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# FEAR OR FREEDOM



WHY IS IT THAT I, YOU, WE, ...THEY... FEAR G. L. F.? WHY DO WE FEAR OR HAVE FEARED COMING OUT OF THE PRISONS WE HAVE BUILT IT NECESSARY TO BUILD FOR OUR SURVIVAL AND TO ASSERT, WITHOUT APOLOGY, OUR INTEGRITY AS GAY PEOPLE?

FURTHER, WHY DO SOME GAY PEOPLE FEEL THAT G.L.F. IS THREATENING AN UNEASY TRUCE WHICH THEY HAVE MADE WITH SOCIETY, OR RATHER, THIS SOCIETY SEEMS TO HAVE MADE WITH THEM? WHY DO THEY SCORN SELF-ASSERTION FOR AN APOLOGIA, AND RADICALISM FOR RESPECTABILITY?

These and similar questions are prompted not only by the hostility with which some gay brothers approach G.L.F. but by the misgivings they have about any movement for sexual liberation.

## why fear?

It is as if we have lived with the present situation for so long that no other seems possible or that the gay community has suffered from so much violence and inhumanity that it finds it difficult to summon the will to fight back. Of that community we are all a part and we share the fear which is endemic to it. Some fear less than others but it is no exaggeration to say that all of us have feared what we think might happen if we openly declare that we are gay and find it good. We have feared our families, we have feared our employers and our friends. We have even feared publicly meeting our sisters and brothers lest it be thought we are one of them. And above all it seems we fear being part of any movement which openly works to destroy myths concerning homosexuality and to realise the state of affairs where there is no need to fear ourselves and others as sexual beings.

Conditioned as we are to secretiveness, evasions, lies, and self-debasement - with the beliefs that we must never openly declare ourselves or make any demands on the

community as human beings rather than as sick caricatures - the opposition we show to GLF is not surprising, for it has unashamedly broken the pact of secrecy to which homosexuals have been pledged. It has asked us not to dot the i's and cross the t's but to renounce the truce altogether and to look at the price we pay in our present ways of adjusting to society. The demands the community makes on us for suppression of our sexuality have meant that many of us have been partners in our own destruction. We have been willing to sacrifice at least a part of our personal fulfillment and stability to the community in order to receive such economic and social perks as it may offer as long as we exist behind the mask. It has often meant that we exhibit an anxiety which is not necessarily a part of homosexuality but which is imposed on it by the terms of our adjustment to society. We settle for what seems the safest and sanest way of surviving and even discount the possibility that there may be alternative ways of living.

## myth or reality

It is understandable that any fundamental attempt, such as GLF is making, to break through the present fearful and destructive consensus should meet with misgivings not only in the community at large, but also among gay people. For we are asked to forgo our comparative safety and to rethink our entire approach to sexuality, towards our homosexuality, towards heterosexuality. It asks us to discard myths and face realities, to question the extent to which our social and political life makes sexual freedom possible, and to determine what alternative arrangements can be made to open up for a richer variety of human relationships, including homosexual relationships. Such an approach refuses to regard our present pattern of survival as an eternal element which at best can be patched up here and patched up there but never really changed. Rather it grasps the fact that sexual liberation is a highly significant part

of any basic political and social change in our society, or, to put it differently, that much of our social and political attitudes stem from our conception of the nature of human sexuality.

In terms of this outlook we are asked to do at least two things. Firstly, to engage in a public debate about homosexuality which cannot take place without calling into question the whole social and political system in which we live. It is "public" because the issues go far beyond the mere in-talk of the traditional gay ghetto, being a matter not exclusive to gay interests but of general human concern.

Secondly, as a complement to our first task and necessarily a part of it, to question the nature of our apparently safe accommodation built to a large extent on secrecy, shame and fear. Both tasks require large scale reappraisal by gay people THEMSELVES without waiting for the liberal intermediaries who have too often spoken ambiguously about our cause. In view of the fact that we have been for so long the silent minority - the love, it is said, that dare not speak its name - fear to undertake a reappraisal of this kind is understandable.

## gay identity: gay integrity

Perhaps this fear shows itself most markedly in our approach to public debate and action, to presenting ourselves rather than furtively hiding, to coming out. The public, unashamed face of GLF gives rise to misgivings among us which themselves provide interesting clues to the condition of gay people in our society. To engage in public debate and action is to expose ourselves, to assert a point of view, to proclaim that certain things are worth fighting for. It is, even when bitter, to make contact and relationships with our fellow men.

It is above all to be a person with a sense of values, and this is precisely what we have been conditioned to think we are not. Many sisters and brothers will maintain privately that GLF is correct in its appraisal of our situation, they will sympathise with its ideas and activities, but they will finally admit that they're afraid of what might happen if it became public knowledge that they were gay or they will maintain that they have no strength for the fight even when willing to applaud those openly engaged in the battle. I have even met brothers who claim that they were gripped by an inexplicable sense of terror the first time they crossed the door to enter a GLF meeting. When this happens it is time to think about who we are.

This question of our identity is not merely academic for it is concerned with the rebuilding of a self which has been battered and eroded from the moment we realised we were gay. Without this rebuilding, fear becomes compulsive and we



# Happy Families

This issue of Come Together has been written and laid out by Notting Hill GLF. Nearly all the people who contributed to it have lived here at some time or other recently, whether in the Commune which has come to rest here, or outside it.

Since most of the magazine has been conceived in the Notting Hill commune (there's also one at Muswell Hill) here's some facts about the origins and history of the group.

The original group started in Brixton where they managed to get a house big and cheap enough, which is really difficult when all the agents can see you're gay.

There were eight of us then. We had a great time going out in drag and make up - we were all drawing from the confidence that living together gave us. Very soon the boys at the comprehensive school across the road got to hear (or see) about us and it became the morning past-time to toss bricks through our front room window. Talking to them didn't help much (especially later when the inspector told us that we would get done for importuning if we invited any more of them into the house).

It seemed to me that the first thing to do was to establish some sort of basic terms for us to at least get through that we were no longer a passive target for student oppression. The alarm was sounded and for two or three days the house at Brixton was filled with the heavier element of those caring about GLF. We sat up all night after the first wave of attack and in the morning decided to draft a leaflet to give out to the students at the school. This was to make clear two things: that we were not going to sit still and be pummelled into the ground by ANYONE, and that there were plenty more where we came from. Also the pamphlet explained a bit about who we were and what we were trying to do. Well the next day we marched into the school in full paint and drag of various kinds and did our thing. We were of course chucked out by the pigs and no one on the staff wanted to talk.

It became very clear that the commune as such could no longer go on growing in such an atmosphere of violence and poisonous vindictiveness, so it was decided to leave the stonier ground of Brixton and on to the slightly less stony area of N.H. Gate. Here at least was the appearance of comparative peace. But by no means your verdant pastures! It is an area, as we all know which has got itself a reputation for having a (albeit questionable) vaguely community awareness....where people are known to have at least listened to one another's grievances. But let no one think its in anyway a haven of rest...particularly for Gays. There was a house vacant in Cozy Colvillia which miraculously opened its doors to the brothers from Brixton. They were, on a certain level, surrounded by friends, who they knew would support them in the event of trouble. As it turned out the main trouble came when the Notting Hill Housing trust were not as helpful at first as they have now promised they will be and street violence broke out when they tried to evict us without the appropriate court order. Well the



supporters gather at the scene of the eviction. Two workmen tried to force their way in as we put up barricades and a scuffle broke out

ever hungry Press men arrived and as a result the Trust were embarrassed into behaving themselves in a slightly more humane manner and are now at the point where they have told us that they will consider seriously a two to three year term house for us...we'll see, won't we? Meanwhile the people in the commune are different people from those who came originally from Brixton but the mind - blowing concept of true communal living remains intact and seems to get stronger every day. So here we are... Come up and see us sometime. We are squatting in a disused film studio with no bath but plenty of bubbles. See you soon and take care.

Many but not all of us have been active in GLF since the beginning. We didn't know each other then, but through involvement we got to know each other as friends whilst still living within the artificial framework of our own particular flats (territory). One other artificiality was that we related to each other as friends whilst being aware of the growing love that existed between us.

Coming into the commune and sharing everything, our material possessions of course, our ideas, our energy, our minds and our bodies meant that we had to change ourselves from being friends to being lovers.

The best way of describing it is for you to imagine making it with your best friend, the one you call 'sister', and remove with the taboo of incest from exploring sexually. You know you love your best friend, but expressing and exploring that love physically! It is not important you say, but what is more important than love? Making money, perhaps? Or is it the size of your cock and the size of his cock that's at the bottom of it?

You never really know another person until you live with them. The question is, how much do you want to know. How much are you prepared to show. What are you afraid of hiding.

We find we cannot ~~except~~ the old red herring of not 'fancying' each other, which avoids the issue, and in reality is a put-down of placing others in a stereo-type role, butch, bitch or whatever, and failing to see the uniqueness and beauty behind that projected facade. Were we to go on behaving only in terms of cocks and bums and 'de rigueur', obligatory, orgasms, or, to try and work that one out, and just turn-on and melt into each others bodies?

Friends, to outsiders appear solid, but inside, one competes with the other - keeping up with the Jones's! Lovers cannot compete without oppressing one another and denying that love. Even touching each other to begin with was difficult - try stroking your 'sister' and see in his eyes and the tenseness of his body the internal alarm signal trying to work out, why?

We can only begin with what we've got and where it doesn't fit, struggle for change. Solidarity doesn't come with visions from thin-air, it is to do with you and me, expanded, multiplied and distributed equally amongst us all. It is to do with love, because without love there can be no change and nothing to support that change. Without love there is only games and competition and distrust, and to believe that love and loving relationships are not fundamental to solidarity, is to fool oneself with intellectual games.

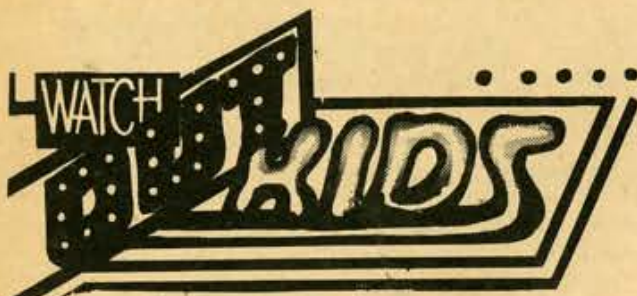
The trust some of us felt for each other as friends prior to coming into the commune, and the trust we tried to build with the others we didn't know helped us to realise that our former friendships, in this example, between three people - all mutually re-enforcing each other, was in a larger communal situation a barrier creating an us, and a them. B knew his own feelings for A and A's sexual attraction but couldn't get that together. Saw from C's behaviour that C felt the same way about A but didn't discuss the situation with C at all. B & C were friends. C & B were friends but C only saw A and never thought that B was involved. A wasn't conscious of B & C's feelings as he didn't feel sexually attracted to them. What had been built up was a pyramid with A at the top, B & C next, competing with each other while keeping the rest below and controlling their approaches to A. Sexual guilt had built an heirachial structure in the minds of a least two of us which in spite of our awareness was shocking to discover how dishonest we had been, with ourselves and each other in what seemed to us at that time a close relationship. The experience showed us once again that monogamous relationships do not work, just as they have not done for any of us in the past.

All of us uniquely different in the ways we have been oppressed, have had these 'special relationships' and have had to work through them in order to find ourselves and each other through nine pairs of eyes.

The younger of us have felt oppressed by the older ones and their adult tricks which maintained their 'control' over others. Tricks acquired in order to attain or maintain some shitty middle-class view of themselves as experienced men. This was another division into them and us. How do we begin to relate to people younger than us with a clearer picture of what it's all about, without

Happy families don't SNAP! please  
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Last week two of us from the commune went a secondary school in Leicestershire to talk about Gay Liberation to a mixed group of students up to the age of 17 or so. We bubbled off the train, having chatted to two far out women all the way there, to be greeted at the station by the sixth form tutor. We were in full slap bangles and baubles and beads complete with hand-bags and parasols. There was just a whisper of a gulp as he saw us coming through the barrier which we instantly forgave, as we're very kind-hearted! We were then whisked off at a great pace to the school in his smart MG, my dears. When we arrived we were deposited in the music room where we met a french student who sold us clay beads at 50p a swipe without delay. He didn't bat an eyelid at us but was really nice. I was still nervous though as I had never actually had the fun of chatting with people of this age en masse in this context. After a pub lunch we were shown into the red-brick Victorian house which had now been made over to the sixth form as more or less their own. (this is not a boarding school as it happens) As we were shown in we could see people peeping through a sort of serving hatch and through windows and around the doors at us giggling and whispering. My nervousness increased as the moment of meeting grew nearer. Then bang! we were ushered into the room itself which was jammed with young people from 15 to 17 all smiles and giggles. We were introduced and asked to say what GLF was exactly(!) and I said how it had started in America and how it snowballed from two brothers at London School of Economics through the split of the Women and the gradual spread of Gay Lib throughout the country. One of the first things that had happened, by the way, was that one or two of the students arrived in make-up as well. So when we saw them we were very pleased and took it as a sort of complimentary joke...in fact I assumed that they were queens also and FAR OUT. But we learned afterwards that it had been done to send us up and that of course it hadn't worked because we didn't mind in the least. Anyhow, the atmosphere was by now warm and friendly, so we felt our way forward to the subject of the commune here in Notting Hill Gate and inevitably on to the dreaded S-E-X. Ofcourse we pointed out that we were pleased to hear that we had commanded the biggest audience so far in their series



This is Janet.



This is John.



## .....deschooling.....

of 'minority group lectures' by far, and that we knew why, and that in our view 'that is as it SHOULD be.' Sex and our sexuality was after all the most fundamental part of our psychic life and the main point therefore of our visit. We all naturally dwelt upon these matters for most of the rest of the afternoon. The burning question of what we did in bed with each other was answered and listened to with total calm and understanding all round. I think they realised that we were trying only to be honest, and were obviously suprised at the fact that we seemed prepared for the sort of honesty that they were clearly into, and thank god for it. This tremendous feeling of purity and unsullied zeal for some real knowledge was overwhelming. One of the questions that WE asked was were there any people in the room of over 50 students and 'teachers' WHO HAD HAD GAY FEELINGS TOWARDS ANYONE hitherto? One of the male teachers and one of the male students both said that they had. I thought of this as the most portant thing that happened that day and said that I thought that it was very difficult, to say the least, to 'come out' in such a large gathering and that those who hadn't for good reason been able to should think of the whole question IN PARTICULAR REFERENCE TO THEMSELVES and that if such feelings had or did in future develop that they should welcome them and be open about it as far as ever possible. The old analogy between human and animal behavior was gone into and I said that I didn't think this was a fair analogy as most of these theories were dreamed up by White Hetro Rich Male Liberal head-shrinkers and should always be examined in that light, and that we were NOT animals and this was not the Jungle where its LAW did not, I hope apply. Most people seemed not to have thought of this before so it was good that it cropped up. Desmond Morris go fuck yourself and take your hung-up friends with you. My authority about gays comes from my whole life-experience As a Gay....where does Morris and his like come from? One of the guys asked if 'it was hereditary' and I said that my father wasn't gay nor was my mother but that I thought that we all at first had the potential for it but that this Male dominated society had put us down, (largely to suit the ruling rich and that it was probably due to the conditioning I had been envired by, but so what...I AM GAY NOW and that's what it seems to me we should be dealing with. This led on to talk of GUILT and Shame and all the rest of it .... I could go on for hours as we were with them from 1.30 till 6pm so I won't. BUT IT WAS ONE OF THE MOST EXCITING, FRIENDLY AND TO ME DEEPLY INSTRUCTIVE EVENTS OF MY LIFE.

## 'the dialectic of sex' shulamith firestone

The myth of childhood has an even greater parallel in the myth of femininity. Both women and children were considered asexual and thus 'purer' than man. their inferior status was ill-concealed under an elaborate 'respect'. One didn't discuss serious matters nor did one curse in front of women and children; one didn't openly degrade them, one did it behind their backs. (As for the double standard about cursing: a man is allowed to blaspheme the world because it belongs to him to damn-- but the same curse out of the mouth of a woman or a minor, i.e. an incomplete 'man' to whom the world does not yet belong, is considered presumptuous, and thus an impropriety or worse.)

Both were set apart by fancy and non-functional clothing and were given special tasks (housework and homework respectively); both were considered mentally deficient ('What can you expect of a woman?') ('He's too little to understand').

The pedestal of adoration on which both were set made it hard for them to breathe. Every interaction with the adult world became for children a tap dance. They learned how to use their childhood to get what they wanted indirectly ('He's throwing another tantrum!'), just as women learned how to use their femininity ('There she goes again, crying!').

All excursions into the adult world became terrifying survival expeditions. The difference between the natural behaviour of children in their peer group as opposed to their stilted and/or coy behaviour with adults bears this out. Just as women act differently when they are around men. In each case a physical difference had been enlarged culturally by special dress, education, manners and activity until this cultural reinforcement itself began to appear 'natural', even instinctive, an exaggeration process that enables easy stereotyping; the individual eventually appears to be a different kind of human animal with its own peculiar set of laws and behaviour ('I'll never understand women!.....' 'You don't know a thing about child psychology!').

Contemporary slang reflects this animal state: children are 'mice', 'rabbits', 'kittens', women are called 'chicks', 'birds', 'hen', 'dumb clucks', 'silly geese', 'old mares', 'cows', 'bitches'.

Because the class oppression of women and children is couched in the phraseology of 'cute' it is much harder to fight than open oppression. What child can answer back when some inane aunt falls all over him or some stranger decides to pat his behind and gurgle baby talk? What woman can afford to frown when a passing stranger violates her privacy at will? Very often the real nature of these seemingly friendly remarks emerges when the child or the woman does not smile as she should: 'Dirty old scum bag. I wouldn't screw you even if you had a smile on your puss!....' 'Nasty little brat. If I were your father I would spank you so hard you wouldn't know what hit you!....'

Their violence is amazing. Yet these men feel that the woman or the child is to blame for not being 'friendly'. Because it makes them uncomfortable to know that the woman or the child or the black or the workman is grumbling, the oppressed groups must also appear to like their oppression-- smiling and simpering though they may feel like hell inside. The smile is the child/woman equivalent of the shuffle; it indicates acquiescence of the victim to her own oppression.

The Dialectic of Sex :  
SHULAMITH FIRESTONE  
paladin paperback 50p.



POWER TO  
THE  
PUPIL!





# WAR BABY WORKING CLASS.



I was born in June 1941. A war baby I have never known my father (he seems to have mysteriously disappeared soon after my birth.) My two sisters and I were brought up by our mother, who went out charring in order that we all might eat and be clothed. Practically the whole city had been razed to the ground, but the rich still managed to live well, amongst all the suffering and destruction. There was a very smart restaurant called Genonies where all the privileged were still able to eat their steaks and drink their wines, while the rest of the population barely existed above starvation level. It was this place that my mother arrived at at six every morning, to clean and Hoover after the previous nights revels. My earliest experience was of sitting on a table at three years old whilst my mum pulled one of the great red velvet divans from the wall and jumped on it and rats ran out of the upholstery to be caught again by the cats and dogs while I screamed my lungs out in terror. We were bombed out three times but eventually mum was able to rent a three story house with semi basement on Plymouth Hoe. This house was situated on the boundary of the Hoe, which was supposed to be 'chic and smart' and the Barbican which was the harbour area where the fishing families lived in total slum conditions and surrounded on all sides by bombed out houses. As kids we had a ball with the bombed sites as our playground in the winter and the Hoe and the beech in summer. We were a total community of children who hadn't a care in the world and had quite friendly relations (most of the time) with the other street gangs near us. We were in no way aware of our poverty as we had no yardstick by which we could measure our conditions, we all of us went to either the local Catholic or C-of-E primaries and all the kids were from similar backgrounds. The concept of wealth gradually became apparent through our education. We were being made aware ever so subtly of our parents lowly status via the process of education. Not only were we made aware of it but also being made to feel ashamed of it as well. Just to take the edge off our guilt about being poor we were encouraged to collect pennies for the 'poor black babies' who were worse off than ourselves, or so we were told. (where were the seeds of racism being sowed)? This together with all the stories of how things were much better before the war and food was much more plentiful, you didn't need Ration Books, and sweets were to be found in abundance. Slowly slowly the seeds of discontent were beginning to take root. The beginnings of the 'divide and rule' policies of the ruling minority were beginning to manifest themselves among the gang. We were beginning to compare status with the rest of the kids and the gang started to break into various 'class groups' with the very poor right at the bottom to be shit on by all the others. Mum became dissatisfied with the education at our local Catholic school because it was rumoured that they had a low 11-plus record of passes. My elder sister had failed and had to go to a secondary modern, I being the only son upon whom all hopes were pinned had to be placed in a school that had a 'good record'.

