

LAUENDA

VISION

vol. 1 no. 1
for the gay
WOMEN'S COMMUNITY
FREE



love - play - dance - swim - fight - flow - struggle - tweek - rub -
swirl - stare - castrate - laugh - Masterbait - defend - smooch -
smile - win - listen - rap - trip - lick - peek - peak - explode

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WHO WE ARE

We are some lesbians involved in gay women's liberation who feel a need for a large lesbian community that gives us ways to meet together and be together and fight together. We're hoping that this paper can be a place to share feelings and experiences and news about what we are doing in our movement. This project and others that we mention in the paper are open to all of you ---contact us with your suggestions and help and criticism and just plain friendship. (You can write us at Lavender Vision, c/o Media Collective, 2 Brookline St., Cambridge, or call at 491-7809.)

It has been exhilarating for us as radical lesbians to come together to share work and love and skills and strength: to understand together how we're fucked over by society as women, gay women; and to figure out together how to stop this oppression and all oppression. Join us.

One thing we wanted to explain was about signing our articles. Some of us felt that none of them should be signed since we do not believe in the private ownership of ideas and since all the articles came out of all our experiences and conversations together. But some of us felt that it was important to sign them so that you could contact particular people about particular things; so that we could show that we're proud and happy to be lesbians and want to be open about it; and so that we become more real actual people to you. So we compromised and signed with one name.

I came out at the beginning of this summer when I went to my first gay women's meeting. It was such an up--such a relief to discover other women who could understand my feelings and who also shared many of the same feelings. Before that I had resigned myself to an isolated existence with friends who might accept my feelings but never really share them.

Since I came out I've felt much more comfortable with myself. I've been enjoying many aspects of my gayness although I do get depressed sometimes because of some of the oppression that we all suffer. These past few months have been for the most part exhilarating. The other night I started remembering what I was like in high school. It was in high school that I began to think that I was a lesbian. I had forgotten how really awful it had been. In high school I realized that what I was feeling for some of my friends was forbidden, feared, and hated by others. I would waver in what I thought about my feelings--sometimes I hated my feelings and wished so much to be heterosexual. At rare times I would be very confident and angry because I thought they were good and even superior. Most of the time I would be just scared, depressed and lonely.

The fear of people finding out that I was a queer was so intense. I had developed many unnatural gestures to prove my femininity. I also developed a caution about touching people. My friends were uptight about touching each other (as are most people in our society). After people flinched a few times over me just resting my hand on their shoulder, you bet I didn't try it again! I guarded all of my actions and words. In trying to tell friends that I liked them I would be very careful not to sound too enthusiastic and I would minimize most of my emotions. I had become a super-

defensive robot relying on my skill at acting and lying. Now I can understand why it took a while for me to be able to give some of my gay sisters a spontaneous hug or tell them my true feelings.

Another constant fear was of the future. At times I was afraid that I would settle on some boy and marry him. Maybe to throw off suspicion. Maybe because I just didn't think I'd have the energy to struggle with society for the rest of my life. If I did choose to lead a gay life I thought it would be so lonely and desperate. I had read so many horrible things about how gay people related. And I thought the secrecy of that kind of life would destroy me. The only other alternative was to live an isolated single life withdrawn from the world. Sometimes I would just be so overwhelmed by all of this and I had no one that I could talk to at all about it. So my days in high school were spent escaping my thoughts.

When I got into college I seemed to be under even more pressure to be a "normal" heterosexual woman. I gave in somewhat to the pressure and convinced myself that I was bisexual. I tried desperately to make it with boys although I still considered my women friends as much closer. I was so confused. Sometimes I just didn't know what I was feeling or ignored my really honest feelings. I felt like a failure most of the time because I just hated having to dress up for dates (I also hated dates) and the whole flirting and game-playing with boys. Everyone had done a pretty good job of making me a frustrated insecure "woman." I almost even got into the whole competitive thing with other women for men. Almost.....

Something started happening to me at the beginning of this year. I and a couple of friends started discussing our lives as women in this society and felt a sisterhood with women struggling for liberation. It was exciting and made me realize that my old-time feelings were valid. Then this spring I really started thinking about gayness. I remember reading an article in RAT (a women's liberation newspaper) about gay women's liberation in New York. It was the first thing I had ever read that said lesbianism was a positive thing. It made me feel so good and so right. Then in June I went to my first gay women's meeting and I met sisters who I could love and who would let me love them. And now it seems so natural that I became a lesbian, for women are my friends and I have always had the most satisfying relationships with women.

Kathy Queen

ACTING MACHO* AMONG WOMEN

*What it means

(Is acting like men
Acting cool and tough
Taking other women in hand
Joking about our macho
We're a gang of tough women.)

What it is

Is hanging onto a role, just like man or woman
A shell, like being cool
Intimidates people
Keeps us apart as friends
Because we're intimidated we can't work out our ideas openly and supportively with each other.
Creates a superficial community built on macho and wit
But only reinforces secret feelings that no one sees us.

Why do we do it?

Where we've come through
We were raised by a culture structured for heterosexual couples and families.
We learned the meaning of being a woman primarily in relation to men
Certainly not in relation to women.
All the roles are based on heterosexuality.
Now we identify those roles at the root of our oppression.
All the ways we've learned to relate are roles and games.

So we use macho

We turn our energies increasingly away from men
Toward each other
We struggle to define ourselves in other terms than male or female
But since society is pretty much divided up that way it's hard to escape that.
Men have power; women are powerless.

When we act macho it gives us power to scare people back into roles and games.

Alone, that's all we may have.
We wish that would help us handle being without roles.
But that only perpetuates our division.

How do we get out of this mess?

What we need in our movement--
We need to be tougher, true.
There's no need to be vulnerable for men.
We need to act macho with men at times
But not with our sisters.
We need to be strong.
Then we won't have to rely on intimidation or power to feel secure.

We're not secure if we rely on power and roles
If power and powerlessness are at the root of what's wrong.
It's roles that perpetuate us in these power relationships
So we need to make a revolution based on something else
Besides power.
Our revolution will be a decision among lovers.
(Of course, we have to do something about those who will always stand in our way.)

Is to admit where we are

We've been taught to think in roles.
We can't imagine living without roles.
It'll take a while of groping and swaying around with no clear direction
No answers yet.
We have to be willing to admit it to each other.
We have to assume this is where we're all at
Help each other instead of put up barriers and defenses or feel jealous.
It can be terrifying at first
So vulnerable.
After we get started it gets easier
We get used to growing through crisis stages.
Without roles we can get our balance.

TO GET IN TOUCH

gay women's liberation

Wed. nite meetings---
---782-5162
Modern dance group---
---354-6036
Lavender Vision---
---787-0439

for all women

Child care---
---277-7505
Medical classes---
---962-9815
Karate---
---354-6597
Women's band---
---492-1915

(If you're a woman, into rock & blues on any wind instrument, call Andy at the above no.)

services for everyone

Cambridgeport Medical Clinic---
---876-0284
Camb. food coop---
---262-8754
Law commune---
---492-3900

QUEER



KICK ASS FOR ♀

by Katz

In this column, which will hopefully appear consistently in each issue, I want to give a few specific self-defense suggestions for women. These ideas will in no way be sufficient for taking care of ourselves generally, but they will be things which people can do immediately and will relate to particular binds women are frequently in. These should really supplement a knowledge of karate or some other martial art, but these things might be a stop-gap measure. If there are particular questions women have about self-defense, they should write me and I'll try to cover them in the next issue.

