



A rambling but hopefully coherent hodge-podge of my views as a Male Homosexual involved in the Movement. My being a Taurus/Gemini/Leo will account for many of the opinions and a few of the inconsistencies.

Bob Kohler

WE CAN WORK IT OUT: Jane Alpert summed it up for me when she said: "We have to put Women's Liberation forward as the truly beautiful thing it really is and not make it sound like it's anti-man". Chauvinistically, I add: "Amen!" Sincerely, I submit: "I was impressed with Jane's statement," and quoted it at a GLF rap session. One of the women present, an activist in the Movement, exclaimed: "But it is anti-men!" I hope she is very wrong. I hope Women's Lib is unstintingly anti-male supremacy and/or anti-male chauvinism but to say it is anti-men is a personal challenge to my existence as a genital-male human being. To seal off the arteries of understanding and compassion because of a discrepancy of a lousy seven-and-a-half inches is a fucking bummer! I am, without doubt, an oppressor. I have been programmed to think of women as secondary beings. My mind has been warped by family structure, controlled by the media, and fucked by John Wayne. Chauvinists — like Losers — aren't born, they're made, carefully and painstakingly. We cannot self-destruct, the best we can hope for is to short-circuit some of our controls. For many of us, this will be a strange and a difficult process that will send off a lot of confusion, resentment, and anger before we can even hope to transmit the weakest rays of true understanding. I would like to think the return vibrations will contain some measure of acknowledgement — not sympathy, understanding, or help, just an awareness of the effort.

COME TOGETHER: As a homosexual involved in liberation, I was asked to confront a group of High School students. The meeting was held in a small room, there was no introduction, no lead-in — just an average, every-day, encounter between twenty Teen-agers and me! The kids were right out of Central Casting: the cute little blonde with pointy tits; the big, balloon-assed athlete; the soft-looking boy who seemed to be praying to some god that I wouldn't look at him; the fat girl with the permanently-creased forehead who saw in me another cross to carry on her rounded shoulders as she nodded, almost spastically, in total agreement with every and any thing I said; the open-faced kid with the big grin who sat with his arm around a pretty stringy-haired girl with a puzzled but receptive countenance; the eternal Stud, whose legs were spread a little too wide for comfort (mine, that is)? and right on down the line. For reasons indigenous to those particular, one-time-only, moment-of-truth, kind of happenings, everything fell into place immediately and we were off and running from the start. Without exception, the questions were sincere, honest, searching, and totally without malice. We rapped for about an hour and a half. They weren't interested in statistics and I didn't have any; we talked


about feelings, oppressions, relationships, drugs, politics, and sexual liberation. My most persistent flashback from the experience is that we laughed a helluva lot with each other. A few days ago I was walking down 8th Street and I was hailed loudly and warmly by three of the kids who had spotted me from across the street. The warmth, the laughter, and the good vibes were still there. Maybe, in some instances, it's going to be a little easier than we think!

HERE I AM A STRANGER: Baby-sitting is a rough gig, let's get that straight up front. Some time back, influenced by an overdose of martyrdom, I volunteered to help out at a Day Care Center in support of Women's Lib. There have been times since, to be absolutely honest, when I have wondered who I had to fuck to get my name off the list because Abou Ben Kohler's name seems to be leading all the rest and a major portion of my life is revolving around Pampers, peanut butter and jelly sandwiches, and getting swacked on the head with tin drums and choo choo trains. But there have been other times when, armed with band-aids and aspirin, I have found myself looking forward to the experience — an experience that can best be described as a roller coaster of emotions: FEAR (What if I do the wrong thing and what the hell is the right thing?); CONFUSION (What's a slob like me doing here anyway); GUILT (Penance — that's what you're doing here and don't you forget it!); RESENTMENT (Here I am changing some strange kid's diaper and its Mother probably didn't even go to the demonstration!) FRUSTRATION (I smell like baby-shit, have peanut butter in my hair, a lump on my head, the kid with the mean eyes hates my guts, and I think I'm gonna cry); HAPPINESS and a hunk of JOY (When the kid with the mean eyes makes the big decision and reaches out its arms to you!). I make no claim to the validity of these emotions; I've experienced them, thought about them, and I've tried to relate them to the myriad of oppressions that fuck us over. I haven't come up with any answers but I think I'm getting a little closer to the questions.

