GROWING UP GAY

A Youth Liberation Pamphlet
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*The Women's Center*
Come Out, Come Out, Wherever You Are

I Was a Teenage Lesbian

by Helaine Harris

I looked older than my real age. How often people would tell me, "Oh, my dear, you look so much older than 13 or 16 or even 18." There were many goals — to go to college, get married, to have beautiful children. All goals well worth striving for — all accessible, that is if you are a nice straight girl from a middle-class family — but they all have one prerequisite — that you're grown-up, that you're ready to assume the responsibilities that go with them — that you're at least 18 (of course, you're always more mature if you're 21 but there are some mature 18 year olds.) In this society you are amply rewarded for turning 21 — you can drink, own property, even leave your parent's home and go out on your own. That is not to say that many women don't leave home before they're 21 — many have to for economic reasons.

So what happens if you want some freedom earlier? Like when you're 15? Perhaps you decide you cannot stand your parents' control anymore and you want to move into a place of your own. Economically, it will be very hard to do — there aren't that many places a 15 year old can work (and our society has set up laws to protect the young — child labor laws.) Secondly your parents will probably not wish you to leave for after all, after you were born, they did make a commitment to raise you until they think that you're together enough to take care of yourself. So that leaves one way out. You have to "run away." Thousands of young women run away every year. There are laws against running away — the police may arrest you and ultimately your parents have every right to have you committed to a reform school with some bullshit charge like being called "incorrigible."

I was one of those who decided to leave home early. I had to cut my hair, get new clothes, and move 2,000 miles away — assume an entirely new life and identity. To get out of my city (my parents had reported me
missing/run away to the police) I even wore a wig, heels, make-up, and skirt. I slept in a different place every night. Police contacted all my friends asking if they knew where I was. Finally after two weeks I left the city. I was not even able to say goodbye to my friends. I found myself in one of the youth meccas of the 60’s with no money, a new name, but with a wonderful sense of freedom and control that I had never felt before.

I had never had a job — had never been away from home before. At first I went to a runaway house because I wanted to find out if I had any legal rights at all and because I heard that they would help runaways find jobs and a place to stay. The first request of these older latter-day liberals is that you call your parents before they will even talk to you. The police will not let them continue without this prerequisite. The only runaway house that was different from this was one which was started by runaways and former runaways themselves. It was raided after a month of operation — totally torn apart by the police and a few nights later the house mysteriously burned down. I soon learned to steer clear of the runaway houses not only because of the rule that you had to call your parents but because they were so very sexist that if you didn’t fuck, you just couldn’t get along and had to leave. Also at many of the houses private detectives hung out. They would look for runaways, contact their parents saying they knew wherelittle Suzy was and would divulge the information for a paltry sum. Sort of modern day bounty hunters.

I moved to a small city in the southwest where I told everyone that I was Marcia Peabody, 21 years old from San Francisco. I was actually intimidated by most of the women I knew. But because I kept my mouth shut most of the time, women I worked with in the older people, whether they are your parents, a runaway house worker, or even women in a lesbian commune, can’t seem to treat kids with respect.

women’s liberation movement assumed I was a heavy from the movement in San Francisco. Although everyone thought I was 21, I still expected them to treat me as a 16 year old. They afforded me the respect that went with the heavy image. After a few months I decided to stop this facade and tell...
them at a meeting how old I really was. They were shocked — here all this time they thought I was this 21 year old woman and all the time I was really only a 16 year old kid. I was treated differently — either they admired me because I was only 16 and into women’s liberation or they treated me with subtle patronization.

Later I moved to another city into a women’s commune. I became lovers with a woman who was a ten years older than me, and established in the Women’s Community. (She had done this by actively pursuing more radical middle-class women.) There were many things we gave to each other, still give — but one of the most important benefits I got from a relationship with her was that people started affording me more respect. Women actually said, “Well, if you are her lover, then you must be together.”

This article originally appeared in The Furies a lesbian/feminist magazine of the early seventies. The author works with WIND, a group that distributes women’s publications.

I’m a Faggot and Proud of It

by Bobby Graetz

I am a faggot. I have been aware of my attraction for men most of my life. Like most people, I had homosexual experiences when I was first becoming aware of my sexuality. My first experience occurred when I was in the sixth grade. I felt different than the other boys I had sex with though. They would always talk about the girls they wanted to go to bed with. They saw

their homosexuality as a phase, and that they would move up to better things, in other words, females. I would nod my head and try to be interested in the conversation, but I didn’t want to have sex with girls. I was very excited about my friends bodies, and really got off having sex with them. I always felt that I would grow out of it and become interested in the opposite sex someday. I kept on waiting, but the day never came.

When I moved in the eighth grade, I lost contact with my friends. I was afraid to initiate sex with my new friends. I figured that they certainly would have already gone through their phase and wouldn’t be interested in getting it on with me. I would always hear stories about people I knew getting picked up by men who wanted to have sex with them. They always seemed disgusted that men would want this of them. I had fantasies about being picked up by homosexuals but it never happened to me. I was very disappointed because the only way I would get my sexual needs met was through someone else’s initiation. I was too frightened by others’ reactions if I were to make the first move.