SELF-DEFENSE FOR FEMALE HITCHHIKERS

Boston is pervert heaven. There are more perverts in Boston per square inch than probably any other city because of the heavy female student population. By pervert, I mean someone who is involved in coercive sexual acts: acts which do not have the agreement of all persons involved. Straight men are the most common examples. Rapists and exhibitionists are a particular sub-group.

I've been hitching in Boston for about 6 years and have found it a rather unpleasant activity on account of all the bastards riding around looking for some woman to fuck or some woman to use for masturbatory fantasies (exhibitionists.) An exhibitionist is usually someone who is terrified of the reality of sex and must totally objectify a woman to get sexual satisfaction. (Sounds like your basic straight boy.) He will get a woman in his car and her very closeness to him, even without any actual physical contact, will excite him enough that he can masturbate successfully, usually in front of her.

Try never to hitch alone. Never get in a car with more men than women in your hitching group. Try to get rides with cars carrying a woman or some children in them. Don't rely on male freaks not being perverts. Don't get into ANY car you have uncomfortable vibes about, whether it is embarrassing to refuse or not. I've gotten into some pretty ugly situations taking rides when I didn't want to hassel a refusal. Be careful when refusing rides when they stop because they saw you thumbing: boys often go ape when women are arrogant enough to reject them.

Before getting in a car check to make sure (do this as subtly as possible) that his prick is inside his pants. Check that he has pants on in the first place. I have twice been picked up by naked men, wearing only shirts. Make sure that the door handles are on for it's not uncommon for them to remove them in order to keep you captive. If you are alone, don't get in the backseat unless it is a four-door car. Always try to sit close to a door. Familiarize yourself with how to open the car door and how to move up the front seat if you are in the back.

Now exhibitionists are sometimes real different than rapists. They are usually extremely shy. They won't speak much. They won't ask anything of you explicitly, except now and again to look at their sad item as they play with it. They will rarely use physical force. They scare easy. But lots of attackers are also exhibitionists. Try to sense which category he is in so you know how much retaliation to expect when you move.

Demanding angrily and threateningly that he stop the car is often more than enough to freak him. Be very stern---try not to be shaken by his revolting behavior. Be on the lookout for a devise on the driver's panel which has control over the locks on ALL the doors. There is at least one fool riding around with this in Boston.

If he is trying to keep you in the car until he finishes masturbating or for some other perverse reason, you must make decisions about the situation. The way you move is dependent on whether you think he is armed & capable of physical aggressiveness, on how much traffic there is, on how fast the car is moving, etc.

A lot of hitching is done on main streets like Mass Ave & Comm Ave. These streets are safer because the heavy traffic allows you more mobility. Jumping out of a car moving at ANY speed is rather dangerous, so always calculate your risks rationally. Remember too that moving at a speed of 55 mph, if you hit anything solid, it is likely to be instant death for all passengers. Keeping those things in mind, here are some suggestions.

Always scream in a threatening manner, warning him about all the things you're going to do to him (i.e. castration, give his license number to the pigs, sabotage his car, etc.) Make sure to mention that if you ever hear of him doing this again you'll "get him". I guess this will scare him for a week or month. Nothing except good women's self-defense brigades capable of carrying out these threats will deter these pigs permanently, tho.

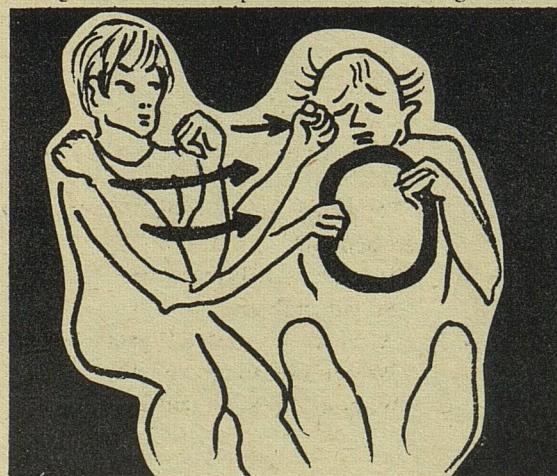
It is sometimes, in tight traffic, good to make a whole scene, screaming and gesticulating so that you can draw attention to him (once you are out of the car), freaking him out all the more. Often there is a pig around who will come over to inquire, and you will have to make your own political decision about what to do with that.

If the car is moving slowly thru traffic & verbal intimidation has not worked, you may want to purposefully get the car into an accident, especially if you feel the boy is an attacker and capable of really harming you. You might try to just confuse him by yelling things like "look out to your left" or "You just hit a little boy" or something. Chances are that won't do much.



Wait a few moments then and pull your ace. Use your left fist to bang him in the face. Make a tight fist being sure to tuck your thumb tightly over the first two fingers so that it does not protrude over the knuckles (see the drawing.) to insure that it doesn't get broken. Swing your fist from the right shoulder, thumb pointing inside toward the shoulder, straight across the body, into the face, making contact with the back of the hand at the knuckles. Or poke him in the eyes with your fingers. If this doesn't freak him out (they are usually ASTONISHED at the thought of women actually fighting) pull the steering wheel so that you hit something or swerve. At the same time kick his foot or his calf so that he doesn't step on the gas. (See the drawing.) All of this should take place very quickly. Most probably his automatic response will be to slam on the breaks and you must make use of that second to escape.

Don't hesitate because if he has time to recover his cool, he will be ready to do a real job on you. It is also effective to grab his lower lip and pull down as hard and quick as possible, ripping the lip from the gums. This is impossible to defend against.



If you are going to try to get the car into a crash or a quick stop, remember that if you are braced for what is about to happen, chances are that they will get hurt and you won't.

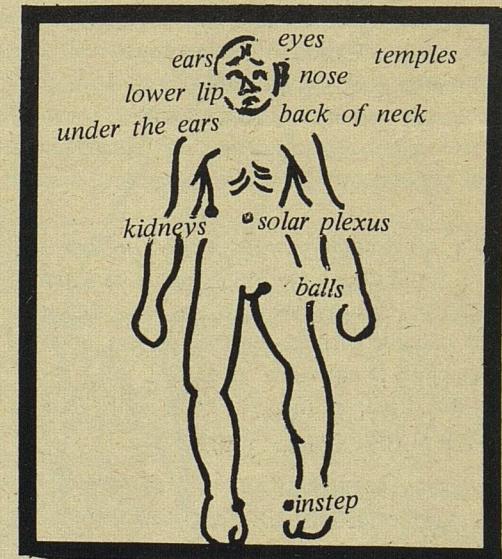
To brace yourself, tuck your head down chin touching your chest, tensing your neck muscles so that you're in control of it to avoid whiplash. Brace your feet against the back of the floor, but don't lock your knee joints in place. Let all your leg muscles be tensed, but keep a slight bend in the knees so that your body will give with the crash instead of having your leg bones cracking. Try to save your right arm for protecting your head.

If you get picked up by more than one hostile sort, you're in bigger trouble. If you're near the door, go for that first. If you're between two of them in the front seat, try to fuck up the driver.

If you're in the back seat and there's a group of them, things are rougher. One effective method, so I'm told (I've never tried it), is just to go bullshit. That means screaming and biting and kicking and flailing and keeping yourself moving at such a dynamite pace so that (a) they can't get their hands on you and (b) they get freaked out that you'll attract attention. It is very hard to catch and hold a moving person. Try it with your friends. You will be amazed at the amount of energy you can summon up.

