



**come
together**

archy is a cockroach with the soul of a vers libre poet he lives in the office of a journalist and comes out in the night to write by throwing himself headfirst off the typewriter onto the keys one by one the letters form words and the words form ideas but most everything he feels is understated since he can't work the shift key

the song of mehitabel*

this is the song of mehitabel
of mehitabel the alley cat
as i wrote you before boss
mehitabel is a believer
in the pythagorean
theory of the transmigration
of the soul and she claims
that formerly her spirit
was incarnated in the body
of cleopatra
that was a long time ago
and one must not be
surprised if mehitabel
has forgotten some of her
more regal manners

i have had my ups and downs
but wotthehell wotthehell
yesterday sceptres and crowns
fried oysters and velvet gowns
and today i herd with bums
but wotthehell wotthehell
i wake the world from sleep
as i caper and sing and leap
when i sing my wild free tune
wotthehell wotthehell
under the blear eyed moon
i am pelted with cast off shoon
but wotthehell wotthehell

do you think that i would change
my present freedom to range
for a castle or moated grange
wotthehell wotthehell
cage me and i d go frantic
my life is so romantic
capricious and corybantic
and i m toujours gai toujours gai

i know that i am bound
for a journey down the sound
in the midst of a refuse mound
but wotthehell wotthehell
oh i should worry and fret
death and i will coquette
there s a dance in the old dame yet
toujours gai toujours gai

i once was an innocent kit
wotthehell wotthehell
with a ribbon my neck to fit
and bells tied onto it
o wotthehell wotthehell
but a maltese cat came by
with a come hither look in his eye
and a song that soared to the sky
and wotthehell wotthehell
and i followed adown the street
the pad of his rhythmical feet
o permit me again to repeat
wotthehell wotthehell

my youth i shall never forget
but there s nothing i really regret
wotthehell wotthehell
there s a dance in the old dame yet
toujours gai toujours gai

the things that i had not ought to
i do because i ve gotto
wotthehell wotthehell
and i end with my favorite motto
toujours gai toujours gai

boss sometimes i think
that our friend mehitabel
is a trifle too gay

archy



*from Archy & Mehitabel by Don Marquis

WHAT IS GAY PRIDE AND WHY HAVE A GAY PRIDE WEEK?

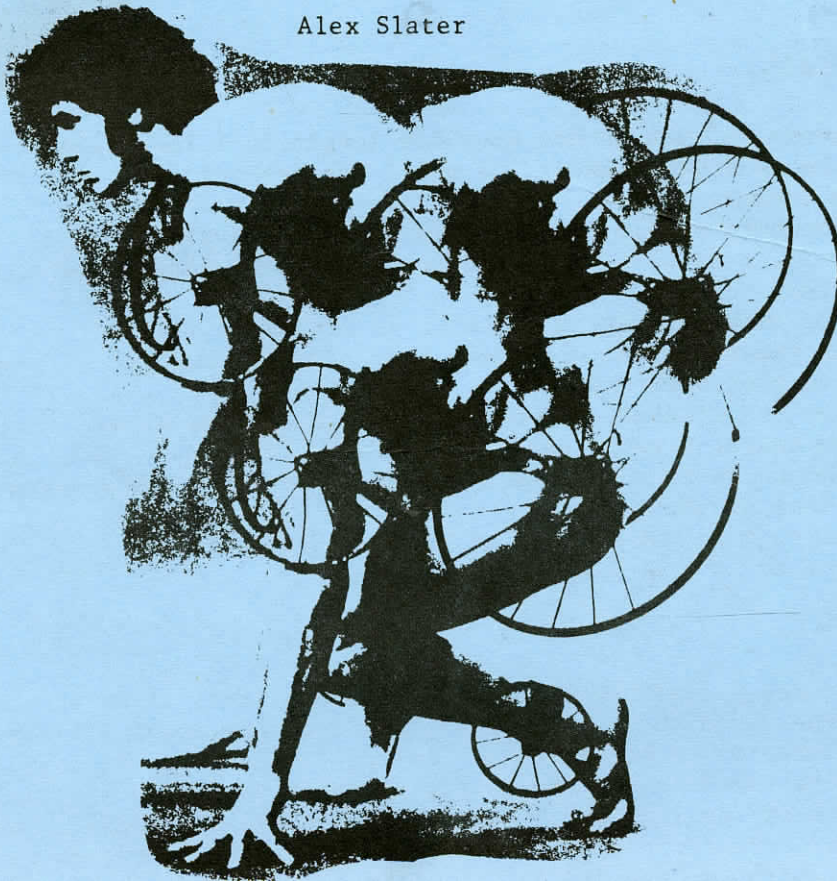
I think Gay Pride is simply feeling that Gayness is good, that Gayness has as much potential for happiness and self-fulfilment as Straightness has for straights.

If you reject all the bullshit about homosexuality being mad/bad/sad/unnatural, and come out to people you know without apology, then you have Gay Pride; you are proud about, not ashamed of, or guilty of, being gay.

This is GLF's second summer. Because of GLF, a great many people have been freed of their hang-ups to find themselves proud to be exactly as they are. And GLF ideas are slowly but surely getting to those people who are not even in the movement...they, too, are realising they have a lot to be proud of.

There IS such cause for celebration! Gay Pride Week is the best way to let the public know, to reach out to all gays and let them know too...we are hopeful, we are positive, we are finding ourselves proud to be gay: we are discovering the human-ness of it and our own special capacity for love.

Alex Slater



Among the Multitude

Among the men and women the multitude,
I perceive one picking me out by secret and divine signs,
Acknowledging none else, not parent, wife, husband, brother, child,
any nearer than I am,
Some are baffled, but that one is not—that one knows me.