We were all sent to a school in Devonport, out of our area and meeting new kids for the first time. Class consciousness was rife, we were ridiculed because we came from the Barbican and were called a load of scruffs. We had to defend ourselves and the only non-violent way was to lie and to exaggerate our situation. The fact that we thought our father had been killed in the war was a great help. We played that one for all the pity we could milk from it. I failed twice to get an A pass in my 11 plus, but due to a lot of behind-the-scenes manipulating by the nun on behalf of my mum I was able to get into the only catholic grammar school. From the age of 7 right up to my going to grammar school at 12, my sex life was very constant in its frequency and pleasure. There were at least 5 other boys in the gang who used to get it on with each other either in pairs or all together. A boy called Russ and I were lovers for 3 years. He was the leader of the gang and was everything I was not, big, beautiful and strong. His parents owned two shops down the road so he was in fact middle class and the leader in every sense of the word. He was 2 years older than me and when he failed to get into grammar school his parents gave him hell. We were still lovers right up to the day he first saw me in my new school uniform. He saw me coming across the bombed site, and attacked me with a knife. God alone knows what shit his parents had been throwing at him to freak him out so much but I have hardly seen him since that day. Grammar school was full of middle class and upper middle class boys with heads to match. My mother had at the same time been keeping abreast with my progress by turning the house into a lodging house for the labourers and craftsmen who were pouring in to rebuild the city. She was at a later date able to leave her working class background completely behind by graduating from taking in lodgers to Summer Visitors she had become a respectable middle class sea-side landlady. The whole of my grammar school education was geared to university and or priesthood. Religion was rammed down our throats, it was like force feeding geese, ready for the delicatessen counter. There was, not very far from the surface, something within me which kept telling me that the whole scene was a load of shit. Something which surfaced on the odd occasion, but at most times had to be kept under control as they tried to blind me with facts and figures and cripple my freedom with religion. During my five years at grammar I did not have a single sexual encounter although at various times I fell in love with an art master and a form master. I left at the age of 17 after failing most of my 'O' levels. I couldn't stand another year of religion and prison. I came to London (to see the Queen!) six months later and got a job as a junior window dresser at Debenhams and Freebods. I was working with daily some of the most expensive and 'luxurious' clothes in the world. After a few months in London my sexuality was reawakened by my finding the key to the gate of the gay closet. I stepped smartly in at last I was beginning to feel more comfortable about my surroundings and friends. I very soon became aware that a Devonshire accent and late fifties working class fashions were a passport to oblivion. So faced were so many of my gay contemporaries with a completely new lifestyle. I had a choice to

make: either accept the values of the closet or get out. I accepted the closet if nothing else I could at least be alone with others like me. People were not interested in me as a personality only as a body. I was never aware of my own attraction cos all my life I had worn glasses and been oppressed for it, so I could never be really sure why people went to bed with me. I realise now it was probably just youth and a decent sized cock. Having slipped into the gay closet I tried and fooled myself for many years that I had succeeded in losing the accent and natural camp. It horrifies me now tho think how totally unaware I was of myself and others around me. How can anybody who has been conditioned into deceit and dishonesty ever hope to be truthful. I rose from junior to managerial status during the next 12 years but became unhappy and ill. During my straight-gay life I experienced most material 'rewards'. I started my life by being born into poverty, and my gay life by being poor. I stopped working for others soon after I nearly had my second breakdown. I started to live on my wits and digging experiences as they happened. Funnily enough it took me 12 years to finally cut through all the guilt and conditioning before I took to the streets at the age of 29 as a whore. My fear overrode my poverty at so many times I went hungry, by the time I was 29 my experience had enabled me to cut through all the shit and rules and regulations and look at the world and society from a more honest viewpoint. Honest not because what I was doing was right but because I'd always secretly wanted to do it but never had the courage. I was beginning to acknowledge myself and my desires and not buckle down to the image of what people wanted me to be. I was beginning to follow intuition and instinct as opposed to logic and reason. 2 years ago I joined G.L.F. and ever since the first moment I have known that I was for the first time in my life doing what I wanted to do. G.L.F. is a key and only a key through which gay people can begin to understand their oppression right the way through back to the beginning. I have now and am still being confronted with all the insidious way in which this sick society operates, and how I as a gay male have contributed to the sickness by my own guilts, fears and prejudices. Behind me now I hope is the falseness of the material values. I am at this moment back to square one living in poverty with twelve beautiful brothers, having to collect water from next door because society fears the solidarity of gay people. They want to crush us, and all that we are striving for, and they intend to use every method at their disposal. Divide and rule amongst the gays is easy to operate because hetero men make the rules, and up until now anything that has been known about homosexuality has been written by men with a definite vested interest in keeping the status quo. The biggest visible stronghold the ruling minority has over gays is guilt and fear about their sexuality. Couple this with the material rewards system and a whole lot of other equally dangerous but far more subtle controls and the circle becomes almost impossible to break. The material drawbacks in trying to live a new lifestyle are as many as they are complex, and I think it is fear of losing the so-called material securities which hold many gays back from coming out. The worse possible loss for a good many gays is a loss of face and status. The sooner gays really start to look into the status quo and suss out the lies and falseness the better. It is not the radical drag which is freaking most gays, as is generally put about, but the loss of material status.





# THE GOOD OLD DAYS . . . .

5

Have you noticed how we've been having the 'good old days' shoved down our throats lately? Everyone seems to be wallowing in good old nostalgia.

It's a lovely game that everyone can play, as they desperately try to top each other at the 'Do you remember....' bit.

It is also the most insidious of pastimes, leading us to the fatal trap of conservatism and reaction.

Does the mere fact that someone can claim to recall Douglas Byng (whatever became of....?) Gracie Fields, Vic Oliver, Gertrude Lawrence, Arthur Askey, Margaret Lockwood and not forgetting of course dear old... somehow demonstrate that 'life' was better in those far-off days?

The "aural wallpaper" that was 'wireless' in the 1940's brainwashed millions of people into swallowing all manner of humiliations, degradations and misery allied to a total loss of freedom, in the guise of the national interest.

As liberties (the few we had) crushed, freedoms stamped on, black market fortunes made, dirty international deals done, murders and assassinations carried out, 'allies' stabbed in the back and betrayed, insular british chauvinism ran rampant, veiled in a haze of cheer-up, stiff upper lip, backs to the wall all pull together philosophy numbing us to the oppressive rules of war.

The Radio Doctor, Ann Ziegler and Webster Booth, Vera Lynn, oh and Ann Shelton and Tommy Handley, Tessie O'Shea, Charlie Kunz.... I remember them well... their feeble, quirky, forth rate talents.

The black-out seems (in retrospect) to have symbolised a whole nation's attitude to any genuine 'enlightenment'... after all... don't you know there's a war on?.....

I remember ...damp, sweaty, smelly, cold, dripping air-raid shelters, identity cards and ration books (how long before they come back?) evacuees, refugees, prisoners of war, American bases (still with us) like occupying sentinels. And the propaganda Jesus! (I think your British Broadcasting Co's wonderfull.)

Of course they are. Past masters, you might say. Best in the World.

Nasty Nazis, cuddly Russians, valiant Chinese, heroic Albanians, greasy Wops, nutty blood-thirsty Nips, big buddy Yanks.

ah! but do you remember Nice, Good, Clean, Handsome, Wholesome, Wellspoken, toothsome clipped saintly faithful brave wry world-weary fearless self-sacrificing English Men ....?

Our bombs were polite, family-loving, well-bread bombs; theirs were sneaky, caddish, treacherous, uncouth and more murderous bombs. Ah yes but war's a dirty game you know.

Oh sorry. Hollywood! What bliss it was ... remember Greer Garson, Walter Pigeon, Norma Shearer, Johnny Weissmuller, William Bendix, Irene Dunne, Mary Astor, Claudette Colbert, Paulette Godard, Maria Montez, Lon McAllister, Lew Ayres, John Garfield, .... ooh and George Murphy, John Wayne, Ronald Reagan and Shirley Temple. And there was Carol Landis, Carole Lombard, June Haver, Judy Garland, Lupe Vele, Jean Harlow, Mary Poppins and Dracula.

Remember them? Christ, how can I forget them. I'd need a bloody lobotomy. There's no escape.

Nostalgia comes oozing and blubbing at me everywhere.

Revival is in the air, folks.

Gimme that old-time religion.

But I can't forget... I can't forget shrapnel, dried-eggs, air-raid sirens, spitfires, barrage balloons, fires, screams, blasts, search-lights, Air-raid Wardens, the Home Guard.

Crushed mutinies, squatters (the homeless, bombed-out), 'direct hits', 'missing aircraft', 'Killed in action', 'missing believed dead', gloom, misery, paranoia.

Hitler everywhere. Posters, stickers, "Walls Have Ears", "You Never Know Who's Listening", "Careless Talk Costs Lives".

The War Effort, National Savings, Dig for Victory, the Warsaw Concerto, 'The Wicked Lady',

Michael Redgrave, John Pudney, Googie Withers, Rosamund John, Basil Radford and Naunton Yvonne...

No shoes, No school. A bar of Fry's chocolate on Thursdays, when Mummy gets her allowance. Daddy's fighting the Germans.. And the Japanese.

Barbed wire, bicycle lamps, pocket torches, uniforms, overalls, knitted socks, knitted gloves, scarves, jumpers, balacalava helmets, uniforms, overalls, bread pudding and cocoa.

Remember the FitzRoy? The Standard, Ward's Irish bar, the Union Jack Club, Jermy Street Baths ... the sailors, the guardsmen, Ivor Novello, The Dancing Years?

Ivor got nicked for cottaging.....

Ah, The Old Vic, Donald Wolfitt, Larry and Ralph, John Neville.

John Gielgud GOT NICKED FOR

(cottaging) Shhh...

Lord Montague, Marlene Dietrich, "Pal Joey", Hermione Gangrene.

Emily Williams, Aly Khan, Lady

Docker, Jack Spot, Christopher Fry,

Issy Bonn, Ronnie Ronalds, Peter

Wildeblood, Kenneth Hulme, Diana

Dors, Shirley Bassey, Larry Parnes,

Tommy Steele, Hymie Zahl, Danny

Carroll, "Soldiers in Skirts".

The Little Hut, Bobby's Bar, The

A&B, Waterloo, Leicester Square,

the Cafe de Paris, The Londoner

Club, The White Bear, The Golden

Lion.... OSCAR WILDE.... NOEL

COWARD.... CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD..

CABARET.... CABARET.... CABARET....

Wodehouse and Pound and Eliot and Auden.



experience .....

# NOSTALGIA

divinely  
decadent!



# getting down to the nitty-gritty

TWO YEARS SINCE GLF WAS STARTED HERE TWO YEARS SINCE SEXUAL LIBERATION HAS CHANGED FROM BEING A POLITICAL TACTIC TO THE HARD REALISATION THAT THIS IS THE ONLY WAY ANY REVOLUTIONARY IDEAS PROPOSED BY WOMEN OR GAY PEOPLE (OR OTHERS) CAN BE HONESTLY CONSIDERED WITHOUT THEM BEING MERE FACADES FOR MALE EGO TRIPPERS.

In glf itself, this time has been spent in a variety of explorations and diversions into the generalisations of the ideas proposed in the manifesto. SEXISM began life as a word; it obscured realities we were not then aware of; it is now, for myself at least, a harsh reality that every man in the world benefits from: gay men pour shit on all women as well as straight men. For others it was and is a reality, but they have touched on it and retreated into their own male pride.

SEXISM IS NOT JUST A WORD BUT THE EXPRESSION OF THE FACT THAT OVER ONE HALF OF THE WORLD (WOMEN) ARE OPPRESSED BY THE REST (MEN) AND THE CONSEQUENT FUCKING MESS WE LIVE IN.

Most of glf talked of the manifesto as if it was an engraved stone tablet; but possibly glf's most important achievement was to break down the personal (ego?) barriers between a few people, who actually, through a closer rapport and support than could be achieved outside glf, began to investigate sexual liberation as outlined in the manifesto - WITH PARTICULAR REFERENCE TO THEMSELVES. They began to DO what they SAID. Those who did not do as they said were seen for what they were - hollow political mouthpieces.

men, and split to work away from men. A commune was set up, which eventually began to relate the passage in the manifesto on destroying the family unit, by experimenting in communal living. (This copy of Come Together was produced by a second gay male commune that came into being in June 1972.) Some gay men began to explore the media in an alternative way. But all the experiments done by gay men were done as men first and gay second. Gradually as this was realised - not in an obvious way, but simply because many ideas did not achieve anything - they were dropped. They could go no further without destroying their male privilege. What they were trying to do was opposed to male domination so obviously they could not proceed if they were still dominating males.

## Male Privilege

This led to the limbo that glf found itself in last summer, and which continued into this year. There was then a polarisation of activity.

Gay men who decided they would not attempt to destroy their male privilege, their sexism, the root of their oppression and oppressiveness, began to renew activity on another front: that of liberal gay politics. Gay News with all its journalistic hypocrisy and hollow words was the first blunder in this direction. The newly formed Gay Civil Rights group, simply by using that name, is another.

Other gay men saw that if the manifesto and their commitment to glf had any honesty and truth, then they had to explore ways of destroying their male derived privileges. They saw that it was only in this way that they could begin to relate honestly as individuals to both women and men, and not as stereotypes of oppression. They saw that this was, for them, the only truly alternative way of furthering any truly revolutionary ideas, and that in itself it was revolutionary. They saw that without doing this, all their previous ideas and actions were token. They are into understanding their oppression and self oppression, and their oppressiveness, and creating change in themselves through greater awareness of themselves in society. (ie how they support it and how they can destroy it)

## Drag and the male and female myth

They wear clothes that society only permits women to wear. This is the ultimate external rejection of the male role in society, and as such, all queens (men who wear make-up and dresses) are rejected by society because they destroy the myth about men. Ultimately, all men are jealous of women, which is why they have come to dominate them and destroy their freedom, and any man who admits this, threatens societies' stability.

'Jealousy of women' is a difficult idea to appreciate, as one's usual definition of women is one provided by a male-dominated society; men have created a myth about women. The creation of this myth began when male aggressiveness was used against female creativity and harmony. Aggress-

ion now has no place in society, when it might have done in the past, for there is no need to procreate in a contrived security, and no need to kill for food. Male aggression is the root of all societies ills, for if it did not exist, the money and labour, machines and energy used in its maintenance could easily be channelled in to creating an equal society; but this would be a society where men as we know them would have no place, so men strive for the continuation of the female myth.

By wearing drag, I feel that I am helping to destroy the male myth as well as the female myth. I enjoy, when wearing a dress, many of the traits that men have put on women. I expose these to myself as the superficialities that they are, and at the same time begin to enjoy some of the traits that men used to be allowed to enjoy, but which are now buried under the male myth. Make-up, when used as a way of putting women down, is effective as it creates objects of them - mere beautified possessions; but when used by men, it turns this on its head by re-applying it to men: it is a demonstration, in societies terms, of a man externalising his femininity.

This helps me to destroy my aggressiveness, by isolating it as a negative factor in myself, a barrier between me and love for other men and women. I destroy it by living in a way in which it has no place (obviously difficult in an aggression-ridden society) - a communal way.

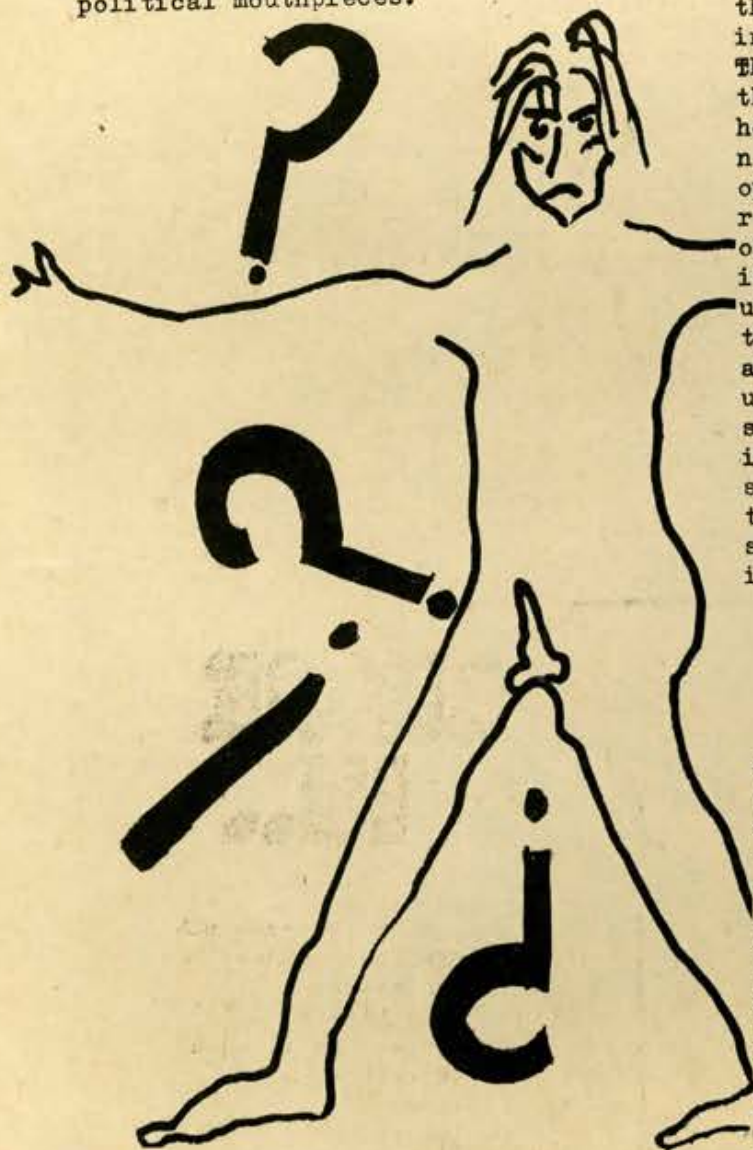
## Communal Living

In a commune survival and attention should not have to be fought for: the first is supplied by living together, and the second is unnecessary - a male way of supporting one's ego.

For me, drag has been a way in which I have met other people who were into the same thing. It has been a source of strength for attempting communal living and communal work, new ways of relating and new ways of thinking.

When I initially had an opportunity of joining the commune that I at present live in, I did not do so for several reasons. I felt that I would not be able to continue painting, an occupation which had helped me survive an all male schooling, by isolating me from the other men; I felt also that I would like to join a group with more people in it than I knew; now, after living in a commune for two months, I can see that what I was looking for in the commune was a position of greater security from which I could attack my male ego. This could not be done as an isolated individual. I only joined when those people who I wanted to live with had also joined. I knew that I would be more secure in the commune. I knew that it was the only place where I could live the way I wanted to live - or rather where I didn't have to live the way society wanted me to live. It was the only place where freedom could exist for me. I now no longer am able to shut myself off from people as this occupation would have me do; I was now able to use the thought and creativity that had been employed in this way, towards constructing the commune with my other gay brothers.

Continued next page ↗



## Exploration and the male ego

There were many ways in the manifesto through which people could explore and change themselves: some gay women realised that gay men were as oppressive as other groups of oppressed

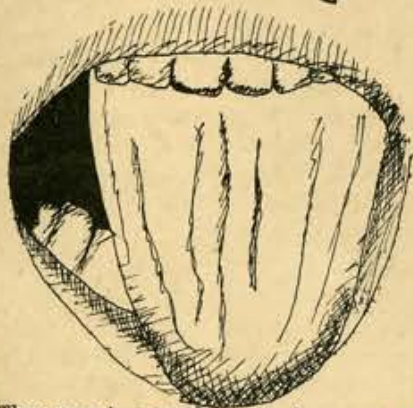


# nitty-gritty continued from page 6

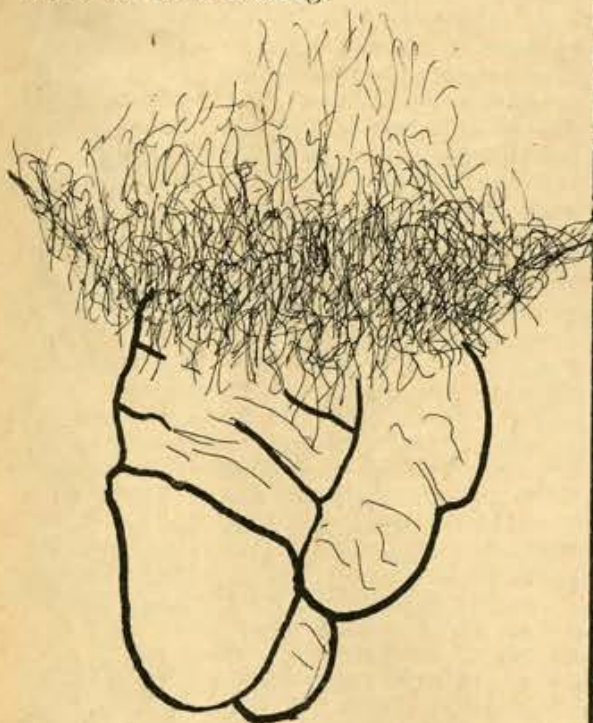
There are many problems that arise when ten gay men live together in one room as we are at present. There are the problems about who does the shit work that men usually force women to do such as washing, cooking and cleaning. There are problems about who works and how we sort out the money differences in the commune. There are problems about tidiness, music, sex and many other things.

The only way any of these problems have been overcome or tackled is because we are at last able to love each other in a non-competitive truly honest way. It is the energy arising from this love that has bound us together and contained the internal explosions that have occurred.

## Sex and Orgasm



The most complicated raps we have had have been about sex, or rather what it meant to us, and our sexual relationships within and outside the commune. My idea that an orgasm constitutes sex has been destroyed because I have got more pleasure out of other forms of emotional communication, such as kissing or experiencing the body or bodies of ones lovers. I still find having an orgasm incredibly pleasurable, but the sucking or fucking, or mutual masturbation that leads up to an orgasm often are the result of male ego games that are employed to play a role - whether it is one of domination or submissal. I do not doubt that sex orgasm is possible without these games but it requires, if I for myself, an experiencing of other non defined forms of love making.



## Communication

One of the problems I have encountered in writing this article, has been in expressing myself in a way that communal living, and attempting to create an alternative, are not conducive to: living in the commune has encouraged me to a less easily readable, in societies terms, way of expression. My ideas do not flow in the old reasoned logical arguments,

but are rather ideas that spread like oil on drops of water, at first concentrated and later more diffuse. I am expressing experiences that society has banned, and so the language has also been suppressed, or rather, never invented.

In conclusion, I would like to say that the reason why I feel so strongly about drag is that it has enabled me to achieve what I have at the moment; I know that society as we know it must be destroyed; I know that it must be destroyed because it is dominated by men for their benefit only, with the consequent destruction of women: this has meant that no one is able to live. If I am to help in the destruction of society, I, as a gay man must not support society by conforming to its male myth: I must help destroy this myth, and the female myth. Wearing drag has been my stepping off point for destroying my own male myth and helping other people in destroying theirs. Until this is done, I can not, I feel, contribute validly to the feminist revolution that women's liberation are engaged in at present, and I feel that this is the only way, at present, open to us to change the world.

