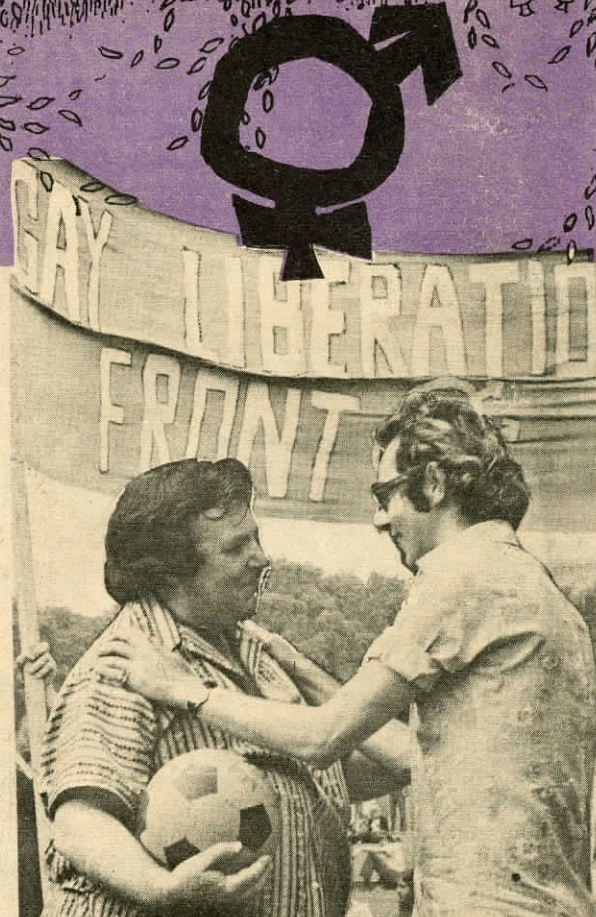


# NO9 COME TOGETHER 5P

## GAY DAYS and GLF

## PORNOGRAPHY and the FESTIVAL OF <sup>BLINDING?</sup> LIGHT



One Sunday afternoon, opposite the plastic consumer-crazy ready made "pleasure" of Battersea Funfair, Gay Liberation Front created its own fun. All it needs is a patch of grass, a sunny day and a group of people who are happy and who know they have a right to be happy.

The day before, a disc jockey on a programme I won't do the honour of naming announced the Gay Day by saying "another sad gay day, because these people are very sad people." If you feel put down by that description of yourself, you'll understand why we have Gay Days: they are a demonstration of exuberance and joy.

Where there is any truth in the "sad gays" sick-joke, lies in the fact that society disapproves of homosexuality, condemns it and so creates shame and guilt in gay women and men. One of the aims of GLF is to give its members GAY PRIDE. The slogan is "Gay is Good". The way to gain gay pride is to come out publicly, to say: *Yes I'm gay and I'm glad I am.* The Gay day is a gorgeous, extravagant form of this public statement.

We come-together, we share out what food we have, we play games which "adults" are supposed to have put aside along with their school uniforms: oranges and lemons, throw the ball and kiss who catches it, piggy-back rides, mazes. By these games we question ideas of adulthood, maturity, the way responsibility is supposed to be the same as seriousness and the way spontaneous feelings are supposed to be repressed. We kiss and talk and hold hands and embrace-- women with women, men with men, men with women. Thus we question the attitude which divides up sexuality into separate compartments labeled "sex", "love", "fancying", "friendship".

Guilt and shame are the oppressors within us, but you can't overcome them on your own, in isolation. Maybe you can't even recognise them, it's very easy to put off telling friends, family and people at work with the excuse "Why should I tell them about my sex life, it's not necessary." But it is. In the face of public hostility, privacy becomes secrecy, and secrecy implies (even

creates) shame; You can't get gay pride and then come out: the two happen together. And when they happen - wow, then you are happy.

Once shame is recognised and rooted out, the question arises: Why was it there in the first place, who put it there? The cause lies in a society which fears you because you don't fit into its sick norms of behaviour. This begins the next stage of awareness:

being gay means criticising society because it is fucked-up and oppressive, it means being so angry that you have to smash what puts us down. It means being no longer content with the safe hidey-holes society so kindly allows us so we won't bother it (out of sight out of mind): the pubs and clubs and cruising grounds and cottages, the closet parodies of married life, the terrifying loneliness and isolation.

To be ourselves, to express our sexuality fully, to be gay, we *must* upset the applecart. Gay is angry, gay is happy.

COME TOGETHER  
COME OUT  
LOVE YOUR SISTERS AND BROTHERS

Look at a copy of *Spartacus* or *Male International* - and see stereotyped images of lifeless males with big muscles and big cock.

Pictures of the people we are all supposed to want - and want to be. And it is only because we are not like them that the pictures serve to arouse: "This is the REAL man... tough, removed, unobtainable. Feel attracted by feeling inferior."

Alternatively, pictures of young boys, smiling, innocent, youthful. In this case the picture puts them down. It says, in fact, that a kid's youth and innocence have to do with someone else's cock. The boy is exploited, by being made a thing of use for another gay's desire. In the same way, *Playboy* portrays women as nothing other than bundles of tits and arse for men's desires.

If the term pornography means anything at all, it means just this: *making an object of a person, yourself or another.*

It is contained not only in the sleazy little bookshops in Charing Cross Road, where it is merely at its most obvious, but in every subtle bikini photograph in the *Daily Mirror* and the *Sunday Times*, every male and female fashion magazine. And it is contained in the underground papers where women become "chicks" to be "screwed". It is in every film where the woman/man images are backed up by making those images appear sensual.

GLF recognises what pornography is. We attack it. Gay people will fight pornography because it exploits us all.

And yet we are worlds apart from those who run the Festival of Light. Pornography to them represents the idea that sex can exist outside the narrow confines of the strait-jacket called marriage. And so they fear it. They are unable to distinguish between an open and liberating sexuality and the use of sexuality to exploit and oppress, since both forms threaten the very basis of their existence: the oppressive, exploitative, claustrophobic, deforming nuclear family.

And so they bleat about "the wave of pornography", but it is the Little Red Schoolbook which speaks honestly about sex and oppressive authority in general, that is prosecuted as a result of Mary Whitehouse and her campaign and not the sordid porn books that, for example, present lesbianism as a salacious challenge to prick-power.

These confused and frightened people can appeal only to superstition and prejudice, and can resort, in the end, only to the power and violence of church and state. And we present a fundamental threat to church and state because we understand that pornography and their own nasty version of sexuality have exactly the same basis.

When women and gay people have smashed the superiority of men, and when all people learn to love each other as equals, then, and only then, there will be no desire to see the sexual-other as a superior, nor as an object existing solely for their pleasure. Then, and only then, pornography will not exist.



## RUPERT... bared

A motley collection of old suits and ties, we met under the statue of an old queen at Westminster Bridge, around six in the evening. Everyone was strangely subdued, not kissing on greeting, speaking in low voices - everyone put off by the by the schoolday or working clothes. The Festival was changing us into what we had come to disrupt, "nice, normal, dull people". A stalwart priest with a gay twinkle in his eye arrived and began to hand out funny hats and noses - Tony. Everyone wondered if there were stewards or plain clothed police watching us. Groups of us went off to Central Hall to queue to get in. (We had tickets, but had to queue among thousands to be sure of getting the sort of seats we wanted, for our different purposes, inside the hall) A party of beautiful young nuns joined the queue and we weren't sure whether they were ours or theirs.

Inside the main hall the audience was welcomed

to the strains of a choir clad in red capes singing to the appropriate backdrop of a colossal organ. The people were our own mums and dads and younger brothers and sisters, thousands of them, with flowered hats and suits, clearly all on a day's outing, the atmosphere like church-going as a child. During the singing we had different reactions: some of us were lulled by the security and familiarity of this English scene, and others were already appalled by the paranoia they saw in it - the immense number of people, the Conservative Party Conference organisation of it all, the way the people were being talked down to and sung down to by those massed choirs and celebrities on the platform.

When the speakers started, we all quickly came together in feeling the horror of a return to the old cruelties. Things started as far as the official ceremony goes, with compere Nigel introducing Peter Hill - the married guy in his 20's who returned recently after four years in India and was "horrified by the moral pollution" he thinks he finds in Britain. Hill was responsible for getting the Festival of Light idea going. He'd asked God for three signs that God favoured the project and had been chatting intimately with God as though, in the words of one of our brother's, God had been

a neighbour, and they met over the backdoor fence. It was then that we noticed that some people in the audience were clapping longer and slower than anyone else, and being constantly talked to by the usher....

The counter-protest had begun, softly. Trevor Huddleston was next, lean and hungry to look at, pathetic to hear. There were those in his audience who are drawing dividends from companies in that South Africa from which Huddleston had himself been thrown out in the '50's for his anti-racist work. He spoke of Christ and moral beauty to an audience whose cultural conservative tradition, whether it is accurately to be called Christian or not, has fantasised for generations about women, gays, blacks, children and the poor - and put them all down cruelly in its legislation and with its institutions. Why couldn't Huddleston see this, when he'd hated the extreme form of this culture in South Africa? We did nothing to disrupt him. The handclapping only, again, went on longer than seemed quite polite, quite justified....

Next was Joan Carroll Gibbons, laying bare her soul: she'd had two marriages, two divorces, lived among the jetsetters and found Jesus at 51. The Youth Group took over from the handclappers - who'd been ejected with a GLF brother shouting "This is prostitution!" and other home truths - and shouted down from the balcony "We're homosexuals! What about us?" And Joan Carroll Gibbons said back "It's alright boys! I was like you 11 years ago" for which she received a tremendous ovation from the audience. Then a Dane who's against pornography stood up to say that all we've heard about sex crimes not increasing in Denmark despite liberalisation of anti-pornography laws is wrong, and that something will soon be published to prove it. NOW pandemonium broke loose....