Weapons inside a car are usually not too wise. Gas and mace are dangerous because they affect you, too, inside such close quarters. Knives, guns, blackjack, and chains are sometimes bad because he can use superior brute strength to get them away from you and use them on you.

Better depend on your elbows, knees, and fists. The most vulnerable spots are the eyes, temples, neck, nose, lip, solar plexus, and balls. The cheeks, jaws, shoulders, back, legs, arms, and upper chest are pretty resilient. (See the drawing)



Try to get a window open at all costs if you're in a crowded area so you can so you can scream for help. But don't count on getting much. Scream whatever you think will most quickly attract attention. Don't scream that sexist pigs are oppressing you. That will probably get them help. Scream that your baby is being butchered or that they are raping you or that someone is dying.

Try to avoid hitching altogether if your hands are burdened down with bundles or packages or books and stuff. The best thing to carry is a big purse or a book bag --- something you can put at your feet so that your arms are free. Try to wear pants when you know you'll be hitching so that you have full mobility. Be careful about rings. They usually hurt the hand they are on more than the face you are hitting. Necklaces can be used to choke you.

Since women are economically oppressed also, we have less access to cars. Post-revolutionary transportation will solve these problems. Until then all female drivers should make an effort to pick up their sisters and take them directly where they want to go.

SQUI SH!

I feel lots of times as though I'm being pushed from the women's community into the gay community and from the gay community into the women's community. Women say I have gay consciousness and keep trying to represent gay liberation as a thing apart. Gay men say I have women's consciousness when they want to assume they are gay liberation. I am oppressed by both of you.

I know you'll argue. I know there are lots of women who resent gay women in the women's movement because they feel we've declared ourselves as gay sisters as being in the correct political perspective or as being in some way in the vanguard of our struggle. There are a few instances of messy thought here--ideas that come out of a society where people are taught to see themselves as individuals pitted against each other rather than parts of a whole everchanging process.

We are defined by who we touch because we touch, hold, care for, and play with other women, and we have left that touching open to growing in any kind of crescendo that we feel. To us that's only the beginning.

We are learning to love ourselves for the new selves we are creating which are lovable in themselves, not as half of a heterosexual completeness. Our commitment is to women and when we feel commitment with gay brothers it's because we see them struggling parallel to us.

I have to stress that I'm not trying to speak for all of us in gay women's liberation and certainly not for all lesbians. I am however trying to verbalize some trends I've seen in the thoughts of gay women who came out partly as a result of changes we went through in the women's movement. (I have to stress that this is only one type of evolution which leads women to gay women's liberation.) Our analysis doesn't arise from a few people like me -- it arises from the situation we face as women, as gay women. All sisters must deal in some way with the same situation. I hope in time gay women's liberation will define ourselves not because of our sexuality per se, but because of what we're trying to create.

Whether individually or collectively through the women's movement, we realized the role of women was oppressive. It's oppressive always to be defined and found valuable through another person, whether husband or child. Women, we all agreed, must forge new identities, discover and create our skills, find a new strength in sisterhood. (remember.....)

We analyzed, through our personal experiences, that the power in Amerika and Amerikan power all over the world is held and controlled by white men; and that the rest of us are oppressed by groups, by sex and race by lack of access to the resources we need in this society: skills, connections, money (capital), and time. If we didn't have to worry about that we could create, and certainly eat and sleep.

Our sensuality is degraded and made into an obscene product to be exchanged, exploited, or ripped off by rapists. Our time & commitments are taken from our struggle as women by the roles we operate in within different institutions which seem at times to make up all the possibilities for interaction in our lives -- families, schools, work, and relationships with men.

Debby

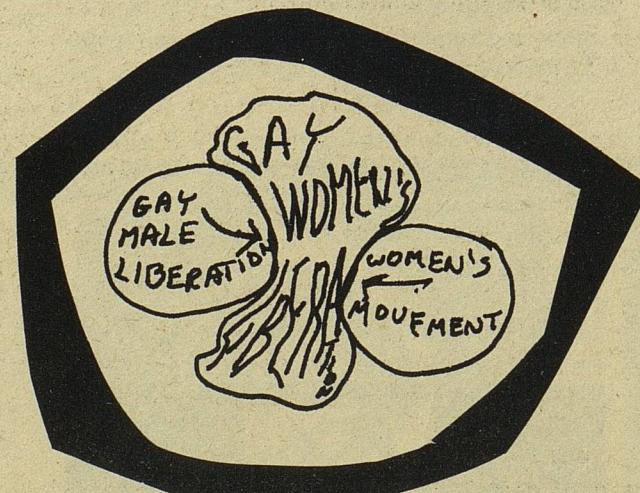
Go smash yourself
against the wall of his eyes.
Who am I
to tell you what peace is?

Mary Daunon

What we're trying to do--whether or not we initiated these changes in ourselves by conscious choice--is to withdraw our energies and our minds from operating within these institutions and the roles and assumptions they set up for all men and women to fit into.

We've discovered that because we've been socialized through all these institutions we've learned both the role of the oppressed and how the oppressor works. We've seen time and time again in lots of movements how people just can't get out of trashing each other by using these roles or refusing to deal with them. We know we tend to do this ourselves and that if we're ever to liberate ourselves we'll have to overcome this socialization and learn new ways to be with each other. That's why when we work out what it means to be gay among ourselves it's trying to define new relationships, ways to care about each other, support each other, work and play with each other, and be sensual together--ways which cut away the old exploitative assumptions about sex and love and personhood.

We can't define any specific limits to our women's community: "Gay" "Straight"; "Gay" "Women's." Our energy and our attempt at creating and using those new forms spills over everywhere. Who would want to contain it?



We also know, being gay women, that gay people--women and men--have lived all their lives a contradiction to oppressive heterosexual forms. We recognize that what we're doing is trying to create a new perspective on that same struggle. Whether we think of ourselves as gay liberation or women's liberation, no matter what label gets put on us we're the same people coming out of the same experiences with the same needs; and the struggle we face is against the same oppressive system. What we have to do in gay women's liberation is find what these common experiences and needs are and build on these insights.

Women who are alone when they realize they love women face some of the loneliest experiences in this society. The words queer and lesbian are horrifying to them because they have to face that situation alone--because there is no reinforcement around them to say "being a lesbian is good, is freeing."

Because some of those women have really different life styles from us, we haven't related closely to them yet. But it's really being elitist to put down those women's lives as being incorrect forms. If we feel like there's some answer we're finding which is in some ways good for any woman "we" have to come to terms with what that means just as much as "those" women. We have to open ourselves up, in some ways make ourselves more vulnerable than they can afford to just yet, and let them take from us what makes sense to them.

There are quite a few women who came out without getting into all these roles and such but who don't relate to the women's movement or to gay liberation as a movement either--but they relate in some ways to youth culture. Those women have seen us

get into exploitative roles when we think of ourselves as political; seen us play the same power games men play in other movements or in the system we're trying to destroy; seen us claim to be revolutionaries without giving up or even recognizing privileges we have because of the economic class we might have come from, because of the schools we might have gone to, or at least because we have movements to back us up and give us security.

A lot of these women come to gay women's liberation meetings from time to time; some feel a part of our group and think about gay women's liberation a lot. But we women who feel part of the women's movement and these women are hardly so different. We all have lots of stuff to get to know about each other and lots of creative energy to share. At times we act like "women's lib heavies" and monopolize the meetings with old boring forms of holding meetings and doing politics. That's a complete drag and a waste of time in terms of getting to know each other and building our community.

