

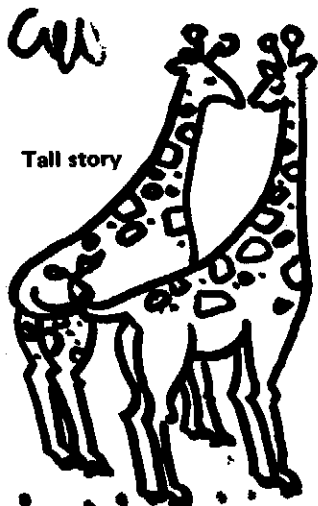
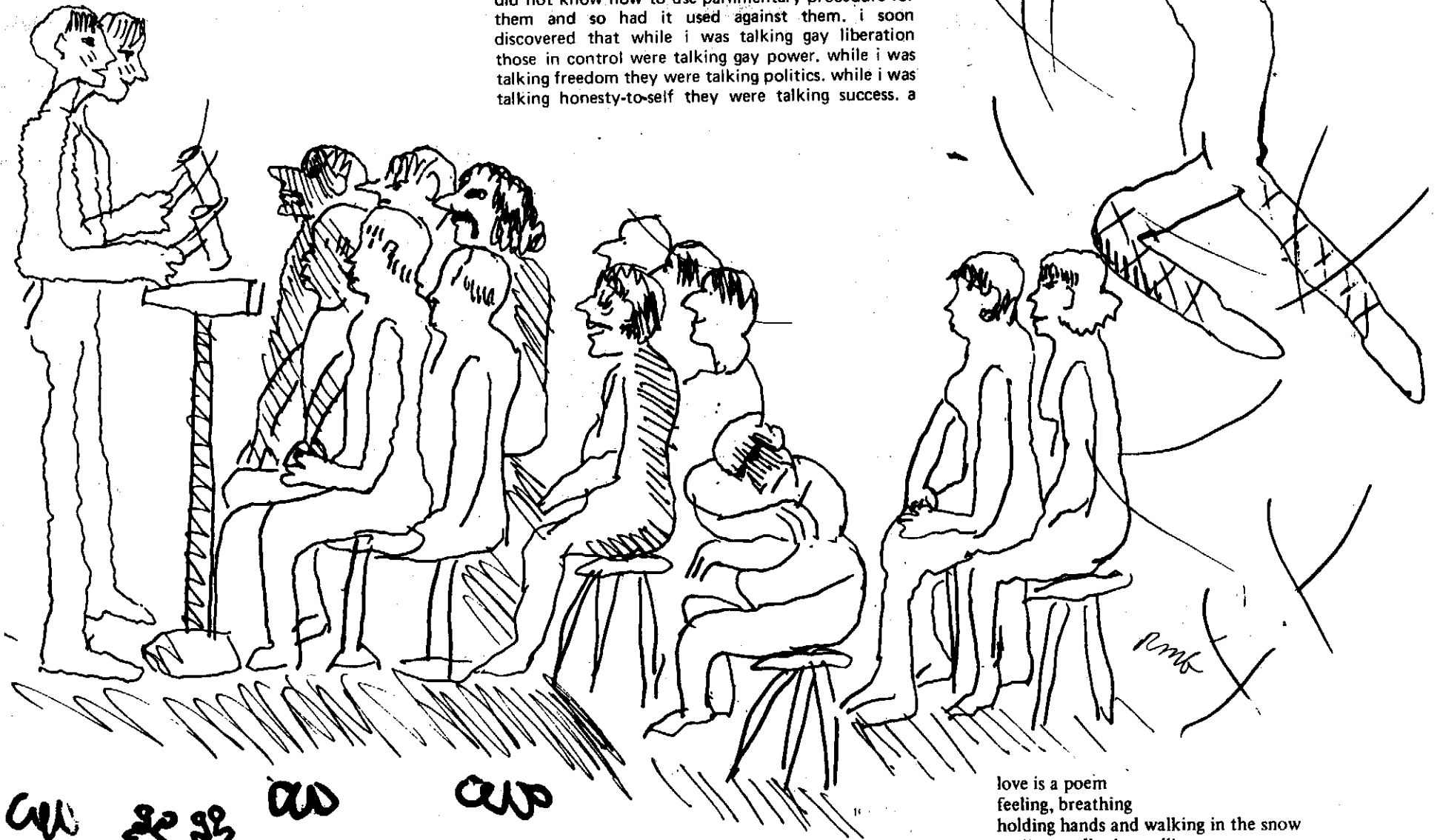
an article