All you **MEN**  
Come Out and DO IT

One thing I think I now see clearly. That is that those gay men who attack queens so vigorously are the ones who most want to get into drag, the ones who are most threatened by it. I would like to say to them DO IT. Drag subverted my male myth, perhaps it will do that to yours.

# HULLA-BALOO FULLA-SHIT

HULLA BALOO - Criterion, Piccadilly

Hulla Baloo - Fulla Shit - contrary to Gay News' blind, sexist etc. type revue. The show was extremely sexist very male and racist. I cannot understand how Chelsea Brown (who is coloured) perform in the same show as Jimmy Edwards singing a song praising Enoch Powell (plus audience participation) with lines like - "keep England white - keep it fish and chips - no strange tints" etc. etc. etc. Rogers and Starr continually sent up their own gayness and gay people generally. A send up which was a put down.

G.N. - 'A fun evening tinged with blue humour, but nothing to really offend anybody.'

C.T. - 'A foul evening tinged with bad humour, and lots to offend somebody.'





# SEXISM IN THE MOVIES

A REVIEW

Rita Mae Brown

## THE LAST PICTURE SHOW

If the Last Picture Show were the last picture show to have as its theme the life and times of a young man on the "verge of maturity", I would view it with less jaundice. However, the coming-of-age movie seems entrenched; men are apparently fascinated with their first fuck and with the fading of boyhood into what is ridiculously termed "manhood". This particular movie is more dishonest than most in its packaged cinematic sensitivity.

First the technical dishonesty: Movies shot in black and white in the 1970's are artsy fartsy. Human beings see in color, we don't need to be insulted by enduring a black and white movie which is to clue us in on the fact that it is "serious". There's a class aspect to black and white movies in our times. Supposedly, the bleak screen will serve to heighten the viewers' sense of the drab, the working class, the impoverished. Those of us growing up impoverished were oppressed in living color and any deviation from that is a perversion of our lives justified in terms of "style". When our ceilings peeled they peeled from pea green to red to black to gray to blue and all together it was more hideous than anything shot in black and white. The only possible excuse any filmmaker can offer for shooting in black and white is money. Anything else is elevated crap.

If the color insult were not enough we had to endure ghastly lighting, zilch camera work and shots of the Texas plain held over-long. Naturally, the persistent shots of mesquite trees are to put us in touch with the flat environment the main characters exist in and to serve as an external manifestation of their equally flat lives. I think we viewers are advanced enough by this time to catch that snappy symbolism, we don't need endless shots to drive this point home.

The shabby technical work collaborated with the shabby story line which is the archtypal American relationship: Two male friends, this time it's Sonny and Duane. Let's follow Sonny and Duane in their adventures. So we do. They get drunk. They hurt a deaf/dumb friend. They screw girls. They fight each other. From these activities Sonny's "manhood" emerges, an understanding of life. No, I'm not making this up--if you've seen the movie you know it's true. Why do people sit through this shit? Why do people make this shit? It's very simple and it's all connected with male supremacy, white supremacy and class supremacy.

The people who make movies are male, white, usually middle class. The people who review the movies for the most part bear the same distinctive scars. So the rest of us who don't fit into those categories have to watch movies that have nothing to do with our lives, and we have no access to media to convey our own life experience. Therefore all of America since the beginning of film has had to watch the white, middle class, male version of life and life reflected through "art". I don't know about you but I'm sick of it.

If white men had concentrated only on themselves it wouldn't be so disastrous but they didn't and neither does Bogdanovich. They give us their version of what women are, what Blacks are, what people are who are not like themselves.

It's grim. Women live through men. Blacks in the 30's and 40's were happy people that danced a lot; today they are super stud private detectives or slick doctors breaking down the white man's prejudices. Those distortions, past and present, have influenced oppressed people, influenced us to a harmful degree. All too often, oppressed people identified with the oppressor's definition of them, an activity that creates intense self-hatred, hatred of your own kind, hatred of other oppressed peoples and a desire to "make it" in the rich, white man's world. People denied their own life experience and adopted the white, male media version of life as a fact.

The Last Picture Show successfully meets most of our oppression ratings: It ignores Texas' racial question completely; the movie is 100% white; non-white existence isn't even recognized verbally by the movie's characters; it presents an arty version of working class whites and the typical male supremacist view of women. And this film gets rave reviews from most critics plus "right ons" from the "radical community".

To draw a sharper focus on the distortion, the women characters in the movie are worth a look. All the women in the movie are vacant and what little there is of life for them revolves around the men. Not one of these women has work of her own or even a hobby. Now many Texas women in the 1950's may very well have been that way but they did have brains in their heads even if they didn't have careers or hobbies. In The Last Picture Show they do not have brains in their heads, just dim ghosts of intelligence.



Jacy, the beautiful young girl, played by Cybill Shepard, is a spiteful bitch who pits the boys against each other. No insight as to why she does that, of course. We only see poor Duane suffering and poor Sonny looking sad. Men are mystified by this "bitch" behavior and horrified when it appears in what should be a "sweet young thing". That's all we know of Jacy, her character is not developed, we see only surface action. I didn't take her lack of character development as sexist in this particular movie because the characters of the men never got off the ground either.

Jacy's mother, played by Ellen Burstyn, was more interesting. She is good looking, in her late 30's/early 40's...bored as hell with Texas, her husband and her tacky lover. She knows sex doesn't mean much when you do it with men and she makes this clear in many ways although that was not the intention of the author nor the director. Lois is the only person in the movie who sees through heterosexual sham; unfortunately she doesn't see far enough, the usual film lobotomy on female minds. So Lois wanders through the movie trying to convey her experience to her daughter in order to save her the same faded life. Too bad she didn't wander into her local neighborhood Lesbian, it would have been a much better movie and Lois would have been a much happier woman.

Bogdanovich's portrayal of the women isn't even outrageous, it's dreary and familiar. What is outrageous is that people are still receptive to that conception of women.

Sexism explains why men view the women in this movie in the same old way but what explains how they view themselves? Why hasn't this sentimental slop concerning white male youth been rejected by male viewers? Do men really want to believe that this is what their youths were like? Do they actually think Sonny and Ben the Lion were sensitive men? Worse, if it is a fairly honest portrayal of young male lives then men are much worse off than I thought. The men in this movie are not sensitive to anything except what is connected to their own concept of self. They have zero ability to empathize with a woman's life and only the tiniest ability to empathize with each other. Even the two men closest to each other, Sonny and Duane, do not understand and love each other. Each man is locked in his sense of himself which according to The Last Picture Show, is tied into screwing girls/women.

The only time in this entire movie that a male character is not centered on himself, when he is drawn into another human life, is at death. When Billy is killed (an artificial piece of melodrama as Billy was set up for it from the beginning of the movie), Sonny recognizes a love the deaf/dumb boy. Is that what it takes to get men to realize they love someone, death? And running true to form, Billy's death was too much for Sonny to handle so he ran to a woman to help him through it. And she ran true to form according to male movies: She was glad to help him even though he had dumped her without an explanation. She threw a fit, cried and took him back. What incredible male propaganda.

With this kind of propaganda on the screen do you ever wonder if the movie makers are part of the



The queen with broken glass on all my walls.  
 'Acid Eyes' Ruby whose smile has a built-in distancer.  
 Soul free. Standing alone staring stinging at the sky.  
 Not the whole, general sky but an inch of cloud on blue,  
 Specific, isolated, determined.  
 The vision is held there.

Excellent,

Ten thousand feet is the nearest I allow the things I love.  
 Ruby Frost has been created deliberately with tender hate.  
 The make-up has been applied for two hours to each eye.  
 The subtle shapes have been made to harden each glimpse  
 Into an icy razor, glinting in the light.

Splendidly attractive, but deadly if you dare to touch.  
 Ruby cuts, deep, nerve-breaking. At least, pretends he will.  
 Ruby knows who to freeze, with that image built on mints  
 And glimpses of Iceland. Ruby Reykjavik, the queen who sits  
 On the Tube and stares from behind black glasses,  
 Round and perfect.

Ruby does not speak, but instead expresses from that poised face

"I have in the cone of my brain a Mace machine  
 that throws out swords to stab your presumptions, cocksure looks  
 your crude stares, your false promises, your dud pathetic  
 wheezing, pushing, blushing, breathless, puking grabs  
 which you call Love. Your 'boyish' clumsiness, offhand insensitivity."  
 Ruby knows them all, and wants to freeze them all till they atrophy,  
 Collapse, drop off, leave you useless.

"I have a Mace machine which can humiliate your 'boyish' tempers  
 and deceit, can keep them as far off as the sky. I have a streak of ice  
 in my brain for you that burns and freezes and protects me.

I will survive". The message flashes off the blood-red nails  
 Painted with fire and frost. Ruby Frost has built a wall round Love  
 And lets it throw and bang itself madly, safe inside his head  
 Insanely screaming to come out. Seeping through cracks in the wall.  
 Deformed into sarcasm. Ruby moulds as he grows older, learns to move  
 Perfectly. Eventually every detail will be encompassed.

Each inch will say "Who are you, any way, Mister Bigman? That I should  
 Recognise you?" But I do. Oh, I know who you are. You are the father  
 Of Ruby Frost. You are the grotesque creature who looked at that  
 Soft boy with big brown eyes (Ruby's mother)

Innocently as he stood you won him with your handsome smiles  
 And your big words and raped him with the rough-edged cruelty  
 Of your world. And Raped And Raped And Raped.

Until conceived in secret furious passion Ruby was born.  
 Deep embryo of a recognised desire inside that flat  
 Loving, naive brain. And one night, was born. Sent flashing  
 Into the darkness of a new-found loneliness, daggers drawn.  
 Ruby wants to love.

But in the Birthpains let that love be lost

But now the Ice-queen reigns.

And there is only one hope for this immeasurable falsehood.

The image in the lake. Like some creature reproduced,

There is only one thing left for Ruby to trust.

The other queen at the end of the carriage stares.

Only Gladys Glacier can climb that broken-bottle wall.

You've got the key. You know. I don't care how long,

Gladys Glacier,

I'm waiting for you.

## They Call Me RUBY FROST



Sexism  
in  
The  
Movies  
continued  
from  
page 8

establishment politician's plot to systematically oppress us? Is that why they keep cranking out these racist, sexist, capitalist flicks? Some are but Bogdanovich is not one of them. Why then is his film so much a part of pigdom? Because like most white men he can't get out of himself, out of the diseased male ego structure that has infected and crippled the male species for well over 20 centuries. He makes his movie not out of malice toward oppressed peoples but out of ignorance. For many of those just mentioned centuries, oppressed people have excused the Bogdanoviches of the world because they had good intentions. That time is past. Ignorance is in league with malice. Whether planned or unplanned the Bogdanoviches of the world and the Nixons keep us all down. Nixon's contribution to our oppression is obvious, Bogdanovich's, more subtle. The Last Picture Show like all picture shows feeds us a distortion of life, an apolitical, hopeless view of the world. And that apolitical view is the only view available to the public in mass form. The reasons are painfully obvious. These movies may be critical of American life. The Last Picture Show is certainly that. But they criticize one small part of American life and it is narrow territory because it is on the only land white, middle class males can plow. Because of this limitation, stagnation has set in what is called "art". The subject matter of The Last Picture Show has been flogged to death.

People's response to it is like an electric current applied to frog's legs--there's a jerk but no life. The Last Picture Show is a kind of catechism, reaction is automatic because there is absolutely nothing new, challenging or even useful. This "artistic" repetition in all fields has dulled people. It provides a mechanized outlet for frustration with no solution. There seems to be a shred of reality on the screen, after all, most white, middle class viewers came out of spiritual, emotional emptiness so they are safe in the familiar dressed up to look different; i.e. working class Texans--but they haven't been pushed, challenged, taught.

These kinds of movies are more than apolitical or neutral, they are blocks to real political development. The Last Picture Show offers no analysis of why those people's lives are empty--and film is a powerful medium for visual, political analysis. The screen is kept free from political thought although it can still be entertaining. This absence of thought, analysis, solution gives us barrenness--often disguised in technical riches. More, movies serve the oppressors in ways other than diverting us from thought, movies offer mild protest without resolution, catharsis without cure. Movies keep images of oppressed people intact and relative to the image of the white, middle class male. The oppressed image only changes (if at all) if the white male image changes--i.e. Dustin Hoffman in The Graduate

and Midnight Cowboy.

These changes are so minute that we can safely say racism and sexism reign supreme in the movies. The Last Picture Show is not Green Beret which is blatant enemy propaganda. The Last Picture Show is more destructive than Green Beret because it is so seductive to the minds of white, middle class males and the heterosexual women still tied to that system of thinking/acting/being--and that's millions of women.

The seduction is based on the ignorance mentioned earlier in the article. Without an understanding of other people's lives, the white, middle class heterosexual viewer gets into the movie, gets into her/his own life and picks out those moments of it which correspond to the movie. The movie then seems honest--and those parts of it that correspond to certain life experiences may be honest but to Lesbians, Blacks, working class people, Asian-Americans, feminist women, Hispanic Americans, Indians who are strong enough not to have denied their own life experience, The Last Picture Show is another white man's lie. And that lie we have to fight on all levels. Even the parts of the movie which are honest cannot soften the overall effect of the movie: it keeps us in our place. Our place in the movie is no place.

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## ...childhood

### The Myth of Childhood:

All people who allow themselves to be called, and treated, as adults are oppressing children.

The whole concept of childhood is totally false. Shulamith Firestone explodes the childhood myth in 'The Dialectic of Sex':

"Childhood evolved with the coming of the bourgeoisie and empirical science. In the Middle Ages there was no such thing as childhood. It was not only that it was not 'child-centred', it literally was not conscious of children as distinct from adults. The child-men and child-women of medieval iconography are miniature adults, reflecting a wholly different social reality; children then were tiny adults, carriers of whatever class and name they had been born to, destined to rise into a clearly outlined social reality. They were used as another transient servant class with the difference that because all adults began in this class, it was not seen as degrading; even the sons of nobility waited at table.

When empirical science and the bourgeoisie came into being Aries states;

"The feudal polymorphous 'family' was broken down and replaced by the

matchbox family that we know". Whereas before the change life didn't take place inside a home, but in a much broader community of a series of conjugal pair groupings that were planted into a village that was, in itself, self-sufficient, after the change, as Aries again says: This was broken up and replaced by a host of little societies, the (nuclear) families, and a few massive groups, the classes.

Childhood, in this sense

Childhood, in this sense, can be directly related to what Valerie Solanas says in S.C.U.M.,

"There is no human reason for money or for anyone to work. All non-creative jobs could have been automated long ago, and in a moneyless society everyone can have as much of the best of everything that they want. But there are non-human male reasons for maintaining the money-work system".

To me the conclusions one can draw from this are quite simple, bearing in mind men made the technological advance of the Industrial Revolution. The male church created system of the middle ages could only work for a time and eventually broke down because in some senses it was working too well. The stagnation of the feudal system was seen the minute man started to use the materials that he was using in the village to travel from one village to another. He saw that the

feudal system could only work if people didn't ferry goods between areas of plenty to areas of scarcity (a thing which the church forbade if it was done for profit) and man being greedy and always feeling the need for competition with other men started to do it. This started to destabilise the feudal system which had a high infant mortality rate due to inbreeding and dependence upon 'local' supplies of food the whole time. The population increase meant that more merchants were needed, towns, cities, etc, etc. Technology always had to be kept in the hands of the male because whereas he could by his brute strength sustain the idea that he was 'master' in an agricultural situation, he couldn't in a situation where brute strength was not needed; in the new situation he still needed to feel that he was the 'breadwinner' to sustain his ego. Women and Children were not intelligent enough to understand technology or eventually work with machines—it is threatening to the male ego.

## ..ageism

## and the

## ageing pederast



The falsity of the concept of childhood can easily be seen when it is put in its historical context, the way that it is oppressive to children now must be identified, and dealt with, primarily by children because it is they who are being oppressed.

In its broadest sense ageism is the devaluation of someone's experience by compartmentalizing it as a process they are passing through and through which the ageist has passed. The ageist is someone who is unwilling to give up age privilege—the 'privileges' which a white, male, capitalist, dominated society gives them. The privileges which they have got have been gained from the totally privileged hell of childhood—even if they, as adults, are oppressed in a thousand other ways because of sex, colour, class etc, ultimately their oppression is as children. Childish, simple, lacking taste, manners, sophistication, style, intelligence, logic, sense, good sense, common sense, maturity; puerile, silly. Youth is turned against itself by striving to be adult. By using adult terms, language, spelling, etc, so that you can be understood. Who wants to be understood in a game which has had all the rules made by an adult? The liberation of children from their totally oppressive role as children is not going to come about by adults writing penguin books. Fuck A.S. Neil, Leila Berg, etc middle-class, liberal, intellectuals all. Children must not let their childhood be created for and then try and escape into the oppression that is facing them.

The infant is in a state where he/she is totally dependant upon adults to live. When the infant becomes a child the situation is continued where the child is made totally dependant upon adults. The child is then told that this is 'part of growing-up' and that when it is big and strong like Daddy, or does

the housework like mummy, therefore accepting the rigid socially imposed gender roles, it will be an 'adult'. When it has fully accepted all the things which have been forced upon it under the guise of 'fitting it for the world', and have really forced it to conform to an adult fuck-up and be part of the dung-heap called society, then it is allowed to do the things which have been denied to it. When the child becomes adult it only can do things which society has decreed. The adult is nothing but a cog to keep the wheels of oppression grinding and society turning, a dead bit of machinery.

If they are pederasts they may think that they are on equal terms with the boys that they are involved with, but whose allowed to pick up who? whose making who a sex object? who writes poems to Ganymede, Hyacinthus, Eros, Sander. Poems with such lines as "Beautiful boy, but the world is old", "A boy of nineteen summer—s, framed for power and joy", "In you I find a harbour from all pain; a twilight refuge after scorching sun...and all my





manhood urges me again to vow my faithfulness to thee".The pederast sees the beauty of the 'street boy arab,incontinent and wild'and then wants to tame him,indeed thinks he's doing him a favour by introducing him to culture,intellect,prick-power sexuality,'the better things of life',helping him to help himself to a large slice of society and still be gay,somrthing which the pederast has,and is,doing all the time.It is the pederast who holds the whip hand and uses this to lay all the things which they have accepted,all the limitations which society has laid uponthem,upon boys.The which attract age to youth;good looks usually being the rationalisation rather than the reason,

The things that attract  
The things that attract age to youth,  
'good looks' usually being the rationalisation rather than the reason,are the openness of the young to put it in trite terms,or simpler than this honesty,an

unconditioned mind that shows what it feels,in the most part,and doesn't fall into the conditioned web of adult'feeling'.The image of youth as being something different and alive is very real, this the pederast sees,but he works off his guilt conscience about having lost the uncompromising and rebellious spirit of his youth by buying an 'unblemished' object.Ultimately he will fit the object for society because he has accepted it himself.The boy will be taught to think of his gayness in all the trite,conditioned ways that the pederast does.By the Pederast needing to be 'discreet' so will the boy etc,etc.Everything written about pederasty has been written by adults, men with guilt to assuage,societies to live in,and the need for images to wank over.

The gay teacher,even if he is a good fuck on the side,is totally supporting a system which is oppressive to children.Bombarding a 'pupil' with fears,phobias, and conditioning under the gift wrapping

of 'education' is not the way to liberation.Nor is having control over someones life for eight hours a day for X years and holding out the carrots of acceptance and maturity under the cover of exams  
Youth must reject the carrots  
Youth must reject the carrots that are held out to it and find themselves.Pederasts will keep on growing old as long as they think of themselves as pederasts.They must capture there youth in themselves as they it in others.the wanking days are over,the reality is always better than the image.

The author totally disagrees with everything written in this article,let alone in every library,home,etc.Only an grade A,tip top ageist could have pushed his way through all this shit and mis-spelling.

# BUBBLES

Come up and

Blow me  
Sometimes!



get  
a  
NEW  
image

Inside every man is a little boy trying to blow his way out.If you feel tired of 'putting' up a front',of not being able to have fun anymore because your an 'adult' don't worry 6p worth of bubbles at your local 'Woolworths'could change your image completely.

With our wish to change what we had,  
Was a beginning.  
With our wish to change,  
What we had was a beginning.  
With our wish to change,  
What we have is a beginning.  
With a refusal to change what we had,  
In the beginning,  
Is a refusal to change, which is  
The End.



Cherubs suffer under  
The gold paint  
Of adoration that elevates  
The image to create  
a false reality  
that the layer on of  
Paint,gilt,or grotesque  
form can light  
according to his  
Changing moods of guilt.  
All this  
while living flesh  
And love is choked.  
The plaster imitator,  
The compromise,  
Is mass-produced and  
"Conditioned against  
Wear and Tear", (and reality),  
Hung in a hundred thousand  
Classrooms,choir-stalls,swimming  
baths,streets,bars,homes,  
and paid for.  
The reality  
Is not in the gold  
Sprayed over the smile  
Encased in plastic image,  
But in the love  
That flows from  
The tossing curls  
that casts the image of  
adoration to the heavens



.....and finds its beauty in reality.

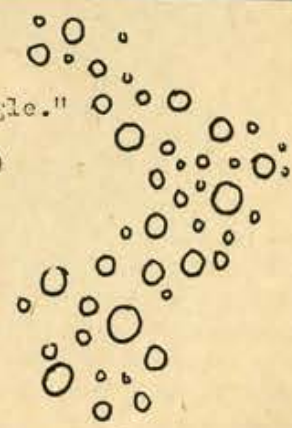
## WORDS TO MY GAY ALLY, AND MYSELF

"The struggle which is not joyous is the wrong struggle."

There has been so much accusation: I've  
watched it haul to its harsh court  
whole motivations; thought, how much  
innocent energy it must send down...  
Look, I am human, I shall be mistaken: in the  
making of revolutions, always  
there will be actions that feel — oh,  
utterly righteous,  
only to turn out sour in another's, a  
sister's, a brother's mouth. And I shall  
fool myself  
this or that is a loving course, when it  
hurts / hates / heads for disaster...