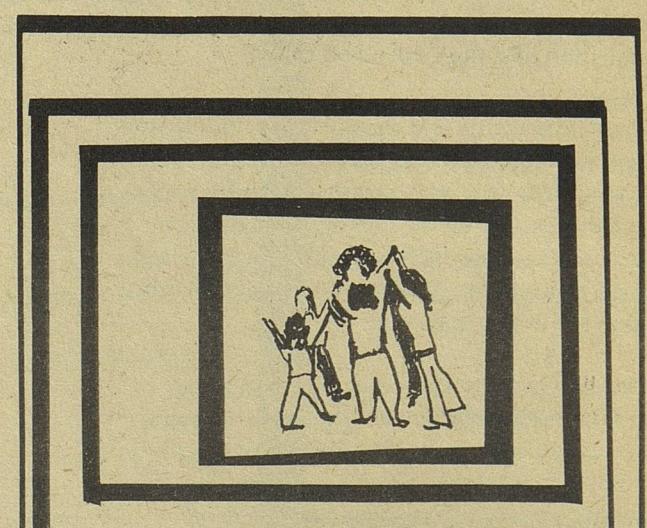
I've talked about our relation to gay sisters who don't feel part of our community yet. Then there's us to think about in relation to our other sisters in the women's movement.

I've already run down quickly the process we're going through, more of us each week. (It grows so fast it's pointless to separate "us" and "you" lots of the time.) We're developing an analysis about our situation as women which causes us to simultaneously want to withdraw to whatever extent possible from the male controlled and (hetero-)sexist institutions of family, school, work, and male-female sexual relationships and also to become still closer to our sisters, commit ourselves to our sisters--as people as well as a movement. We really do feel that's the most recent change in a series of women's liberation changes we're going through that seem to be common to the women's movement.

I showed this article to women who consider themselves to be heterosexual and celibate and who share my general perspective on activities that are important for us now and who are trying to figure out new ways to create a revolutionary women's community. They were upset about whether they were the *we* or the *you* in this article. They said it was like the *we* kept changing--sometimes referring to creating a whole new life style and politics, sometimes we who relate sexually to other women. This dichotomy is exactly what I'm talking about.

Gay women's liberation is trying to redefine a liberated, non-sexist gayness through creating relationships where there are no limits, including the limit of having to have sex with another woman. That is oppression we feel from men--and we try to be conscious of it and avoid that. But when a sister agrees with everything else we want to do--free our sensuality, our creative talents, use our energy for liberation in ways without roles--and that sister denies she's gay because she doesn't relate genetically to women, that sister reinforces our oppression by defining us by our sexual lives. If you feel us putting that pressure on you, let's talk about it. But let's make an effort to face the political questions that seem to divide us now openly and not with defenses.

Nita



SMASH PHALLIC IMPERIALISM!

Some thoughts after a G.W.L. meeting.



Sex is an institution. In an oppressive society like amerika, it reflects the same ideology as other major institutions. It is goal-oriented, profit & productivity oriented. It is a prescribed system, with a series of correct & building activities aimed toward the production of a single goal: climax.

It's also a drag. For women, in a culture based on our oppression, heterosexual sex is a product we have had to turn out. To encourage us, we are given two minutes of this, a few moments of that, a couple minutes at something else...all aimed towards the Great Penetration and the Big Come. There is great pressure to have an orgasm. Sex without orgasm is a failure, it's a drag, it's incomplete, and very very sad. (Just like marriage is not real until it is "consummated".) Because of phallic imperialism built upon Freud's ignorance of the female body, orgasm is supposed to come from intercourse. That's just terrific for boys, but since our orgasm-producing organ is the clitoris, external to the vagina - contradicting capitalist sexist physiology - many women don't produce the appropriate orgasm thru heterosexuality. By that criteria, they are frigid.

I'm a lesbian. A lot of people can't figure out "what we do", how we make love without a penis around for the final consummation. A lot of boys have these ideas of dildos and bananas. Sex as an institution is so totally tied up with the penis and it's goal that boys assume there must be some poor substitute for their noble item.

I always hated sex with men. The pressure of the goal, the rigidity of the process and ends was always totally unsatisfactory. Whenever I hear the word 'sex', all those shitty experiences I had with men come to mind. I cannot separate the word 'sex' from the phallic tyranny I suffered from for so many years.

For me, coming out meant an end to sex. It's dead and gone in my life. I reject that institution totally. Sex means oppression, it means exploitation. It serves the needs of boys. It has little to do with pleasure for the greatest mass of oppressed people: women.

Physical contact and feelings have taken a new liberatory form. And we call that **sensuality**. The women's movement in general, especially at the beginning, and gay feminism now is a fantastically sensual experience for me. I love my body and the bodies of my sisters. Physicality is now a creative non-institutionalized experience. It is touching and rubbing and cuddling and fondness. It is holding and rocking and kissing and licking. Its only goal is closeness and pleasure. It does not exist for the Big Orgasm. It exists for feeling nice. Our sensuality may or may not include genital experience, that may or may not be the beginning or the ending of the experience. It may be anywhere, or nowhere.

To make good love with women, I don't want to have to 'produce' anything. Except pleasure. And that can be at any level or in any form. The sensuality I feel has transformed my politics, has solved the contradiction between my mind and my body because the energies for our feminist revolution are the same as the energies of our love for women. When we feel good about someone we may sleep together. That could mean a lot of things from hugs to climax to cuddling to being very close but not touching. If we feel good in a group we may have a pajama party, which would be called an 'orgy' inside the institution of straight sex. That could be a genital thing or not. We are free to act without pressure. I refuse to feel like I must make a decision about whether to "put out" or not. There is no such thing as putting out among us. There is not set physical goal to our sexuality. There is no sex.

The whole language is oppressive. It is white male-oriented and heterosexual. One word that must go is "sex" because that describes a way of being physical that can only draw up very bad memories for a lot of us. We must use it only in referring to that oppressive institution, not to any new forms we are developing. Having sex means accepting a set of criteria for "success" that we did not set up and develop among ourselves.

Sensuality is formless and amorphous. It can grow and expand as we feel it. It is shared by everyone involved. It isn't something one puts out for another. Sex with boys was like doing alienated labor so that one with power could make good profit off of my surplus labor. Sexuality with women is a collective experience growing out of our struggle.

Smashing the notion of sex, getting away from these concepts so intimately tied up with the penis, helps us destroy roles. One thing we realized in our group of gay feminists is that the word "lover" doesn't describe anything for us anymore very much. It is very hard to tell who is who's lover, because that is a condition determined by genital contact in our society. But among us, we have a very brazen set-up. I don't sleep with the same women every nite. I might cuddle with one sister tonite because we were together and felt close and I might crash on some matress with a

bunch of women tomorrow because we all danced together half the nite. If your lover is someone you feel emotional and physical attractions to and where there is some kind of mutual commitment, then we are surely the biggest group of floozies in town. It's so wonderful. Without that kind of exclusive coupling sex and lovers breed, people cannot fall into traditional roles so easily. Because each time you sleep with someone you have to make the decision that time. Dependent exclusionary relationships take away free will. It becomes an institutionalized habit to sleep together regularly and there is not usually a fresh decision each time. Amongst us, our getting together is dependent on the reality of the present, not on the promises of fore.