by eben clark

when i first became involved in the gay movement it was to work for gay liberation. I was a liberal and though things weren't as bad for me as they were for others i wanted to do my bit. i wanted to march in picket lines and help change laws for my gay brothers and sisters. i had not thought about changing my life style or my consciousness. i marched up sixth avenue, held hands, screamed a little and a week later joined gay activists alliance. my life style and my consciousness had been changed overnight but something was missing. marching up sixth avenue i had felt a culmination of pride and joy and liberation but sitting in a small meeting hall in a church listening to a parliamentarian talk about roberts rules of order and privilege of information and move the question quickly began to eat away the new found beauty of liberation i had gained on sixth avenue. i had gone through parliamentary procedure in highschool and it had failed there. i had gone through parliamentary procedure in college and it had failed there. i had gone through parliamentary procedure in union meetings on my first job and it had failed there. i had gone through parliamentary procedure at moritorium to end the war in vietnam meetings and it had failed there. why was i now sitting in a meeting going through parliamentary procedure again? because this time i was free. i was myself. i was gay. i was proud. i was beautiful. i was naive !!! things had not changed. parliamentary procedure had not changed. it was not working here either. but i was a liberal and liberals believe that there must be parliamentary procedure to get things accomplished. when i expressed my feelings i was assured by those people around me that parliamentary procedure was indeed necessary. at my third meeting i was shocked as a transvestite stood up on the floor and without being recognized began to scream his feelings out at the

crowd expressing his frustration of not being able to function within the boundaries of the system. i watched the liberals around him shrink in horror at his action and move to the other side of the room. i watched the chairman unable to cope with the situation pound the table and call for order. i listened as people turned to me and expressed their shock and anger at having to tolerate such an incident. after all weren't we all there for the same purpose. weren't we all there fighting for the rights of all normal homosexuals? didn't we all want to be accepted in society? didn't we all want to be beautiful? didn't we all want to have bright teeth and fresh breath? didn't we all want to wear clean clothes? didn't we all want to overcome the stereotype image that society had made of us? i became a member of the executive committee. i shared inside stories and inside politics but not inside attitudes. i got my name in the newspapers and i began to feel elite along with the rest of the executive committee but i knew this was wrong. i watched while actions were geared to further the name of the organization rather than the the gay movement itself. the more i became involved the more i became aware of my own oppressions and the more i became aware of my own oppressions the more i became aware of the oppression of those around me and the more i became aware of their oppression the more i became aware of the oppression i forced upon them by participating in the system that oppresses both them and myself. how could i be guilty be guilty of oppression when i was a liberal? how could i be guilty of oppression when i was so sympathetic to every oppressed minority? how could i be guilty of oppression when i was working with an activist group every thursday night to overcome oppression? how could i be guilty when i was so understanding? "out of order eben! you are out of order!" i watched parliamentary procedure destroy minorities within the group. minorities that did not know how to use parliamentary procedure for them and so had it used against them. i soon discovered that while i was talking gay liberation those in control were talking gay power. while i was talking freedom they were talking politics. while i was talking honesty-to-self they were talking success. a

month later i was the person standing up out-of-turn and expressign my frustration with parliamentary procedure and liberalism. and those same people who had earlier turned to me were now turning to others and expressing their same shock and anger. how dare i question their liberal attitudes. how dare i say that there was farther to go than they had been. how dare i say there was more to gay liberation than attending a meeting one night a week. how dare i say there was more to liberation than changing laws. "out of order eben ! you are out of order! this is a political organization and if you don't like playing politics then get out !" i got out leaving behind a new-found robert's rule: anyone who questions parliamentary procedure or the executive committee is out to destroy the organization just as anyone who questions nixon's decisions is out to destroy the united states - peace.



Tall story

Two giraffes met each other on Central Park West. One giraffe looked at the other one. "You're the best looking Giraffe here," he said. They proceeded to walk off together trying to decide in which direction to go.