Mice were released. Stink bombs were thrown. Bubbles were blown by a pretty girl in a girl-guide uniform. The Dane gave up, and for the first time the choir was wheeled in as a way of crushing protest: the red ranks rose and sang us to perdition. A banner went up proclaiming "Cliff for Queen". People were being hustled from the hall and the more vigorous members of the audience were attacking protestors. Our girl-guide blowing bubbles was punched in the back by a lady member of the audience, so she turned and threw some of the liquid over the woman, and then leant over the balcony to tip the rest of it onto the hats below. So far as we know, that was the only "violent" act.

cont'd on back...

## Holy rollers.

Since the Oz announcement earlier this year that this summer was going to be filled with revolution, the establishment and the right wing figureheads have begun to define their position more clearly than ever before. Witness Ulster, Oz, IT, Frendz, Little Red Schoolbook (all victims of legalised harassment) and the trillion and one casualties in between.

The Festival of Light considers itself as a major element in the right wing backlash against the so-called "permissive society". They preach the values of the repressive nuclear family, the sanctity of marriage, the guilt of sexuality, the superiority of the male, the ownership of children by parents, and all the rigid formulae of white anglo-saxon Christianity.

In order to mobilise the ordinary Christian, the organisers encouraged the belief that the Festival is simply a public declaration for Jesus, and this is what the ordinary participant in the Trafalgar Square rally and the march to Hyde Park on Saturday 25th September believe it to be. Only later, when emotions have been whipped up in the rallies, bookburning, bonfires and services can they start to reveal what they are really in to - a puritanical campaign spearheading a right wing backlash against our way of life - through the usual fascist method of playing on ignorance and fear.

So the public appearance of these laced up Juggernauts at an Inaugural Meeting at Central Hall on 9th September was too much of a mind-watering opportunity for us to miss. RIGHT ON

### GAY DAYS

**HYDE PARK**

Speaker's  
Corner 3.00pm  
Sat 25 Sept

**FESTIVAL of LIFE !!**

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**BRIGHTON**

Sat 9 Oct  
Labour Party  
Conference



# 2 NO PARKING in Half Moon Street

The arrest was a shock, the first court appearance intimidating, the second traumatic, the third and fourth farcical. To someone who had never appeared in dock before, living for thirty years with the belief that 'British Justice is the best in the World', the whole process is devastating. Especially when the pigs are lying, it becomes an absolute nightmare. Your mind becomes so fucked you almost believe the things which they are accusing you of might in fact be true.

Two pigs, on the basis of very flimsy, fabricated, fifties-type evidence, conspired to, and succeeded in, convicting me for 'persistently importuning for an immoral purpose'. I still don't understand the actual charge. The men whom I was supposed to have importuned never materialised to substantiate the charges. In fact the so-called men never existed except in the trumped-up note book of a charge-happy pig. Even more confusing is the fact that homosexuality is purported to be no longer illegal - what was the immoral purpose?

In spite of the worthless 1967 Homosexual reform bill, this charge is still constantly enforced by the pigs, and is one of the many pointers to the bill's non-effectiveness. If it had not been so serious to me personally, I would have found the first appearance in court historically funny. I was charged on the combined evidence of two pigs, one who has since allegedly left the country.

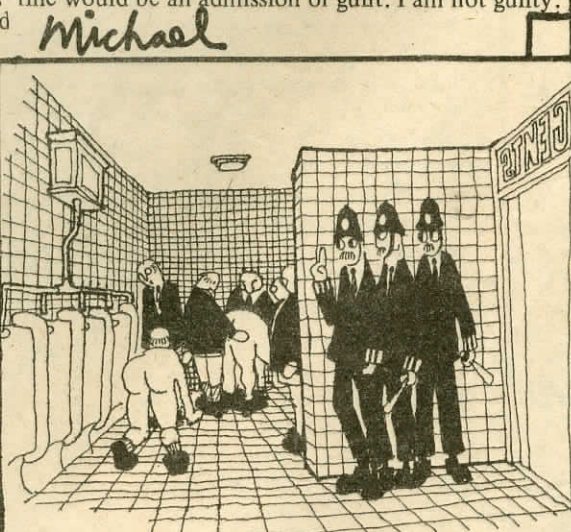
Now this in fact created an ominous precedent, as now the word of only one pig can secure a verdict of guilty. (So think brother: you too can be convicted on the word of just one policeman). My defence council held me up as an example of obvious homosexuality which was really the issue on which I was tried. He opened my defence by declaring 'My client is an obvious queer and I make no apology for the use of that word, gentlemen,' thus disproving another myth 'a man is innocent until proved guilty'. This outburst was occasioned by my refusal to remove my ear-rings at his request. They are small gold balls, which I wear constantly, and to have removed them would have been dishonest to myself. My ear-rings were not on trial, and if they were to be the crux of the matter, rather than proving the pig to be a lying bastard, then fuck them I thought. It became patently obvious that they had no interest in establishing my innocence, only to apprehend and convict a homosexual and an obvious victim to oppress and persecute. The prosecuting council was an actor of the old school; he threw himself into the role with almost religious fervour, eyes flashing and voice booming, glib innuendoes oozed from his tongue like puss from a boil.

By comparison my defence was pathetic; his voice rarely rose above a mumble, and he constantly gave the impression of apologising for his being there on my behalf. Can you wonder the jury found me guilty? Even so, the jury was out for three hours without reaching a verdict, and had to retire for the second time before reaching a majority verdict.

If I had had a capable defence, I am convinced I would have been proven innocent and the case thrown out of court. There were several contradictions in the evidence the pig gave, but even he added a little humour to the proceedings as he was required to caress his 'private parts' four times in a presumed imitation of one of my supposed actions. Each time his embarrassment was more obvious and the grins in court grew wider. Even so my

ineffectual barrister was unable to rise above his own prejudices and battled for the truth behind a web of lies.

The judge was an absolute gas. He looked as if he'd stepped from the pages of 'Alice in Wonderland', and he would have been the doziest doormouse ever. I had to lean halfway out of the dock to hear what he was saying during his summing up. The quote of the day was 'I am sympathetic to people of your feelings but I feel that homosexuals are a nuisance - like parked cars'. He also said that he had defended many homosexuals when he was a young barrister (God help them) but he was worried that I was likely to meet young men in the street who, if they had not decided which way their inclinations lay, I was likely to deprave and corrupt. Therefore, to protect these innocents he was going to fine me £10 with a month to pay, or 14 days imprisonment. I am not going to pay the fine. I am awaiting a visit from them now. The whole thing was stacked against me from beginning to end, and paying the fine would be an admission of guilt. I am not guilty.



**WE ARE THE PEOPLE**  
OUR PARENTS  
WARNED US AGAINST

Every homosexual knows that he or she is an Outsider in society. To be a gay person is to be an anarchist without a philosophy. Society has placed us at the very bottom of its structure. We have to fight daily for our place in the sun.

In so doing we face an inescapable contradiction: on the one hand society rejects us as inferior soiled goods, whilst demanding our allegiance and participation. After thousands of years of abuse, deprivation and insults; with a history of torture, imprisonment and murder, homosexuals have still been willing to attempt to ingratiate themselves with those who have oppressed them for so long.

Whether we live in Capitalist countries like Britain and America, or in so-called Socialist states like Russia, which purports to be classless (and denies our existence) our masters demand that we conform to their rigid sexual code of behavior. We are expected to deny our true sexuality and to contradict nature.

Both societies operate repressive laws against homosexuals, based on a rigid, puritanical "morality" which regards all sex with fear and loathing, unless it is for reproduction (another contradiction, when the biggest threat to humanity is the population explosion).

Occasionally, in so-called democratic countries, as in Britain, during periods of "liberal" government, mild reforms have been passed, to relieve the consciences of a clique of liberal intellectuals, and to pro-

tect a handful of influential, upper crust gay socialites.

Naturally, these moralising hypocrites manage to have their cake and eat it by hedging around these reforms with "amendments" and "exemptions" to demonstrate their disapproval of gay people, and their own superior moral righteousness.

These are the men who tell us not to ask for "too much too soon." How long, O Lord, How Long!

We know only too well how these additions and subtractions to the laws can be kept in cold storage for use whenever they wish to put us down! Already our zealous policemen are clumping around the lavatories and parks pushing up their scores.

Meanwhile, those worthy liberal gentlemen, having sold us out, have passed on, feather-in-cap in search of other "worthy causes" to meddle in, other minorities to sell out.

## Hide and Seek

Still, it keeps us off the streets doesn't it, Brothers?

After all, there are always the "Gay" pubs aren't there? That's if you like being intimidated by a bunch of cynical, prosperous landlords, who are happy to rip-off our cash for the dubious privilege of being permitted to gather in their Ghetto bars.

Here they "tolerate" us, over-charging, keeping us "in line", whilst they sneer. They are ready to threaten us with the police, for even the mildest demonstrations of affection between us.

They treat us with contempt for our sheep-like attitude, when having filled their tills, they herd us onto the streets to be met by marauding bands of pigs, strutting and bawling at us to scatter.

How much longer are we going to take this kind of shit?

Surely we are free men with the intelligence, the knowledge, the ability, the choice, the pride and the strength, to FIGHT BACK!

Secretly, these "men" fear and envy us. They know we have a personal private freedom which they dare not enjoy! They are sexually repressed, they are terrified to publicly demonstrate affection, even to their own wives and

## Pay up! Pay up! And Play the Games!

The current purges against Gay people, now spreading daily, are not accidental. They are a matter of deliberate policy.

"Plain-clothes" pigs are working overtime, loitering with intent in public places to entrap Gay men and work out their blind prejudices on us. The cottages and other cruising-grounds are crawling with these carefully disguised sex-perverts, who get their kicks from intimidating, threatening, and trying to terrorise an oppressed minority-group.

To visit the courts around London is to see the evidence of an increase in the number of nightly arrests; to see that fines have been bumped up from ten pounds to twenty five pounds; to hear the automatic pleas of "guilty"; to become aware that many people are unaware of their basic Civil Rights and are pleading guilty to "offences" they have not even committed, to avoid the "humiliation" of publicity and exposure.