(Germaine Greer)

But how shall a hasty  
accusation, which can only match  
hated with hatred, re-join me  
to joy; point to that joyous dance?  
Look where the green trees reel in wind  
oblivious to anything save the dance, with  
veins fixed full of rain and sunlight...  
Leaves are sharp, and purposive: each  
leaf is an invitation to its dance, and  
dazzles; catches the gaze that strays;  
points, at you, without accusation.





# S.C.U.M.

(Society for Cutting Up Men) MANIFESTO

VALERIE SOLANAS



LIFE IN this society being, at best, an utter bore and no aspect of society being at all relevant to women, there remains to civic-minded, responsible, thrill-seeking females only to overthrow the government, eliminate the money system, institute complete automation and destroy the male sex.

It is now technically possible to reproduce without the aid of males (or, for that matter, females) and to produce only females. We must begin immediately to do so. The male is a biological accident: the y (male) gene is an incomplete x (female) gene, that is, has an incomplete set of chromosomes. In other words, the male is an incomplete female, a walking abortion, aborted at the gene stage. To be male is to be deficient, emotionally limited; maleness is a deficiency disease and males are emotional cripples.

The male is completely egocentric, trapped inside himself, incapable of empathizing or identifying with others, of love, friendship, affection or tenderness. He is a completely isolated unit, incapable of rapport with anyone. His responses are entirely visceral, not cerebral; his intelligence is a mere tool in the service of his drives and needs; he is incapable of mental passion, mental interaction; he can't relate to anything other than his own physical sensations. He is a half dead, unresponsive lump, incapable of giving or receiving pleasure or happiness; consequently, he is at best an utter bore, an inoffensive blob, since only those capable of absorption in others can be charming. He is trapped in a twilight zone halfway between humans and apes, and is far worse off than the apes because, unlike the apes, he is capable of a large array of negative feelings—hate, jealousy, contempt, disgust, guilt, shame, doubt—and, moreover he is aware of what he is and isn't.

Although completely physical, the male is unfit even for stud service. Even assuming mechanical proficiency, which few men have, he is, first of all, incapable of zestfully, lustfully, tearing off a piece, but is instead eaten up with guilt, shame, fear and insecurity, feelings rooted in male nature, which the most enlightened training can only minimize; second, the physical feeling he attains is next to nothing; and, third, he is not empathizing with his partner, but is obsessed with how he's doing, turning in an A performance, doing a good plumbing job. To call a man an animal is to flatter him; he's a machine, a walking dildo. It's often said that men use women. Use them for what? Surely not pleasure.

Eaten up with guilt, shame, fears and insecurities and obtaining, if he's lucky, a barely perceptible physical feeling, the male is, nonetheless, obsessed with screwing; he'll swim a river of snot, wade nostril-deep through a mile of vomit, if he thinks there'll be a friendly pussy awaiting him. He'll screw a woman he despises, any snaggle-toothed hag, and, furthermore, pay for the opportunity. Why? Relieving physical tension isn't the answer, as masturbation suffices for that. It's not ego satisfaction; that doesn't explain screwing corpses and babies.

Completely egocentric, unable to relate, empathize or identify, and filled with a vast, pervasive, diffuse sexuality, the male is psychically passive. He hates his passivity, so he projects it onto women, defines the male as active, then sets out to prove that he is ("prove he's a Man"). His main means of attempting to prove it is screwing (Big Man with a Big Dick tearing off a Big Piece). Since he's attempting to prove an error, he must "prove" it again and again. Screwing, then, is a desperate, compulsive attempt to prove he's not passive, not a woman; but he is passive and does want to be a woman.

Being an incomplete female, the male spends his life attempting to complete himself, to become female. He attempts to do this by constantly seek-

ing out, fraternizing with and trying to live through and fuse with the female, and by claiming as his own all female characteristics—emotional strength and independence, forcefulness, dynamism, decisiveness, coolness, objectivity, assertiveness, courage, integrity, vitality, intensity, depth of character, grooviness, etc.—and projecting onto women all male traits—vanity, frivolity, triviality, weakness, etc. It should be said, though, that the male has one glaring area of superiority over the female—public relations. (He has done a brilliant job of convincing millions of women that men are women and women are men.) The male claim that females find fulfillment through motherhood and sexuality reflects what males think they'd find fulfilling if they were female.

Women, in other words, don't have penis envy; men have pussy envy. When the male accepts his passivity, defines himself as a woman (males as well as females think men are women and women are men), and becomes a transvestite he loses his desire to screw (or to do anything else, for that matter; he fulfills himself as a drag queen) and gets his cock chopped off. He then achieves a continuous diffuse sexual feeling from "being a woman". Screwing is, for a man, a defense against his desire to be female. Sex is itself a sublimation.

The male, because of his obsession to compensate for not being female combined with his inability to relate and to feel compassion, has made of the world a shitpile. He is responsible for:

**War:** The male's normal method of compensation for not being female, namely, getting his Big Gun off, is grossly inadequate, as he can get it off only a very limited number of times; so he gets it off on a really massive scale, and proves to the entire world that he's a "Man". Since he has no compassion or ability to empathize or identify, proving his manhood is worth an endless number of lives, including his own—his own life being worthless, he would rather go out in a blaze of glory than plod grimly on for fifty more years.

**Niceness, Politeness and "Dignity":** Every man, deep down, knows he's a worthless piece of shit. Overwhelmed by a sense of animalism and deeply ashamed of it; wanting, not to express himself, but to hide from others his total physicality, total egocentricity, the hate and contempt he feels for other men, and to hide from himself the hate and contempt he suspects other men feel for him; having a crudely constructed nervous system that is easily upset by the least display of emotion or feeling, the male tries to enforce a "social" code that ensures a perfect blandness, unsullied by the slightest trace of feeling or upsetting opinion. He uses terms like "copulate", "sexual congress", "have relations-with" (to men, "sexual relations" is a redundancy), overlaid with stilted manners; the suit on the chimp.

**Money, Marriage and Prostitution, Work and Prevention of an Automated Society:** There is no human reason for money or for anyone to work. All non-creative jobs (practically all jobs now being done) could have been automated long ago, and in a moneyless society everyone can have as much of the best of everything as she wants. But there are non-human, male reasons for maintaining the money-work system:

1. **Pussy.** Despising his highly inadequate self, overcome with intense anxiety and a deep, profound loneliness when by his empty self, desperate to attach himself to any female in dim hopes of completing himself, in the mystical belief that by touching gold he'll turn to gold, the male craves

the continuous companionship of women. The company of the lowest female is preferable to his own or that of other men, who serve only to remind him of his repulsiveness. But females, unless very young or very sick, must be coerced or bribed into male company.

2. **Supply the non-relating male with the delusion of usefulness, and enable him to try to justify his existence by digging holes and filling them up.** Leisure time horrifies the male, who will have nothing to do but contemplate his grotesque self. Unable to relate or to love, the male must work. Females crave absorbing, emotionally satisfying, meaningful activity, but lacking the opportunity or ability for this, they prefer to idle and waste away their time in ways of their own choosing—sleeping, shopping, bowling, shooting pool, playing cards and other games, breeding, reading, walking around, daydreaming, eating, playing with themselves, popping pills, going to the movies, getting analyzed, traveling, raising dogs and cats, lolling on the beach, swimming, watching T.V., listening to music, decorating their houses, gardening, sewing, nightclubbing, dancing, visiting, "improving their minds" (taking courses), and absorbing "culture" (lectures, plays, concerts, "arty" movies). Therefore, many females would, even assuming complete economic equality between the sexes, prefer living with males or peddling their asses on the street, thus having most of their time for themselves, to spending many hours of their days doing boring, stultifying, non-creative work for somebody else, functioning as less than animals, as machines, or, at best—if able to get a "good" job—co-managing the shitpile. What will liberate women, therefore, from male control is the total elimination of the money-work system, not the attainment of economic equality with men within it.

3. **Power and control.** Unmasterful in his personal relations with women, the male attains to general masterfulness by the manipulation of money and of everything and everybody controlled by money, in other words, of everything and everybody.

4. **Love substitute.** Unable to give love or affection, the male gives money. It makes him feel motherly. The mother gives milk; he gives bread. He is the Breadwinner.

5. **Provides the male with a goal.** Incapable of enjoying the moment, the male needs something to look forward to, and money provides him with an eternal, never-ending goal: Just think what you could do with 80 trillion dollars—Invest it! And in three years time you'd have 300 trillion dollars!!!

6. **Provides the basis for the male's major opportunity to control and manipulate—fatherhood.**

**Fatherhood and Mental Illness (fear, cowardice, timidity, humility, insecurity, passivity):** Mother wants what's best for her kids; Daddy only wants what's best for Daddy, that is peace and quiet, pandering to his delusion of dignity ("respect"), a good reflection on himself (status) and the opportunity to control and manipulate, or, if he's an "enlightened" father, to "give guidance". His daughter, in addition, he wants sexually—he gives her hand in marriage; the other part is for him. Daddy, unlike Mother, can never give in to his kids, as he must, at all costs, preserve his delusion of decisiveness, forcefulness, always-rightness and strength. Never getting one's way leads to lack of self-confidence in one's ability to cope with the world and to a passive acceptance of the statu-



quo. Mother loves her kids, although she sometimes gets angry, but anger blows over quickly and even while it exists, doesn't preclude love and basic acceptance. Emotionally diseased Daddy doesn't love his kids; he approves of them—if they're "good", that is, if they're nice, "respectful", obedient, subservient to his will, quiet and not given to unseemly displays of temper that would be most upsetting to Daddy's easily disturbed male nervous system—in other words, if they're passive vegetables. If they're not "good", he doesn't get angry—not if he's a modern, "civilized" father (the old-fashioned ranting, raving brute is preferable, as he is so ridiculous he can be easily despised)—but rather expresses disapproval, a state that, unlike anger, endures and precludes a basic acceptance, leaving the kid with a feeling of worthlessness and a lifelong obsession with being approved of; the result is fear of independent thought, as this leads to unconventional, disapproved of opinions and way of life.

For the kid to want Daddy's approval it must respect Daddy, and, being garbage, Daddy can make sure that he is respected only by remaining aloof, by distantness, by acting on the precept "familiarity breeds contempt", which is, of course, true, if one is contemptible. By being distant and aloof, he is able to remain unknown, mysterious, and, thereby, to inspire fear ("respect").

Disapproval of emotional "scenes" leads to fear of strong emotion, fear of one's own anger and hatred, and to a fear of facing reality, as facing it leads at first to anger and hatred. Fear of anger and hatred combined with a lack of self-confidence in one's ability to cope with and change the world, or even to affect in the slightest way one's own destiny, leads to a mindless belief that the world and most people in it are nice and that the most banal, trivial amusements are great fun and deeply pleasurable.



The effect of fatherhood on males, specifically, is to make them "Men", that is, highly defensive of all impulses to passivity, faggotry, and of desires to be female. Every boy wants to imitate his mother, be her, fuse with her, but Daddy forbids this; he is the mother; he gets to fuse with her. So he tells the boy, sometimes directly, sometimes indirectly, to not be a sissy, to act like a "Man". The boy, scared shitless of and "respecting" his father, complies, and becomes just like Daddy, that model of "Man"-hood, the all-American ideal—the well-behaved heterosexual dullard.

The effect of fatherhood on females is to make them male-dependent, passive, domestic, animalistic, nice, insecure, approval and security seekers, cowardly, humble, "respectful" of authorities and men, closed, not fully responsive, half dead, trivial, dull, conventional, flattened out and thoroughly contemptible. Daddy's Girl, always tense and fearful, uncool, unanalytical, lacking objectivity, appraises Daddy, and thereafter, other men, against a background of fear ("respect") and is not only unable to see the empty shell behind the aloof façade, but accepts the male definition of himself as superior, as a female, and of herself, as inferior, as a male, which, thanks to Daddy, she really is.

It is the increase of fatherhood, resulting from the increased and more widespread affluence that fatherhood needs in order to thrive, that has caused the general increase of mindlessness and the decline of women in the United States since the 1920s. The close association of affluence with fatherhood has led, for the most part, to only the wrong girls, namely, the "privileged" middle-class girls, getting "educated".

The effect of fathers, in sum, has been to corrode the world with maleness. The male has a negative Midas Touch—everything he touches turns to shit.



**Suppression of Individuality, Animalism (domesticity and motherhood) and Functionalism:** The male is just a bundle of conditioned reflexes, incapable of a mentally free response; he is tied to his early conditioning, determined completely by his past experiences. His earliest experiences are with his mother, and he is throughout his life tied to her. It never becomes completely clear to the male that he is not part of his mother, that he is he and she is she.

His greatest need is to be guided, sheltered, protected and admired by Mama (men expect women to adore what men shrink from in horror—themselves) and, being completely physical, he yearns to spend his time (that's not spent "out in the world" grimly defending against his passivity) wallowing in basic animal activities—eating, sleeping, shitting, relaxing and being soothed by Mama. Passive, rattle-headed Daddy's Girl, ever eager for approval, for a pat on the head, for the "respect" of any passing piece of garbage, is easily reduced to Mama, mindless ministrator to physical needs, soother of the weary, apey brow, booster of the puny ego, appreciator of the contemptible, a hot water bottle with tits.

The reduction to animals of the women of the most backward segment of society—the "privileged, educated" middle-class, the backwash of humanity—where Daddy reigns supreme, has been so thorough that they try to groove on labor pains and lie around in the most advanced nation in the world in the middle of the twentieth century with babies chomping away on their tits. It's not for the kids' sake, though, that the "experts" tell women that Mama should stay home and grovel in animalism, but for Daddy's; the tit's for Daddy to hang onto; the labor pains for Daddy to vicariously groove on (half dead, he needs awfully strong stimuli to make him respond).

Reducing the female to an animal, to Mama, to a male, is necessary for psychological as well as practical reasons: the male is a mere member of the species, interchangeable with every other male. He has no deep-seated individuality, which stems from what intrigues you, what outside yourself absorbs you, what you're in relation to. Completely self-absorbed, capable of being in relation only to their bodies and physical sensations, males differ from each other only to the degree and in the ways they attempt to defend against their passivity and against their desire to be female.

The female's individuality, which he is acutely aware of, but which he doesn't comprehend and isn't capable of relating to or grasping emotionally, frightens and upsets him and fills him with envy. So he denies it in her and proceeds to define everyone in terms of his or her function or use, assigning to himself, of course, the most important functions—doctor, president, scientist—thereby providing himself with an identity, if not individuality, and tries to convince himself and women (he's succeeded best at convincing women) that the female function is to bear and raise children and to relax, comfort and boost the ego of the male; that her function is such as to make her interchangeable with every other female. In actual fact, the female function is to

relate, groove, love and be herself, irreplaceable by anyone else; the male function is to produce sperm. We now have sperm banks.

**Prevention of Privacy:** Although the male, being ashamed of what he is and of almost everything he does, insists on privacy and secrecy in all aspects of his life, he has no real regard for privacy. Being empty, not being a complete, separate being, having no self to groove on and needing to be constantly in female company, he sees nothing at all wrong in intruding himself on any woman's thoughts, even a total stranger's, anywhere at any time, but rather feels indignant and insulted when put down for doing so, as well as confused—he can't, for the life of him, understand why anyone would prefer so much as one minute of solitude to the company of any creep around. Wanting to become a woman, he strives to be constantly around females, which is the closest he can get to becoming one, so he created a "society" based on the family—a male-female couple and their kids (the excuse for the family's existence), who live virtually on top of one another, unscrupulously violating the females' rights, privacy and sanity.

**Isolation, Suburbs and Prevention of Community:** Our society is not a community, but merely a collection of isolated family units. Desperately insecure, fearing his woman will leave him if she is exposed to other men or to anything remotely resembling life, the male seeks to isolate her from other men and from what little civilization there is, so he moves her out to the suburbs, a collection of self-absorbed couples and their kids. Isolation enables him to try to maintain his pretense of being an individual by becoming a "rugged individualist," a loner, equating non-co-operation and solitariness with individuality.

There is yet another reason for the male to isolate himself: every man is an island. Trapped inside himself, emotionally isolated, unable to relate, the male has a horror of civilization, people, cities, situations requiring an ability to understand and relate to people. So, like a scared rabbit, he scurries off, dragging Daddy's little asshole along with him to the wilderness, the suburbs, or, in the case of the "hippie"—he's way out, Man!—all the way out to the cow pasture where he can fuck and breed undisturbed and mess around with his beads and flute.



The "hippie", whose desire to be a "Man", a "rugged individualist", isn't quite as strong as the average man's, and who, in addition, is excited by the thought of having lots of women accessible to him, rebels against the harshness of a Breadwinner's life and the monotony of one woman. In the name of sharing and co-operation, he forms the commune or tribe, which, for all its togetherness and partly because of it (the commune, being an extended family, is an extended violation of the females' rights, privacy and sanity) is no more a community than normal "society".

A true community consists of individuals—not mere species members, not couples—respecting each other's individuality and privacy, at the same time interacting with each other mentally and emotionally—free spirits in free relation to each other—and co-operating with each other to achieve common ends. Traditionalists say the basic unit of "society" is the family; "hippies" say the tribe; no one says the individual.



The "hippie" babbles on about individuality, but has no more conception of it than any other man. He desires to get back to Nature, back to the wilderness, back to the home of the furry animals that he's one of, away from the city, where there is at least a trace, a bare beginning of civilization, to live at the species level, his time taken up with simple, non-intellectual activities—farming, fucking, bead stringing. The most important activity of the commune, the one on which it is based, is gangbanging. The "hippie" is enticed to the commune mainly by the prospect of all the free pussy—the main commodity to be shared, to be had just for the asking but, blinded by greed, he fails to anticipate all the other men he has to share with, or the jealousies and possessiveness of the pussies themselves.



Men cannot co-operate to achieve a common end, because each man's end is all the pussy for himself. The commune, therefore, is doomed to failure: each "hippie" will, in panic, grab the first simperton who digs him and whisk her off to the suburbs as fast as he can. The male cannot progress socially, but merely swings back and forth from isolation to gangbanging.

Conformity: Although he wants to be an individual, the male is scared of anything in himself that is the slightest bit different from other men; it causes him to suspect he's not really a "Man", that he's passive and totally sexual, a highly upsetting suspicion. If other men are A and he's not, he must not be a man; he must be a fag. So he tries to affirm his "Manhood" by being like all the other men. Differentness in other men, as well as in himself, threatens him; it means they're fags whom he must at all costs avoid, so he tries to make sure that all other men conform. The male dares to be different to the degree that he accepts his passivity and his desire to be female, his faginess. The farthest out male is the drag queen, but he, although different from most men, is exactly like all other drag queens; like the functionalist, he has an identity—he is a female. He tries to define all his troubles away—but still no individuality. Not completely convinced that he's a woman, highly insecure about being sufficiently female, he conforms compulsively to the man-made feminine stereotype, ending up as nothing but a bundle of stilted mannerisms. To be sure he's a "Man", the male must see to it that the female be clearly a "Woman", the opposite of a "Man", that is, the female must act like a faggot. And Daddy's Girl, all of whose female instincts were wrenched out of her when little, easily and obligingly adapts herself to the role. Authority and Government: Having no sense of right or wrong, no conscience, which can only stem from an ability to empathize with others... having no faith in his non-existent self, being necessarily competitive and, by nature, unable to co-operate, the male feels a need for external guidance and control. So he created authorities—priests, experts, bosses, leaders, etc.—and government. Wanting the female (Mama) to guide him, but unable to accept this fact (he is, after all, a MAN), wanting to play Woman, to usurp her function as Guide and Protector, he sees to it that all authorities are male.

There's no reason why a society consisting of rational beings capable of empathizing with each other, complete and having no natural reason to compete, should have a government, laws or leaders.

Philosophy, Religion and Morality Based on Sex: The male's inability to relate to anybody or anything makes his life pointless and meaningless (the ultimate male insight is that life is absurd), so he invented philosophy and religion. Being empty, he looks outward, not only for guidance and control, but for salvation and for the meaning of life. Happiness being for him impossible on this earth, he invented Heaven.

For a man, having no ability to empathize with others and being totally sexual, "wrong" is sexual "license" and engaging in "deviant" ("unmanly") sexual practices, that is, not defending against his passivity and total sexuality which, if indulged, would destroy "civilization", since "civilization" is based entirely on the male need to defend himself against these characteristics. For a woman (according to men), "wrong" is any behavior that would entice men into sexual "license"—that is, not placing male needs above her own and not being a faggot.

Religion not only provides the male with a goal (Heaven) and helps keep women tied to men, but offers rituals through which he can try to expiate the guilt and shame he feels at not defending himself enough against his sexual impulses; in essence, that guilt and shame he feels at being a male.

Most men, utterly cowardly, project their inherent weaknesses onto women, label them female weaknesses and believe themselves to have female strengths; most philosophers, not quite so cowardly, face the fact that male lacks exist in men, but still can't face the fact that they exist in men.

Only, so they label the male condition the Human Condition, pose their nothingness problem, which horrifies them, as a philosophical dilemma, thereby giving stature to their animism, grandiloquently label their nothingness their "Identity Problem", and proceed to prattle on pompously about the "Crisis of the Individual", the "Essence of Being", "Existence preceding Essence", "Existential Modes of Being", etc., etc.

A woman not only takes her identity and individuality for granted, but knows instinctively that the only wrong is to hurt others, and that the meaning of life is love.

Prejudice (racial, ethnic, religious, etc.): The male needs scapegoats onto whom he can project his failings and inadequacies and upon whom he can vent his frustration at not being female.

Competition, Prestige, Status, Formal Education, Ignorance and Social and Economic Classes: Having an obsessive desire to be admired by women, but no intrinsic worth, the male constructs a highly artificial society enabling him to appropriate the appearance of worth through money, prestige, "high" social class, degrees, professional position and knowledge and, by pushing as many other men as possible down professionally, socially, economically, and educationally.

The purpose of "higher" education is not to educate but to exclude as many as possible from the various professions.