PHYSICIAN HEAL THYSELF: The Gay Manifesto — a statement by Carl Wittman in San Francisco — suggests that male chauvinism is not central to Homosexuals, that our egos are not built on putting women down, and that this is not one of our more pressing problems in Gay Lib. I suggest that it is one of our most urgent problems, one that has separated each of us from the other as Male homosexuals and created the greatest single barrier between Male and Female Homosexuals. For openers, consider our terms of derision: Queen, Miss, Aunti, Girl, She, Nellie, etc. What about our physical extremes? The *Drag Queen* — a caricature of the exploited woman; The *Leather Freak* — a travesty of the He-man. Take a good look at those of us in the middle: our pants carefully chosen to display our equally as carefully placed cocks as blatantly as possible — the bigger the basket, the He-er the man! Sexually, our chauvinism is boundless. Anal intercourse equals Active and *Passive* equals Top and

Bottom equals Masculine and *Feminine*; to take it up the ass is to "be used like a woman." These are only modicum samplings, immediate thoughts that came to me as I read Wittman's statements. Male supremacy is not something we can shuck off only Heterosexuals — it is much too alive and disgustingly well in all of us. This is, incidentally, not a put-down of Wittman and/or the Gay Manifesto (reprinted in the Berkeley Tribe and other West Coast Movement papers). He says a helluva lot and he says most of it well. I can dig it.

RIDE THE PINK HORSE: In a couple of months the Big Carnival will begin. The Midway starts at Christopher and Greenwich — right opposite the House of Horrors — and every stop along the way is a Side Show. It is, though, the big-iron-fenced cage at the end of the Midway that will attract most of the attention. The Pigs can rout them from the doorways, the friendly natives can drop bottles on them as they sit on stoops, an occasional tourist will go bersek and attack them on the streets, but the Park belongs to the Freaks. The Park is Home-free! This is where they count the panhandled quarters, compare the loot they've mopped, drop pills, sell hormones and display incredibly black-nippled but shapely tits, freshen their war paint, share a pint of Orange Rock (think of Kool-ade and gasoline), read each other endlessly, and put on impromptu shows for passing Tourist buses. Once in a while a knife fight will break out or a fifteen year-old will o.d. from too many Downs but, these are more weekly than everyday occurrences and are dismissed philosophically. There is a lot of rapping about Morocco where they will have the operations that will transform them into ravishing beauties — Sheridan Square, you must understand is merely a stage wait, a piss stop, on the way. They discuss their eventual bust sizes, the wardrobes they will acquire, the Johns that will whisk them off to suburbia, the children they will adopt; all these and so much more just across Tomorrow Mountain. But there are other times. Times when they just sit huddled together, staring out of eyes that have seen more than is decent in such short time, their bodies hurting from either too much or too little, their heads bursting from silent screams that won't quit. Total strangers — and so fucking afraid — in a world they truly never made! One day three of them asked me how long it took to get to Hoboken. I said, fifteen, maybe twenty minutes. I watched them walk west on Christopher. It hit me a few minutes later and I turned to Georgina, who was seated on the next bench teasing his plaid hair, and said: "They don't think they can walk to Hoboken, do they? There's a river. . . . Georgina silenced me with a don't-be-bothered-Miss-Thing shrug and said: "If they have luck they'll drown!" They'll all be back this Spring; they'll be back in droves. We can start now setting up emergency funds for bail, for food, for clothing. We can stop talking about how we are all Brothers and Sisters and put the rhetoric where the rhetoric is. We can do a lot of things or we can just point them towards Hoboken and hope they have luck!



• A NEWSPAPER OF WOMEN'S LIBERATION

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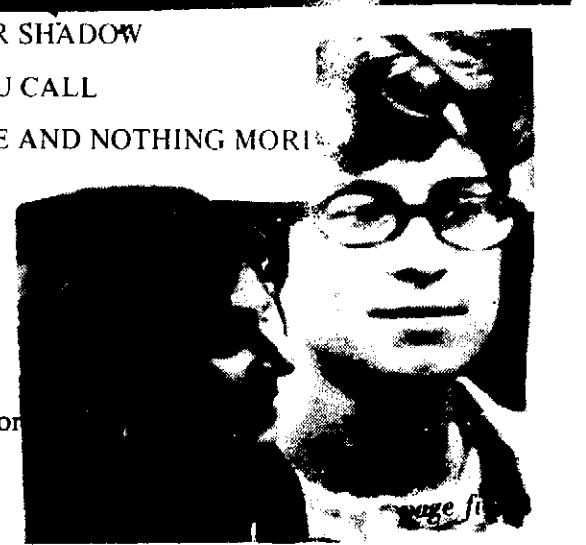
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The man will come,
and the wind will speak.

Pardon me while I kiss your hands,
pardon the fact that I must touch you
every time we meet
and everytime we part.
Only do not talk
do not speak about other things
that have no meaning for both of us together
The wind will speak,
the sea will speak.

Only speak to me
as the sea speaks.

—Mark Shield



WHAT I LIKE TO DO IN BED

I like to suck pussy. I like to have my pussy
sucked. I like to be fucked hard and soft up the
snatch and also likewise I like to do it. I like
caressing tushy. Also likewise mine caressed. I
like breasts for cupping, twiddling, fondling,
kissing, TIT-illating, licking. I like my breasts
should pleasure my partner.

Fond of bellies I am too. Hands. Ears. Etc.
Dressing up. Dressing down. Clothes. Things.
Fantasies. Music. Lights. Pot. Hash. Laughing.
Outdoors. Indoors.