This is the nightmare for those of us Gay men who are afraid to "Come Out". And so this paranoia soon can breed fear of each other. Is this a Gay brother I see before me, or is it a police agent-provocateur, or a "queer basher", or is it just an off-duty Pig indulging his sickness, or cashing in on the current lucrative Police pastime of Black-mail, backed up by legal sanctions?

girl-friends, let alone their fellow men!

To bolster up their own insecure sexual fears and fantasies, they nudge and wink at each other, joining together to use gay people as the scapegoats, to ease their own miserable repressive existence.

## STICKS AND STONES

**Guilt and humiliation ; fear and repression; self-loathing and deceit; mistrust and misery; complete distortion of the human personality; these will be ours too, so long as we try to fit into their (straight society's) oppressive pigeon hole.**

We know what society thinks of us.

They call us "queers".

Yes, even the so-called liberals.

A race relations bill was enacted to protect black, Jewish, and other racial minorities from the kinds of discrimination which we, as gay women and men, experience daily. That bill, we know especially those of us who are black, was and is, a paper tiger, but at least no one dares to publicly speak or write of "niggers" or "yids".

We know where we stand, do we not, sisters and brothers?

We are enemies of society. RIGHT ON!

It is after all a sick, corrupt, rotten, callous, selfish and cruel society. We want no part of it's hard, power crazed, money mad, destructive structure. We stand outside society and its "man"-made paper laws.

## COME OUT! COME TOGETHER!

We in GLF are fighting back against our oppressors. We have had enough of their shit. We will resist and we will not be patronised any longer by liberal busybodies and prating dogooders using gays for their own queer advancement.

We are doing it ourselves.

Gay Liberation Front is a coming together of all gay people, girls and boys, men and women, of all ages and all walks of life, to learn from each other, to love each other, to draw strength from each other, to turn each other on to our best instincts, to understand, share and learn how to fight the disgusting oppressions wrought by this insane system.

If you are a gay woman or man come out! Abandon shame, bury guilt and take a pride in being gay!

We wear a badge stating unequivocally that we ARE gay, and proud of it. This is to turn away not hostility, for we still get that, but the knowing glances, the whispers, nods and winks. WE INTEND TO BE NOTICED! WE WILL 'FLAUNT' OURSELVES!

We are not concerned with presenting an "image". We have our own life style and we're going to live it.

We're proud and we're angry.

Gay people in GLF are building their own world; an alternative society, a gay society.

If you are gay, you belong with us.

You may question our critique of society but let your criticism spring from involvement. To remain on the sideline is not to be neutral, it is to collaborate with your own oppressors. Not to take sides, not to act, not stand up and be counted with your sisters and brothers is to masturbate and to condone your own subjection and slavery. He who would be free must first free himself. SEIZE THE TIME!

There are only two kinds of people, the innocent and the guilty.

Jean-Paul Sartre

Are you part of the solution or part of the problem?

MICK

IF THE BACKLASH REALLY GETS GOING, IF the coalition represented by Longford, Whitehouse, Muggeridge and Cliff Maud Richard begins to mobilise a mass hysteria, which allows the pigs and then the courts to really get it on, THEN,

- as the law now stands,
- An adult male can get life imprisonment for fucking with a boy under 16.
- An adult male can get 10 years for fucking with a man between 16 and 21 without "consent".
- An adult male can get 5 years for ANY homosexual act with a consenting man between 16 and 21
- Two consenting men, under 21, can be imprisoned for 2 years
- Anyone introducing two gay men can get 2 years for procuring
- Every man who approaches another man can be imprisoned for soliciting or importuning

THE 1967 ACT PERMITTED HOMOSEXUAL ACTS, IN PRIVATE, BETWEEN NOT MORE THAN TWO MALES OVER 21, BOTH CONSENTING.

It's tiny, false "concessions" do not apply to Scotland or Northern Ireland

The "concessions" do not apply to the armed forces, nor to the Merchant Navy

The act allows any person seeking another for a sexual relationship by advertisement to be prosecuted

The act deliberately left the courts to interpret "private" and "consent"

Anyone "mentally ill" or "subnormal" cannot consent. The courts decide what is "ill". Most shrinks see all gay people as sick.

How long will it be before all gay people are judged to be mentally incapable of consent?

How long before we're all brainwashed?

What is "private"? Any place to which the public have access can be defined as not in private. And that could mean ALL the bars and clubs.

## LESBIANS ARE OUTSIDE THE LAW.

Because men, who make the laws, know of course that women have no sexuality, would never seek sexual relations for pleasure. If they seek sex, it must be for money - hence only prostitution is an offence

OVER THE LAST FOUR YEARS, since the 1967 Act, the total prosecutions have been as high as for the two years before the act. And THAT was the liberal period.

IF the backlash gets going, then life in the bars, clubs, cottages and cruising grounds will not survive.

So, Come Together  
Together we can fight, defend our right to exist, and make our existence good.



# WHY FEAR?

Why is it that I, you, we...they fear GLF? Why do we fear or have feared coming out of the prisons we have felt it necessary to build for our survival and to assert, without an apology, our integrity as gay people? Further, why do some gay people feel that GLF is threatening an uneasy truce which they have made with society or, rather, which society seems to have made with them? Why do they scorn self-assertion for an apology, radicalism for respectability? These and similar questions are prompted not only by the hostility with which some gay sisters and brothers approach GLF but by the misgivings they have about any movement for sexual liberation. 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 brothers and sisters lest it be thought we are one of them. And above all it seems that we fear being a part of any movement which openly works to destroy myths concerning homosexuality and to realise a 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.

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 forego our comparative safety and to re-think 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 provide 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.

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 conditioning of gay people in our society. To engage in public debate and action is to expose oneself, 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 are 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 have claimed 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 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 an integrity in spite of his or her homosexuality but integrity because being gay is one of the legitimate things that people do. The discovery or re-discovery of our identity cannot be contained within the evasions and masked balls 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.

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 its 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 re-think, to plan and to fight.

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 apolitical yet here I was wondering whether my sexual life could be separated 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 (in being "queers") rather than on the intrinsic merits of what we have 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 man and woman. 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 to date 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 that they have used, then so be it.

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 phoney 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 traditional 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 of our sisters and brothers can and should be changed by the public assertion of the integrity of the gay person's life.

At present what we have is a phoney freedom. It does not work. It merely makes us free to do our 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 we fear to achieve our own liberation?

RAMSAY



## TIME FOR A NEW SCENE

Eyes move fast in this "gay" pub. No where in London do eyes shift with such rapidity and guile. The place is a cavern of glancing, prancing, gloating, wandering, longing, dismissing, meandering, lingering, brooding male eyes. From the far end of the room echo the strains of *I Feel Pretty* from the grand piano played as it always has been and doubtless always will be, by the plump oriental looking lady with swept back hair. Plied with double scotches by her admirer, who sits in the shadows egging her on, she delivers her Palm Court repertoire dully, ploddingly, missing more notes as the evening progresses. In vast, bizarre contrast, at the entrance end of the room the leather set have an equally well established pitch. Black leather jackets, jeans, boots, chains and studs mingle beneath the sedate Victoriana of dark varnished panelling, pots and pans, dated chandeliers and faded blow-up photographs of London streets in 1901. If attention is concentrated on the floor for a moment (which it rarely is) one or two cats can be seen to lurk and slope, disappear and reappear mysteriously - adding, I think, to the general twilight aura of the place. It would seem that the clientele remains almost the same year after year and they enjoy, quite genuinely, the prospect of coming face to face with people they slept with in 1969 or last week, yet ignoring them altogether - or possibly giving them a quick, sharp, curt nod accompanied by the slightest, briefest smile which is all that is needed to say "okay buster, I've had you already. I'm making another kill, so don't interrupt..." The modus operandi, of course, is to "make it". Obviously

nobody goes in there just to be grossly overcharged for sampling the insipid liquid which passes for beer these days. The plan of attack is as old as the hills: enter, go to the bar, trying to appear aloof (usually unsuccessfully), glance round, order drink, glance round again, find target, sip drink, edge casually towards target, stand, glance, wait for reaction, if none decide whether to persist or move on...This is the game which is played, waltz-time, to the accompaniment of Strauss and Rodgers and Hammerstein from the corner...And outside, around eleven-thirty, leaning nonchalantly against the wall is the man who never made it. This is the game which constitutes the straight "gay" scene.

Now the point is are we satisfied with this? Is it not time that GLF attempted to establish a healthy alternative? Is it not time that there was some place that gay people could stop playing games with each other, and begin to really relate to each other as human beings?

Is it not time that there was a place where gay people could meet and enjoy each other's company without the feeling that even to nod politely to someone might be interpreted as a sexual proposition? Is it not time that there was some place where gay people could meet without the overhanging obligation to buy alcohol? Is "cruising" and hanging around lavatories all the communication that gay people can offer each other? If it is, then it's no fucking wonder that straights don't accept gays! It's no wonder we're oppressed! In fact the "gay scene" is enough to turn even the gayest gay straight!

We must put our heads together and make some attempt to pull out of this tiresome rut which has been carved by years of society's alienation and prejudice.

MARTIN



Trafalgar Square  
August 28th



# LIBERAL SEX EDUCATION— MORE SUBTLE OPPRESSION

How is sex taught in schools? How COULD it be taught? Isn't there something rather odd about the whole idea?

Sexuality is a terrifically powerful force, one which needs to be controlled for "the good of society". The easiest way to do this is to hive it off from the rest of life and confine it in a secure little niche of its own. School sex education is an extra means of doing this: treat sexuality like other school subjects, that is, separate it from everything else, confine it in the classroom and sterilise it for academic dissection. Make sex as boring and as remote from life as mathematics or geography and maybe the kids won't have this "unhealthy obsession" with sex we read about so much.