Sensuality is something that can be very collective. Sex is private and tense. Sensuality is something you want your best friends to feel and act on with your other best friends. Sex is something you want power and territorial rights over. Sex is localized in the pants and limited by that. Sensuality is all over and grows always. Sex is pinpointed in the pants because the penis is there and the penis is, if not the material source, the material basis for power in amerika. If you don't have one you are fucked over by those who do. If you don't have capital you get fucked over by those who do. Unless you attach yourself to someone who has it so that you can serve them in exchange for protection (known as marriage.) Sperm is coin. And that whole system of exchange necessarily excludes us as lesbians. We can't pretend that those few flaps of skin that make up the masculine apparatus are just a few objective ectodermal gatherings. That stuff is the proof of a right to have access to privilege. Some boys reject that privilege, but they always have the possibility of whipping it out in an emergency and asserting their privilege.

We are building a revolution which isn't based on such drivel. And we must have a new language and aesthetic to describe it. Lesbianism is not a sexual perversion: it has nothing to do with sex. It is not another way to "do it": it is a whole other way to have contact. Sex is a phallic term and we are involved in building a humane world. It's like when people talk about being bisexual it blows my mind. It's like saying that if you have an apple and an orange you have two apples because they're both fruits.

Heterosexuality and lesbianism are two forms of physical contact. But that's as far as the similarity goes. I sleep with women, make love with women. am a woman, a lesbian. But I don't have sex with anyone. If I had sex, I could have it with a boy, but that would be a whole other trip from what I am feeling about my gay sensuality. It would be another experience altogether, not a different form of gay sexuality. I would be reentering an institution the structure of which is inherently oppressive to me. Although particular experiences might be of reasonable fun. But radical lesbian sensuality is a form which I myself am helping create. It is not an institution existing outside of me, like sex is. It is me, us, as it comes out of our new consciousness.

KATZ



On Saturday I gave myself to a woman
to breasts
to fingers
to musky cigarette breath and furry vaginal
softness.

On Saturday I gave myself to cockless sex
and then
I watched
and waited
and dropped into the heavy sweet sea of
woman loving woman.

Marlene A. Geffin

When I'm walking down the street, and ev'ry man

A A⁷ D

but al-though those guys are sick and think on-ly of

A A⁷ D

When I'm walkin' down the street
And every guy I meet
Wants just to "lay a chick"
Cause altho' those guys are sick
And think only of their prick
They're the men that make the rules
That name me Fag.

They don't know how to love a Man
These tight-assed turds who rule the land
Heaven knows they sure got problems I agree.
But their problems I can't solve
Cause my gayness is involved.
And I'm tired of straight men fuckin over me.

When I'm tryin to be gay
And some pig comes by my way
I get real sore.
Cause although the choice is mine
That ain't what is on his mind
He says be cool or wind up
On a prison floor.

Well their maleness is a drag
If it means I gotta brag
And grab me to my side
A sweet young thing.
I'll love anyone I can
All those I can understand
They won't find a tag for me
I'll just be free.

Now I know that life is rough
And to be a straight is tough
But I have had enough
And can't ignore
That their masculinity
Just don't respect my right to be
And I solemnly do swear
I'm goin to war.

Well I sing this song in hope
That you won't think it's a joke
Cause it's time we all awoke
To take a stand.
We've been victims all our lives
Now it's time we organized.
To fight we're gonna need
Each other's hand.

faggot paul



Chorus

CHORUS

D

A

They whis-ble for me like a dog and make noise.

A

A⁷

D

But their prob-lems I can't solve cuz my sa-nity's

A
I met my baby aint you sweet I could scream
A E A
ain't prick it aint sweet I feel I just feel good and mean



When we go down to our bars
And they drive up in big cars
Staring as if we're from Mars
We're out of luck.
Cause the Mafia owns the place
We don't yet control our space
All we can do is tell him to
Learn to suck.

(chorus)

Well the voyeurs are the worst
Cause they work up a big thirst
For they pray to be the first to
Screw this dyke.
Their cocks they are aroused
When they see us all carouse
But what we have in mind for them
They will not like.

It used to be a drag
To have that age-old tag
Of being called a dyke
Cause you didn't fit
But now across the land
Sisters are all holding hands
And the strength of Sapphocracy
Just won't quit.

Oh support the Chicago 8
The Boston 5 are really great
Repression on the Time.
So Seize the Time.
The counter-left thinks it's so right
But they'll soon be quite uptite
When they deal with the
Gay Women 69.

Elvis, Spiro, Mick & Che
Muhammed Ali, J.F.K.
Sigmund, Jesus, Mao, & Hugh
The boys prefer.
Now we'll make another choice
Lesbians have found our voice
Circe, Valerie, & Sappho
LIVE LIKE HER

katz

katz & kathy queer

Lavender Vision



eat - touch - suck - dance - come - swish - dress - fight - cuddle - struggle
feminize - camp - cruise - give birth - smash - laugh - break down - let go
or kiss ☺

vol. 1 no. 1 for the gay male community FREE

To straight men in the movement,

As I look back at my five years being involved in liberal, progressing to radical, politics, I have to stop and wonder if we've all been fighting the same revolution. I've known I was gay for three years now, and yet, except for rare exceptions have I let anyone I was involved with politically know I was gay. When I did eventually come out into the open about my gayness, an immediate, yet subtle form of segregation occurred. I was immediately left out of decision making of any great importance and usually found myself doing shit work with the women. And I actually accepted this because I now wore the stigma of being a faggot.

Well you're damn right we're faggots, and proud of it. We faggots have been running next to you for a long time too. At SNCC Summer, Vietnam Summer, in Birmingham, at the Pentagon, in the Days of Rage, in Chicago during the convention, at Berkley, in Cambridge, Madison and Kent State too. But now as our gay consciousness grows, our sense of oppression grows and we realize that maybe you're not our brothers. If you want to replace the old power system with a new power system, that is just as oppressive to women and gays, NO we're not fighting the same revolution.

We love the Vietnamese people, the Tupamaros and just the entire third world. We love them and feel solidarity with them and their struggles out of mutual sense of oppression and not out of guilt as we see the vast majority of straight white men in the movement. We've been oppressed since birth with our blue nightgowns and trucks and baseball bats and footballs and 'fucking chicks' every weekend. And even now we're struggling with our masculinity which is the origin of our oppression , that of women and oppression in its entirity. Masculinity=power and that power has been keeping us oppressed for thousands of years. It has caused the murder, either thru assasination or suicide, of thousands upon thousands of our gay brothers. Well we aren't taking it from the ruling class anymore and we won't take anymore shit from you either.

We, as gay boys, are just beginning to realize that some of those qualities generally attributed to women are intrinsically part of every person and thru thousands of years of psychological indoctrination have we arrived at this fucked-up situation we are in. To be gentle with and kiss and hug and make love to another boy is a basic part of smashing masculinity (i.e. power).

You, straight men, are an oppressor to us and our sisters. We don't want to be called men anymore because of all it implies. Because we don't want to be like you. We have our own community , and it's growing stronger. Too long have our brothers been shoved into mafia run bars or into mental institutions or early graves.

And no more ego trips for you either . Thinking we want to suck your cock. BULLSHIT! ! We'll bite it off! For all we care you can shove it into a wall. Until you can come to us, openly, gently, and warmly and make love with us, we don't want any part of your masculine cocks. This letter is not an invitation to an orgy. It is a warning. You had better get your shit together and become a person instead of a man because after you've fired your last shot, and the power is in your hands, we'll still be shooting, at you!!