Ah, lover, and perfect equal,
I meant that you should discover me so by faint indirections,
And I when I meet you mean to discover you by the like in you.

Whitman, Walt Whitman, 100 years ago a rebel
in his unabashed love for everything and
everyone. Rebellious too in his poetic line:
unrestrained by conventional rhyme or metre.
A creator of freedom in verse, freedom in
living, he celebrated free, affectionate life
in free, affectionate words...and loudly. He
could not contain his love in custom. He
shouted it as he felt it; he expressed it to
the edges of his being withholding nothing
of the honesty of his own open soul.



To a Stranger

Passing stranger! you do not know how longingly I look upon you,
You must be he I was seeking, or she I was seeking (it comes to me as
of a dream),
I have somewhere surely lived a life of joy with you,
All is recall'd as we flit by each other, fluid, affectionate, chaste,
matured,
You grew up with me, were a boy with me or a girl with me,
I ate with you and slept with you, your body has become not yours only
nor left my body mine only,
You give me the pleasure of your eyes, face, flesh, as we pass, you take
of my beard, breast, hands, in return
I am not to speak to you, I am to think of you when I sit alone or wake
at night alone,
I am to wait, I do not doubt I am to meet you again,
I am to see to it that I do not lose you.

They sometimes called him a lecherous old man; they often as not for as
far into the world as he was translated, took his poems off the shelves
of every bookery and burned them: out of disgust, out of fear. But
his passions survived all the narrow hysteria of people too enclosed
to allow their feelings out. Sift through LEAVES OF GRASS. Take the
the smaller, clearer poems first. Just take it easy through the leaves
and pause where you are grabbed to an image...let it seep in simply.

Let Whitman speak to you and you will have to return again and again
to share with him his own rushed, embracing joyous noise:-

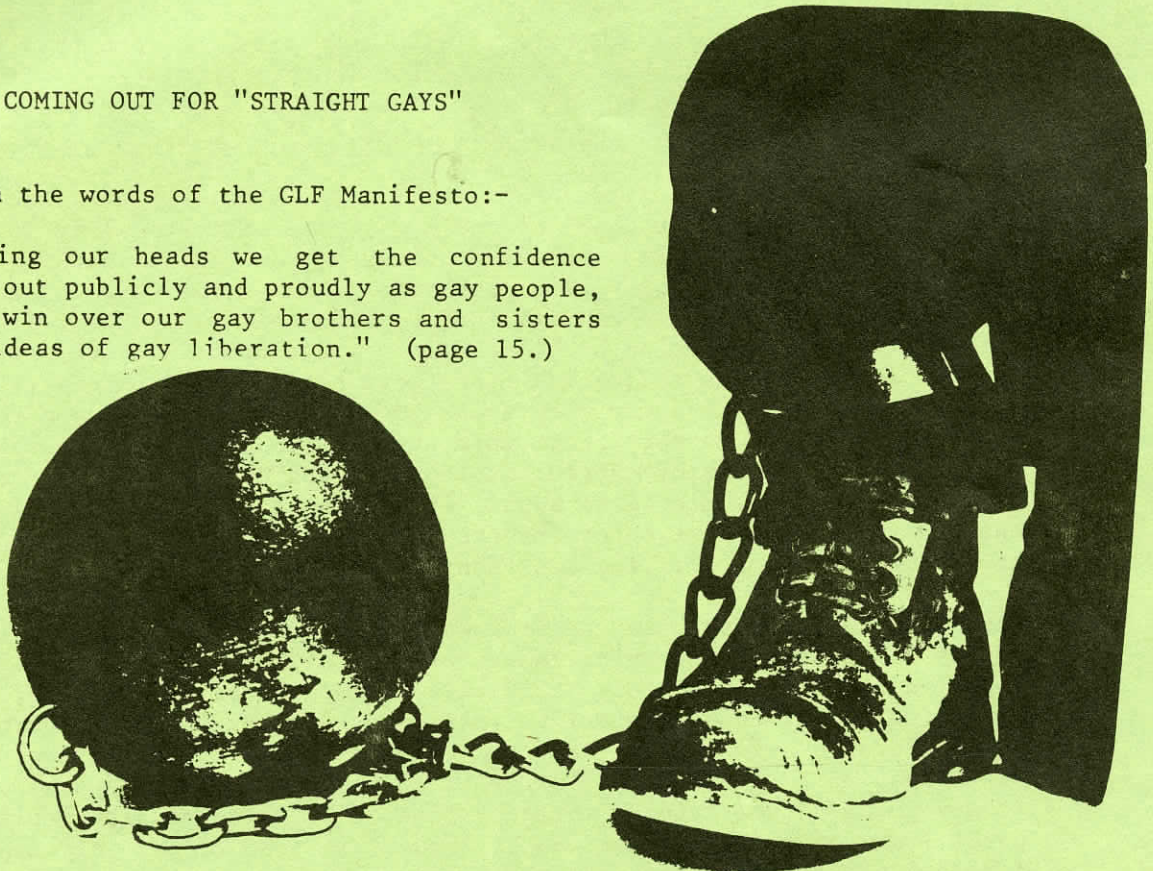
I Saw in Louisiana a Live-Oak Growing

I saw in Louisiana a live-oak growing,
All alone stood it and the moss hung down from the branches,
Without any companion it grew there uttering joyous leaves of dark green,
And its look, rude, unbending, lusty, made me think of myself,
But I wonder'd how it could utter joyous leaves standing alone there
without its friend near, for I knew I could not,
And I broke off a twig with a certain number of leaves upon it, and
twined around it a little moss,
And brought it away, and I have placed it in sight in my room,
It is not needed to remind me as of my own dear friends,
(For I believe lately I think of little else than of them),
Yet it remains to me a curious token, it makes me think of manly love;
For all that, and though the live-oak glistens there in Louisiana solitary
in a wide flat space,
Uttering joyous leaves all its life without a friend, a lover near,
I know very well I could not.