Quite apart from the cruel and selfish hypocrisy of teaching children about sex but coming down heavy on them if they dare put any of their knowledge into practice, this process of isolation kills off the very nature of sexuality, which is its comprehensiveness. Sexuality is like a substructure which affects everything and is affected by everything; to compartmentalise it would be to produce an obscene parody—certain physical activities with a few feelings thrown in to make it more "human". In this society at the moment it is such a parody that passes as the true currency. And the sex education given in schools is bound to reflect and reinforce the sexual attitudes of the society in which schools work. In other words, sex confined within marriage, sex for the purpose of creating children, and, to hold that family together, gender-roles which condition women and men to think feel and behave differently so that they can perform their different social functions properly (butch male goes off to work to prove his manhood, while submissive female stays at home to look after the children and give pleasure to her husband). So there isn't much chance of our getting a fair treatment for homosexuality—which is a threat to all this—in schools. At best we can hope for a tolerance of us as a minority deviant group, if you can call THAT tolerance.

An alternative way of getting our ideas across to children, besides writing and distributing our own sex education material, is to work with groups of school-children who are themselves beginning to challenge the stupid reactionary ideology of the classroom. The conference in Birmingham on sex education, to be held by the Schools Action Union on October 24, is one very good starting point here.

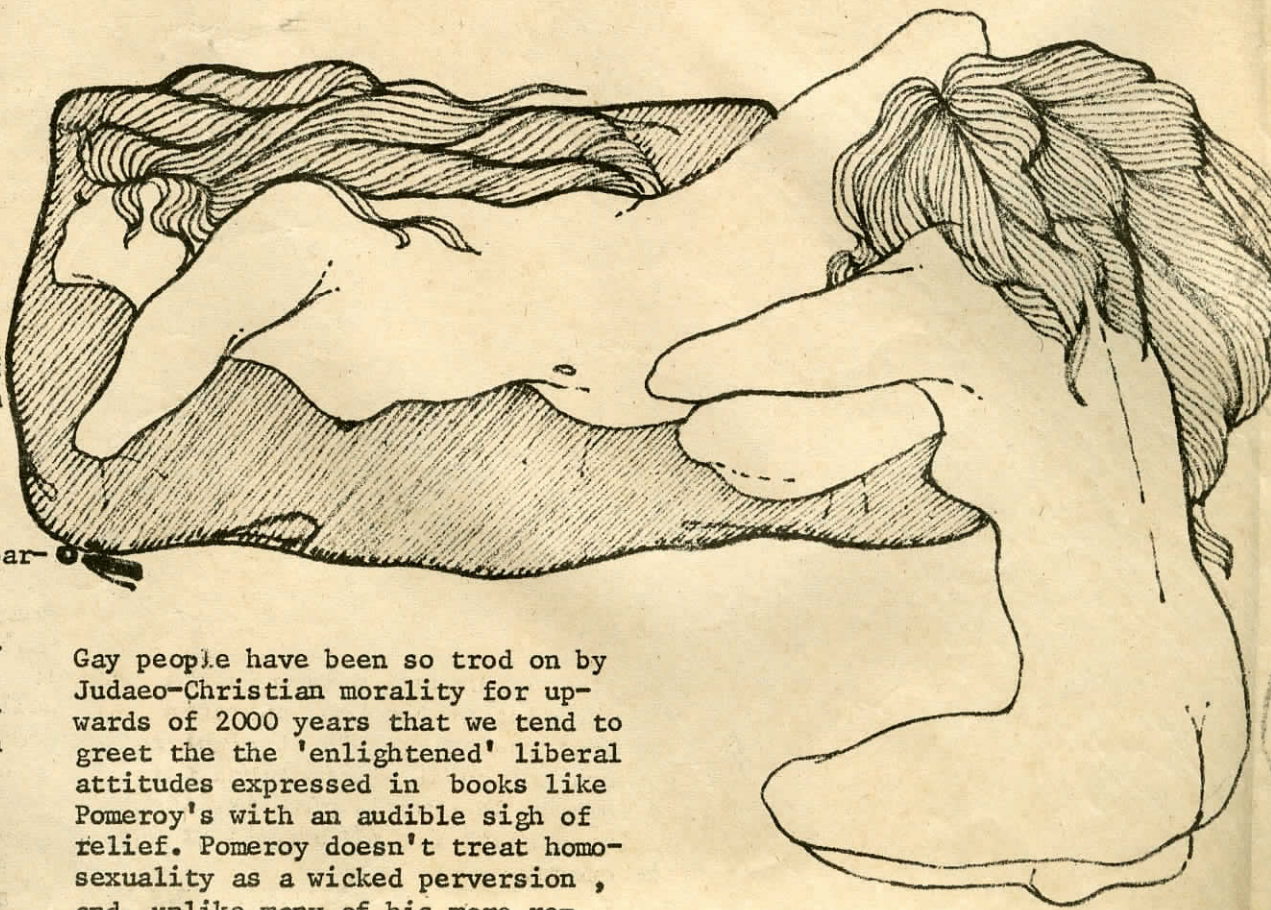
What about the existing sex education literature? The National Secular Society pamphlet Sex Education, written by Maurice Hill and Michael Lloyd-Jones, hits out very hard at most of the forty-two sex education texts that they review. They denounce the majority of these as obscurantist, anti-sex moralistic and vicious in their effects on children's psychological development. Their romp through the absurdities and laughable nonsense, given out in the name of education is great fun too. But they write

from a liberal standpoint and what is important for gay liberation is to discover the limitations of the liberal attitude and to go beyond it. We will therefore concentrate on the only books out of the forty-two reviewed which the National Secular Society recommend (and endorsed by The Little Red Schoolbook), W.B. Pomeroy's Girls and Sex and Boys and Sex (both Penguin, 25p. and 20p).

one comes away with is that to be a homosexual is not quite right, that we're rather sad people deserving sympathy perhaps but certainly not to be encouraged.

The reason that Pomeroy is unable to accept homosexuality as an equal to heterosexuality is that the former is outside the framework of society (marriage and the family); it is a social maladjustment. And as we have said, Pomeroy's basic standpoint is that society is the unchangeable "given", beyond criticism, into which the individual must be made to fit. This point comes across very clearly at the end of the chapter:

homosexual relationships can be as pleasurable, as deep and as



Gay people have been so trod on by Judaeo-Christian morality for upwards of 2000 years that we tend to greet the the 'enlightened' liberal attitudes expressed in books like Pomeroy's with an audible sigh of relief. Pomeroy doesn't treat homosexuality as a wicked perversion, and, unlike many of his more reactionary psychiatric colleagues, he doesn't even treat us as sick. But this apparent tolerance is no more than skin deep. Beneath it, Pomeroy's brand of liberalism is just as oppressive to gay people as the traditional bigotry he condemns. Because the psychiatrist sees individuals as the problem not society. He accepts society as it is, and works to reintegrate the deviant individuals, whether he assumes that they are sick and in need of a cure, or whether he sees them simply as unhappy people who would be happier if they were like everyone else.

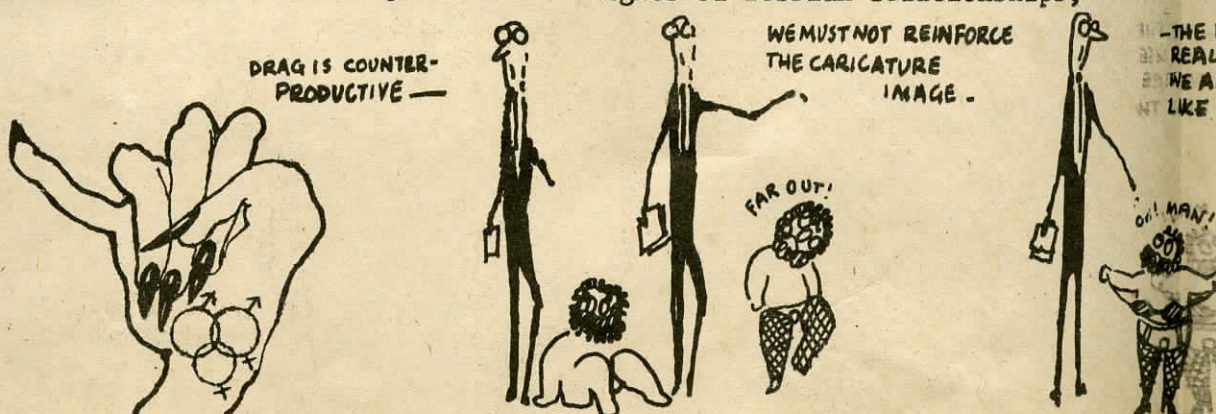
The underlying premise of everything Pomeroy says is that this is our society, we have to live in it, and there is nothing we can do to change it. From that starting point the tolerance that Pomeroy displays towards homosexuality must inevitably be subordinated to the task of propping up the family and the gender role system which we, as homosexuals, threaten, and "rescuing" as many girls and boys as possible for the heterosexual way of life.

In the chapter on homosexuality in Girls And Sex, Pomeroy is, on the surface, accepting of lesbianism. But the overall impression

worthwhile as relationships with males, but because our society is so orientated in the direction of heterosexuality and has such strong taboos against homosexuality, it seems to me that girls should think long and hard before rejecting sexual activity with boys in preference to girls.

It's alright in itself, but in this society it's not. The lesbian is "sentencing herself to live in the shadow of society's disapproval", she is "closing the door to marriage and children". It would be truer to say that "she is sentenced" and that "the door is closed to her", but then if you take the liberal psychiatrist's viewpoint you inevitably find yourself standing everything on its head. Only that way can you be the right way up.