I moved again in the 11th grade. I was a new face at the school, so there were a lot of women interested in me. I played along and, for the first time, I had a few “girlfriends.” The last of these women, Val, was very instrumental in helping me to come out. She had a lot of friends who were gay, and was pretty open in talking about them and the gay community. I felt comfortable with her because I wasn’t afraid that I would be rejected if she found out that I was a faggot. For the first time I realized that my feelings weren’t going to change and that I definitely was a homosexual. I became more honest with myself, and began to pursue my interests. I met many of Val’s friends and got involved in rela-
I know that a lot of people at school knew or thought that I was a "queer." I didn't go around broadcasting it but I felt very good if people knew about the real me. Then something happened to me that stopped me from being more open with other people. I became involved in a relationship with an older, married man. I had to be very cautious that people wouldn't find out about our relationship. He felt that he had a lot to lose if it became public. I continued to be honest with myself about my feelings, but I felt badly about not being able to express it to other people. I had to leave my community to be more open and spent a lot of time with other gays that I knew in nearby cities. But I felt stifled at home.

I came to Columbia this summer to visit my cousin. I was very excited when I found out that she was a lesbian and being very open about it and living in a collective with other lesbians and faggots. I wanted to be totally open about my homosexuality, and was very excited about the collective. Within three weeks I had cut off all my responsibilities in Ohio and moved here. I feel a lot of support in being open and honest about my feelings. I feel that being open puts me in contact with more people like myself. I can also be encouraging to others who are afraid to come out, and help them make the change.

As for my relationships with women, I relate much differently since I've come out. I know that I won't play along and force myself into a relationship because I feel I'm supposed to. It has made it easier to be closer to women. With the pressure gone, I can be more honest and healthier relationships can develop.

I am interested and want to be able to give to women as much as I can give
to men. I have been able to love, and even make love with a woman, and even have sex because of wanting to instead of having to. Although I want to get closer to women, this does not mean that I will stop being a faggot. I have many needs that are met by men and I will continue to want them to meet my needs. I am proud that I am a faggot.

This article originally appeared in Changes, from Howard County Maryland. Changes was widely distributed in Howard County high schools.

Struggling With Myself and a Repressive Society

by Allyson

I am a lesbian. A year ago I could not have made this statement, because I wasn’t being true to my feelings. Instead, I was being the person that other people wanted me to be.

As a child, I lived in a lower class black neighborhood where I learned to be tough and independent. This was a very close and physical neighborhood. There are very few things you can do to escape the reality of the city. One of them is to dance. I learned to let my body dance without my mind. When I was ten years old I moved to Howard county. To be accepted I had to act like everyone else. This meant dancing stiff and never touching anyone except when you made out with your boyfriend in the dark.

SEX ROLES

I go to Atholton High School. At first I tried very hard to do everything that was necessary to be accepted. Acceptance as a woman means you have to be weak, passive and feminine. I am strong, outspoken and aggressive. What I was trying to be and what I am are two very different things. I wanted to be strong and able to defend myself, but women are supposed to be weak and helpless. Men reinforce these roles because, when women act weak, it makes them feel strong and masculine. Women are given attention when they dress to show off their bodies. I like to dress comfortably. I see the high school men pushing women around and treating them as if they didn’t have any brains. The women respond by giggling and asking for more. I couldn’t lower myself to act this way so I’m not very popular with the men.

All of this was extremely confusing and contradictory. If I wanted friends, I would have to act like the people around me. But I couldn’t accept the self-centeredness and materialism of most of them. After trying to make friends and being rejected, I was resigned to be alone but strong.

"Who needs Charlie Brown?"
"Being a lesbian is a political choice as well as a sexual one. It means placing women above men in a male-oriented society."

People react differently to my new strength and openness. There are a lot of people that are just as confused as I was, and they often come to me when they are feeling insecure about their sexuality (especially their homosexuality). They need someone to talk to who won’t reject them. These feelings aren’t unusual. One out of every ten people are homosexual. But most of these people aren’t open about their sexuality and their feelings and that’s where I’m different.

I have decided to be open about my sexuality. Being a lesbian means loving a person of my own sex and expressing that love fully. It also means placing women above men in a male-oriented society. This is a political statement as well as a sexual one.

Being a lesbian is a choice. This choice is even harder for me because I’m in high school. There are so many pressures from the teachers for me to conform. Everywhere you turn you are told to go along with the system.

Finally, being a lesbian means a struggle, with myself, with my identity in a repressive society, and with insensitive people. These struggles are painful. But it is a lot easier to deal with since there are other people who are going through the same pain and joy that I am.

This article originally appeared in Changes. Several students were suspended for passing out Changes in Howard County schools.
The Bottom Rung

by Shelley Ettinger

As lesbians, we have a clear stake in opposing the existing hierarchy in our society, in which our position is very low. We should have an equally clear commitment to the fight against all the oppressive institutions and attitudes which unite with sexism and homophobia into a system where you're in trouble if you're not rich or straight or old or white or male. Our enemies are sexism and homophobia, yes, but also capitalism and imperialism and racism. And ageism.