COMING OUT FOR "STRAIGHT GAYS"

In the words of the GLF Manifesto:-

"By freeing our heads we get the confidence
to come out publicly and proudly as gay people,
and to win over our gay brothers and sisters
to the ideas of gay liberation." (page 15.)



Confidence is what is needed before we can make any public confession that
we are homosexual and we get confidence through cutting away at the ideas
which have taken root in our minds about the nature of being gay. Our
Manifesto, however, does not put any emphasis on coming out, but then, neither
do most manifestos; the Wittman manifesto mentions it only once and simply

commands, "come out everywhere." If there is one thing that gay people wish to avoid at all costs it is making their gay nature part of their reality and part of their public lives.

Before I go any further I should make it clear that I have come out—up to a point. I have not come out any more than I have because I am unsure about the importance and emphasis that should be placed on one's sexuality in the context of the rest of one's life. I am speaking, therefore, as an average homosexual who still has some interest, vested or otherwise, in the world which oppresses me. The value of this article is not that it expresses what people at the front of the battle field think, i.e., that only total coming out is acceptable, but that it expresses what the majority have achieved—self acceptance but not total acceptance by those they know outside of the gay world.

When I say that I have some interest in the straight, oppressive world I mean, chiefly, that I need some degree of peace and quiet and relative anonymity which only subservience to the status quo can achieve. By accepting a straight role I can sufficiently camouflage my gay nature to free myself from the immediate attacks of the hostile and oppressive society I must live in. Those who reject this society totally also reject the safety of the straight-gay role: they either retire into the depths of the ghetto (an uneasy peace), or they fight it out at the front line. The worst part of that fight is the need for finding self-justification in a mind that is full of thoughts tending, however much below the surface, to assert that our rejection of straight 'reality' is unjustified. The position of the straight-gay is that he realises and accepts his gay nature but does not wish to share it with the world any more than the world wishes to share it with him. Straight-gay is a compromise of self-acceptance with self-rejection. To put it another way, it is a complicated truce with a world which must remain unavoidably 'outside.'

Is coming out merely admitting that one fancies people of the same sex? That might be the entire depth of one's gayness. Homosexuality is not an absolute condition— it is a relative one where one can be anything from an occasional dabbler in homoerotic fantasies to an exclusive homosexual who has never had any experience with the opposite sex. In between lies an infinitely fine graduation of bi-sexuality and confusion. The mistake of many gay people is to imagine that their sex life determines the whole of their lives from the way they speak to the way they dress and the kind of job they do. I do not accept this argument though it is one which takes a long time and a lot of careful explanation and deliberation to refute. It would be as well simply to admit, for the sake of this argument, that one's sex life does not determine the whole of one's life but does of course have some affect on it. The question is, how much affect?

Those who maintain that sex determines most of what we are also see coming out as a big thing, involving change of life styles and a revolution in the kind of values we hold. It is akin to the Christian viewpoint that accepting Christ changes our life, making us 'new creatures', 'born again.' The difference between the rebirth of the Christian faith and the rebirth of the gay faith is that the former is convened by a supernatural agent. Is gay power a supernatural force capable of infusing us with a mind-changing power from the outside? The change wrought in some of the religious gay liberationists is not supernatural but an unconscious and workable analysis of what self-oppression is and what is needed to counteract it. The motivation comes from inside them.

The average straight-gay is not so motivated. For him or her the rebirth approach to coming out is not possible because they are adjusted to straight

reality sufficiently well not to have any desire to endure the labour pains of any rebirth. This is where I stand; as I said, my coming out has not progressed to the point where I feel that much different to what I felt before I made it a feature of my public life that my sexual orientation was different to those I work or play with. The only difference I can detect is that I am no longer consciously, or intentionally 'oppressive' to other males or to women. My attitudes to others are that they are equals, in contrast to some of my fellow males who look upon women and gay people as inferior. In being what I am not I feel that I have achieved enough coming out and that to go any further would be reactionary and an unreasonable advance into something which is not naturally 'me'.

It is important that we avoid the same stereotype role-playing that we are trying to avoid; what I mean is that we do not stop being 'male' only to become 'female' if that is not what we are. There is a tendency for some gay people to feel that their reality is so real that it must be the standard for all other gay people. This is what the straight oppressors think and we are trying to avoid their mistake.

So far I have been able to use words like 'straight' and 'gay' uncritically but now is the time to reject them, at least, in what they imply. We are gay people—but some are more gay than others. Gay is a stereotype which the non-homosexual, male-chauvinist world has caused by its rejection of homosexuality. The 'queen' of the old world, so effectively and revoltingly portrayed by such comedians as Kenneth Williams, or the drag-queens of the London clubs, is not a life-style which gay people have developed 'naturally'; it is a reaction, an obsession with a stereotype which they adopt in order to avoid the impossible stereotype of the 'straight' male. Coming out, therefore, does not imply the adoption of the 'queen' stereotype or any other form of role-play (like the pseudo-hippy or freak persona), just so we can give ourselves a slap in the face, in the hope that we will also be slapping society. Coming out should imply the discovery of our real selves but that, I hasten to add, is not something which will happen overnight if it is capable of happening at all.

What I am attempting to show is that there is a lot more to real coming out than merely admitting publicly that we are homosexuals. We cannot admit to anything, without deluding ourselves, unless we are sure that it is true. We know we like having sex with others of our own sex, but what we do not know is where sex ends and the natural terrain of life begins. Freud, beware, has haunted us with the ghost of his theories more than we care to realise. Those who aspire to seeing into themselves had better know something about Freudian ideology or they will not be able to avoid seeing themselves through a very distorted glass. Freudian psychology is merely the scientific expression of the sexism which has existed in our society for hundreds of years. Freud discovered nothing; he merely gave an old oppression a new force.