It's impossible to keep up the pretence that "it's alright in itself but in society it's not", and in fact by various underhand means Pomeroy undercuts his "tolerance" to give the impression that there is nothing good or positive in homosexuality. For example, there is the silence with which he greets the pleasures and delights of lesbian relationships,





in contrast to the space he gives to explaining the so-called disadvantages. This imbalance creates a bias in the mind of the reader. Then, he heavily stresses negative reasons for becoming a lesbian: "Perhaps, even worse, she is choosing this direction, or being forced into it, for the wrong reason, namely, because of a rejection of males rather than an acceptance of females." There's a point in this: a negative motivation is bad, although probably only when it's strong enough to affect one's relationships with women (after all, rejection of males is quite understandable in the present gender-role system - who wants to be fucked by someone who is just us-

vant to the individual, somehow not to be taken seriously. He takes the absurd view that sexuality doesn't exist, only sexual activities, which aren't an integral part of the personality. And so, "lesbian" or "homosexual" - that is, someone defined in terms of her or his sexuality - are not real beings. "I believe people should be accepted or rejected on the basis of themselves as individuals, rather than whether they like ice cream or pie."

Finally his reasons for writing the chapter, he says

is to provide more information about homosexuality so that some of the fear and ignorance leading to the rejection of other people will be diminished a little.

He is addressing himself to straight girls to help them towards greater tolerance - not to gay girls to help them to understand themselves and

psychiatrist who holds to the sickness theory, homosexuality is a problem, and he is merely more sophisticated in his choice of means than those who believe they can stamp out homosexuality by moral condemnation or aversion therapy backed by the police.

Pomeroy realises that

If a boy believes that he is homosexually inclined... it will do no good to give it all up'. This is not the way to stop being 'homosexual'. The only way to become a 'heterosexual' is to begin active relationships with girls. This means dating and physical contact, like necking and petting, and in time possibly intercourse, at the same time accepting the homosexual interest, even when it leads to actual homosexual physical contact. One doesn't learn to like ripe olives by no longer eating ice cream.

In this way, Pomeroy hopes to wean away from homosexuality those boys who can be saved for the straight game of happy families. As for those "with extreme fear or hatred of girls"; they "need special encouragement, urging, even prodding by their parents to be helped along the road to heterosexuality." (In our experience it is straight men, rather than gay, who fear and hate women.)

What then is Pomeroy's position towards those boys who, by the time they come to read this book, definitively recognise themselves as gay, and either can't or won't be "encouraged, urged, or even prodded" to become straight? Well, of course, Pomeroy, like the good liberal he is, hopes that

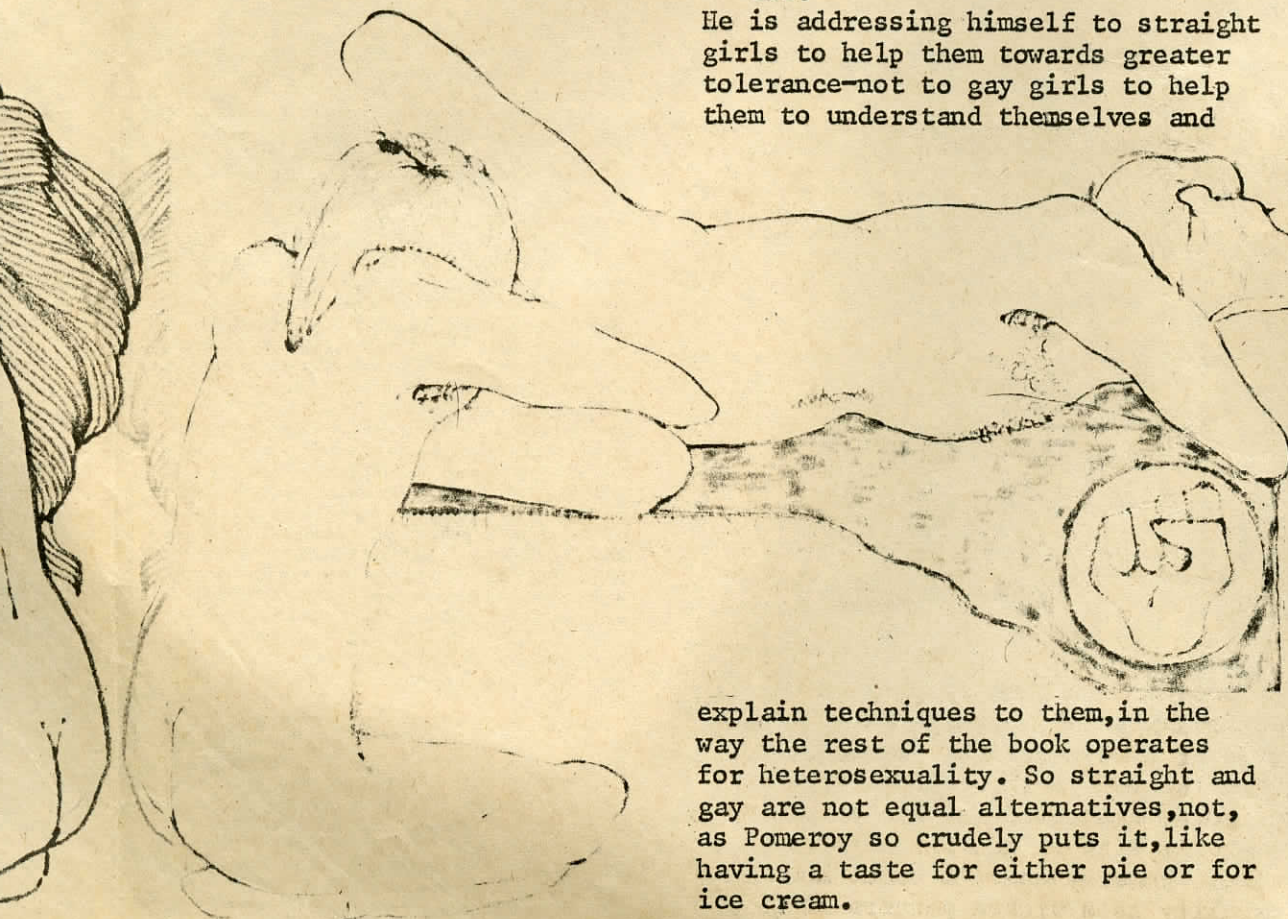
boys that read this will.... develop tolerance for people who may not be like themselves.

A mature boy is one who can accept these differences as a fact of life and not be upset by them, who will not bully a sissy or sneer at homosexuals and try to put them down in one way or another.

He goes on in this classic liberal vein to compare gay people with "boys who happen to have been born with green hair", and pleads for tolerance. But what is this if not a typical if subtle way of putting gay people down? Gay people, unlike boys with green hair, are not biological curios, but people who have chosen a different part of their sexual potentialities than the straight majority. How can Pomeroy on the one hand accept as unchangeable the ideal of heterosexuality propagated by the Judeo-Christian culture, which cannot but define homosexuality as a pitiful second best, and on the other hand hope that straight people will treat gays on a par with themselves? In fact, of course, the liberal idea of tolerance does not mean acceptance on an equal basis but just a more subtle form of control of subversive groups.

Thus Pomeroy's "tolerance" towards homosexuality should not fool anyone. Gay children who read his books will feel just as oppressed by his attitudes as by those of any ignorant reactionary. These books have no more to do with gay liberation than any other text that is at present used for "sex education". If we want school children to learn what homosexuality is all about, and show them the real positive aspects of being gay, we will have to write our own pamphlets and books. NO ONE ELSE WILL DO IT FOR US.

Sarah & David



explain techniques to them, in the way the rest of the book operates for heterosexuality. So straight and gay are not equal alternatives, not, as Pomeroy so crudely puts it, like having a taste for either pie or for ice cream.

In Boys and Sex, Pomeroy is quite prepared to accept that a great many boys have homosexual experiences, and he is far from condemning them out of hand. But then comes the crunch.

Why then, shouldn't boys have unlimited sex play with each other, if it is all so easy and pleasurable? There are two reasons why this may not be desirable. One reason is that society disapproves of such behaviour, and a boy runs the risk of being censured or punished, perhaps severely, if he is discovered. Secondly, it may become so pleasurable that he will not give himself the opportunity to develop a heterosexual life.

This argument is so twisted that it is hardly possible to conceive that Pomeroy expects it to be taken seriously. But behind the false logic, his aim is clear. He recognises that homosexual attraction cannot be satisfactorily dealt with by brute oppression, but his aim is the same as that of his openly reactionary colleagues: as he himself states, his aim is "to discover how mothers and fathers and their children can foster heterosexual development." For him, just as for the Christian moralist or the

ing you to prove his virility? - and an initial negative motivation can grow into a positive one). But Pomeroy is really making his point by stressing this possible negative side, playing down the positive, to imply that ALL lesbians are such because they are afraid of men. He - being a "he" - cannot appreciate the fact that women can love women, without qualification.

Or again, he advises a girl who suspects that her boyfriend is a homosexual not to reject him because of it. Rejection would only push him "farther in the direction of homosexuality". Why not, if there's nothing wrong with homosexuality? But of course Pomeroy isn't a. "Right On!" - he really doesn't believe there's nothing wrong, as this and the other passages make clear. Likewise, he says that the girl should try to establish a relationship with this poor kid so that "his homosexuality will fall into proper perspective in his life." This proper perspective is, we suppose, somewhere around vanishing point. For Pomeroy's underlying assumption is that homosexuality is incidental and irrele-





# 6 When Its Mindfucking Time In Old Cambridge Circus

One Saturday evening a group of sisters from Gay Lib invaded a women's liberation social at a pub in Cambridge Circus. Our purpose was to rap with sisters from London "Socialist Woman" group in the International Marxist Group about sexism...we had reason to believe they aren't into sexism at all, but think of women's struggle as nothing more than class struggle.

Apart from this it is quite clear that GLF and Women's Liberation have common interests. We are all fighting the same battle against sexism, we all suffer from it, we're all at the oppressed end of the system. So it's absurd that we don't get together more than we have done in the past. The LSE Think-in in GLF's infancy, the women's Lib march, the Wimpy Bar demo, the Miss World demo - these are all isolated incidents: we also need to be thinking together, formulating strategy together, using each other's strength.