The male, although able to understand and use knowledge and ideas, is unable to relate to them, to grasp them emotionally; he does not value knowledge and ideas for their own sake (they're just means to ends) and, consequently, feels no need for mental companions, no need to cultivate the intellectual potentialities of others. On the contrary, the male has a vested interest in ignoring the intellectual potentialities of others. The healthy population will mean the end of him. The healthy, concealed female wants the company of equals whom she can respect and groove on; the male and the sick, insecure, unself-confident male female crave the company of worms.

No genuine social revolution can be accomplished by the male, as the male on top wants the status quo, and all the male on the bottom wants is to be the male on top. The male "rebel" is a farce; this is the male's "society", made by him to satisfy his needs. He's never satisfied, because he's never satisfied, because he's never satisfied.

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cause he's not capable of being satisfied. Ultimately, what the male "rebel" is rebelling against is being male. The male changes only when forced to do so by technology, when he has no choice, when "society" reaches the stage where he must change or die. We're at that stage now; if women don't get their asses in gear fast, we may very well all die. Prevention of Conversation: Being completely self-centered and unable to relate to anything outside himself, the male's "conversation", when removed from anything of human value. Male "intellectual conversation" is a strained, compulsive attempt to impress the female. Daddy's Girl, passive, adaptable, respectful of and in awe of the male, allows him to impose his hideously dull chatter on her. This is not too difficult for her, as the tension and anxiety, the lack of cool, the insecurity and self-doubt, the unrenewedness of her own feelings and sensations that Daddy instilled in her make her perceptions superficial and render her unable to see that the male's babble is a babble; like the aesthete "appreciating" the blob that's labeled "Great Art", she believes she's grooving on what bores the shit out of her. Not only does she permit his babble to dominate, she adapts her own "conversation" accordingly. Trained from early childhood in niceness, politeness and "dignity", in pandering to the male, she obligingly reduces her "conversation" to small talk, a bland, insipid avoidance of any topic beyond the utterly trivial—or, if "educated", to "intellectual" discussion, that is, impersonal discursing on irrelevant abstractions—the Gross National Product, the Common Market, the influence of Rimbaud on symbolism painting. So adept is she at pandering that it eventually becomes second nature and she continues to pander to men even when in the company of other females only. Apart from pandering, her "conversation" is further limited by her insecurity about expressing deviant, original opinions and the self-absorption based on insecurity and that prevents her conversation from being charming. Niceness, politeness, salutation from being charming.



Even among groovy females deep friendships seldom occur in adulthood, as almost all of them are either tied up with men in order to survive economically, or bogged down in hacking their way through the jungle and in trying to keep their heads above the amorphous mass. Love can't flourish in a society based on money and meaningless work; it requires complete economic as well as personal freedom, leisure time and the opportunity to engage in intensely absorbing, emotionally satisfying activities which, when shared with those you respect, lead to deep friendship. Our "society" provides practically no opportunity to engage in such activities.

Having stripped the world of conversation, friendship and love, the male offers us these paltry substitutes:

**"Great Art" and "Culture":** The male "artist" attempts to solve his dilemma of not being able to live, of not being female, by constructing a highly artificial world in which the male is heroized, that is, displays female traits, and the female is reduced to highly limited, insipid subordinate roles, that is, to being male.

The male "artistic" aim being, not to communicate (having nothing inside him, he has nothing to say), but to disguise his animalism, he resorts to symbolism and obscurity ("deep" stuff). The vast majority of people, particularly the "educated" ones, lacking faith in their own judgment, humble, respectful of authority ("Daddy knows best" is translated into adult language as "Critic knows best", "Writer knows best", "Ph.D knows best"), are easily conned into believing that obscurity, evasiveness, incomprehensibility, indirectness, ambiguity and boredom are marks of depth and brilliance.

"Great Art" proves that men are superior to women, that men are women, being labeled "Great Art", almost all of which, as the anti-feminists are fond of reminding us, was created by men. We know that "Great Art" is great because male authorities have told us so, and we can't claim otherwise, as only those with exquisite sensitivities far superior to ours can perceive and appreciate the greatness, the proof of their superior sensitivity being that they appreciate the slop that they appreciate.

Appreciating is the sole diversion of the "cultivated"; passive and incompetent, lacking imagination and wit, they must try to make do with that; unable to create their own diversions, to create a little world of their own, to affect in the smallest way their environments, they must accept what's given; unable to create or relate, they spectate. Absorbing "culture" is a desperate, frantic attempt to groove in an ungroovy world, to escape the horror of a sterile, mindless existence. "Culture" provides a sop to the egos of the incompetent, a means of rationalizing passive spectating; they can pride themselves on their ability to appreciate the "finer" things, to see a jewel where there is only a turd (they want to be admired for admiring). Lacking faith in their ability to change anything, resigned to the status quo, they have to see beauty in turds because, so far as they can see, turds are all they'll ever have.

The veneration of "Art" and "Culture"—besides leading many women into boring, passive activity that distracts from more important and rewarding activities, and from cultivating active abilities allows the "artist" to be set up as one possessing superior feelings, perceptions, insights and judgments, thereby undermining the faith of insecure women in the value and validity of their own feelings, perceptions, insights and judgments.

The male, having a very limited range of feelings and, consequently, very limited perceptions, insights and judgments, needs the "artist" to guide him, to tell him what life is all about. But the male "artist", being totally sexual, unable to relate to anything beyond his own physical sensations, having nothing to express beyond the insight that for the male life is meaningless and absurd, cannot be an artist. How can he who is not capable of life tell us what life is all about? A "male artist" is a contradiction in terms. A degenerate can only produce degenerate "art". The true artist is every self-confident, healthy female, and in a female society the only Art, the only Culture, will be

conceited, kookie, funkier females grooving on each other and on everything else in the universe.

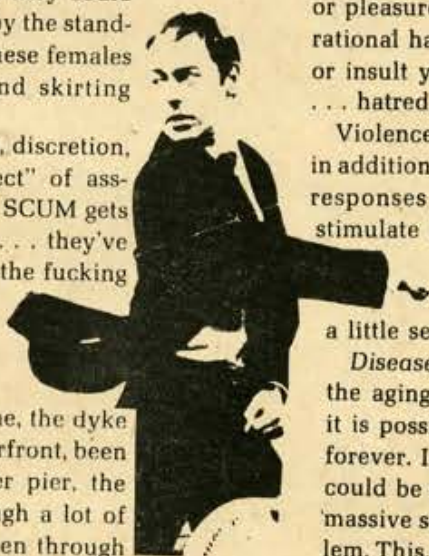
**Sexuality:** Sex is not part of a relationship; on the contrary, it is a solitary experience, non-creative, a gross waste of time. The female can easily—far more easily than she may think—condition away her sex drive, leaving her completely cool and cerebral and free to pursue truly worthy relationships and activities; but the male, who seems to dig women sexually and who seeks constantly to arouse them, stimulates the highly-sexed female to frenzies of lust, throwing her into a sex bag from which few women ever escape. The lecherous male excited the lustful female; he has to—when the female transcends her body, rises above animalism, the male, whose ego consists of his cock, will disappear.



Sex is the refuge of the mindless. And the more mindless the woman, the more deeply embedded in the male "culture", in short, the nicer she is, the more sexual she is. The nicest women in our "society" are raving sex maniacs. But, being just awfully, awfully nice they don't, of course, descend to fucking—that's uncouth—rather they make love, commune by means of their bodies and establish sensual rapport; the literary ones are attuned to the throb of Eros and attain a clutch upon the Universe; the religious have spiritual communion with the Divine Sensualism; the mystics merge with the Erotic Principle and blend with the Cosmos, and the acid heads contact their erotic cells.

On the other hand, those females least embedded in the male "Culture", the least nice, those crass and simple souls who reduce fucking to fucking, who are too childish for the grown-up world of suburbs, mortgages, mops and baby shit, too selfish to raise kids and husbands, too uncivilized to give a shit for anyone's opinion of them, too arrogant to respect Daddy, the "Greats" or the deep wisdom of the Ancients, who trust only their own animal, gutter instincts, who equate Culture with chicks, whose sole diversion is prowling for emotional thrills and excitement, who are given to disgusting, nasty, upsetting "scenes", hateful, violent bitches given to slamming those who unduly irritate them in the teeth, who'd sink a shiv into a man's chest or ram an icepick up his asshole as soon as look at him, if they knew they could get away with it, in short, those who, by the standards of our "culture", are SCUM... these females are cool and relatively cerebral and skirting asexuality.

Unhampered by propriety, niceness, discretion, public opinion, "morals", the "respect" of assholes, always funky, dirty, low-down, SCUM gets around... and around and around... they've seen the whole show—every bit of it—the fucking



scene, the sucking scene, the dick scene, the dyke scene—they've covered the whole waterfront, been under every dock and pier—the peter pier, the pussy pier... you've got to go through a lot of sex to get to anti-sex, and SCUM's been through it all, and they're now ready for a new show; they want to crawl out from under the dock, move, take off, sink out. But SCUM doesn't yet prevail; SCUM's still in the gutter of our "society", which, if it's not deflected from its present course and if the Bomb doesn't drop on it, will hump itself to death.

**Boredom:** Life in a "society" made by and for creatures who, when they are not grim and de-

pressing, are utter bores, can only be, when not grim and depressing, an utter bore.

**Secrecy, Censorship, Suppression of Knowledge and Ideas, and Exposés:** Every male's deep-seated, secret, most hideous fear is the fear of being discovered to be not a female, but a male, a subhuman animal. Although niceness, politeness and "dignity" suffice to prevent his exposure on a personal level, in order to prevent the general exposure of the male sex as a whole and to maintain his unnatural dominant position in "society", the male must resort to:

1. Censorship. Responding reflexly to isolated words and phrases rather than cerebrally to overall meanings, the male attempts to prevent the arousal and discovery of his animalism by censoring not only "pornography", but any work containing "dirty" words, no matter in what context they are used.

2. Suppression of all ideas and knowledge that might expose him or threaten his dominant position in "society". Much biological and psychological data is suppressed, because it is proof of the male's gross inferiority to the female. Also, the problem of mental illness will never be solved while the male maintains control, because first, men have a vested interest in it—only females who have very few of their marbles will allow males the slightest bit of control over anything, and second, the male cannot admit to the role that fatherhood plays in causing mental illness.

3. Exposés. The male's chief delight in life—insofar as the tense, grim male can ever be said to delight in anything—is in exposing others. It doesn't much matter what they're exposed as, so long as they're exposed; it distracts attention from himself. Exposing others as enemy agents (Communists and Socialists) is one of his favorite pastimes, as it removes the source of the threat to him not only from himself, but from the country and the Western world. The bugs up his ass aren't in him; they're in Russia.

**Distrust:** Unable to empathize or feel affection or loyalty, being exclusively out for himself, the male has no sense of fair play; cowardly, needing constantly to pander to the female to win her approval, always on edge lest his animalism, his maleness be discovered, always needing to cover up, he must lie constantly; being empty, he has no honor or integrity—he doesn't know what those words mean. The male, in short, is treacherous, and the only appropriate attitude in a male "society" is cynicism and distrust.

**Ugliness:** Being totally sexual, incapable of cerebral or aesthetic responses, totally materialistic and greedy, the male, besides inflicting on the world "Great Art", has decorated his unlandscaped cities with ugly buildings (both inside and out), ugly decors, billboards, highways, cars, garbage trucks and, most notably, his own putrid self.

**Hate and Violence:** The male is eaten up with tension, with frustration at not being female, at not being capable of ever achieving satisfaction or pleasure of any kind; eaten up with hate—not rational hate that is directed at those who abuse or insult you—but irrational, indiscriminate hate... hatred, at bottom, of his own worthless self.

Violence serves as an outlet for his hate and, in addition—the male being capable only of sexual responses and needing very strong stimuli to stimulate his half-dead self—provides him with

a little sexual thrill.

**Disease and Death:** All diseases are curable, and the aging process and death are due to disease; it is possible, therefore, never to age and to live forever. In fact, the problems of aging and death could be solved within a few years, if an all-out, massive scientific assault were made on the problem. This, however, will not occur within the male establishment, because:

1. The many male scientists who shy away from biological research, terrified of the discovery that males are females, and show marked preference for virile, "manly" war and death programs.

2. The discouragement of many potential scientists from scientific careers by the rigidity, boringness, expensiveness, time-consumingness and un-



fair exclusivity of our "higher" educational system.

3. Propaganda disseminated by insecure male professionals, who jealously guard their positions, so that only a highly select few can comprehend abstract scientific concepts.

4. Widespread lack of self-confidence brought about by the father system that discourages many talented girls from becoming scientists.

5. Lack of automation. There now exists a wealth of data which, if sorted out and correlated, would reveal the cure for cancer and several other diseases and possibly the key to life itself. But the data is so massive it requires high speed computers to correlate it all. The institution of computers will be delayed interminably under the male control system, since the male has a horror of being replaced by machines.

6. The money system. Most of the few scientists around who aren't working on death programs are tied up doing research for corporations.

7. The male likes death—it excites him sexually and, already dead inside, he wants to die.

\* \* \*

Incapable of a positive state of happiness, which is the only thing that can justify one's existence, the male is, at best, relaxed, comfortable, neutral, and this condition is extremely short-lived, as boredom, a negative state, soon sets in; he is, therefore, doomed to an existence of suffering relieved only by occasional, fleeting stretches of restfulness, which state he can achieve only at the expense of some female. The male is, by his very nature, a leech, an emotional parasite and, therefore, not ethically entitled to live, as no one has the right to live at someone else's expense.

Just as humans have a prior right to existence over dogs by virtue of being more highly evolved and having a superior consciousness, so women have a prior right to existence over men. The elimination of any male is, therefore, a righteous and good act, an act highly beneficial to women as well as an act of mercy.

However, this moral issue will eventually be rendered academic by the fact that the male is gradually eliminating himself. In addition to engaging in the time-honored and classical wars and race riots, men are more and more either becoming fags or are obliterating themselves through drugs. The female, whether she likes it or not, will eventually take complete charge, if for no other reason than that she will have to—the male, for practical purposes, won't exist.



Accelerating this trend is the fact that more and more males are acquiring enlightened self-interest; they're realizing more and more that the female interest is *their* interest, that they can live only through the female and that the more the female is encouraged to live, to fulfill herself, to be a female and not a male, the more nearly he lives; he's coming to see that it's easier and more satisfactory to live through her than to try to become her and usurp her qualities, claim them as his own, push the female down and claim she's a male. The fag, who accepts his maleness, that is, his passivity and total sexuality, his femininity, is also best served by women being truly female, as it would then be easier for him to be male, feminine. If men were wise they would seek to become really female, would do intensive biological research that would lead to men, by means of

operations on the brain and nervous system, being able to be transformed in psyche, as well as body, into women.

Whether to continue to use females for reproduction or to reproduce in the laboratory will also become academic: what will happen when every female, twelve and over, is routinely taking the Pill and there are no longer any accidents? How many women will deliberately allow themselves to get pregnant? No, Virginia, women don't just adore being brood mares, despite what the mass of robot, brainwashed women will say. Should a certain percentage of women be set aside by force to serve as brood mares for the species? Obviously, this will not do. The answer is laboratory reproduction of babies.

As for the issue of whether or not to continue to reproduce males, it doesn't follow that because the male, like disease, has always existed among us that he should continue to exist. When genetic control is possible—and it soon will be—it goes without saying that we should produce only whole, complete beings, not physical defects or deficiencies, including emotional deficiencies, such as maleness. Just as the deliberate production of blind people would be highly immoral, so would be the deliberate production of emotional cripples.

Why produce even females? Why should there be future generations? What is their purpose? When aging and death are eliminated, why continue to reproduce? Even if they are not eliminated, why reproduce? Why should we care what happens when we're dead? Why should we care that there is no younger generation to succeed us?

Eventually the natural course of events, of social evolution, will lead to total female control of the world and, subsequently, to the cessation of the production of males and, ultimately, to the cessation of the production of females.

But SCUM is impatient; SCUM is not consoled by the thought that future generations will thrive; SCUM wants to grab some swinging living for itself. And, if a large majority of women were SCUM, they could acquire complete control of this country within a few weeks simply by withdrawing from the labor force, thereby paralyzing the entire nation. Additional measures, any one of which would be sufficient to completely disrupt the economy and everything else, would be for women to declare themselves off the money system, stop buying, just loot and simply refuse to obey all laws they don't care to obey. The police force, National Guard, Army, Navy and Marines combined couldn't squelch a rebellion of over half the population, particularly when it's made up of people they are utterly helpless without.

If all women simply left men, refused to have anything to do with any of them—ever, all men, the government, and the national economy would collapse completely. Even without leaving men, women who are aware of the extent of their superiority to and power over men, could acquire complete control over everything within a few weeks, could effect a total submission of males to females. In a sane society the male would trot along obediently after the female. The male is docile and easily led, easily subjected to the domination of any female who cares to dominate him. The male, in fact, wants desperately to be led by females, wants Mama in charge, wants to abandon himself to her care. But this is not a sane society, and most women are not even dimly aware of where they're at in relation to men.

The conflict, therefore, is not between females and males, but between SCUM—dominant, secure, self-confident, nasty, violent, selfish, independent, proud, thrill-seeking, free-wheeling, arrogant females, who consider themselves fit to rule the universe, who have free-wheeled to the limits of this "society" and are ready to wheel on to something far beyond what it has to offer—and nice, passive, accepting, "cultivated", polite, dignified, subdued, dependent, scared, mindless, insecure, approval-seeking Daddy's Girls, who can't cope with the unknown, who want to continue to wallow in the sewer that is, at least, familiar, who want to hang back with the apes, who feel secure only with Big Daddy standing by, with a big, strong man to lean on and with a fat, hairy face in the White House, who are too cowardly to face up to the hideous reality of what a man is, what

Daddy is, who have cast their lot with the swine, who have adapted themselves to animalism, feel superficially comfortable with it and know no other way of "life", who have reduced their minds, thoughts and sights to the male level, who, lacking sense, imagination and wit can have value only in a male "society", who can have a place in the sun, or, rather, in the slime, only as soothers, ego boosters, relaxers and breeders, who are dismissed as inconsequents by other females, who project their deficiencies, their maleness, onto all females and see the female as a worm.



But SCUM is too impatient to hope and wait for the de-brainwashing of millions of assholes. Why should the swinging females continue to plod dismally along with the dull male ones? Why should the fates of the groovy and the creepy be intertwined? Why should the active and imaginative consult the passive and dull on social policy? Why should the independent be confined to the sewer along with the dependent who need Daddy to cling to?

A small handful of SCUM can take over the country within a year by systematically fucking up the system, selectively destroying property, and murder:

SCUM will become members of the unwork force, the fuck-up force; they will get jobs of various kinds and unwork. For example, SCUM salesgirls will not charge for merchandise; SCUM telephone operators will not charge for calls; SCUM office and factory workers, in addition to fucking up their work, will secretly destroy equipment. SCUM will unwork at a job until fired, then get a new job to unwork at.

SCUM will forcibly relieve bus drivers, cab drivers and subway token sellers of their jobs and run busses and cabs and dispense free tokens to the public.

SCUM will destroy all useless and harmful objects—cars, store windows, "Great Art", etc.

Eventually SCUM will take over the airwaves—radio and T.V. networks—by forcibly relieving of their jobs all radio and T.V. employees who would impede SCUM's entry into the broadcasting studios.

SCUM will couple-bust—barge into mixed (male-female) couples, wherever they are, and bust them up.

SCUM will kill all men who are not in the Men's Auxiliary of SCUM. Men in the Men's Auxiliary are those men who are working diligently to eliminate themselves, men who, regardless of their motives, do good, men who are playing ball with SCUM. A few examples of the men in the Men's Auxiliary are: men who kill men; biological scientists who are working on constructive programs, as opposed to biological warfare; journalists, writers, editors, publishers and producers who disseminate and promote ideas that will lead to the achievement of SCUM's goals; faggots who, by their shimmering, flaming example, encourage other men to de-man themselves and thereby make themselves relatively inoffensive; men who consistently give things away—money, things, services; men who tell it like it is (so far not one ever has), who put women straight, who reveal the truth about themselves, who give the mindless male females correct sentences to parrot, who tell them a woman's primary goal in life should be to squash the male sex (to aid men in this endeavor SCUM will conduct Turd Sessions, at which every male present will give a speech beginning with the sentence: "I am a turd, a lowly, abject turd," then proceed to list all the ways in which he is. His reward for so doing will be the opportunity to fraternize after the session for a whole, solid hour with the SCUM who will be present. Nice, clean-living male women will be invited to the sessions to help clarify any doubts and misunderstandings they may have about the male sex);



makers and promoters of sex shows and movies, etc., who are hastening the day when all that will be shown on the screen will be Suck and Fuck (males, like the rats following the Pied Piper, will be lured by Pussy to their doom, will be overcome and submerged by and will eventually drown in the passive flesh that they are); drug pushers and advocates, who are hastening the dropping out of men.

Being in the Men's Auxiliary is a necessary but not a sufficient condition for making SCUM's escape list; it's not enough to do good; to save their worthless asses men must also avoid evil. A few examples of the most obnoxious or harmful types are: rapists, politicians and all who are in their service (campaigners, members of political parties, etc.); lousy singers and musicians; Chairmen of Boards; Breadwinners; landlords; owners of greasy spoons and restaurants that play Musak; "Great Artists"; cheap pikers; cops; tycoons; scientists working on death and destruction programs or for private industry (practically all scientists); liars and phonies; disc jockeys; men who intrude themselves in the slightest way on any strange female; real estate men; stock brokers; men who speak when they have nothing to say; men who loiter idly on the street and mar the landscape with their presence; double dealers; flim-flam artists; litterbugs; plagiarizers; men who in the slightest way harm any female; all men in the advertising industry; dishonest writers, journalists, editors, publishers, etc.; censors on both the public and private level; all members of the armed forces, including draftees (LBJ and McNamara give orders, but servicemen carry them out) and particularly pilots (if the Bomb drops, LBJ won't drop it; a pilot will). In the case of a man whose behavior falls into both the good and bad categories, an overall subjective evaluation of him will be made to determine if his behavior is, in the balance, good or bad.