From my collective consciousness,

wade

In the past few months the thirty or forty of us who are active in gay male liberation have gone through many changes. We've talked about being gay long into the night in consciousness raising groups, we've acted out our gayness on the streets, we've danced with each other in our new dance theatre. We've been confronted by the gay women and we seem to confront each other all the time. We've also made love with each other a lot and have added a lot of sensuality to our sexuality. It seems that through these changes we were beginning to feel the revolutionary implications of being gay.

But still there were only thirty or forty of us. Why wasn't our movement growing? Last Wednesday at our weekly meeting we seemed to be talking to each other and not extending ourselves into the gay world. One brother who was there for the first time told how hard it was for him to find out where and who we were. We had isolated ourselves. We got to be great friends but mostly because we had cut ourselves off from the outside.

So some of us from gay male liberation got together with women from gay women's liberation and decided to put out a gay news - paper for gay people.

If we are really to be a community news paper we will have to meet needs of all the gay community and to transmit our knowledge of who we are so we no longer exist in isolation. We can sense how we feel about each other and in doing so we'll understand how revolutionary we really are. Straights don't have to define for us the road to our own liberation.

We started meeting weekly with the women to talk about putting out a paper. It wasn't long before we realized that when the males talked about being gay, we didn't include an understanding that women are gay too and have a whole lot of different ideas of what "gay consciousness" means. We discovered again and again that even though we were gay we still had not understood the male domination in the society we

live in. Nor did we understand how much of that masculine culture was inside us. A lot of our problems and fears seemed unrelated to those of the women. The differences between the women and the men became clear. It was impossible for us to assume those differences didn't exist by publishing one paper meant to appeal to both audiences. Maybe sometime in the future after we work together those differences may cease to exist. But for now the back-to-back format of our paper expresses the degree of togetherness that is comfortable to us.

We'll try to get Lavender Vision out every month. We hope that you'll help us by contributing articles, letters of criticism, poems, cultural reviews, or any thing you feel like writing about what it's like to be gay in Amerika. We'd also like you to join us to do editorial and production work. Call us at 787-0439.

If we're honest as we relate our experiences with each other a way of living out our image of the kind of society we could create if we were free to be together outside of an anti-gay society. In working out our ideas, we'll all be transformed. It would be impossible for us to come together enough to put out this paper without at the same time taking the first steps in bringing the Lavender Vision inside us.



L Am
Serial

TO GET IN TOUCH

gay male liberation meetings—
Wednesday 8:30
787-0439 ask for Craig or Paul

gay modern dance theater
523-3539 Rebelle

lavender vision gay male collective
787-0439

temporary information centers
787-0439 & 523-3539

suicide prevention
426-6600

student homophile league
876-4563



I live in a world of reality and vision, because I am part of the Gay Community, which is certainly real in many ways. It is also quite visionary, though. I have my own lavender vision--a vision which I hang on to, a vision which keeps me away from the razor blade end of so many of my Brothers. The vision is a place where I will be totally free to love, totally free to live fully and completely. I believe in this vision, and I will fight and maybe even have to die in order that this vision be fulfilled--if not for me, than for my Brothers who will come after me. My vision and my feeling for my Brothers are part of my growing political Gay Consciousness: an awareness and understanding of my oppression as a Gay Boy and an awareness and understanding of oppression of all peoples.

Right now, my priorities are quite clear, and it is our Gay oppression which I must deal with. To do this, I need strength, a whole fucking lot of strength. As a white Gay Boy, I have always been taught to feel weak and helpless, so I must find my strength through my Brothers. This is the real Gay Community. I know that I can turn to other Gay Boys for support when I feel down; I know that I will be loved by people who understand my need for love; I know that when I fall down, there will be someone there to pick me up, or at least help me to get up myself. The strongest feeling I get from the real Gay Community is that I AM NOT ALONE!!!

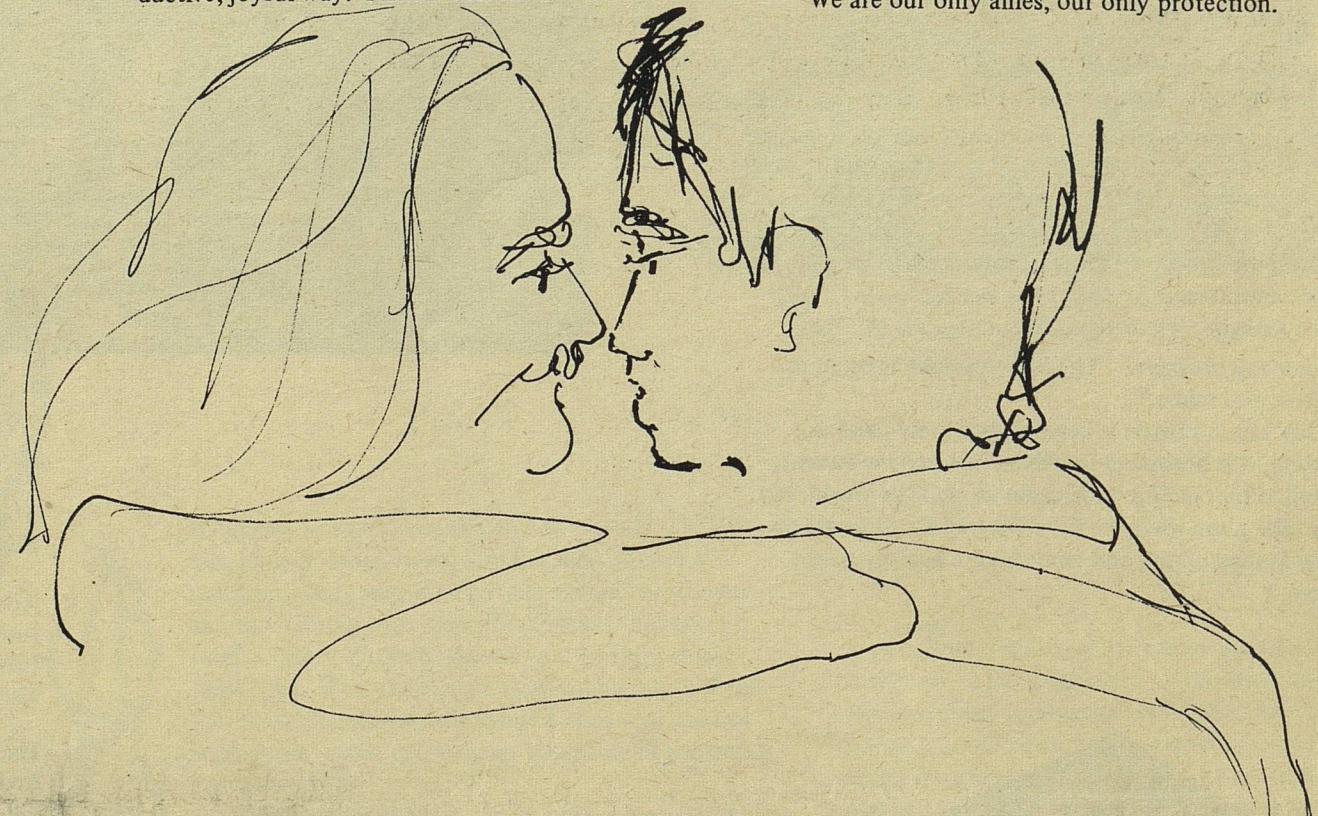
This feeling for Gay Community, and my rising level of consciousness comes about through criticism and self-criticism, both from me and from my Brothers. By criticism I mean pointing out to each other when our actions don't contribute to the creation of our lavender vision. I must constantly analyze and try to resolve the things in me which have been instilled from my oppression. I must look at myself and my Brothers and see the bad things, the destructive things which keep us oppressed, because our oppression will end only when we stop stagnating and start to change. I guess when you come down to it, change occurs only through criticism.