Maybe this lack of co-ordination is coincidental, maybe it's just that we're both at an early stage of our development. But this IMG meeting - while obviously not the same as Women's Lib - suggested to us that there is something more standing in the way of unity --- PRICKS.

At first we stood in a protective clump waiting for some of the women to come and talk to us, or at least to be approachable. But none of them, conditioned as they are and conditioned as we are, did or were. The whole atmosphere and arrangement of the meeting reflected and reinforced this gender role-playing. For a start men outnumbered the women. The women allowed themselves to be surrounded - isolated and separated from each other - by men as if they were objects needing protection, not individuals able to act for themselves. The same thing happened to us: we were approached by three men and it seemed "anti-social" not to talk. It was our first step to paradise - to what we now see as the *Mind Fuck*. They had "advanced" from the nitty-gritty physical to the sublime plateau of the intellectual rape, and we, being so flattered that they wanted to *talk* instead of *screw*, gracefully pulled down our mental knickers. WE WERE MIND-FUCKED.

From this point on it was submission all the way, although some of us only realised it afterwards.

Unable to see themselves as oppressors, these men believed *they* could liberate women. "How hard we find it," they said, "to redeem the average woman from dish washing." (Poor men, aren't women taking orders from you any more?)



I AM  
YOUR WORST  
FEAR  
  
I AM  
YOUR BEST  
FANTASY

They saw the revolution basically in class terms: sexism is caused by capitalism and is just one aspect of class society. We argued back and some of us were fooled for a while into believing that because we might have got our point across we had "won a victory"...as if this could make up for our failure to speak to any women.

We have known for a long time that only women can liberate themselves, but it took all the oppression of that meeting we suffered to bring out the implications of that simple premise. As long as women remain in heterosexual relationships, as long as they attempt to work with men, as long as they view the revolution primarily in male-defined terms of capitalism and class oppression, then so long are they remaining in an oppressed role, giving their consent to that role and denying themselves full awareness of their enslavement and their freedom. It is less important to work out whether capitalism causes sexism or sexism cause capitalism, than to realise that many forces go into a revolution and that it is only male chauvinist competitiveness that tries to establish priorities among them. To allow any subordination of our interests is to allow ourselves to be pushed back into just the submissiveness and the inferior status that our fight is directed against. It is counter-revolutionary. That is why any attempt by men to "liberate" women and any attempt to pre-empt women's liberation into any other aspect of radicalism must be resisted.

And any attempt by men to play husband must be resisted. No woman has a hope of liberation as long as she allows herself to be fucked, to live off the security of male emotional and intellectual assurance, to depend on his sense of initiative. It means she is accepting there are two spheres: the sphere of social and political functions, and the private servicing sphere given to her by age-old custom. *That is, no woman has a hope of liberation until she becomes a lesbian.* The political position of the lesbian is the most advanced in the fight against sexism. We in GLF are becoming aware of it, and it seems a primary task to make others aware of it also. It is already beginning to happen: individuals are coming into GLF, cultivating a gay consciousness, *because* they have come to a realisation of sexist oppression. For this to happen on a wider scale - such as is necessary if the movement is to work effectively - it is up to us to take the initiative.

Perhaps Valerie Solanas had the answer and was shut up because she was too close to a truth? We don't like the idea of actually cutting up men, but haven't they done the same to us? Perhaps we should find out what Valerie Solanas was really rapping about when she formed a Society For Cutting Up Men? Maybe she was cut away from us before she had a chance to give women her message.

LIZ, NANCY and SARAH

GAY LIB BENEFIT CONCERT  
 SEYMOUR HALL, SEYMOUR PLACE, W.1  
 MONDAY 4th. OCTOBER  
 7.00p.m. - 11.30p.m.  
 DAVID BOWIE  
 THIRD WORLD WAR  
 GOOD HABIT  
 THE PEOPLE BAND  
 TICKETS.....£1.00

*too bold?*

Well really! When I got over my surprise at your printing my last letter, I thought I might just as well go the whole hog and say why I not only don't see the need for GLF but really dislike it.

For a start I don't agree with demonstrations - I mean, what good do they do? I thought everyone knew that homosexuality was illegal under 21, anyway, and in Scotland (or is it Ireland?) and the army etc etc. I'm sure all my friends must know! And fancy making an exhibition of yourselves, kissing in Trafalgar Square, and on Nelson's Column too! (By the way, is that Hardy kissing Nelson on the frieze around the column?) And wearing such outrageous camp clothes - if you really *have* to demonstrate, you could at least dress decently and soberly, and behave yourself *properly*. Maybe then people wouldn't notice you so much.

If you really wanted to get things changed, you'd be better writing to people in the right places - M.P.'s and Bishops and so on. A lot of them are willing to take up a deserving cause, even if it does give them a lot of publicity. These things take time, after all.

## Fairy Story

When I was a child, fairy stories usually ended with the hero marrying the heroine and their living happily ever after. As I grew older I found the theme portrayed to me as reality in novels, films, plays, and various comic strip romances. This idea is expressed throughout the society we live in and is the major wish of most of the population, both gay and straight - to find a lover and settle down together in a blissful monogamous relationship that lasts for the rest of your lives. We're all conditioned to hope for this, and nearly all of us have sincerely wished for it at some time in our lives.

This romantic dream is so taken for granted that many of us never question its possibility or more importantly its desirability. But can you honestly expect to find one partner that will satisfy all your emotional and sexual needs, so that you never desire a love relationship with someone else? Even if you find one, can you really expect to find one that feels that way about you? In reality, how many people really and truly achieve this?

Looking about me, I see very, very few. I see that the monogamous dream is in reality only the monogamous myth, and the desire and search for a monogamous relationship can only cause unhappiness rather than bliss. Living devoted to one partner alone may sound very romantic - after some time the romance can often degenerate into boredom and a sense of entrapment. The motives that cause two people to stay together may have less to do with real love than with failing to overcome fears of being left alone, being unable to face up to the fact that ultimately we are all alone.

The strains of trying to keep a monogamous relationship together are often soul-destroying. So-called "happily married" partners are often two people trying to possess each other, driven by fears of loneliness emotionally feeding off each other rather than genuinely loving one another as individuals in their own right. Often they are taking from each other rather than giving. Sometimes one partner is making greater emotional demands than the other can cope with, sometimes they both make too great demands on each other.

In straight, heterosexual relationships, the emotional conflict that occurs between the man and the woman are then inflicted on their children if they have any, creating anxieties in them. At least in gay relationships there is not (usually) this problem, but this fact does not make the discord between the partners any better. Both Partners have hoped for monogamy but when they have achieved it, find that the whole thing is not as easy or as idyllic as they thought it would be. At least if they are gay they don't have the trouble of getting divorced.

It would seem to be much more realistic and therefore much easier to stop dreaming of monogamy and adjust our expectations to what we are more likely to achieve. It is very optimistic to assume we will find somebody to satisfy all our emotional and sexual needs. It is better to accept the fact that the chances of a "Mr or Miss Right" coming along are unlikely, and instead realise that we have to make do with a Mr or Miss Half-Right, or a Third-Right or less. So why seek out one person? Several lovers are more likely to satisfy all your wants than is one, and the stresses and strains of directing all your emotions onto one person alone won't occur.

For in the end, all we have is ourselves. We are born alone and will die alone. The society we live in is competitive, materialistic and therefore possessive! This is also too often expressed in our emotional life, so that we seek to win and then to possess our lovers, binding them to us in a way that stifles their potentialities as human beings. We are taught to look at

them as part of ourselves, and often fail to see them as separate individuals with separate lives that may not always have anything to do with us. Channelling your emotional energies solely to one other person can have bad repercussions on you, as you fail to recognise their are other people in the world equally lovable with whom you can have rewarding relationships and who can give satisfactions which one lover cannot. The notions of love that we are taught can stunt our emotional development rather than aid it. Polygamy can be a better means towards emotional happiness than can monogamy.

But of course there is still a lot of conditioning to break down in the human mind before this is possible. However open and forward-looking one tries to be the existing expectations are difficult to alter, especially as the social structures still exist to encourage them. Therefore the attempts made at building these new polygamous life-styles are very vulnerable and the resulting new structures that do form are very fragile. Often they arise to serve different purposes to that which they are claimed to fulfil, and fail to answer the emotional needs of all the parties concerned.

Very frequently they are "extra-marital" affairs whose real function (however much the people concerned may claim and believe otherwise) is just to bolster up a previously existing monogamous relationship which is falling apart. This takes much of the strain from the original partners and can improve their relationship, but only creates new tensions for the new partner or partners, whose position is much like that of a mistress in a bourgeois marriage. Being in a position of only secondary importance to the original partnership and realising (often too late) that your lover relates to you as "a bit on the side" to reduce friction between her/himself and what is his/her major lover, entails a loss of self-respect and dignity and imparts a rightful sense of "being used", bending one's life to follow the ups and downs of your lover's major relationship rather than a separate relationship of your own.

But in genuine attempts at polygamy, for example, where one lover is genuinely and equally in love with two people, the general conditioning towards monogamy and therefore towards possessiveness can all too often give rise to feelings of jealousy which destroy the relationships. For example, the lover's partners may well be jealous of the time spent with the other partner. Doubting the sincerity of their lover's feelings, they may feel they are being used and not getting enough love in return for the love they are giving - which may be true, for polygamy does give you the opportunity of using people as means for your own enjoyment rather than ends in themselves. But where these jealousies are not justified, the mutual lover may well be torn apart emotionally by her/his lovers fighting for her/his attentions. Often the point is reached where he/she feels the necessity of withdrawing all feelings and escaping from them both, escaping from a position which, though seeming to allow the "best of both worlds", can often be the worst position, and the greater the number of partners, the greater the number of tensions that can exist.

To solve the problems of polygamy a greater degree of rationality is needed, so that all the emotional needs of each partner can be served. A society based on rationality and love would try to decrease the possessive element in one's feelings and increase unselfish give and take elements. We must learn to love our partners as individuals with separate needs of their own that often we ourselves cannot satisfy - love should consist of concern for the other's happiness rather than concern for one's own selfish interests. You cannot possess people.