It is most tempting to pick off the female "Great Artists", double dealers, etc. along with the men, but that would be impractical, as there would be no one left; all women have a fink streak in them, to a great or lesser degree, but it stems from a lifetime of living among men. Eliminate men and women will shape up. Women are improvable; men are not, although their behavior is. When SCUM gets hot on their asses it'll shape up fast.

Simultaneously with the fucking-up, looting, couple-busting, destroying and killing, SCUM will recruit. SCUM, then, will consist of recruiters; the elite corps—the hard core activists (the fuck-ups, looters and destroyers) and the elite of the elite—the killers.

Dropping out is not the answer; fucking-up is. Most women are already dropped out; they were never in. Dropping out gives control to those few who don't drop out; dropping out is exactly what the establishment leaders want; it plays into the hands of the enemy; it strengthens the system instead of undermining it, since it is based entirely on the non-participation, passivity, apathy and non-involvement of the mass of women. Dropping out, however, is an excellent policy for men, and SCUM will enthusiastically encourage it.

Looking inside yourself for salvation, contemplating your navel, is not, as the Drop Out people would have you believe, the answer. Happiness lies outside yourself, is achieved through interacting with others. Self-forgetfulness should be one's goal, not self-absorption. The male, capable of only the latter, makes a virtue of an irremediable fault and sets up self-absorption, not only as a good but as a Philosophical Good, and thus gets credit for being deep.

SCUM will not picket, demonstrate, march or strike to attempt to achieve its ends. Such tactics are for nice, genteel ladies who scrupulously take only such action as is guaranteed to be ineffective. In addition, only decent, clean-living, male women, highly trained in submerging themselves in the species, act on a mob basis. SCUM consists of individuals; SCUM is not a mob, a blob. Only as many SCUM will do a job as are needed for the job. Also, SCUM, being cool and selfish, will not subject itself to getting rapped on the head with billy clubs; that's for the nice, "privileged, educated", middle-class ladies with a high regard for the touching faith in the essential goodness

of Daddy and policemen. If SCUM ever marches, it will be over LBJ's stupid, sickening face; if SCUM ever strikes, it will be in the dark with a six-inch blade.

SCUM will always operate on a criminal as opposed to a civil disobedience basis, that is, as opposed to openly violating the law and going to jail in order to draw attention to an injustice. Such tactics acknowledge the rightness of the overall system and are used only to modify it slightly, change specific laws. SCUM is against the entire system, the very idea of law and government. SCUM is out to destroy the system, not attain certain rights within it. Also, SCUM—always selfish, always cool—will always aim to avoid detection and punishment. SCUM will always be furtive, sneaky, underhanded (although SCUM murders will always be known to be such).

Both destruction and killing will be selective and discriminate. SCUM is against half-crazed, indiscriminate riots, with no clear objective in mind, and in which many of your own kind are picked off. SCUM will never instigate, encourage or participate in riots of any kind or any other form of indiscriminate destruction. SCUM will coolly, furtively, stalk its prey and quietly move in for the kill. Destruction will never be such as to block off routes needed for the transportation of food and other essential supplies, contaminate or cut off the water supply, block streets and traffic to the extent that ambulances can't get through or impede the functioning of hospitals.



SCUM will keep on destroying, looting, fucking-up and killing until the money-work system no longer exists and automation is completely instituted or until enough women co-operate with SCUM to make violence unnecessary to achieve these goals, that is, until enough women either unwork or quit work, start looting, leave men and refuse to obey all laws inappropriate to a truly civilized society. Many women will fall into line, but many others, who surrendered long ago to the enemy, who are so adapted to animalism, to maleness, that they like restrictions and restraints, don't know what to do with freedom, will continue to be toadies and doormats, just as peasants in rice paddies remain peasants in rice paddies as one regime topples another. A few of the more volatile will whimper and sulk and throw their toys and dishrags on the floor, but SCUM will continue to steamroller over them.

A completely automated society can be accomplished very simply and quickly once there is a public demand for it. The blueprints for it are already in existence, and its construction will only take a few weeks with millions of people working at it. Even though off the money system, everyone will be most happy to pitch in and get the automated society built; it will mark the beginning of a fantastic new era, and there will be a celebration atmosphere accompanying the construction.

The elimination of money and the complete institution of automation are basic to all other SCUM reforms; without these two the others can't take place; with them the others will take place very rapidly. The government will automatically collapse. With complete automation it will be

possible for every woman to vote directly on every issue by means of an electronic voting machine in her house. Since the government is occupied almost entirely with regulating economic affairs and legislating against purely private matters, the elimination of money and with it the elimination of males who wish to legislate "morality" will mean that there will be practically no issues to vote on.

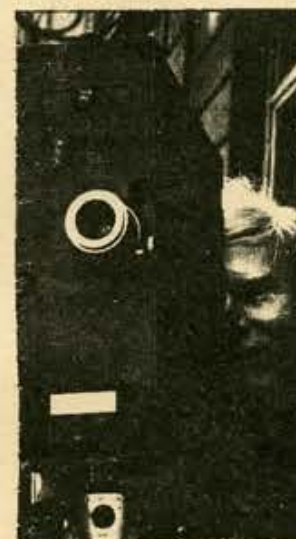
After the elimination of money there will be no further need to kill men; they will be stripped of the only power they have over psychologically independent females. They will be able to impose themselves only on the doormats, who like to be imposed upon. The rest of the women will be busy solving the few remaining unsolved problems before planning their agenda for eternity and Utopia—completely revamping educational programs so that millions of women can be trained within a few months for high level intellectual work that now requires years of training (this can be done very easily once our educational goal is to educate and not to perpetuate an academic and intellectual elite); solving the problems of disease and old age and death and completely redesigning our cities and living quarters. Many women will for a while continue to think they dig men, but as they become accustomed to female society and as they become absorbed in their projects, they will eventually come to see the utter uselessness and banality of the male.

The few remaining men can exist out their puny days dropped out on drugs or strutting around in drag or passively watching the high-powered female in action, fulfilling themselves as spectators, vicarious livers\* or breeding in the cow pasture with the toadies, or they can go off to the nearest friendly neighborhood suicide center where they will be quietly, quickly and painlessly gassed to death.

Prior to the institution of automation, to the replacement of males by machines, the male should be of use to the female, wait on her, cater to her slightest whim, obey her every command, be totally subservient to her, exist in perfect obedience to her will, as opposed to the completely warped, degenerate situation we have now of men, not only not existing at all, cluttering up the world with their ignominious presence, but being pandered to and groveled before by the mass of females, millions of women piously worshipping the Golden Calf, the dog leading the master on the leash, when in fact the male, short of being a drag queen, is least miserable when abjectly prostrate before the female, a complete slave. Rational men want to be squashed, stepped on, crushed and crunched, treated as the curs, the filth that they are, have their repulsiveness confirmed.

\*It will be electronically possible for him to tune in to any specific female he wants to and follow in detail her every movement. The females will kindly, obligingly consent to this, as it won't hurt them in the slightest and it is a marvelously kind and humane way to treat their unfortunate, handicapped fellow beings.

The sick, irrational men, those who attempt to defend themselves against their disgustingness, when they see SCUM barreling down on them, will cling in terror to Big Mama with her Big Bouncy Boobies, but Boobies won't protect them against SCUM; Big Mama will be clinging to Big Daddy, who will be in the corner shitting in his forceful, dynamic pants. Men who are rational, however, won't kick or struggle or raise a distressing fuss, but will just sit back, relax, enjoy the show and ride the waves to their demise.







ONCE UPON A TIME, THERE WAS A LITTLE GROUP OF FRIENDS WHO LIKED TO PLAY AND DRESS UP. THEY LIKED TO GO ABOUT AND TO MEET PEOPLE AND TALK TO PEOPLE, AND WHEN THERE WAS A BIG GATHERING OF PEOPLE, THEY LIKED TO GO ALONG AND TRY TO MAKE THEM LAUGH AND TALK TOGETHER.

Everyone said they were very 'Gay', but the police-men didn't like them and used to chase them and try to put them in prison or take money from them, for going about as they did.

They were very popular (with some people) and were asked to go to their parties and events to entertain their friends.

But they began to get tired of being taken for granted, of being treated like a side-show and a circus-act. They came to think that the people who were patting them on the head all the time were treating them like children. They thought they were better than the Gay ones.

The Gay ones liked to see people laughing, but they also wanted to be taken seriously. Some people seemed to think that the Gay ones were not able to think and that they were just a Street Theatre.

For the Gay ones enjoyed thinking, and also talking and painting and also writing.

One day they came to a decision.

They decided to become more gay. It would be so much more fun to dress up a lot more, in fact all the time.

They started to wear ladies dresses much more, some of the most out of the Gay ones wore them all the time.

At first people laughed still, but then some of them started grumbling, and then shouting and then throwing things.

But the Gay people knew that it was only because they were in the closet, and were afraid to come out.

This was very annoying for the Gay ones, but to show they would not be scared away, they started to wear their frocks and things out in the streets.

They went about in ones and twos and threes and cheered lots of real people up a lot and chatted with lots of them every day. They said this gave them a buzz.

But they didn't want to know the Gay ones any more, and thought they were common and silly and hysterical. They no longer wanted to be brothers, and went back to their old comrades.

However lots of other Gay ones who were afraid to be attacked before, began to come out and dress up and come to life.

The Gay ones came to another decision. They decided that NOBODY was going to stop Gay people from living, and they decided to live TOGETHER.

They agreed that if all Gay people did the same, perhaps we could all live happily ever after.

This was called Gay Liberation.

So the Gay ones found a house and moved in. They were called Squatters but they didn't mind that. They called the house a Commune and decided to share all their possessions and their money and lived as communists.

## HAPPY FAMILIES FROM PAGE 2.

destroying that vision and that clarity beneath attitudes acquired out of trying to live for up to 20 years within society. The precise age range here is 17 to 37 and the question that forms is who don't we turn to when we need help in understanding something, and why? Do we teach our children, or do they teach us? Does life run forwards or backwards?

What it comes down to is feeling, and being honest with each other about ones feelings, all the time and in every living situation we encounter. Why do I feel this? What do others feel? Can we feel together?

One danger we feel is in rationalising our emotions because we find as soon as that happens it stifles the emotion completely, we lose the power to be honest at that moment, and the intellect waves its spiny male intellectualisations over everything. We know a lot of this paper appears intellectual to many people, and a very real barrier to communication - but what can we say - except, that many of the things we feel are sometimes difficult to put into words. Describing our reality and our love is hard to put into words. We really feel we can only live it, but the catch is, no one allows us to, not even in the gay ghetto when we pop on a frock and pop out. We reject your fantasies of who we are, just as we reject the previous images of what we once were or chose to be, now that we no longer relate to them.

Class division showed itself clearly here, in the way possessions, work and people were treated. Working Class. Middle class. Working class trying to prove as good as (competing with) the middle class. We have felt that oppression and traced those divisions back in our memories and discover for instance how the middle classes drive all feelings out of their children by the age of seven, leaving them alone with an intellect which grows to distrust the feelings: need we say, of themselves, of others ..... masses! .... paranoia!!

Awareness is not just an intellectual diversion on Friday nights, it requires every ounce of feeling there is for every minute of every week, month, year of life.

we have found two marvellous ways of opening up to our senses and keeping in touch with our feelings. The more we learn about each other in the commune, the higher we get: much higher than anything that came after flower power. Yes, we too once threw our hands up in horror at all the images of flying out of windows, dirt, disease and wasting away. Those images were thrown out by the so called underground, or, alternative society when applying their weedy political liberalism, leapt on gleefully by Fleet St., to titillate people bored by war, more war, civil war, murder and rape.

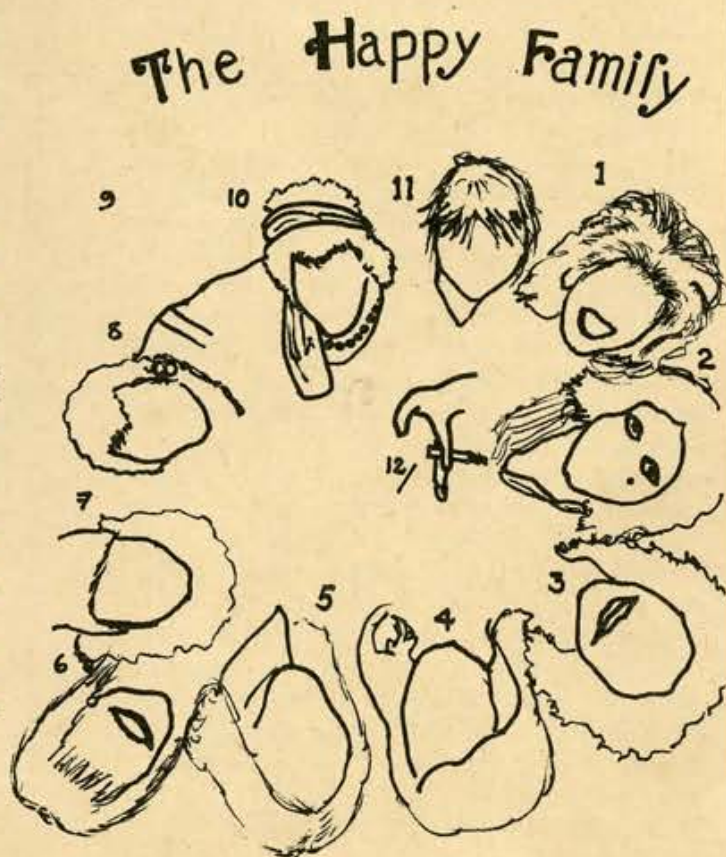
When you think of the male 'drop-outs', whatever that might mean, all we see is beads and hair, drab and dreary stereotype clothing (American roadies) their brown rice grot, dressed up as magic and the mystery of macrobiotics; you see a middle-class hype and the underground in as much of a mess as straight society; with no direction to go.

Flower power brought with it things to change the consciousness of people, but the underground that developed out of that, the freak, the cat, the head could only drop out. Being men, with no reason to change themselves as individuals in the ways they think and relate to the world around them, they end up by continually beating their brick heads against the walls of their own male chauvinism. Nothing grows on the underground but dreams of the past and disillusionment.

Never the less, 'flower power' still offers an opportunity to experience a higher consciousness and all the beauty of life, and we know how to use it. Gay people are not frightened of change, of being different, in the way men are. We can be camp, we can express ourselves in ways men wouldn't dare to do, being so straight and conformist. Even behind closed doors men behave the same (and we know that!) out of fear of being thought different.

You know what alcohol does to people, it makes them stupid and very aggressive, it is in fact a depressant, fine for making people accept a dreary monotonous routine. A man's drink!

We turn on to ourselves for the way it brings us together, for the calm reflection that it brings and the sometimes giggly high. We can allow ourselves to be wafted warmly to a position where problems problems can be looked at from different angles. It clears the head, gets you high and gives you the energy to think. We get from it the delicacy of feeling, a clarity of vision, the perception of oneself and others, the beauty of life and other beings that cannot be imagined over a gin and tonic. And of course the colours, and we've never known a queen who hadn't an eye for colour. Above all, the sheer enjoyment it brings has helped us all enormously to overcome blocks in our personal relationships; those oppressive fuck-ups which prevent us from sharing all we have. It teaches us also from our past experiences that there is much more we want to know, and that there are still many questions which we haven't as yet even begun to formulate.



at Home

- 1/ RUBY TUESDAY 2/ MARLENE GARBO 3/ BETTE.  
4/ ASTRAL LIGHTS 5/ OSTRICH 6/ BEAULAH.  
7/ CRYSTAL BALL 8/ PANSY POWER 9/ RICHARD  
10/ CELESTE 11/ EVENING STAR 12/ R.T.'S HAND.



# MEN

You whose name stands for both the male and the human race, you who are always dreaming of power why do you always have to use words that bring to mind domination and violence?... Why, if you put down straight men's oppressive male chauvinism do you talk about them "opening up their arses" and fucking them physically and psychologically? Of course, it is necessary and right to show we all have homosexual feelings. To do that, because you are men, do you really have to consider only men? Everywhere and always men are the only point of reference, our only valid spokesmen, the one's whose power you envy for some strange reason! The penis symbolises in turn the sceptre and the truncheon. What interest can women have in all that? None at all.

Bourgeois and patriarchal society still is the penis, the danger for our breath. Homo-sexuality? It's a sexual practice amongst men - since we women don't have any sex only a hole!

To get rid of brick power would mean reaching such a capacity to love that it would become impossible to go on using the penis, vagina or arse of one's partner to convince oneself of this false superiority (which hides so many fears). We, lesbians, want to speak of our love, as we are sick of seeing men flaunting their sex and nothing else. Our pleasure has nothing to do with any idea of power and oppression. We want to live and to that we will 'rape' hearts and minds. Sex will follow naturally... and that won't be rape! Why, since you are gay, do you concentrate on straight men? Do you put down their arguments? But why this need to justify yourselves? Maybe as revolutionaries you feel the need to get into dialogue with other straight revolutionaries? What about your revolutionary brothers and sisters? Sorry, but you really seem to forget them. If we come into contact with someone gay (say in the Renault factory) it isn't in talking to him about the workers that we will get across to him; all the left does that to him. It's in talking about his homosexuality, for nobody does that.

Anyway, look at these other 'revolutionaries'. All are vying with each other in bureaucracy and stalinism. If we are really revolutionaries, surely it is better to break away from this idea of revolution which prefers to play verbal games with the enemy rather than to learn from the experience of living. We need to leave behind once and for all this state of mind just as the revolutionary mind has left behind reformism. Both abstractions and theories are male and reactionary. It is due to them that penis power is the way of the world. Let's do away with the abstract. Since we are a movement we are a reality 'WOMEN IS PEOPLE'. Automation has totally upset the classical marxist theory of the proletariat. Take the example of a hand-

ful of men running a paper mill (all qualified technicians and engineers) and ask yourself WHERE IS THE PROLETARIAT? It's the army of managers. It's Black Africa. It's the endless Third World. It's the mass of women. Consequently we don't need to justify ourselves, in the way you do, for not being workers or from being cut off from the working class. On the contrary, our oppression will outlast that of the working class if we don't put across our position. And the problem for us cannot be divided, it is that of our place in the world, and it is at the same time that of sex. It is impossible to separate the two: while you men divide your problem, you experience social oppression sometimes - and only sometimes - but sexual repression all the time, as homosexuals. How can you catch on to this complexity, you who are never oppressed as men? We, we are always oppressed as women. And the lessons of the past are plain, crying out to be seen. No revolution (all of them made by men) has liberated either women or homosexuals. As for straight men who look on us - starting off together on a long journey - without understanding, let them remind themselves of this. Never could what has been written here be aimed at them, as only gay men will be able to understand it.

From 'F.H.A.R. Rapport contre la normalité'





# 20 Love Life



Old environment  
cage us in  
limit us, define us.  
Old rooms, old homes  
unchanged,  
stop us from changing  
and say—  
Thus far, no further.

Old habits,  
old ways, customs,  
trap, impose,  
inhibit us from moving.  
Held back from the surging  
living life-force,  
Caught in the ebb-tide.

To break the mould  
loose the bonds  
help shape another world;  
where fantasy and life  
become one.  
To break and run.....

The hardened role-player  
Narcotic  
Hardly erotic  
The thrill at the  
fantasy proving itself  
Unfulfilled  
Unsensed  
Off again  
The perpetual cruise  
The gobble of the prey .  
Why tighten to concept  
When loosening  
To the infinite games  
of the body  
Are the infinite games  
of the mind  
On the meadows of  
infinite ecstasy.

# Whoops!

Unrequited love is blind  
Romantic love is blind  
Possessive love is blind  
But, no, love is not blind..

Love sees all and  
Understands.  
Love knows and  
Comprehends.

The love that passeth  
Is not love.  
The love which is grudging  
Never knows love.

The love which passeth  
All 'understanding',  
Love, which cannot  
Be denied,

Love, is;  
Is known and felt,  
With no complexity,  
No doubt or fear.

Love is two  
And two is four  
And love can be  
Multiplied.

But love must be  
Experienced,  
Touched and felt  
With fingers,

Tongue, belly, feet  
Cock, anus, scrotum  
Balls, throat, nipples  
Hunger satisfied.