In conclusion, I have come out where my homosexuality is concerned; I admit to liking men but not to anything else. In doing this I have had to accept myself and be sure that it is up to me to decide where my sexual inclinations lie. I see no more honour in liking men than women and whatever privileges may accrue from using women as sex objects, they are not the kind of privileges I wish to accept. I cannot, at this point in my life, see any other sort of oppression or secret desire in myself that I might possibly want to come out over. I play a 'straight' role in a 'straight' society because it satisfied my want of relative calm. I do not feel obliged to play that role and I know that I can change my role whenever I feel like it providing that I am prepared to make the

requisite sacrifice. This attitude, however, is a compromising one however honest it might appear to be. It is the attitude of the many gay people, inside and outside of GLF, who still cling to some small part of the 'outside' world and it is what the total gay liberationists hotly reject. But the choice between 'total' liberation and sexual liberation is not an easy one to make—it is difficult, even, to see that it does in fact exist. Sartre's dictum that we are 'condemned to be free' is where I begin, and where I end is at Rousseau's idea that 'Man is born free and everywhere he is in chains.'

Trevor



Come together
Stay together
Live together
Play together

Stand together
Prey together
Fall together
All together

Sleep together
Deep together
Talk together
Walk together

Eat together
Eyes together
Meet together
Wise together

Try together
More together
Cry together
Still together

Come together
Come together
Come together
Come

Sam

Dear Brothers and Sisters,

You may have seen the article in the Sunday Times on police activity in loos. I have written a letter to the paper, and I enclose a copy for your information. I feel very sorry that I am still unliberated enough not to want to be identified, but you'll just have to accept that. Perhaps the letter will spark off some views.

With Love.

2nd May 1972

Dear Sir,

Last week you reported (Atticus), that Mr. Robert Mark, London's new Police Commissioner, stated at a press conference that "police action (in harrassing homosexuals in public lavatories and other public places), in recent years has been very small indeed." I am sure that I am not alone in experiencing that, quite the contrary, police activity has increased markedly in this respect during the last three years.

From my own experience and from numerous incidents that have occurred of which my friends have told me, it is clear that entrapment is systematically practised in lavatories, particularly at main-line stations. More annoying still is the constant police patrolling of well-known public houses in West London each night as they close. When asked the reason for this patrolling, officers generally reply they are there to disperse those who have been drinking so as to reduce annoyance to local residents. There must be literally hundreds of far noisier crowds leaving generally 'heterosexual' public houses in Greater London who are never subjected to this nightly indignity. I can only think that the local police are discriminating against homosexuals and must be acting under central orders.

When homosexuals break existing laws governing our activities in particular or public order in general, we must not expect immunity, much as we might seek to change these laws. However, we do expect—and increasingly, thank God, demand—the same right to privacy and social gathering as everyone else. In those European countries which adopt a more relaxed, non-interventionist police policy, there is no evidence of public disorder or indecency. Mr. Mark would do much for civil liberties, public respect for the police and the rights of thousands of homosexual men and women, if he sought to see that his laudable statement is acted upon.

I'm afraid that, like so many other homosexuals, I have to remain anonymous. Sadly, it is just this wish for anonymity that provides those who oppress us with the ultimate weapon of exposure.

Yours sincerely,

A Reader.

COMING OUT AS A TRANS-SEXUAL

I have, in the last twelve months, "come out" as a trans-sexual and I can truly say that I have never been happier. Further and ultimate happiness for me lies somewhere in the far distant future, but it is a goal to aim for.

At the time of my coming out I had never heard of GLF or its aims and ambitions, so my coming out was possibly much more of a personal ideology than from our brothers and sisters who have attended a number of GLF meetings and been helped by them to obtain true happiness.

Possibly, involving coming out as a trans-sexual is much more than just wearing a badge and telling anybody who asks about the badge to explain that you are gay and attempting to have them realise what you mean and accepting that you are "different" from them.

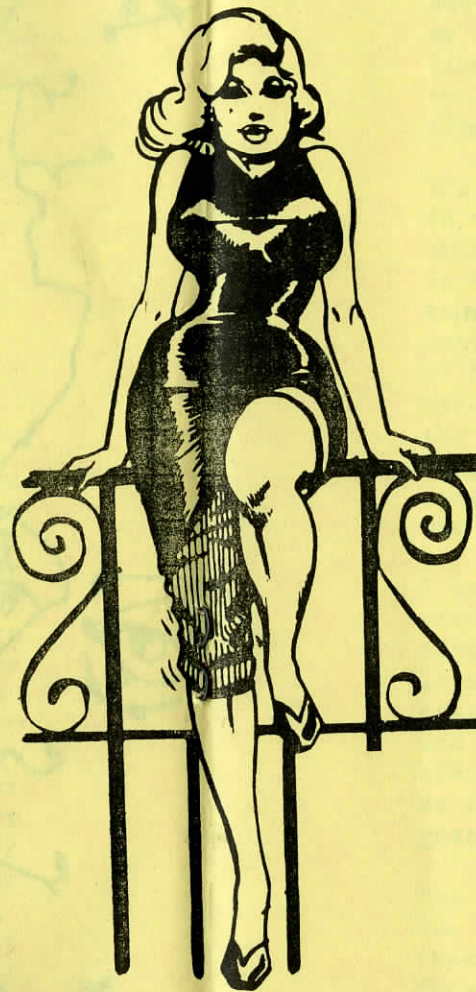
Unlike most other brothers and sisters, my coming out was prompted by police action after being taken to court, for "conduct likely to cause a breach of the peace (not "piece"). After this experience I retreated even further into my shell and was so disillusioned by the publicity I received I attempted one of the age old methods to finish it all. Happily I am glad to say I failed, otherwise I would not have found the happiness I now have.