Recognising this is an important step in the liberation of others and in self-liberation.

London GLF meetings are held on Wednesdays 7.30 at All Saints Hall Powis gardens W.11.  
 Its main work is done in functional groups:  
 Media Workshop      Women's Group  
 Counter-Psychiatry      Action Group  
 office collective      Book Group  
 catering      Communes Group  
 Finance      Manifesto Group  
 Youth and Education Group  
 Education and Research Group  
 street Theatre  
 Transvestites' Group

For all information contact office: 5 Caledonian Rd. N.1.  
 01-837-7174

And awareness groups we held every Friday evening

The way you people go about things, you will only alienate (excuse spelling) *normal* people, just as they were becoming quite tolerant.

I often get asked out to dinner parties by normal friends; I mean, I don't expect them to ask my boy-friend as well - there are limits, aren't there? I always try to act "normal" when I'm with my straight friends, and don't talk about it. It would only embarrass them, especially if one of you lot came up wearing your badges and kissed me. It makes me go cold to think of it.

I haven't been to any of your meetings, and don't intend to. I don't want to mix with people like you. I always go for a drink on Wednesday nights, anyway, and hope that Mr Right will come along one day. If I came to your meetings I might miss him - I've been waiting for ten years and I don't want to miss him when he shows up.

I don't suppose you'll print this, just because I told you some home truths.

Yours sincerely,  
JEREMY

TREVOR WOODS,  
LARGO APPELLO 2,  
66034 LANCIANO,  
CHIETI, ITALY

Trevor, who was a member of GLF till he left England 4 months ago, is in jail in Italy where he has been since 4 days after his arrival. All mail censored, etc. Trial possibly in December - no evidence. Quote from British Consul in Rome: "You must realise that it takes a day of someones time, sometimes even involving an overnight stay, at considerable expense to the government".

Please write to Trevor, even if it's only about the weather.

love, PAUL.



# NEWS and love FROM THE BRITISH ISLES

## BURNLEY

Gay people in Burnley are very fed up, vainly attempting to win back the club they have been trying to open. After all the hassles, and the coverage they received in the press, they still lost. Public opinion might be becoming more sympathetic to the gay cause, judging from letters to the press, but it means nothing: the CO-OP society still refuses to let the premises for the gay club. Furthermore, the bosses of the CO-OP party, nationally, have decided to refuse premises to all gay groups. GET THAT. The CO-OP party is part of the Labour Party: nominates labour candidates, has M.P.s. WE WON'T take any more of this shit! SO DON'T shop at the CO-OP. Gay people in Burnley and the North have already begun a boycott. Let's get it together at the Labour Party Conference in Brighton October 4th - 9th.

## BRIGHTON

Sussex GLF want to set up a counselling service for gay people in Brighton, but so far has only met with opposition from Brighton Council, to which they applied for a room. The Local Health Dept will allow them a room only if they declare that the people who use it are "mentally sick". Sussex GLF of course refused: they want the room because they feel they are doing a service to the community. Attempts to meet the Council have brought no results at present.

Sussex GLF are facing all the difficulties of being based in a provincial town whose large straight-gay population is very middle class and unwilling to lose its cosy niche it has got in the existing society. This means that the Sussex group find it very hard to get support for actions. The Labour Party Conference is being held in Brighton on Oct. 3-9. London GLF thought it would be nice if some form of demo could be put on by all GLF groups in England, and is setting out a list of demands we would like a future Labour Gov. to accept. London GLF, in cooperation with the action group of Sussex GLF, are staging a GAY DAY there on Sat 9th Oct. We hope that as many as possible of our sisters and brothers from London and the regions will be in Brighton on that date.

Further details from London GLF office

## Regional GLFs

BATH: Corin Hardcastle, Geoff Sherratt c/o Arts Workshop, Bath. Phone 5169

BIRMINGHAM: No details at the moment.

BRISTOL: Lee Cataldi, 27, Salisbury Road, Redland, Bristol. Phone 421625

CARDIFF: H. Llewellyn, RIB, 58, Charles St., Cardiff. Phone 44441

HULL: Keith Hose, 47, Westbourne Avenue, Hull.

LEEDS: University Union (Gay Lib Soc) University, Leeds. Phone Phil 782270

LIVERPOOL: Peter Norman, 6b, Cathedral Mansions, Huskisson Street, Liverpool. (CHE convenor)

NEWCASTLE: 43, Fern Ave, Jesmond, Newcastle 2.

SUNDERLAND: H. Llewellyn, 21, Chester Terrace, Sunderland.

SUSSEX: Tony Haynes, 14, Western Road, Brighton.

YORK: Fabian Cowper, More House, Heslington. Phone 53949

## European Gay Groups

AMSTERDAM: AJAH, postbus 10031, Amsterdam. COC, 2005, Kaisergracht, 138, Amsterdam.

ANTWERP: COC, postbus Antwerpen, Belgium.

W. GERMANY: Thomas Theil, 2, Hamburg 138, W. Germany. (Harvestehudeweg 107)

HOLLAND: PANN, Oudgracht, 36-36 bis, Utrecht.

GLF Think-in. Saturday, Oct. 2nd 10.30 a.m. - 5 p.m. at Room S.101. HOUGHTON ST. L.S.E. ALDWYCH W.C.2

UPPITY QUEERS, OUTSIDE!!!

## Community Services

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

### AGITPROP BOOKSHOP:

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

### COMPENDIUM:

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

### LIBERTARIA:

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

### BIT: 01-229 8219

RELEASE: 40 Princedale Road, W.11. 01-727 8636/7/8.

### AGITPROP: 01-739 1704

NCCL: 152 Camden High St., N.W.1. 01-485 9497

### STREET AID: 33 Southampton St., W.C.2.

01-836 2215

### GLF: 5 Caledonian Road, N.1.

01-837 7174

### WOMEN'S LIBERATION:

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

### BLACK LIBERATION FRONT

54 Wightman Road, N.4.

### RADICAL ALTERNATIVES TO PRISON:

01-606 6123

### PEOPLE NOT PSYCHIATRY:

01-603 4042

01-794 6369

### CAMDEN MOVEMENT FOR PEOPLE'S POWER:

47 Rochester Road, N.W.1. 01-226 5327

01-267 3106

### MEN'S LIBERATION FRONT:

Laurence Webb, 122 Brondesbury Villas, N.W.6.

### SCHOOLS ACTION UNION:

Lisa: 01-455 1591

Dipak: 01-458 5913



## NEWS and love FROM OTHER COUNTRIES

Although Come Together is a paper for and about the British Gay Liberation Front, we thought that it might be of interest to pass on some of the news from gay liberation and activist groups in other countries. Only a few of our sisters and brothers around the world have been able to organise coherent movements to fight oppression and prejudice. Those that have must support each other in any way they can. Although circumstances differ, their developing tactics and philosophies may well be relevant to us.

On June 27th, Gay sisters and brothers throughout the States celebrated the second anniversary of the Christopher Street Demonstration, which was virtually the birth of Gay Lib. There were big marches in Los Angeles and New York, where 10,000 gay people formed a massive parade from Sheridan Square to Central Park. Among the banners and flags were slogans such as *Love is a many gendered thing*, and *1700 years of Christian lies and obscenity*. 1700 years of outrage of individual rights. Beware the cults of sacrifice and irrationality.

If the movement in America is gaining strength, so is the opposition. There have been organised, and police tolerated, attacks on gay people in

Bridgeport, Connecticut, and a real battle between the police and members of the Gay Activists Alliance, on June 25th, during a protest at New York City Hall against the blocking of the Gay Fair Employment Bill in the Council. Many protestors were roughly manhandled, and the president of the GAA was thrown down the stairs before being arrested.

American Gay Activists are spreading out across America in a drive to encourage the setting up of autonomous Gay Lib organisations, particularly in the towns and cities of the Mid-West. One of them is quoted as saying, "It's going to be a re-enactment of the 1960's civil rights movements." He added, ominously, "There are bound to be serious consequences...and Gays will have to do whatever is necessary to protect themselves. Perhaps it won't be possible to maintain complete adherence to non-violence."

The Gay Power Club in Malmö, Sweden's third biggest town, now publishes an activist newspaper *Revolt mot sexuella fördomar* (Revolt Against Sexual Prejudice). The paper, before an editorial change, used to be a porno mag called *Viking*. The club's active membership of 350 have been coming out publicly at such events as pop festivals.

French gay activists are fighting heavy oppression. The FHAR are legally prevented from holding meetings or publishing their own paper. The only way they can publicly come together is under the protection of other radical political groups.

There is no formal gay activist group in Germany, but sisters and brothers in Berlin are trying to get it together.

## COMMERCIAL TOGETHER

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

## OVERSEAS RATES

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

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

our thanks to Friendz (and Geoff) and Time Out for use of typesetter. xxx



lent" action performed by the demonstrators. There were several instances of punching in which the demonstrators were victims.

Now it was Malcolm Muggeridge, and the uproar became continuous. He loved it, skilfully using the mike to make asides to the audience about "yahoos", although towards the end some of us thought he looked physically very tired and he did have to change the "reasoned discourse" of his planned speech into something much more confused.

Up at the very back of the balcony, where they'd asked to be put on the excuse that one of the brothers is liable to fainting fits if he doesn't have his back to the wall, two brothers were preparing to put on a drag act. As the uproar continued below, Peter put Michael into a crochet dress, open at the front, yards of material behind, velvet hot-pants showing through, a wig and make-up. No one noticed them getting ready.

A GLF brother had been shouting about violence and was hustled out: a cop said to him "I'm a Christian, but just you wait till I get you in the cells." (Of such are the servants of God made.)