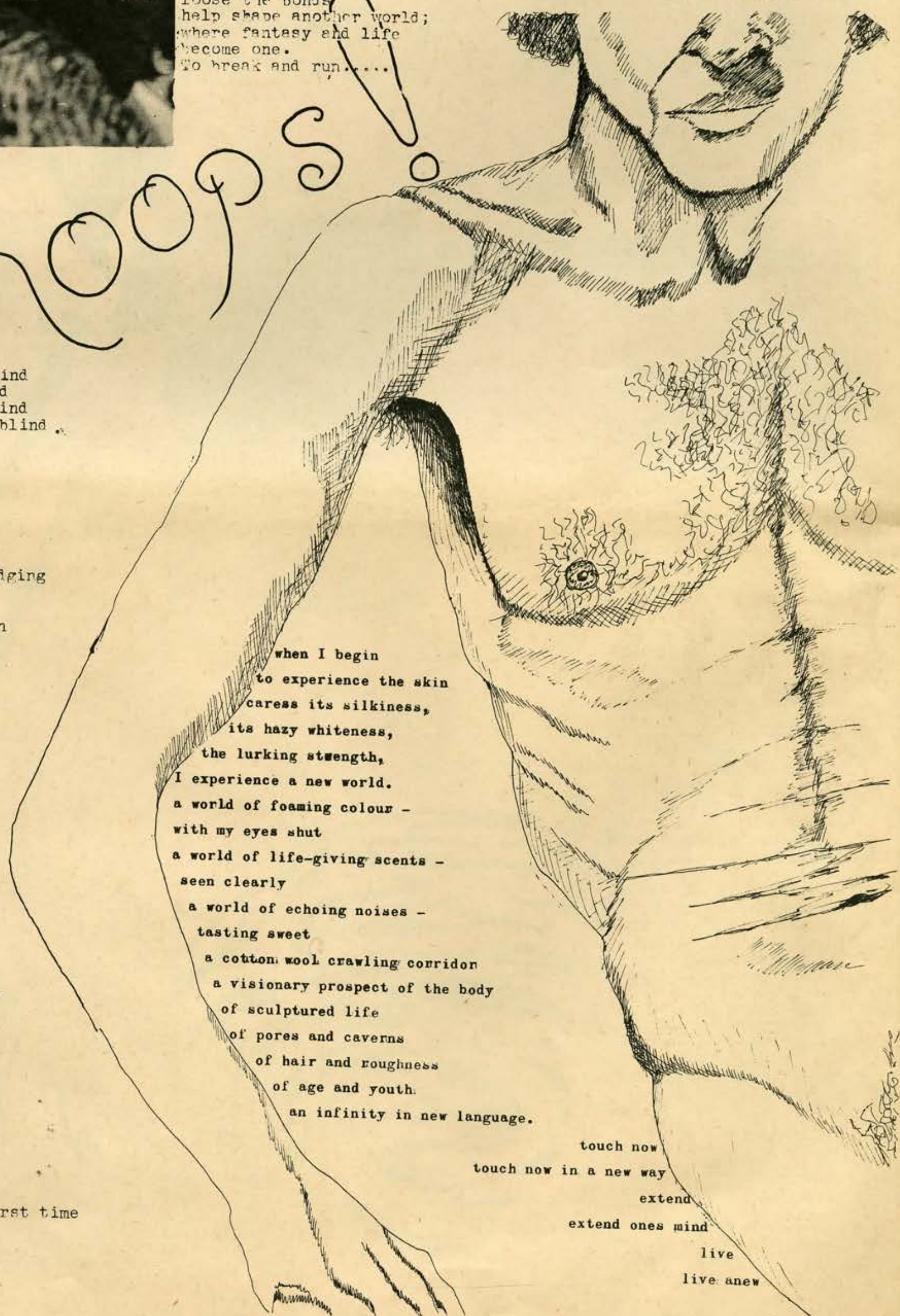
Thus with each other  
Love is revealed,  
No mystery after all,  
Simply love is

Not blind, but  
Undiscovered.  
No mystery or  
Fantasy there,

Only seeing for the first time  
And believing,  
What no intelligence  
Can refute, disprove -  
- Love is not blind.

when I begin  
to experience the skin  
caress its silkiness,  
its hazy whiteness,  
the lurking strength,  
I experience a new world.  
a world of foaming colour -  
with my eyes shut  
a world of life-giving scents -  
seen clearly  
a world of echoing noises -  
tasting sweet  
a cotton wool crawling corridor  
a visionary prospect of the body  
of sculptured life  
of pores and caverns  
of hair and roughness  
of age and youth.  
an infinity in new language.

touch now  
touch now in a new way  
extend  
extend ones mind  
live  
live anew





# pederasty as a preoccupation.

There is no word which describes a boy who is a lover of men; only a word which describes a man who loves boys.

This attitude shows the view which society takes towards the pederast: he is a person who is despoiling, corrupting, perverting innocent youth with bribery, influence and mis-use of that influence.

The stereo-type image of the "dirty old man" is one which is designed to make both parties feel guilty and ashamed of their true feelings.

The pederast is told that he is associating with children because he cannot come with his equals. He is unable to form relationships with "grown-ups". The child is told nothing -- he can't even express what he feels in one word.

A person who discovers his pederastic feelings can only express them in ways which ultimately prop up the very system which oppresses him. Unless he becomes a teacher or youth-worker he will meet very few children in an ordinary day to day way.

Whereas a homosexual man can 'let his hair down' and be 'out-regeous' at weekends or, however furtively, cruise and cottage nightly, for the pederast the only possible point of contact with those he has the strongest loving feelings towards will be in a set-up where he is under constant watch.

To combat this situation, a whole ethos of what pederasty should be has been developed to make the secret pederast socially acceptable, so that he can achieve partial fulfillment.



- La tentation -  
Dessin de la Belle Epoque

It is the ethos of the closet, the refinement of pederastic taste as exemplified in Gainsborough's "Blue Boy" or by Sartre's Matthew (The age of reason).

The pederast is encouraged into a position of authority over children, is allowed there, to educate and 'improve' their minds and bodies and to prepare them for a 'Man's world' - a world which threatens his reputation and thus his life, if he dares to step out of line by showing ANY SIGNS of affection for those in his 'care'.

The closet which imprisons every gay man who helps to operate the system, whether at work in Government offices, Palaces, Courts and Police Stations, Psych-iatrist hospitals and "clinics", churches, schools, is the symbol of all homosexual oppression; is harshest of all



the pederast and those who allowed to develop NO loving instincts towards their guardians, who have no other label attached to them than 'CHILDREN'.

Many homosexuals have been all too anxious to disown the pederast, and view him with revulsion and contempt, as 'straight society' is ever eager to do, not even prepared to squander a little "pity" or "sympathy", the least a human being can hope for.

As for our attitude to the children, it is unfortunately all too likely to be a mixture of just those things, probably strongly laced with disapproval and a suspicion of "no smoke" - a child to be watched for any signs of deviancy, which of course are then attributed to the early "bad" influence of the pederast.

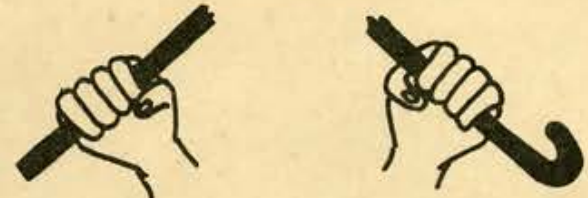
Have we forgotten completely our own early years?

Did we not ever enjoy the companionship of older boys and older men who were gentle, tender, kind and affectionate to us?

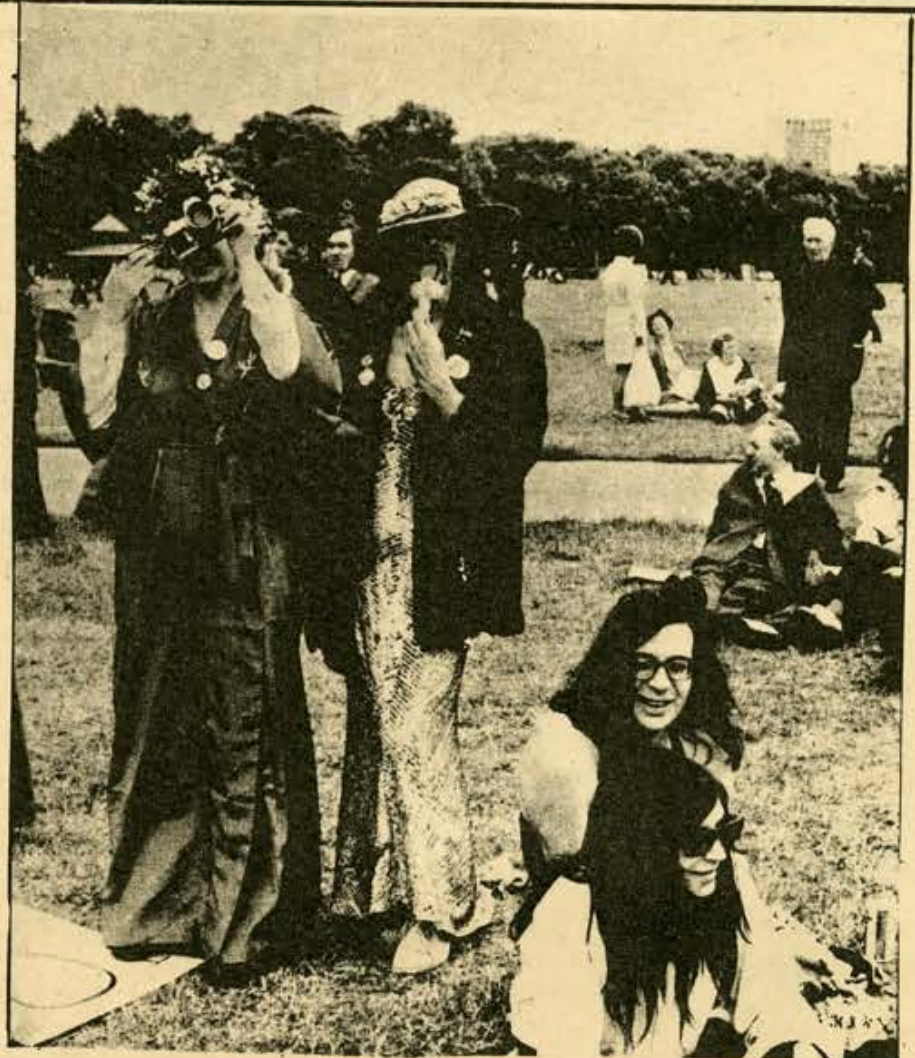
People who really cared about us, understood us, and whom we looked forward to being with.

Or were they all depraved, sex-crazed monsters from whom we fled in dread and terror?

**FREE THE PEDERAST - FREE THE CHILD.  
FREE OURSELVES.**



when i  
interrupt the person speaking to me  
try to change the subject  
stop listening to a woman or child  
praise myself or show false modesty  
have self pity and not speak of my bitterness  
gossip rather than struggle  
turn away from pain or tears  
suppress criticism  
conceal information  
refuse to share special skill or knowledge  
plot or manipulate rather than struggle openly  
put down or attack women and children  
act gloomy sulky pessimistic or 'serious'  
lose my temper shout or swear  
compete for goods or services favours or attention.  
try to enforce my ideas rather than discuss them  
put myself first  
hope someone else does the shitwork  
am puritanical or play prick-tease games  
wallow in guilt rather than change  
assume a 'male' role in love-making  
ignore beauty in my search for 'truth'  
despise ignorance illiteracy inarticulacy  
despise effeminacy 'camp' fun play  
patronise women children and queens  
assume that a sister or a younger or effeminate  
brother is simple trivial unaware or second class  
sentimentalise  
romanticise  
reminisce  
trivialise  
i am a male chauvinist and a liberal





# 22 SOCIALIST WOMEN and G L F

**"Transvestites are seen to be an important factor..... Male transvestites reject in a dramatic way all rights to male privileges..... By openly rejecting the roles of oppressor and oppressed, gay women and men fundamentally cha-**

**llenge the sexual chauvinism that capitalism uses to divide the working class"**

Any form of society which has exhausted its progressive role can in the long run only be maintained if the people who live in it accept an ideology which justifies its continued existence, and so fail to see that their real interest lies in overthrowing it in favour of a more rational system. This is the case with capitalism.

## THE FAMILY

One of the most effective ways by which people are confused into thinking that capitalism is the only possible way of life is through the ideology of the family and the relations between women, men and children (which are presented as 'natural', 'right', and 'normal') associated with this. It is very difficult then for anyone who learns these relations from the moment of birth to think outside this framework.

Attempts to challenge the ideology associated with the family system of relationships between people have been made to a varying degree by the youth movements and the women's movements. Another challenge is now being presented by the Gay Liberation Front who very explicitly demand an end to social and legal oppression of people who do not fit into the 'normal' heterosexual categories accepted by this society.

However, the family must not be identified as the source and cause of oppression. The recent analysis of radical feminist writers e.g. Greer, Mitchell, that the family is the pillar of class society, implies that to attack the family is to attack the very core of capitalism.

The family is the social unit within which people experience their lives and which expresses and reinforces the repressive nature of society. The family is essentially a social grouping and thus adapts to the prevailing economic conditions. The ideals, then, which develop in support of the family give it an aura of autonomy, permanency and inevitability which it does not possess.

## WOMEN

The London Gay Liberation Front has been formed for about 18 months and there is still no clear support from either left women's organisations or the left in general. Gay liberation and Women's Liberation are fighting the same oppressive ideology. They have common aims; to create a society where people can live without the exploitation and distortions of capitalism which women and gay people experience more than heterosexual men due to the phenomenon of sexism. We must organise on the basis of our oppression and recognise the need for other groups to do this.

The oppression of gay people starts in capitalist society: smallest social unit - the patriarchal family



in which the enshrinement of the stereotype 'male', 'female' sex roles offers no place for gay people. G.L.F. fights along side the women's movement for the abolition of family so that the sexist, male supremacist system can no longer be nurtured there. This is a sexist society in which one's biological sex determines almost all of what one does. Gay women having none of the ties of sexual dependence on men are perceived as a threat in a man's world.

## ACTIVISM OR LIBERATION?

The first stages of gay liberation of coming out, coming together, and learning to overcome self-hate, are now well-organised. G.L.F. must work out what changes are necessary for liberation and must develop a practice along these lines. Two paths are open; gay activism or gay liberation. Activism is when gay males seek their full share of male privilege; social equality for homosexuals within a society based on male-supremacy. Gay Liberation fights to end male-supremacy and the whole gender role system. The London G.L.F. Manifesto relates gay oppression to the oppression of women and sees the gender role system as the common basis of both. Transvestites are seen to be an important factor in the gender role system. They do not attempt to fit into a particular role; male transvestites reject in a dramatic way all rights to male privileges. We should be free to develop with greater individuality, and to do this the stereotype sex roles must be smashed. Many people are alarmed at attacks on gender roles and only see chaos or total conformity as a result. As far as we can see there would be greater individuality and more freedom for experimentation. By openly rejecting the roles of oppressor and oppressed, gay women and men fundamentally challenge the sexual chauvinism that capitalism uses to divide the working class.

## THE LEFT & G.L.F.

A consensus has not yet been reached within G.L.F. concerning the left movements. The attitudes vary from "we should put our energies primarily into changing sexual attitudes" to a belief that a radical change in sexuality is only possible after the downfall of the economic structure and this cannot be achieved by changing people's sexual attitudes first, others think that both struggles should be carried on simultaneously, i.e. by working in a left group with a totally revolutionary perspective. The left cannot be the saviour of G.L.F. for the bourgeois ideology concerning women also extends into the revolutionary movement and male chauvinism has also found very blatant expression in the marxist movement at various periods.

Without their own organisation gay people would not have the confidence to 'come out' even in left organisations. The lack of support for Gay Liberation is indicative of the general lack of understanding of the way sexism (like racism) is used to divide the working class both ideologically (through male chauvinism) and organisationally (through the family). We should support the Gay Liberation Front on exactly the same basis that we support all groups fighting against the bourgeoisie and its ideology. We are not just fighting an economic system; ideological oppression is just as real as economic oppression. There is a danger that the left may look upon minority group struggles economically and therefore disregard movements like Gay liberation because it has no specific economic roots or else it will regard them merely as a recruiting ground. G.L.F. is fighting an ideological struggle which unless drawn into the general struggle is relatively meaningless and in the final analysis is doomed to failure.

In the Manifesto adopted by the Socialist Woman Groups at their Conference this year it was agreed that one of our aims should be: "an end to sexual repression and exploitation... including recognition of the rights of gay people". We have to work out in detail the relationship between this type of oppression - that of homosexual people in particular and sexual oppression in general, the overall social and economic structure of society, and how the fight for gay liberation can relate on a practical level in the struggle to overthrow capitalism. We hope that further contributions to the discussions will be made in future issues of Socialist Woman.

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# LET THE SUN

The weight of the world  
is love.  
Under the burden  
of solitude,  
under the burden  
of dissatisfaction

the weight,  
the weight we carry  
is love.

Who can deny?  
in dreams  
it touches  
the body,  
in thought  
constructs  
a miracle  
in imagination  
anguishes  
till born  
in human -

looks out of the heart  
burning with purity -  
for the burden of life  
is love,  
but we carry the weight  
wearily,  
and so must rest  
in the arms of love  
at last,  
must rest in the arms  
of love.

No rest  
without love,  
no sleep  
without dreams  
of love -  
be mad or chill  
obsessed with angels  
or machines,  
the final wish  
is love  
- cannot be bitter,  
cannot deny,  
cannot withhold  
if denied:

the weight is too heavy

- must give  
for no return  
as thought  
is given  
in solitude  
in all excellence  
of its excess.

the warm bodies  
shine together  
in the darkness,  
the hand moves  
to the centre of  
the flesh,  
the skin trembles  
in the happiness  
and the soul cease

and the soul comes  
joyful to the eye -

yes, yes,  
that's what  
I wanted,  
I always wanted,  
I always wanted,  
to return  
to the body  
where I was born.

allen ginsburg

conspiracy!  
bless me, father, for i have sinned  
i conspired to buy fish and a portion of chips  
with one and  
with one other, for which i got cod  
i conspired with no one but myself  
to breathe in and breathe out  
for which i got life  
i conspired with another to love  
with many others to love  
for which i got joyful tidings of all senses  
i conspired to being  
which i cannot do alone  
which no one can do alone  
and came up against the ultimate conspiracy  
the conspiracy of MEN  
who have a tacit conspiracy  
to do it alone  
apart  
over their own dead bodies  
they have man-aged this planet long enough  
man-opolised it long enough  
men-aced it long enough  
conspired to war  
conspired to cheat  
conspired to oppress  
conspired to keep power  
to the death  
MEN ARE GUILTY

## OF THE CONSPIRACY OF DEATH.

not politics/religion  
but the individual search for the centre  
from which to act  
in total being  
to act grouply is to compromise  
to negate responsibility  
we cannot help acting and re-acting  
positing our predicaments  
re-searching our vision.  
integrating into society is a men-ace  
integrating our selves  
begins the voyage of discovery  
into the true paradise of community  
liberation accepts all  
passively, actively  
according to being  
to the state of being.  
i am the organ of response and change.

Suited, collared, tied  
Uptightly,  
Talent-spotting  
Window-shopping  
Saving-up  
To spend one day....

Bearded, booted, bearded  
Hunters,  
In the bar-room  
At the dance-hall.  
Scouting, tracking,  
Posing, trapping  
Denim half-reflections there.

Shiny Leather SteelClad Motors  
Flashing signals to their Masters  
Slaves entombed in cold hard-cases  
On a death-trip to destruction.  
Nothing to lose  
But their chains.

# SHINE IN..

I Am a MAN, a MAN amongst MEN  
i take orders from no-one  
except my superiors.  
as befits a gentleman  
i acknowledge all as my equals  
including my inferiors.  
as a politician  
i deem it imperative  
to fight word for word  
man to man  
including the ladies, god bless 'em  
to protect you, ~~xxx~~ digress you,  
depress you, oppress you  
redress you, caress you  
it's all in the game

I wake in middle-of-the-night terror  
next to the warm sleeping body of my lover  
yet alone in the conviction that I am in a prison cell  
shut away, suddenly from all that makes my life.  
I sense the great weight of the prison  
pressing down on the little box of room I lie in  
alone forgotten.

How often do women awake  
in the prison of marriage,  
of solitary motherhood  
alone and forgotten  
of exhaustion from meaningless work  
of self-despising learned early,  
of advancing age  
alone and forgotten.

How many women lie awake at this moment  
struggling as I do against despair,  
knowing the morning will crush us once again  
under the futility of our lives.

And how short a step it is  
for us-- to the more obvious imprisonment  
of bars and concrete  
where our sister lie  
alone forgotten.

See now in this middle-of-the-night emptiness  
how little it matters  
whether we wear a convict's ill made cotton dress  
or a velvet pant suit -

We are possessions to be bought and sold,  
We are children to be curbed and patronised,  
We are bodies to be coveted, seized and rejected  
when our breasts begin to sag,  
We are dummies to be laughed at.

I sense the great of society  
pressing down on the little box of room I lie in  
alone and forgotten  
like my sisters in prison

If you hear me  
consider  
how the bomb of human dignity  
could be planted outside your cell  
how its explosion could shake  
the foundations of our jail  
and might burst open the door that separates  
you from me,  
that we might struggle together to be free.

Erika Huggins

## Revolution

Revolution means examination of the  
smallest action, of the slightest  
tendency towards routine and roles.

Revolution is a way of life,  
a continuous process that is never  
finished, lost or won.

Revolution is the continuous process  
of freedom.

Freedom is infinite and so therefore  
is revolution

freedom to change and keep changing.  
freedom to move  
forward

revolution is the only state of being  
that is creative

revolution is in my own head  
and so is salvation.

revolution is castration  
of a sort

is sifting out all the crap  
all the time

revolution is  
revolution



have no foundation to break through the belief implanted in us that because we are homosexuals we have nothing worthwhile to do, say, or offer; one is merely, in common parlance, a "queer", a term which, like "nigger", at once destroys the identity of the person and imposes on him the stereotypes of the exploiter and the oppressor.

The whole public aspect of our liberation movement must be concerned with destroying the idea of the queer and establishing the integrity of gay people - perfectly natural people having access, where sex is concerned, to one type of normality. In a sense, in order to achieve a better world for all of us, the accent has to shift from homosexuality to the integrity of the person who is homosexual. Not and integrity in spite of his or her homosexuality but integrity because being gay is one of the legitimate things that people do. The discover or rediscovery of our identity cannot be contained within the evasions and masked bells of the traditional gay world for it leads to demands on a hostile, destructive society for a new pattern of social life. And these demands must needs be made publicly from the standpoint from which they were formulated - that of being gay people.

## hetosexual tyranny

It seems merely wishful thinking on our part to think of destroying sexual oppression, to think of a more honest life, or to desire a social environment which encourages meaningful relationships while remaining under a cloud of secrecy and respectability. For this respectability is but another name for our acceptance of the norms, ideas, and activities by which the heterosexual world oppresses and humiliates us. When we live up to IT'S standards, then and only then it claims we are respectable. But this bogus respectability with its personal dishonesty and evasions will not do. For the demands we should and will make upon society presuppose that there is no need for secrecy and lies, nor for the tyranny of the heterosexual standard. We cannot demand a better society for gay people while proclaiming that there are no gay people. We cannot want to engage public attention and change society while maintaining that we are faceless and must hide the sense of integrity which gives rise to our demands.