After a few months of living as a hermit I contacted the Samaritans and after a few meetings with them I was able to talk about myself, my aims, and ambitions and finally reached a complete understanding with myself.

Once I had admitted my true inner self to others I felt great relief (this I take to be one of the main aims of GLF), and thereupon decided to be myself all the time and live life as it suited me and not the way I had been committed to live since coming out of the womb.

Prior to this, my marriage (to a woman), had broken up and my wife was seeking a divorce together with the custody of the children because of my attitude to life, namely brought about because of my jealousy of her femininity and her ability to become pregnant and know true happiness within the straight society.

Once I had decided to come out I did so. The last time I wore male clothing was the day after I had made my decision when I was so apprehensive, that I had to go to the local paper shop to buy cigarettes at 6.30 in the morning (ugh! what a time to go out). Since then I only wear female clothing and now I wonder how I ever wore such constricting clothing as trousers and male clothing in general, as there is not so much scope within that framework to express your individuality fully.



Since coming out I have been ostracized completely by my former friends and neighbours, I have been harrassed on many occasions by the police but now they have spoken to me on a number of occasions and they seem to realise that if we are to get along together their attitude must change as I most certainly will never return to their ideas of a straight society.

I live in a small town (200,000), just north of Birmingham, and consequently I am known to a great many people who knew me "before." I imagine, by the way they laugh, sneer, and jeer at me that they are embarrassed by me, but I have not yet found out if this is because they will not admit their own inhibitions to themselves.

Since joining GLF and getting one of their badges, I feel happier again as I realise the numbers of gay people in GLF and outside it (unhappily at the moment), understand and accept me as a person, and not a pair of trousers or a dummy in a shop window wearing whatever clothes society in general dictates that I should be attired in at any given moment. Wearing the GLF badge is like a shield to me and it feels as if it is protecting me, although now that I have accepted and revel in my femininity, I now have to be liberated again as in many ways I have accepted the sufference of women and lack of liberty afforded to them by the male-orientated society. For instance, I feel wrong in smoking in the street or going into a pub on my own, but I don't suppose I can hope for complete miracles to happen in such a short time, and will have to work hard at my accepted role in life.

Julia

**YOU
YOU SHOW ME YOUR Way
I'll SHOW you mine.
Together we can Never go
Wrong.**

ROGER

Hours continuing long, sore and heavy hearted,
Hours of the dusk, when I withdraw to a lonesome and unfrequented
spot, seating myself, leaning my face in my hands;
Hours sleepless, deep in the night, when I go forth, speeding
swiftly the country roads, or through the city streets, or
pacing miles and miles, stifling plaintive cries;
Hours discouraged, distracted—for the one I cannot content myself
without, soon I saw him content himself without me;
Hours when I am forgotten, (O weeks and months are passing, but I
believe I am never to forget!)

Sullen and suffering hours! (I am ashamed—but it is useless—I am
what I am;)

Hours of my torment—I wonder if other men ever have the like, out
of the like feelings?

Is there even one other like me—distracted—his friend, his lover
lost to him?

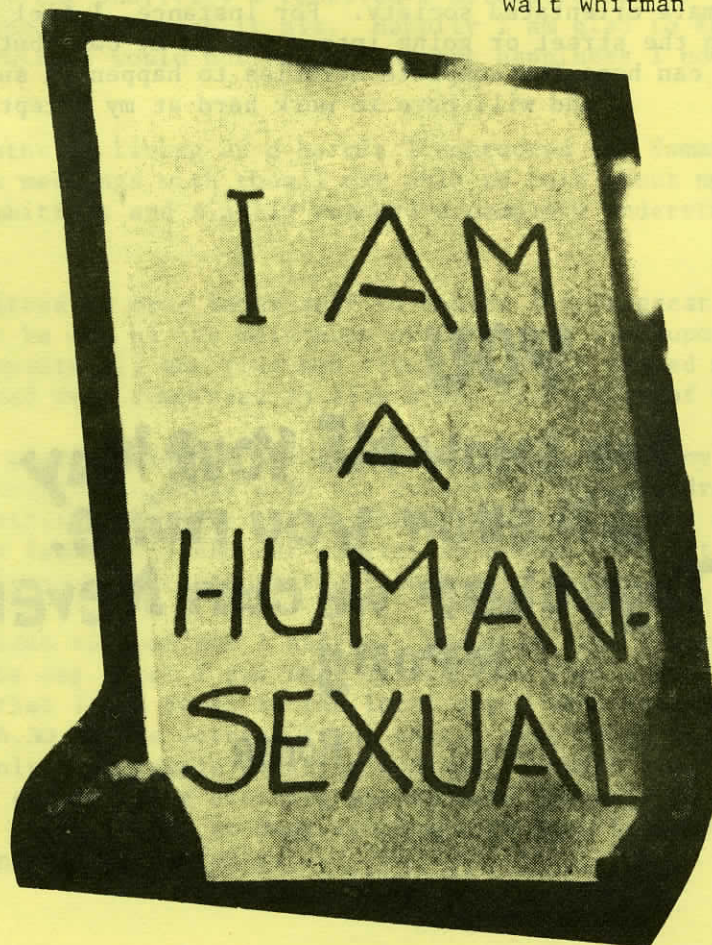
Is he too as I am now? Does he still rise in the morning, dejected,
thinking who is lost to him? and at night, awaking, think who
is lost?

Does he too harbour his friendship silent and endless? harbour his
anguish and passion?

Does some stray reminder, or the casual mention of a name, bring the
fit back upon him, taciturn and deprest?

Does he see himself reflected in me? In these hours, does he see
the face of his hours reflected?