Love and kisses, Terry the Lesbian

TERRY the LESBIAN

1/6/7, #3, p96

Now is the time for war tax resistance. The most powerful acts against war have been those of the young men of the Resistance who have said NO to the draft. Now it is time for those of us who have been paying for the war in Vietnam to say NO to taxes for war. Join us! War Tax Resistance. 339 Lafayette St. N.Y.N.Y. 10012. Write and ask for information. Phone (212) 477-2970.

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From the past

Inside — all day I lived
in the night of my mind
in a place that won't exist
tomorrow
and wasn't yesterday.

There was sunlite in the room
which doesn't belong to me
I was here alone and
still am — without me
but more so than before
— in thought.

Things happened today, but
none of them concerned
Me.

I must to lose these
shredded remnants of
rented being — become

Touchable.

—Arlene Kisner

Action

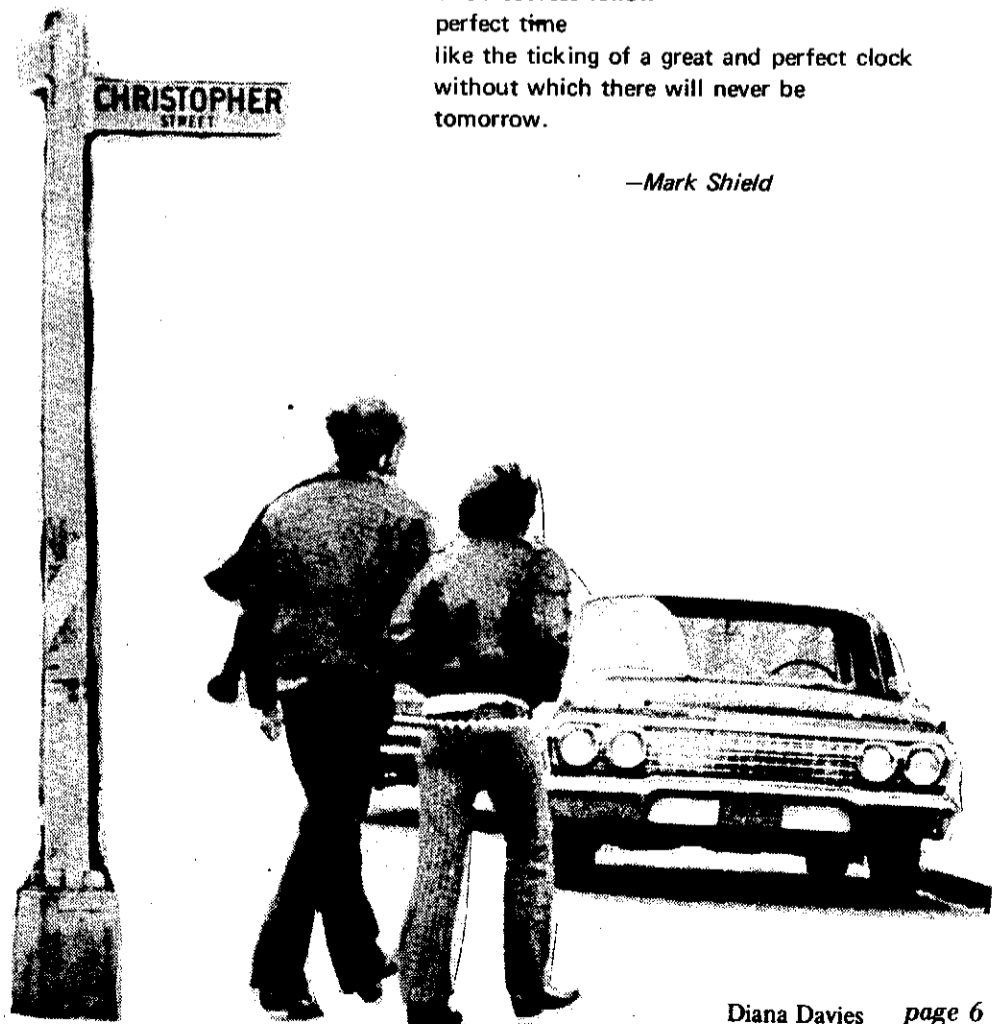
Life unwinds like the threads
of a cocoon that break and then resume;
flowers in spring do not know the fruit they bring.
The girl, as a child, does not know the child in birth —
how can love understand it's own worth?

The tree is gone
from which came the wood that lit my fire.
You are warm now
but where is the tree?

I have no more time;
my time will never end.
The trees will bloom again
but you will find me gone:
My time will never end.

When the sun sets
is it a signal for the moon to rise?
The acts of nature do not tell.
Their courses follow
perfect time
like the ticking of a great and perfect clock
without which there will never be
tomorrow.

—Mark Shield



Diana Davies page 6