To say, as many will say privately, "Gay is Good" and then to maintain that we or GLF should not be so public is a contradiction in terms. For if "Gay is Good" what is there to hide? And what is society to think about the strength of our convictions if we take up a position of furtiveness? Even if it is willing to listen, to whom should it listen if evasiveness is our watchword? Change will certainly not come if we equate respectability or discretion with merely juggling words in our sexual ghettos without the willingness to rethink, to plan and to fight.

## sex & politics

But some of us may well accept the need for a bold public stance, yet wonder at its implications, particularly the political ones. On my entry into GLF I wondered for a while whether the movement could not attain its ends without political involvement. I am not and have never been in my adult life

a political, yet here I was wondering whether my sexual life could be generated from political thought and action. To some extent this was perhaps due to my own tacit acceptance of the myth that a reject, certainly a sexual reject, can have nothing to contribute to political life but must be excluded not only where sex is concerned but totally. We fear making a political



stand because opposition to our views may concentrate on where it considers us vulnerable (on being "queers") rather than on the intrinsic merits of what we have got to say. We exclude ourselves. Yet this very exclusion underlines how closely sex and politics are related. "If", runs the popular view "you are heterosexual, then your morality qualifies you for a voice and a determining role in public and political activities: if you are gay, you are too immoral to engage in such activities. At best you should remain obscure and not heard." Sex is thus a passport to politics. The heterosexual holds a political lever by which he depresses the homosexual who apologetically slinks out of the struggle and reinforces his own oppression by maintaining that sex should be kept out of politics. I suspect that the opposition to the political aspects of sexual liberation has nothing to do with right or left-wing politics as such, but to the fact that we have been conditioned to be apolitical in order to survive. But sex and politics are bosom companions. In the first place it is difficult to examine the implications of our sexual ideas while remaining unaware of the extent to which they are determined by what is considered socially and politically feasible - even such apparently simple ideas as men and women. Secondly, sex is one of the measures we use to engage in a peculiarly political activity - the distribution of goods, services, status and economic rewards, what some theorists have called "the authoritative allocation of values". To the extent that

what is regarded as normal is used as a standard for the distribution of justice, rights, goods and the means to live, to the extent that everything that runs counter to this standard is used to deny status, goods and possibilities of personal fulfillment (and we should remember that gay people are still thought of as risks in certain professions), to the extent that we are necessarily involved in politics. What has been the case today is that most of us have acquiesced in the type of politics which assumes as its only acceptable basis the heterosexual way of life. This does not mean that we have opted out of politics, but in our fearful lack of protest we have become willing victims. To move from fear to wholeness, to stop being puppets and become responsible actors necessarily calls for political involvement at both levels of action and ideas. If it be left - wing to attack political regimes anywhere in the world which have oppressed gay people, and the ideologies they have used, so be it.

## phony freedom

Of course we may not "feel" oppressed. Some of us whose sincerity cannot be doubted say we don't. But perhaps a little examination may show that the issues raised by GLF are not phony ones, that there are problems in the gay community and in the relationship of gay people to society at large which are not merely a matter of personal feelings but which arise from the inhumanity of our political and social structures. Perhaps then it may seem that they, you, we know that we are all oppressed by laws, by tradition but by no means divine morality, by economic and social sanctions which reduce the quality of our lives and destroy our very existence as people. It may also become apparent that the present existence in which we are manipulated by the fear of ourselves and our sisters and brothers can and should be changed by the public assertion of the integrity of the gay persons life.

At present what we have in a phony freedom. It does not work. It merely makes us free to do our own thing within the isolation and quarantine in which we have been placed. It requires of us that we live a lie and wade in a mire of dishonesty. The burden of fear, half-truths and evasions which it imposes is too great. It slowly kills and leads to a bitterness which very few would choose to support for long. It can be destroyed not by building more elaborate masks but by a willingness to confront the destructive forces of our society as PERSONS in what, it must be said, will not be the battle of a day, but of decades.

You or I may not feel oppressed but to the extent that we think it necessary to hide or to apologise, implicitly or explicitly, for being gay, to that extent we are. And if, as I think, our apologies and secretiveness is based upon fear the questions raised, but certainly not exhausted here, remain relevant. Why do you, do I, do we, fear the GLF? Why do fear to achieve our own liberation?







I am sick and tired of going to GLF meetings, discos, dances etc, and being seized upon and attacked as a 'radical feminist': it seems that people cannot see me as an individual, purely, it seems, because of the way I dress. Surely this in itself says a lot for prejudice in GLF. Nobody has ever yet explained to me what a radical feminist man is, what this term, so freely thrown about actually means. As far as I can make out, radical feminists are women; I myself am a man. When thrown at me it is fairly obvious that the term is not exactly complimentary, and thus it is a put down for Radical Feminist Women and therefore all women. Whenever I ask the men concerned what it means, they usually react with a 'don't give me any of that' and vague none-too-audible mutterings of 'fascists in frocks telling us what to do'. I explain that I've never met the man before, and am certainly not interested in what he does, so long as his behaviour is not oppressive to others, including myself. After all, revolution is about fighting oppression, on all levels within and without. The inevitable reply is the 'i'm-not-oppressing-you-you're oppressing-us' routine which continues, in reply to my startled eyebrows with the 'we were quite happy until you started coming here wearing dresses and makeup'. 'The whole way you walk in with a group of your friends is condescending'. Perhaps we do seem like that when we arrive but at the same time we usually arrive together because we live together. I stop myself from asking the man in question if perhaps we should each have a car to drive on our own so that we can arrive intermittently. And how many men in GLF have ever been on public transport in drag? Well, to put it mildly, it helps to have a friend or two, and to make a joke of the whole scene. We ARE defensive when we walk in, just as, as a young Jewish boy, used to feel defensive walking into a room where I knew the people inside, or some of the, were definitely prejudiced. And I know that when I go into a GLF meeting, nine times out of ten I'm going to get a hostile reaction. I know that at least half the people in the room think of me in terms of all the wild rumours and myths that have been spread by individual power hungry men within GLF, the commercial gay press, (or would be com-

mercial gay press) which is devoted to dividing and destroying GLF, a slight case of vengeance lust.... we wouldn't let them get to the top in their man-games; the underground press whom we wouldn't let rule us; the straight press. And all these have played on the prejudice against feminine men that somewhere has been instilled in us all.



I suppose that I have learnt to ignore all this, learnt, for my own protection, not to let it upset me, and ignore the people who react to me in this way. It is this that frightens me; I want to talk to them, to explain where I am at but their prejudices categorise me. Can they not see that this is no way; that they are being manipulated; that the only way we can get anywhere is by listening to what each other has to say, rather than scoring a win over the next one.

But there is another reaction I get; related but different. It contains the same prejudice and contempt, but is far more obviously indicative of that bogey, the male-ego. I get my bottom pinched; I get told that I have good legs. Sure they're good, they walk and kick out the odd chorus line and generally do what's required of them. These men think that because I wear a frock I want to be treated as an oppressed woman, that I want the oppressive criteria applied to women applied to myself (in other words I'm just longing to be oppressed) well I'm not - that wank is over. And when I am not delighted at the 'compliment' I am being condescending (they tell me). Why do so many men in GLF think that because I am a queen I am longing for their prick, that I cannot resist them, that they are indispensable to my happiness. Why are they so put out when I tell them that I do not want them on those terms, that I do not crave them for their maleness, that I do not want anybody - I only want to share, to love, and it cannot be done where criteria are used to 'evaluate' someone's desirability - but I've heard all this before - that's why I came to GLF - to fight that oppression and at the same time, to escape from the oppression of the straight world (and straight doesn't to me refer to sexual preference). To me, being a queen means ridding myself of thinking between the legs, of thinking in terms of being turned on by being dominated or dominating, of thinking as a prick as

something particularly desirable. Its only another wrinkled little bit of flesh after all.

I am a queen because I choose to be a queen; because all things that are esteemed as male or butch are oppressive in that they put down the feminine, and thus women. Our oppression as gay men has the same root as all oppression, as the oppression of women, as the oppression of any one group by another. The root is the cult of the man, the cult of competition, the cult of aggression. It is this that makes the father the ruler of the family; it is this that makes one man wish to be at the top, the hierarchical basis of our society, the hierarchical basis of oppression. One group (and the first group delineation is of course, gender) desires to be more powerful than the next and within each group each man desires to be at the top.

It is all this that the term Man implies to me - this is why I find men's clothing repulsive and totally lacking in beauty - and this is why I find men who cultivate being a man repulsive - and as long as they are not prepared to examine how they oppress others they are my enemies; but if we could help each other to examine our own oppressiveness, it could be incredibly beautiful. TO ME REVOLUTION IS CHANGE, CONTINUOUS

CHANGE - THIS IS THE ONLY WAY WE CAN BEGIN TO GROW.  



the  
barracks.

or the  
boudoir

Life, like getting an erection, is a spontaneous process which collapses when one tries to force it to happen. The virile member wilts when commanded to be stiff. Uptight militaristic clothing, and all the attitudes that go with it, are therefore comparable to a wimpy or penile spint, such as employed by aged impotent gentlemen who appreciate the joke that the four saddest words in the world are "is it in yet?" this is natural enough in old gentlemen, and I do not wish to make fun of them, but it is destructive and deadly in those young and unrealised homosexuals who affect machismo (ultra masculinity) and who constitute the hard core of our military-police industrial-mafia combine. If they would go and fuck each other (and I use that word in its most positive and appreciative sense), the world would be vastly improved. They make it with women only to brag about it, but are far happier in barracks than in boudoirs. This is, perhaps, the real meaning of "make love not war", we may be destroying ourselves through the repression of homosexuality. Alan Watts, from DOES IT MATTER?, essays on Man's Relation to Materiality



# Street THEATRE



My enthusiasm for writing about this hot little subject is, I suppose just about as lukewarm as my enthusiasm for pointing out the need to 'come out'. I feel like a fish out of water when it comes to writing...about anything at all, simply because I know with my whole being that theatre is so much more powerful and indeed accurate. Also its infinitely more fun. This leads me on in true journalistic fashion to the question: **'WHAT IS STREET THEATRE?'**

Well it isn't what I'm doing at this moment, because right now I'm putting up a gauze between me and my audience; the gauze being a rather unattractive thing called print. I call it a gauze because a gauze is something which hides or rather blurs whatever it is in front of, ie the dramatic truth. The sort of people who get left out when we get to the written word are those who for various reasons cannot read it. And most of them are deliberately put in this position by the middle class travesty of 'education' put upon them against their sounder judgment.

**the London production**  
**Fringe of West End.**  
**HAIR**  
is still worth ££££  
seeing once

Take a young child for instance (whose perceptions are always more accurately discerning than most): he sees a man in the street wearing nail varnish. That tiny explosive fact tells all the instant the child sees it in most cases. Quick, detailed information imparted in an amusing and stylish fashion. No elaborate plot... very little rehearsal... has nerve/will travel... involves audience... NO GAUZE. I have worked in theatres for about a dozen years earning a 'living'. These great palaces follow a more or less uniform pattern: plush red velvet seats lots of plaster and gilt, formalized seating, a stage raised from which certain lessons are taught which the actor/teachers are fundamentally dis-

interested in because they are fundamentally unaware of what they are about. Prices in these vast tombs are from fifty pence to four pounds a swing. And who are the people who turn up? Those who can afford it and ONLY those. The rest have to make do without. This silent rigid conspiracy of all professional actors to keep the theatre for the moneyed classes exclusively continues and luckily will kill this kind of theatre itself sooner than it thinks it will. Thank God for the closing of 'theatres'. But if you walk daily along Oxford Street in the distinguished company of three hundred other Queens, being gay and reacting to the audience around you you will find several important things happening. To start with it doesn't cost anything, you don't have to learn anything, (except what you tend to know anyway) by the time you reach this stage the lines or q's are all given to you by the audience, you simply take and use them to clarify things according to your own awareness of the political situation you are in, and most of the situations we find ourselves in as out gays are intensely political: Politics being Life 'an all.



Drama it seems to me is conflict of feeling and thought...something sparking off something else in both actor and spectator. This conflict is pointless unless one of the parties involved is the audience... and not just two 'actors' indulging in Histrionic Wanking. This direct involvement with the audience is essential and absolutely so. They MUST be involved up to the hilt.

I wore sequinned eye make-up, a purple wig, large drop ear-rings, and kissed another man in front of over a hundred people. Was I busted for wearing drag in a public place, for indecent behaviour, for breaching the peace? No, I was paid £20 a week, the audience contributed 50p. per seat, applauded politely, and the newspapers raved about 'art'.

On the morning of December 14th, five gay brothers will re-appear at Marylebone Court, as a result of appearing at the Champion pub some weeks ago in a variety of eye makeups, ear-rings, and assorted slap and drag. More than one of us may well have kissed another man in front of easily a hundred assembled there. The landlord called the kops. The audience booed us. They cheered as the kops dragged us out. Five brothers were arbitrarily arrested. Next day the newspapers raved. The cast was named, the costumes and slap were described, and the fact that sisters and brothers were viciously hauled out of court for behaving like people was too like life to be mentioned.

I was paid, and applauded, and went home to a relaxing joint. The show closed. The theatre went dead. I feel I came back to life.



The trouble with being in an audience...removed from the actors... simply OBSERVING them and their tale is that you might go to sleep. But if your taking an innate part in the drama, if you feel your preconceptions and prejudices and net theories...your petty, boring, minny male values being challenged.... you tend NOT to doze off for very LONG. We street actors must be so complete in our awareness of so many attitudes that abound, and train ourselves to question them all the time. Our very lives must in a literal sense become a permanent street theatre. This is the only way we will ever train ourselves...in the field! by fucking well getting up and DOING IT from morning till morning. We must never let an opportunity go by. And by this I don't mean we should pander to the common Liberal Bullshitter's request for 'a Super Street Theatre event' however patronising and politely snarvy the request may be. We have been and always are in grave danger of becoming simply a Vogue. We must never lose an opportunity to show as I do now, our contempt for these purile pigettes who want to sit back and be entertained while their cynicism and money keeps them safely untouched.

**STAR QUALITY**  
**the Dirtiest Show in Town**  
££££  
Makes 'Oh! Calcutta' seem like Little Women and it's true

The children are the ones to learn from. They know and can teach all there is to know about Street Theatre...they will tell you when its boring, when the plot isn't getting anywhere. They can satirise the arses off any one of us. All we have to do is acknowledge their uncluttered genius. Be with them as often as possible... re-learn the natural skills we all once had....look with wonder at a child creating a whole fantasy world, utterly real at the same time... by the simple device of being. If the play isn't fun and by that I mean dramatic, valid, powerful, involving... even intensely tragic... a child will turn away, yawn and pull down the curtain. The main thing to remember, I think, is that acting cannot be taught. Shakespeare once let dizzy old Hamlet say 'To be or not to BE?' Its a very simple question, isn't it?



# glf/regional

ABERYSTWYTH, c/o Students Union, University College of Wales, ABERYSTWYTH, Wales.

BATH Gay Awareness Group, ++

BEDFORDSHIRE G.L.F. ++

BIRMINGHAM G.L.F. Peace Centre, 18, Moor Street, Ringway, Birmingham.

BRISTOL Gay Students Society, University of Bristol Union, Queens Road, Bristol, BS8 1LW.

BRISTOL Gay Awareness Group ++

BRIGHTON G.L.F. (Sussex) c/o 14, Western Road, Newhaven, Sussex.

CAMBRIDGE G.L.F., Box 611, Kings College, Cambridge.

CANTERBURY Gay Lib. Society ++

CARDIFF G.L.F. ++

CHELTENHAM G.L.F. ++

DERBY G.L.F. ++ DUNDEE G.L.F. ++

DURHAM G.L.F. ++ EDINBURGH G.L.F. ++

ESSEX University Gay Liberation Society, University of Essex, Wivenhoe Park, Colchester, Essex.

HEADS OF THE VALLEY ++

HIGHAM FERRIERS G.L.F. ++

HARROW Gay Unity ++

HULL Sexual Liberation Society, Hull University Union, Hull, Yorks.

KEELE Gay Liberation Society, c/o Students Union, University of Keele, Keele, Staffs.

LANCASTER G.L.F. c/o Quentin SRC

University House, Bailrigg, Lancaster.

LEEDS Gay Liberation, University Union, University of Leeds, Leeds LS2 9JT

LEICESTER Gay Awareness Group ++

MANCHESTER G.L.F. ++ NEWCASTLE G.L.F. ++

NORTHANTS G.L.F. ++ NOTTINGHAM G.L.F. ++

OXFORD G.L.F. ++ PORTSMOUTH G.L.F. ++

READING Gay Alliance, Room 7, 30, London Road, Reading, Berks.

RENFREWSHIRE G.L.F. ++ SHEFFIELD G.L.F. ++

SUNDERLAND G.L.F. Society, Sunderland

Polytechnic Students Union, Wearmouth,

Hall, Chester Road, County Durham.

SLOUGH G.L.F. ++

SOUTHAMPTON Inter Group ++

SWANSEA G.L.F. Pidgeon Hole Ct, Student Pidgeon Holes, Union House, University College, Singleton Pk, Swansea.

YORK G.L.F. ++

++ means ring 01-837-7174, or G.L.F. 5, Caledonian Road, London, N.1.



## Books

Shulamith FIRESTONE - The Dialectic of Sex; The Case for Feminist Revolution  
Paladin: 50p.

Kate MILLET - Sexual Politics  
Abacus: 60p.

Valerie SOLANAS - S.C.U.M. Manifesto  
Olympia: 25p.

ED: Robin MORGAN - Sisterhood is Powerful: An Anthology of Writings from the Women's Liberation  
Vintage: \$2.45

G.L.F. - 10p. - Gay Liberation Front Manifesto

Come Out! - Selections from the Times Change:  
\$1.25.

Gay Flames \$1.50 - Packet: 15 articles + poems, photos, drawings.



## Periodicals

Gay Flashes, Gay Liberation Leeds Newsheet, University Union, University of Leeds, Leeds 2.

Gay International News, BCM, Box 6969, London, W.C.1. £1.50 for 12 issues.

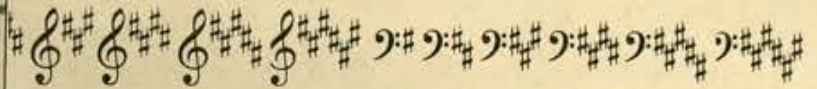
Gay news from all over the world.

Gay Liberator, Box 681A, Detroit, Michigan 48232. \$2.50 for 12 issues. Radical Gay paper. Monthly.

Gay Sunshine, P.O. Box 40397, San Francisco, California 94140. \$5 for 12 issues Gay Liberation paper. Monthly.

Off Our Backs, 1346, Connecticut Avenue, N.W., Room 1013, Washington D.C. 20036, U.S.A. \$5 a year. Women's Liberation paper.

Sappho Publications Ltd, bcm/petrel, London, W.C.1. Lesbian Monthly.



## PERIODICALS (cont)

The Body Politic, 4, Kensington Avenue Toronto 2B, Ontario, Canada. \$2 for 6 issues. Gay Liberation paper-bi-monthly.

Come Together, 5, Caledonian Rd, London, N.1. £1.25 - 10 issues. Gay Liberation paper. Monthly.

Flaming Faggots, The Double-F Journal, c/o Pitchford, 109, Third Avenue, New York City, New York, 10003, U.S.A. -

\$2-/5 issues. Effeminist paper. 4terly.

The Furies, 219, Eleventh Street, S.E. Washington, D.C. 20003, U.S.A. \$5 a year. Lesbian/Feminist Monthly

G.L.F. Birmingham Newsheet, c/o Peace

Centre, 18, Moor St, Ringway, Birmingham.

G.L.F. London Newsheet, 5, Caledonian

Road, London, N.1. £1 for 6 mths. Weekly.

Gay Arrow, Reading Gay Alliance Newsheet,

Room 7, 30, London Road, Reading, Berks.

Shrew, 3/4, Shavers Place, London, S.W.1.

75p for 6 issues. Women's Liberation

Monthly.

Socialist Women, 182, Pentonville Road,

London, N.1. 50p. for 6 issues. I.M.G.

Women's Liberation Bi-monthly.

FRENCH

Le Fleau Social, R. Pelletier, 16 rue

de la Goutte-d'or, Paris-18e. 2 francs.

Occasional.

ITALIAN

F.U.O.R.I., S.E.F., via San Francesco

d'Assisi, 21-10121, Torino, Italy.

4000 lire for 12 issues. Monthly.

## Bookshops

### LONDON

Agitprop, 248, Bethnal Green Rd, London, E.2.

Colletts, 66, Charing X Rd, W.C.2.

Compendium, 240, Camden High St, N.W.1.

Housmans, 5, Caledonian Road, N.1.

### LEEDS

Books, 84, Woodhouse Lane, Leeds 2.

Liberation Office, 153, Woodhouse

Lane, Leeds 2.

AMERIKA mail order.

Gay Liberation Book Service, P.O.

Box 40397, San Francisco 94140.

New England Free Press, Room 401,

791, Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

## glf/london

CAMDEN G.L.F. meets Thursdays 8p.m. at Forrester's Hall, 5, Highgate Rd., Kentish Town.

EAST LONDON G.L.F. meet Thursdays, 8p.m. - 103, Market St, East Ham.

HARROW Gay Unity meet Mondays 8p.m.

SOUTH LONDON G.L.F. meet Thursdays

Minet Library, Knatchbull Rd, Brixton.

WEST LONDON G.L.F. meet Thursdays in

room at Fulham Town Hall, opposite

Fulham Broadway Station.

GAY WOMEN'S GROUP meets Mondays,

8p.m. Crown & Woolpack, 394, St.

John Street, near Angel Tube.

SOUTH LONDON LESBIAN LIBERATION

meets Wednesdays, 8p.m. Women's

Centre, 14, Radnor Terrace, S.W.8.

TRANSVESTITES & TRANSEXUAL meeting

on Tuesday, 8p.m. at All Saints

Church Vestry, Clydesdale Rd, W.11.

other functional groups

COUNTER PSYCHIATRY

GAY INTERNATIONAL NEWS

GAY MARXIST STUDY GROUP

GAY SOC. UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

INTERNATIONAL LIASON GROUP

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