Walt Whitman



I have just been to my first London GLF meeting. After rejecting the American Front as fairly misdirected and powerless, I had hoped to find my English brothers and sisters seriously involved in pursuing our liberation. I've come away with the realisation that before we can hope to liberate the straights, we must surmount the immense task of liberating each other as homosexuals.

The first step is coming to terms with our homosexuality. This process is slow and personal, and if it is to be meaningful and true, painful. An enormous obstacle to this is the established code of straight society; it is a rare family or school situation that would freely discuss or encourage an adolescent's homosexuality; and with no channels of communication open to him, a child is forced to relate to only what he SEES as a "homosexual image." This is where WE have an urgent responsibility to other gays, particularly those just coming out. It has not been only the straight society that has perpetuated the stereotypes we face: the limp-wristed, swishy queens; the general feeling of "abnormality" surrounding our lives. We have let these auras grow through isolationism and our very behaviour.

I move largely in a heterosexual world; probably 90% of my friends are straight; most of them had never had a close relationship with a gay before knowing me; and it has been a truly liberating trip for all of us. It's important that we cease isolating ourselves from straights. We must cultivate honest friendships with our straight brothers and sisters and present ourselves exposed, as the vulnerable people we are, leaving behind us the mighty defenses most gays protect themselves with. For, as long as we continue setting ourselves apart, we cannot expect integration or understanding.

But what is the image we SHOULD project? For this we must look within our ranks and examine our behaviour as a sub-culture. Too often I hear these "humorous" epithets: "Isn't she a bitch!", "Would you look at HER!" This habit of gay guys referring to each other in the feminine gender is embarrassing, self-degrading, and IN REALITY without basis. I cringe when I hear it. I'm a man; by virtue of my cock and my balls and my CONSCIOUSNESS. My sexual and emotional needs are filled by other men, and I feel gratification in my heart and with my cock. I don't want to be a woman; I have no reason to imagine a more satisfying life as a woman. I take offense at being called "she." One of the many revelations to my straight friends was that I AM a man, trapped in the same loveless world as other men, wanting much the same as all men. I function as a human being; while my homosexuality permeates my existence, it cannot make me more or less a man. Only AFFECTATIONS can mark me as "different", and at that level I must choose affectations that I find POSITIVE for my image and the growth of liberated homosexuality.

The ultimate goal of GLF should be the emergence of the homosexual as nothing more or less than a human being. I love with the same tenderness and frailty as my straight brothers do; and I long for the freedom to develop my relationships as straights do, with the fragile, exciting romance of courtship. Most gays, however, make it after fifteen minutes of cruising, often never meeting again. One needn't cultivate intimate friendships or romances with every bed partner, but the overall tone of most cruising is bleak and lonely, and a frightening, guilt-ridden experience for newcomers. Casual sex can be a marvelous and liberating experience, but when it's the core of an existence, that existence becomes sadly shallow.

I love you, brothers and sisters, because I AM you and you are me. We're all innocents, laden with naivete, burdened with defenses and mistaken directions. We have to help each other; learn to communicate anew; we must break free of the caricature world we've locked ourselves into.

We need counselling for ourselves and for kids coming out. We need organisation and motive and goal. We have to educate and liberate OURSELVES before we can become an effective revolutionary Front. We must reach inside ourselves and out to each other and find our basic securities and happinesses. We cannot finalise our thinking with the statement "I am what I am"; we have to accept that being a homosexual involves many problems and crises which must be faced with and dealt with. I've been involved with psychiatry and counselling for many years, and I tend to reject most established modes of therapy for homosexuals. But if we look amongst ourselves for those of us who have been somewhat fortunate in resolving our lives, and work together for our happiness as individuals and as a group, THEN we have a viable means of becoming a powerful community.

This MUST become a reality. Anyone interested in helping build this reality, please contact me. I want to meet with people who have suggestions, problems, solutions, ENERGIES. I can be found at the Notting Hill GLF meetings each week.

Gay is good when life is good. We can build good lives together. All we need is love.

Anatol Orient



Flowering, glowering,
Overpowering,
his penis rises.
Mine is cowering,
waiting for a kind word,
a kiss, a caress,
to tell it, "I LOVE YOU."
But no such word is near
for me to hear.

I kneel,
and working speedily,
Lovingly, heedingly,
drive him to ecstasy,
More, and Beyond.
But still no word,
no tender word escapes
his parted lips. A
gasp, a moan, a
shudder, a groan.

What pleasure here for me?
True, the wonder of his
Beauty fills my eyes,
my nostrils, my lips.
BUT I AM TIRED OF KNEELING,
Serving, Yielding.
A maid I'll be no more,
but proud and free,
will make those lusty angels
bow to me.

He has come--and gone.
Alone again, I cry:
"For him to steal my love,
my pride, to crush this
Flower which is my very life,
and give me nothing in return,
save his sperm,
showering from out of his
Black Prick, is not to be
endured. O my LORD,
O gardener of life,
Help me to dignify myself,
to make me master,
Mistress of my body.
I long to soar--not to
crawl. Give me your blessing,
and I will rise up to
Kill, Murder and Exterminate
my humility, my
shivering puniness.

TO JEAN GENET WITH LOVE



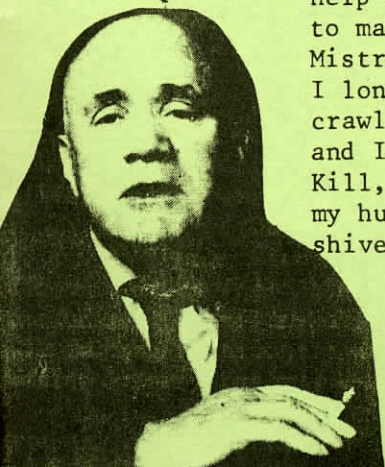
"As for being homosexual,
I can't tell you why I am.
Does anyone know why
one is a homosexual?
Homosexuality was,
so to speak, thrust
upon me, like the
colour of my eyes,
the number of
my feet."