I used to exist alone, as a gay individual. When one is alone as an oppressed individual, one cannot possibly criticize one's self or the environment in which one lives. When there is no support around from Brothers, one doesn't bother criticizing, since the criticism must be faced alone. Gay People, who are existing outside of the fast-growing Gay Community would never even think of political criticism.

My Gay Brothers, whose lives are lived out in the bars and parks, and who have no contact with the Movement, and who, therefore, have little or no political Gay Consciousness, wouldn't even consider criticism, either from the standpoint of self, or of the environment in which they live, since that oppressive environment has

been ingrained in them so strongly, that they have come to accept it as the only way of life for them. Many have even accepted as truth, the myth of Gay People being second class citizens. How I want to rap with these Brothers, and tell them that the environment can change, that there is a possibility (a real good possibility) of an alternative life-style for Gay People, that it is not their fault that they are fucked up, that it is the fucked-up system to which they have been conditioned which has fucked up their heads. I want them to see, as I have seen, that to be Gay is positive and wonderful, not negative and degrading and something to be sad about and therefore changed. I simply (?) want all my Gay Brothers to be happy and to live life in a full, productive, joyful way. I know that in

Sometimes, I get angry and frustrated when I hear a Gay Brother rapping down his "admirable" ability to relate to straights (pigs). He does not see the inherent destruction in this. It destroys his Gayness, and it chips away at the growing solidarity and life within the Gay Community. It is also a denial of his Gayness. How I wish I could make my less militant and radical Gay Brothers in Boston realize this. How I wish I could make them see that the Gay Community must be built with Gay People. How I wish that I could make them see that the feeling of Gay Community, which they have been trying not to be a part of all their lives, is a necessary, basic facet of our self-preservation. The Gay Community is no longer something to be feared, but rather something to be sought. We are our only allies, our only protection.



*gay community is consciousness is love
is revolution is love*

amerikan society, this way of life is difficult, if not near impossible, but we, as Gay Brothers, criticizing each other, loving each other, and giving each other support, can begin to find a fulfilling life-style among ourselves. To do this, we have to divorce ourselves from straight society as much as possible. We must see oppression from straight society, particularly from straight men, with all their "amerikan masculinity" fuck-ups--Macho, Sexism, basic amerikan pig mentality. We, as Gay People, must learn to see straight pig society for what it is, how it works to destroy us all.

But, it is not our job to educate straight society. It is their problem--let them deal with it. I have my own Macho and Sexism, my own life to worry about, and I have no desire to deal with the lives of straights. My concern is the lives of my Gay Brothers, the workings of the Gay Community, and, therefore, the destruction and downfall (not the education) of the systems and institutions (pig amerika) which seek to destroy the existence of my People. This means that there must be a realization on the part of all my Brothers that Gay People must no longer apologize to the straight world for being Gay; There is nothing to apologize for. We must begin dealing only with our Brothers and Sisters.

Here the question comes up of how to bring this idea to all my Gay Brothers. We, the Brothers in Gay Male Liberation, have an obligation to rap down our ideas and politics to all Gay People. I am new to the whole idea of verbalizing my politics. I never used to do it; I would let other Brothers do it for me. Now I am beginning to feel confident enough in myself and my politics to say the things that I believe, to push them out at meetings and on the streets to my Brothers. Day by day, more and more of us are feeling our oppression, and our bitterness and hate grow heavier by the hour. It is time to stop internalizing and time to start rapping and criticizing. Hopefully, our consciousness as Brothers will be raised a little more, and we will start questioning our pig-programmed ideas and fucked-up life-style. I only want all my Gay Brothers to be happy, to revel in their Gayness, to see the differences between Gay and straight and to dig them as the beautiful differences they are. Only then will we, as Gay People, be able to act on our consciousness and move.

My Brothers, you make my life more complete than it has ever been before. You make me laugh; you make me cry. You make me feel a part of something very wonderful YOU ARE LIFE.....

All Power to the People--
Gay Power to Gay People,

Rebelle

Masculinity = power. The top rung of the capitalist ladder is the white man. There is no need to modify white man by the word "straight." Because there is no such thing as a gay man. The two words contradict each other. To be a man is to have power and privilege, to be an oppressor. To be a gay boy is to be loving and struggling, and to be oppressed. Men oppress women; and they oppress gay boys as well. Sleeping with other males does not mean that one is automatically gay. Gay is a whole different consciousness. It is feeling warmth for gay brothers. It is feeling love for all of our sisters. It is struggling with the chauvinism we have grown up with.

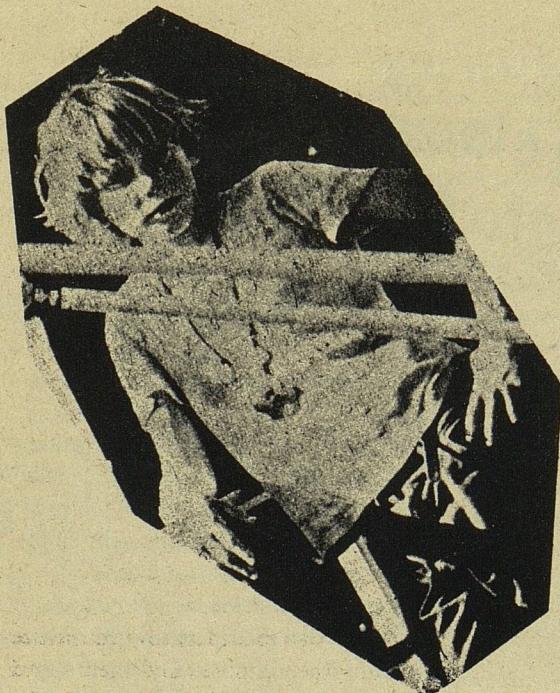
As gay boys we are rejecting our roles, not as males, but as men. Now really, who wants to be an insensitive bastard? Straight men certainly seem to -- and they are our enemy.

It is so wonderful to feel affection for my brothers and sisters; to be able to cry and know they are there to comfort me; to feel the warmth of my brother's body next to me as I sleep, not motivated by any orgasmic fantasies, but by understanding.

Most of us have come from straight life styles; we were all closet queens at one time or other. Playing men, actively homosexual or not, we fucked over women left and right - and we fucked over our own gay brothers and sisters as we sat and giggled at faggots and dykes, maybe even beating one up now and then. Straight white men are beginning to find themselves more and more alone. Soon they will find that they either have to suck or they're gonna get fucked. Only when straight men recognize their gayness will they become my brothers. "The love you take is equal to the love you make."

Gay Lib in Boston is beginning to grow - and in growing, it is beginning to move. But this movement, as well as that of Gay Liberation around the world, can only take place when we have rejected the sickness we know as masculinity and embrace the healthy world of gay.

bob



My legs are crossed on my trembling hands - you tell me "you are alone -- don't ever forget that" -- my head hurts, i need you, but there you are and i need freedom -- tight -- shit i'm alone -- we are trying so hard to find something (remember something?) and it is freedom to love -- but when i touch you, you scream danger and when i make love to you, you disappear -- tomorrow i might see you under my cloudy sky -- but today you are here -- where are you now -- can you see that i ask not for what we can't have but for what we can. Or maybe i am wrong -- but my brother says to feel what you feel is the only revolution -- i love you and him and many others -- when is the time we can be together -- after the world is born -- i remember many tears, but none are more real than the ones which are unseen -- pain so intense -- i am alone.

bob



CRUISE R

i was looking back to see
if you were looking back to see
if i was looking back to see
if you were looking back
at me

you were cute as you could be
standing looking back at me
and it was plain to see
i'd enjoy your company.