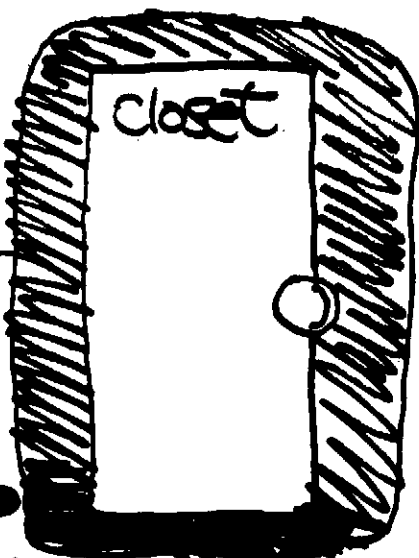
Moral of this story: Next time you meet a giraffe on Central Park West, take him home with you. There might not be another giraffe around for miles and he might be very lonely.

love is a poem
feeling, breathing
holding hands and walking in the snow
saying goodbye but telling you not to go

teasing seething
whispering ridiculousness closenesses
touching tempting
wondering where we will go
after we are too tired to leave
kissing sucking kisses butterfly kisses
little loving loose kisses
keeping my hands to yourself
fingertips telling terrible secrets
teaching, trembling, tripping over
old song titles meaning mostly
magic..... how can I be afraid of all this ????????

Nancy Belle Brass

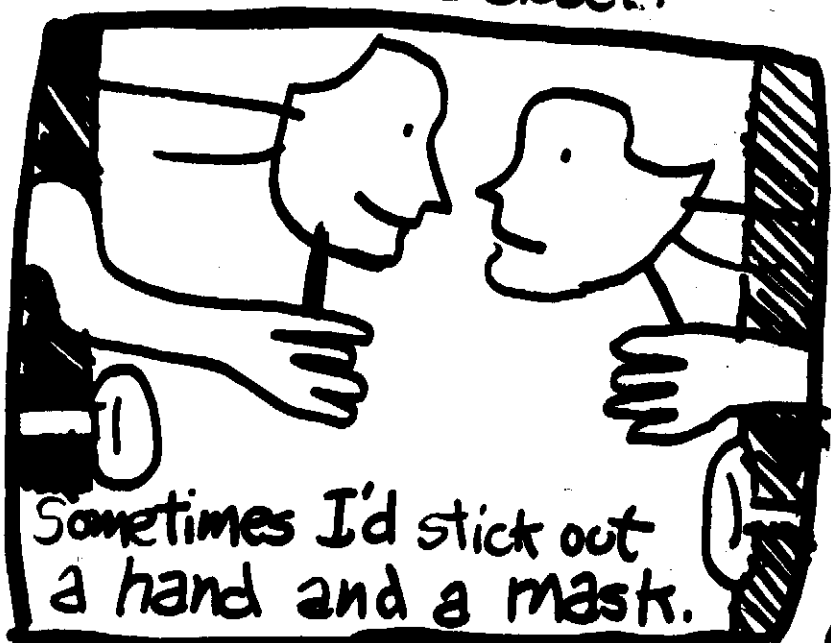
Coming
out
for
Good



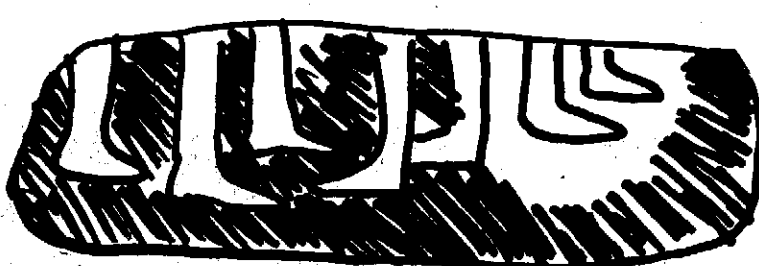
I used to live my
life in a closet.



Sometimes I'd let out a little part of me.



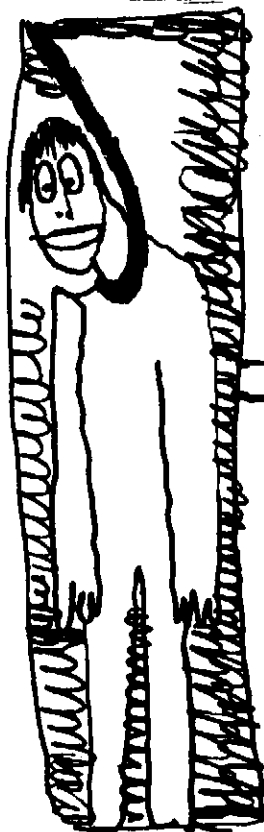
Sometimes I'd stick out
a hand and a mask.



there sure were a lot of people
stuck in those closets...



But I felt so
damn dis-join-ted!



I really
hated
myself!

GAY Liberation
NOW!!!

BANG



Till I just couldn't
stand it any longer!



off the
butch...

off
sexism

8GAY means "free".