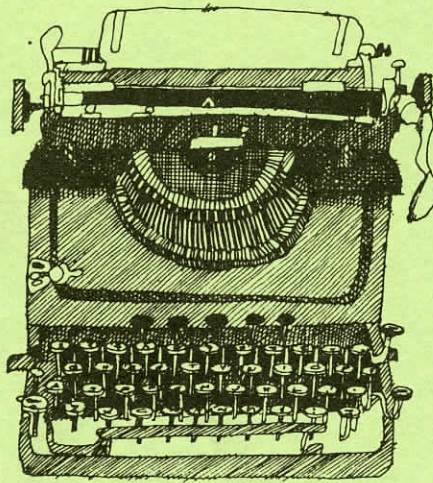


I'm going to LIVE, to
stamp and spit on that maid
offering me poison and shame.
Up, Up I'll go,
carried by the devil,
ALIVE at last--that maid
a tired thing of the past.

But I will love MY maids,
Love them as much as I
was not loved, when I was
one of them--give MY love,
and take theirs in return--
"LIVE AND LOVE, LOOK AND LEARN."

Up now, up on my
feet, and out to face
those maids, in the street.





22 May 1972

Dear Come Together,

I was very interested in the two articles on sexual attraction, but I can't help feeling that both articles failed to discuss one vital aspect of sexual attraction—the notion of conformist beauty. Quite apart from the question of how far should physical beauty influence ones relationship with other people, surely there is the question of what is beauty anyway.

For a start, both articles are too analytical insofar as they separate physical beauty from character beauty or mental beauty or whatever. If the basis of our philosophy is to treat people as human beings FIRST, then surely we should treat them as a WHOLE, not a series of categories.

Secondly, we tend to have a very narrow view of what is sexually attractive and what is not—a view reinforced by advertising in particular. If someone has the 'misfortune' not to look like Terence Stamp or David Cassidy or Elizabeth Taylor or something, then one is automatically at a disadvantage through no fault of ones own. Advertising companies of course exploit that particular situation as well, telling one if you use x product in large enough quantities, you really WILL look like Elizabeth Taylor, Terence Stamp or David Cassidy (no doubt with some products you probably could look like all three at once). We've got to get rid of this hang-up first before we can start taking a liberated view of other people.

Finally, as the second article too rightly points out, even supposing we did get rid of sexual attraction, it would simply be replaced by another criteria such as 'intelligence', which we would judge people by equally destructively. If you will forgive me sounding like an archetypal British liberal, surely a certain moderation of emphasis on each of the various characteristics of a human being would be better, taken as a whole rather than in separate bits.

I'm afraid this is all getting too complicated for me,

Much love,

Frankie Honoré

LATEST
RIP-OFF
CLUB
FOR
GAYS

We found it in the cellar of a strip joint in D'arblay Street. Two officious characters met us at the door demanding 75p. They wouldn't accept we had been invited by the manager himself and the manager uh, well, he seemed to forget on the spot. Inside we found out why: he needed all the paying customers he could get.

I won't tell you the opening hours; I won't help anyone to this hole.



There was a fun drag show with a guy who didn't mind showing his biceps. He wasn't pretending to be a woman, he was just a man dressed up like a woman. The mixed, nice crowd like this.

Beautiful people
 You live in the same world as I do
 But somehow I never noticed you before today
 I'm ashamed to say.

Beautiful people
 We shared the same back door
 And it isn't right we never met before
 But then we may never meet again.

If I weren't afraid you'd laugh at me
 I would run and take hold of your hand
 I'd gather everyone together for a day
 And when we're gathered I'd pass buttons out that say:

"Beautiful People"
 Never have to be alone
 Cause there'll always be someone with the same button as you
 Include him in everything you do.

Beautiful people
 You ride the same subway as I do every morning
 Gotta let me tell you something
 We've got so much in common
 I go the same direction that you do
 But if you take care of me maybe I'll take care of you.

Beautiful people
 You look like friends of mine
 And its about time that someone said it here and now
 I make a vow, that sometime, somehow
 I'll have a meeting, invite everyone you know
 I'll pass out buttons for the ones who come to show.

Beautiful people
 Never ever have to be alone
 Cause there'll always be someone with the same button as you
 Include him in everything you do
 He may be sitting right next to you
 He may be a beautiful people too.

And if you take care of him
 Maybe he'll take care of you
 Cause all of the beautiful people do
 And you're all beautiful people too.

Melanie Safka



I AM A
 FLESBIAN
 AND
 I AM
 BEAUTIFUL



● Free Legal Advice Service: Thursday 6.30-8 pm at Blackfriars Settlement Work Centre, 56 Morley St, SE1.



for
ANY
gay
con-
cerns

ring 01 837 7174 (GLF, 5 Caledonian Road, London N 1)

we
can
also
probably
put
you
onto
any
other
concerns
too



● Gay Womens Liberation group meets Wed 7.30 at 57 Dean St, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.

● Gay Women's Liberation group, anyone interested in helping to form this group in South London ring 837 4502.

● Transvestite, Transexual, Drag Queen Liberation Group meetings every Tuesday at 7.30 in the small hall, All Saints Church, Powis Gardens, W11. All sexes welcome.

● Lesbians come together every Monday 7.30 pm full details: Pauline 203 1710.



GLF

● GLF Youth & Education Group meet Mondays. Ring: 837 7174.

● Gay Liberation Front local groups meet Thursdays at 7.30 pm. Contact: GLF, 5 Caledonian Rd, N1. 837 7174 for the address of your local group.

● GLF Day Group for shiftworkers. Meet Thurs aft. Ring 969 3173 for details.