Around the dairy bar the incredible man
Censures his thoughts and smiles bold
Toward the few, might meet him kind,
Since fourteen, sinking soft till
height of the rest
And, so, relaxing when the shorter feel mocked,
Into trusting so, they confess to him in turn
How intense they confess to him in turn,
The latest drooling inner, asks the maiden
links of courtship,
The charisma man says, 'This may sound dramatic,'
And many censures rolling behind his eyes
Till spark, he blinks years confidings
away, till, fresh
A tear speaks, 'I don't have any answers,'
And gentle from another goes to find another.
Don't float to our big cities, dandelions,
Courage not to find your boy next door,
Needs pent up religioso years
Bring the waste, you'll cry aloud
Was we polluted you.

But we've met the fresher touch of country,
Who, barefoot ever, wade the brook with any,
Taken water-rounded pebbles, not woods'
Veiled spikes. They visited astounded,
Found us wading through the sidewalks,
Twenty fathoms true, their eyes beside us,
And cramped our feet, long over-cobbled
The treading here and now to believe the ground:
Strangers, fill hand the yard beside you,
Would soothe feet our city,
A varied, healthy lawn.

mel

joseph
making love with you, little boy,
before i had to leave
i felt you understood what it was all about.
revolutionary love,
wade

Oscar Wilde
gay political martyr





Dear Mom,

You may know a lot of what I'm going to say, you may not. It's hard for me to know what's inside of you, what you see or feel or are. I've learned a little about your capacity as a women in this society to deny your own needs and your own worth and to accept suffering, in order to help others to find their worth. I know that so often when I was growing up I could not have stood the pain if your words and kindness and life hadn't helped.

It's the pain that I want to talk about. The first pain and the ache that never stopped was the distance between me and father. I can remember thinking ever since I was very, very young, "He doesn't like me - he resents me - because I am too much like him." I can now see that he was and is fighting his own battles of which I am only a part. But it hurt so much. Never to feel tenderness from him. To despise myself for not being the kind of son that he wanted. I tried and tried to make myself more aggressive, more masculine, more like Mark. Be like Mark, that's what he wants. Be like Mark. But I knew I could never make it. So I hated myself for so many years and I hated him while I loved him.

So I went to school and met all those boys who were successful at being boys. They could do everything that boys are supposed to want to do. And every year it got worse. There were more and more things that defined what you had to be like to be a boy. All of them left me out. I didn't want to be like that. I didn't like competitiveness and hostility involved in team sports. I didn't like shitting on girls all the time. But everywhere I turned it was made very clear to me that in order to be accepted by anybody I was going to have to make myself be as masculine as I could. Whenever I let up for an instant, the ridicule poured down on me - from my brothers, from my friends, and from my father. Be a Man! Be a Man! Be a Man! Even if I hated their definition of what a man is supposed to be. By trying to be masculine men, men in this society end up being people who are cold and unfeeling. They become incapable of relating to women fully as people with minds and as people of value who can be much more than givers of warmth and understanding if men would only let them.



By trying to be as male as you can be, men become incapable of being warm to other men. To be a successful Man, means to be able to control women and to compete with men. That means that you are totally alone. With no one can you be fully close, fully open. You can love no one completely - since you must maintain at least some measure of control at all times - and you become incapable of accepting love completely.

All of this I firmly believe. I believe that this is the kind of person - or non-person - that almost everyone tried to make me be when they tried to kill what was good in me in order that I would be a well-adjusted masculine Man. It was at the age of 10 that I first began to realize that I would never fit into that mold. That's when I first remember having sexual fantasies about men. Even a 10 year old boy already knows that those fantasies are taboo in a "Real Man." Men, this society would have us believe, are aroused only by the touch and feel of the skin on a woman's body. The skin on a man's body is not only not erotic to another male, but it is not even worth touching. Men are not supposed to touch other men - except to shake their hand or slap them on the back. Then why did I dream of making love with other men? My self-hatred multiplied rapidly in the next few years as I realized more and more that I would never be the kind of man that all men were "supposed" to be. I wanted so much to die rather than be who I am.

Sometimes I thought I might make it. I found that men will respect anybody who competes successfully, no matter at what. So I worked and worked and became the Best in everything academic. To be on top of the heap, to have all others below you, is to be successful at being male. So in my own way I became a good man - I got the kind of masculinity that is left over for all those who can't make it in the competition for physical masculinity. You can see the results of my kind of maleness in every teacher that lords it over his students, every intellectual elitist and every pipe-smoking college prof. who delights in the adulation of his female students.

I tried proving my manhood in other ways, too. I would never actively seek a girl friend since I wasn't really interested. But if someone told me that a girl liked me, I would play the game, go out on dates, even make out. Of course I would be sexually aroused but as others were getting into heavier sexual things I never thought of going beyond kissing and petting. It just wasn't satisfying enough to want to extend it. But on I went, refusing to admit to myself that I was gay. Always denying - except when I wanted to masturbate. And always feeling immense guilt and shame - and never understanding at all what was going on inside of me. Not knowing that other gay people really existed. No one ever told me I had a choice. That if I hated being what everyone tried to make me be, I could choose something else besides suicide.

In college, I was met with more pressure than I could bear. Living constantly with other guys who were very, very anxious to establish their masculinity so that it could never be questioned, I could never escape the pressure to prove that I too could get and subdue a woman. I tried and tried but they wouldn't leave me alone. My family had long ago gotten used to seeing me as "different", as weak and passive, because I wouldn't participate in their type of action. But not my "good friends." "You're not aggressive enough with her." "You've got to dominate more." "You're too..." "You're not enough..." I could never seem to squeeze myself into the mold enough to satisfy them, to make them admit me into that exclusive male club.

Finally I saw that playing their game wasn't worth it any more. It wasn't even their game but something they had been forced into by a society with such a masculinity cult and such a warped, narrow definition of masculinity that no one could "achieve" it. As long as they live these men will constantly be struggling to "achieve" Manhood, to prove to themselves and their wives and their children and their friends that they are all male. It's so sad because not only is the goal not attainable but it's such a stupid goal. To be all male. To have none of the qualities that are called female.

Why should anyone want to be so limited?

I have come out. I am gay. I belong to a community of people who will not allow their being to be defined by society. No one has a right to tell me that I am a man now and always, and that I must therefore act "like a man." If I am a man, then I will define what it means to be a man. And I will come to that definition with the help of people that I love and trust - gay people. I will not allow myself and my life to be enslaved by a set of categories which deny the value of who I really am; categories which deny that I exist when they tell me that I cannot be warm and understanding because I have a penis; that I cannot love children as much as someone who has a bosom; that I must compete with all others who have penises instead of loving them; that I am more rational and less emotional than someone with a vagina; that it is my duty as part of the superior penis-having class to want to be able to dominate anyone who does not have a penis.

I want none of these things. Yet I am a man. If there is no room for me in the present world, in its schoolbooks, in the pages of its psychiatric journals, on its streets or in the minds of its people, then I will have to fight to change that world. For I exist and I need room. And we exist and we need more room than a closet.

Love, *Danielle*