOP:
248 Bethnal Green Road, E.2.
01-739 1704

COMPENDIUM:
240 Camden High Street, N.W.1.
01-485 8944

LIBERTARIA:
95 West Green Road, N.15.
01-800 9508

BIT: 01-229 8219
AGITPROP: 01-739 1704
NCCL: 152 Camden High St., N.W.1.
01-485 9497

STREET AID: 33 Southampton St., W.C.2.
01-836 2215

GLF: 5 Caledonian Road, N.1.
01-837 7174

WOMEN'S LIBERATION:
Workshop: 12/13 Little Newport St., W.C.2.
01-734 9541

BLACK LIBERATION FRONT
54 Wightman Road, N.4.

RADICAL ALTERNATIVES TO PRISON:
01-606 6123

PEOPLE NOT PSYCHIATRY:
01-603 4042
01-794 6369

CAMDEN MOVEMENT FOR PEOPLE'S POWER:
47 Rochester Road, N.W.1.
01-226 5327
01-267 3106

SCHOOLS ACTION UNION:
Lisa: 01-455 1591
Dipak: 01-458 5913

glf contains the following

- functional groups:
- Womens group
- Communes group
- Office collective
- Action group
- Action Theatre workshop
- International Liason group
- Transvestite and Transexual group

- Media Workshop
- Youth + Education group
- Dance + entertainment group

The real work of GLF takes place in the functional and work groups, and all these groups constantly need and welcome new sisters and brothers. It is in these groups where we attempt to evolve a collectivist gay workstyle. The addresses for these groups can be obtained from the GLF office. So please come along and join in. GLF also has groups concentrating on consciousness-raising, or awareness, details can also be obtained from the office

Local groups ?

A new group has been formed in London GLF. It is the first of our London local groups and is centred on Camden.

The basic aim of the group is to reach gay people in the locality, to organise local gay pride actions and to defend the interests of gay people. So far the group has about 12 members, but it is planning on holding a large public meeting in Camden soon.

For further whereabouts of sisters and brothers in this Camden group, contact the GLF office - 5 Caledonian Road N.1

01-837-7174

FRENDZ: 01-969 5557/2884
OZ: 01-229 8447
PEACE NEWS: 01-837 4473
TIME OUT: 01-278 5487
SHREW: 01-794 5413
IT: 01-437 1312

COMMERCIAL TOGETHER
Come Together is available on subscription to supporters in other parts of the country at 75p for 10 issues or 7½p for single copies. Orders and subscription bread should be sent to Distribution, London GLF, 5 Caledonian Rd., London N.1. 01-837 7174.

OVERSEAS RATES
Australia: A\$4.45 for 10 issues, 45 c. each by air. A\$2.00 20 c. each by sea.
Canada: \$4.30 for 10 issues, 45 c. each by air. \$2.30 25 c. each by sea.
France: Fr12.20 for 10 issues, Fr1.20 each.
Holland: G 7.90 for 10 issues, G 0.80 each.
U.S.: \$4.10 for 10 issues, 40 c. each, by sea.

available at
25 Upper
Montagu St,
London W.1.

GLF meetings are held every Wednesday at 7.30 p.m. at All Saints Hall, Powis Gdns. W.11