● Camden GLF meet Thursdays at 7.30 in the Forrester's Hall, 5 Highgate Rd, NW5.

● Ealing GLF meet Tuesdays at 8 pm at 8 Courtfield Gardens, W13. Contact Bill 997 5898.

● Harrow GLF meet Mondays. Ring Alex 422 7890 or Peter 864 1953

● Kilburn GLF meet on Sundays at 7.00 sharp. Contact 450 7531.

● Notting Hill GLF meet on Wednesdays at the Hall, All Saints Church, Powis Gardens, W11. Tube Notting Hill/ Westbourne Park.

● South London GLF meet Thursdays at 8.00 at the Minet Library, Knatchbull Rd. Brixton, SW9. Contact 228 1236 or Trevor 675 3112.

● West London GLF meet Thursdays at 7.30 at the White Lion, Putney High St (Upstairs) Tube: Putney Bridge.

● GLF Youth & Education Group meet Mondays. Ring: 837 7174.

● GLF Group forming in Bedfordshire area. Contact Nic at Amphill 2270.

● East London GLF meets Thursdays. Details: 739 1704.

advert
on this page courtesy of



accidents
limited

● Women's Liberation Workshop: 22 Great Windmill St. W1. 437 6118.

**GAY
Sunshine**

AN OUTLET
OF GAY LIBERATION
\$5/2 issues
(\$10.00 SUPPORTING SUB.
\$25.00 SPONSORING SUB.)
FREE TO PRISONERS

name _____
address _____
city _____
box 40397 sf 94140

AGITPROP BOOKSHOP

248 Bethnal Green Road
London E 2
01 739 1704

books on racism, any kind
of oppression, ireland,
industry, education,
imperialism, non-exploitive
childrens books, etcetera.

a place to sit, read, rap,
write and rest over coffee

● Lesbians only, a new club, every Friday 8-11, Upstairs at the Father Redcap, 319 Camberwell Rd, SE5. Details: 703 3788.
● Gay Girls welcome at the Union Tavern, Camberwell, every Monday and Tuesday. Buses 185 or 36.

Issue 14 was put together
by the Youth & Education
Group. Thanks to all who
came together



what have all these people in common Richard II Alan Bates Plato Mae West
 Alexander the Great Director of London Transport Allen Ginzberg Sappho
 Kurt Vonnegut Lord Alfred Douglas Truman Capote Tennessee Williams Mick
 Jagger Colette Christopher Marlowe Shakespeare Art Garfunkel Dirk Bogarde
 Noel Coward (the Master) Florence Nightingale Marlene Dietrich Gore Vidal
 Queen Anne Elton John Peter Finch Jim Anderson John Lennon Minnie the Minx
 Proust Charles I Eleanor Bron Walt Whitman Simone de Beauvoir Edward Ferk
 Christopher Isherwood Sir Robert Mark George Melly & Son Tutankhamun John
 Gielgud Jean Cocteau Queen Mother (Gin Lil) James Fox Graham Chapman Marc
 Bolan Greta Garbo Francis Bacon Tony Armstrong Jones Socrates Paul Simon
 David Hockney Cliff Richard Dusty Springfield Cecil Beaton T.E. Lawrence
 Benjamin Britten Peter Pears Noddy Jean Genet Stephen Spender Mick Farren
 W.H. Auden James I Little Plum Gertrude Stein Alice B. Toklas Yves Saint
 Laurent Herbert Hoover Hames Baldwin Marcel Marceau Aaron Copland Donovan
 John Baldrey Kenneth Williams Rod Stewart David Bailey Andy Warhol Zeus
 Steve McQueen Murray Head Tony Cliff Charles Hartrey Tariq Ali Nathaniel
 Hawthorn Madeline Bell Keith Richards Lulu David Bowie Beryl the Peril F.
 A. Krupp George Gershwin William Burroughs David Garrick Cardinal Francis
 Spellman Igor Stravinsky Kaiser Wilhelm II of Germany The Duke of Windsor
 Desperate Dan Johannes Winklemann Samson Alfred Lord Tennyson Saint-Suber
 August Rodin Mighty Mouse Eric Satie King Saul Archibald MacLeish Joseph
 Losey Burt Lahr Roddy McDowell August Strindberg Paul Verlaine Virgil Tab
 Hunter Maurice Ravel Ned Rorem Samson Pope Sixtus IV Tarquino Tasso James
 Purdy Paul McCartney Langston Huges Henry III of France Edward Fitzgerald
 Hermann Goering Sergie Eisenstein Donatello Christian Dior Pope Julius II
 Frederick Rolfe Rock Hudson Leonardo da Vinci Vacques Louis David Leonard
 Bernstein Al Carmines Michelangelo Robert Graves Dinoysus Hercules Michel
 de Montaigne Montgomery Clift Benvenuto Cellino Lord Byron Robert Taylor
 Charles Swinburne Peter Illich Tchaikovsky Prince Eugene of Savoy Mickey
 Rooney Steve Reeves Prince Jonathan Edward Gibbon Tony Curtis The Rolling
 Stones Arthur Rimbaud Gaius Julius Caesar Richard Chamberlain Gary Cooper
 Heinrich von Kleist Herman Melville Sergei Diaghilev Horst Buchholz Fred
 Astaire George Balanchine Robert Helpmann Alain Delon Hadrian El Cordobes
 Jack Benny Johannes Brahms William Somerset Maugham Pope Paul II Yehudi
 Menuhin Samuel Barber Gian-Carlo Menotti Cole Porter Nero Constantine P.
 Cafavy Sir James Barrie Achilles Edward Albee George Frederic Handel Joel
 Gray Andre Gide Erte Abbey de Choisy Franco Corelli A. Beardsley Oscar W.