At about this time a phalanx of flying nuns - the same ones we weren't sure about in the queue and who'd been warned by the organisers about disturbances and asked to pray for the people involved - charged the platform, a fantastic vision of hurtling white and blue figures. They tried to dance in the narrow space available, one of them - only one? - a man, all surprising the bouncers with their non-nun-like energy. One clear question soared across the hall to Muggeridge: "What about homosexuals?" and Muggeridge said into the mike, "I don't like them" clearly and precisely.

Simon stood up only a few fows from him and said "If that's so, then you must really dislike someone who's both homosexual and Jewish". Another brother with a powerful voice trained in the theatre loudly complained of the atmosphere of violence, the disturbing vibrations, and how could he concentrate on God. A woman in front of him turned round and he said "I can see the violence in your eyes." "no, no," she cried to the brother, "It's the light of Jesus!"

Break for a hymn from the red choir. The brother who'd been getting into drag at the back of the balcony now prepared to come out, and as soon as the singing stopped and Muggeridge was back in full spate, he got up shrieking "I've been saved, hallelujah!" His voice echoed clearly all round the hall, disturbing because it seemed possible - in such an atmosphere, had someone freaked out and found God? How embarrassing in an English religious gathering. Michael screamed his praise of the Saviour, and his dresser Peter begged loudly to be told how he could be saved. Six stewards approached from either side, and they were led away. Danish Radio's girl in London, filled with contempt for her countrymen on the platform, had hysterics of delight, down below in the stalls.

Muggeridge was still on, after the various breaks for impromptu noise-crushing hymn-singing. Upheaval caused by ourselves must be imagined not as drowning out the speakers but as almost endlessly distracting the audience.

One leaderless GLF group in the stalls decided to kiss and someone shouted "There's two men kissing here!" They were given time by the organisers to finish their embrace, which was good, and some people in the audience shouted "Leave them alone", but most of the audience were glad to see them go. Which seems odd, we think, since nearly all the men present had come along with the open intention of declaring their love for a man.

The main remaining official event was prepared questions put by the compere to a panel of three

As members of the audience came downstairs on their way out, they did something appalling in its implications. Seeing us below, with our "long hair", our "badges", our leaflets, and arms round each other, they raised their right hands, forefing-



ers to "Heaven", and so made a medieval gesture of warding off evil. This right arm up, finger pointing, gesture had been seen time and again during the rally in the main hall, and only the most insensitive of people could fail to see that - together with the book-burning planned as part of the three-week Festival of Light - the technique of fascist propaganda was being foisted on ordinary people. This isn't being sentimental: ordinary people can be manipulated for evil, and that process was at work, if in a relatively subdued form in this opening rally.

Up to 11.30, there were still people talking outside the hall. Apart from fears at the beginning, when no one could know how things were going to turn out, it was fun. It was good to find out that individuals in that faceless mass of an audience could calm down, could be brought to talk with us, and often showed great eagerness to have words with (at last!) an open, unashamed willing-to-talk female or male homosexual. A few individuals among the stewards or the audience were obviously longing to get at us, physically or in any other way that would blot us out of their naive picture of the world. Most, when we got to talk with them, had been let down by their organisers and spokesmen, were better than those who represented them - not exhibitionists drunk on public exposure of their private minds as Muggeridge and the compere are; not the equivalents of blacks who straighten their hair, bleach their faces and go to work in a public corporation, as Cliff Richard is; not public liars, as the Jesus freak is, making up quotations from the Bible in his closing remarks to justify his prostitution of youthful idealism to the closed-mind enterprise of Christian revivalism; that other sort of media freak represented by Mary Whitehouse, who takes the same pleasure from exposing her person to public approval or disapproval (it doesn't matter which) as the poor genital exhibitionist on any public towpath; not that "young man from the East End" who could bear to sit enthusiastically before so class-conscious an audience, and "represent" the "working classes' acceptance of the Christian message". To the ordinary people caught up in that dangerous gathering of the Festival of Light, kept in ignorance about homosexuality as they have been all their lives, our love! To their spokesmen and spokeswomen, our contempt for their evasions, their publicity-seeking, and their desire to manipulate the people

POWER TO ALL OPPRESSED PEOPLE



## THIS IS THE REAL PORNOGRAPHY!

Last week I had the misfortune to experience a West End "farce" (dibolical travesty would be a better description) called "Move over Mrs. Markam". Apart from being just plain boring, it is obscene, sexist, blatantly anti-gay, and a severe insult to even the most meagre intelligence. If Mr. Muggeridge wants to campaign against "pornography" this is the kind of crap he should choose for his target. "Jokes" are made at the expense of gay people: talk about "queers" and "poufs" is abundant. The tedious and embarrassingly staged situations are designed to squeeze as much shit out of the "characters" as possible. Quote: Character 1: "I thought he was one of 'them'". (laughs from tele-conditioned, middle-class, plastic audience). Character 2: "One of what?" (laughs) Char.1: "You know, one of 'them'". (laughs) Char.2: "One of what?" (laughs). Char.1 does effeminate mince round stage (uproar). Char.2: "Oh, you mean one of them!" (laughs).....and so it goes on. Of course, the same kind of obscenity can be seen on T.V. anytime, or heard in the local pub: but this piece of "theatre" plays nightly to the same apathetic, bourgeois mentality which is oppressing us. As such it stands as a "government approved" indictment against sexual and social freedom. It's easy to say "What the hell, it's only a play": but no thinking, feeling person could write it off just like that. Maybe we should at least make known our disapproval? Any ideas?

MARTIN.

## Letter from a Welsh brother--

A Thursday afternoon.

I return home from school.

"I'm home"

"Son, come up here please"

Upstairs to my bedroom, my Parents standing by the wardrobe, a piece of paper in my father's hand.

"What's the meaning of this filth?"

A GLF leaflet - support your homosexual brothers and sisters, come to the Gay Day.....

"I picked it up in London"

"Why? Are you one of these perverts?"

"I'm a homosexual, yes"

Mother: "My God, a son of mine a sodomist"

"I'm not a sodomist. I'm a homosexual". Downstairs for a quiet chat: parents one side of the table, me on the other.

They went through every reaction in the book - except the nice one.

1. Disbelief: "This is just resentment against us"
2. Passing phase: "You'll grow out of it"
3. Realisation: "It's unnatural. Men aren't animals"
4. Psychiatry: "You'll have to see a psychiatrist" (I refused)
5. Illness: "You'll go to a doctor" (I told them I wasn't ill) "Just for a chat, as a friend of the family"

Now they have gone through a stage I have never heard of before. They have forbidden me to be a homosexual. Not just to go out with men, but to BE one. I'm not allowed to THINK gay. What can one do with parents like this? Unless I stop being gay, I'll be thrown out. I'll probably leave home before then, but I'll have to find a job and somewhere to live, and at the moment I'm too hung up to do that.

Why can't people understand us?

JOLYON restaurant

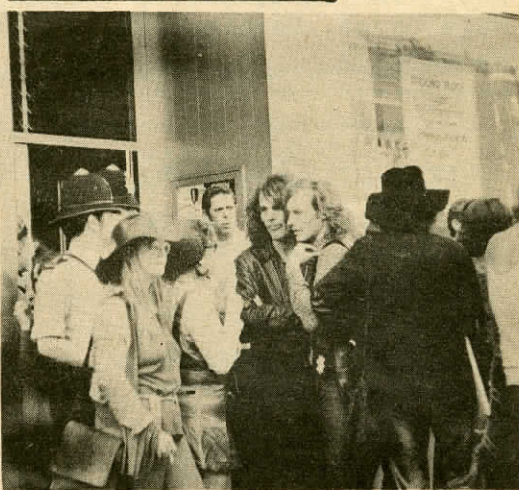
BUSINESS AS USUAL



After Trafalgar Square, about thirty thirsty gay sisters and brothers sallied forth to Jolyon's for a nice cup of tea.

Downstairs we went, where we were confronted with a maze of wooden poles through which you had to go to get to the counter. Just like a zoo, and needless to say we played variations on the theme all the way to the soggy flans and the tannin-ridden tea, for which Jolyon's is justly famous. Then we sat glowing with the good vibes which had ensued right through the day. We rapped, and we giggled, laughed and felt good. About half an hour later we saw two pigs descending the stairs. Young they were, but not tender. They went over to the table at which sat Claudia and Malcolm, both in drag. John with a movie camera and Ted with your old fashioned 'hold it' stood poised for action. We all got up and surrounded the table. 'What's going on?' We asked. The manager, impassive as a fixed frown, said she'd asked us to leave, which she hadn't, and that customers were complaining, which they weren't, and she's called the police, which was the truth at last. So the pigs started to order us out. 'Give us back our money, we haven't finished our food' we demanded. Outside was the blank response, and a tray full of ice creams and teas and cakes was ceremoniously carried up the stairs to the tune of *I like a nice cup of tea in the morning - but not Jolyon's*, whilst some of us were waiting at the bottom of the stairs, Andrew demanded again to know the reason for their action. One of the pigs pointed at the stairs to Malcolm and Claudia. 'That object there, and that object there' and then on expressionlessly, 'And that thing there, and that thing there' and really he could have gone on all night but the other pig said 'It was only that table. What were you all doing coming over to join them?' Then 'Because we're all together' we said. And I remembered Warren in his speech in Trafalgar Square reminding us that although permission had been granted from every conceivable department in order that we could have our march and the police were on their best behaviour, as soon as it was over the same shit would come down on us as usual. The same shit that makes an uptight woman, forced to boss a staff, mainly Indian, who surely could find little that was life-enhancing in the dreary menial work of serving over-priced crap for an exploitative wage, she, acting out her fantasy of custodian of public morals, summoning the very men who oppress her, us, all, to her aid. It just didn't make sense. It still doesn't, and this insanity - usually called morality - is used as the yardstick for more and more oppression. Anybody whose power lies in power over others loses their power to love others and themselves

An army of lovers cannot lose.



glf 'centenary' dance!

Friday Oct. 22nd. 8pm - -- 12  
fulham town hall

Tickets 50p, from GLF office.