Ageism. That's a newer term, and one that a lot of people haven't bothered to deal with. But it's one just as vicious and just as widespread as any of the others. And it's just as prevalent among dykes as in the straight world; that's a shame.

It's a shame because it means that we don't see how intimately connected is the oppression of women and the oppression of young people. It's a shame that we can't recognize the parallels between the ways men relate to women and the ways "adults" relate to young people. It's called power, and it's the same power that the straight world holds over lesbians that "adults" hold over young people. Marriage, the nuclear family, and domestic slavery of women are a vise that clamps down the potential strengths of both women and young people.

Just because some of us, as lesbians, have been lucky enough or strong enough to escape from that vise, doesn't give us the right to tighten or ignore the grip it still holds on most women and on all young people. If we can't see that ageism and sexism are the same disease, and that the struggle of lesbians and of young people is one and the same, then we haven't raised our consciousness very far at all.

The lesbian community owes it to itself to deal with its ageism. We owe it to ourselves to guard against turning around and laying the same power trips, as "adults," on young people that straight people lay on us. That's called kicking the person the next rung down on the ladder. And we owe it to ourselves because there are young
The G.A.U. has rented this hall from the V.F.W.  The V.F.W. will not let in people under 18.

People under 18 aren't allowed to dance. They're just expected to shuffle.

This leaflet was distributed by a group of young gays in Ann Arbor, Michigan, outside a hall where the Gay Academics Union was sponsoring a dance.

Lesbians in our community. Young women will be able to come out without having to go through years of the bullshit of straight life if there exists attitude of support for them in their dual oppression as young people and lesbians.

That support is at present minimal. When gay people hold a dance at a place where only those over eighteen can get in, that displays an ugly arrogance on the part of older gays, a smug attitude of unconcern. It's a gesture of "tough luck, kid" to the young people that says we don't really consider them part of our community anyway, so it doesn't bother us that they can't come to our dance.

Lesbians should fight that attitude. We should build an atmosphere of support for our young sisters and welcome them into our community. And we should work politically in solidarity with the youth liberation movement, and all other movements to overthrow the present system.

Shelley Ettinger was recently a School Board candidate in Ann Arbor, Michigan. She ran on a Youth Liberation platform.

At Seventeen...

Anonymous

Coming out at seventeen has been the best thing that ever happened to me. Before doing so, my life was confusing and a constant search for something better. I always figured I would be gay, but for the greater part of my life I didn't know there was even such a concept as Gayness. I thought I was a "sissy" and would always be "weird."

I took all the criticisms hard (queer, faggot, etc.) knowing inside that it was all true. I was more expressive of my inner feelings than most males my age. The majority of the guys my age are mirror images of the next; hands in pockets, similar dress (jeans, T-shirts, earthshoes) and always excessively nice to any available female. I wasn't into all this at all. If I became acquainted with a woman, which often happens in high school, I didn't look at her for her sensuous value, but instead for companionship. I've always related well to women, straight or otherwise, ever so much more than straight males. I found myself all through school with female best friends and buddies.

This, of course, bothered everyone.
The boys thought it ridiculous that I should fit in only with women. Thus I was labeled a "faggot." My peers all noticed my feminine traits and automatically I was marked, destined to be the victim of vicious callousness and unsuppressed hatred.

After spending my junior year virtually friendless and lonely, I decided to better the situation. By this time I had read and learned a lot about gayness and found the topic very much to my liking. It seemed to be something I could positively identify with. I read about several things that males did together that I had been raised to believe were strictly meant for a man and woman. This is what I had always wanted. I never went through puberty as other males did: fantasizing about girls I had known. Instead, my mind was always occupied by thoughts of males. I've always found males more physically attractive.

I admit coming out was hard and created many mysteries for me, but I was determined to find out for sure. I did; I am gay and can honestly say that in general my life is better. I no longer feel burdened by the remarks that used to be so painful. For example, one day, upon returning to class for some books, I found scrawled boldly across a school book: THE ONLY GOOD FAGGOT IS A DEAD FAGGOT. I shrug them off and often feel like yelling back "YOU'RE RIGHT! I'M GAY!!" Of course, still being a high school senior, this isn't at all advisable. Right now I feel more comfortable at school denying the fact. Inside, and in gay company, I feel so much more of a person; I can be myself now and I understand what "myself" means.

I still live at home, which gets a little impossible at times because I haven't told my parents. They understand that I've always been more "gentle" and have left it at that. If they were ever to ask me if I was gay, I would say yes and explain it the best I could. I know it would hurt them terribly, but, then I think of all the times I was hurt trying to please them by going steady and dating. I tried to be "normal," even though it was against my inner feelings, but it just didn't work. I feel it would be better if my parents knew and understood, but at this point I wouldn't be the first to bring it up in conversation.

Being gay has benefitted me greatly and has given me a good perspective concerning myself and the world around me. I'm very disturbed by the fact that it isn't at all easy for one to express her/himself openly, and I
dearly hope that there comes a day when this is possible. I think gay writer John Marvin states it well: "Gay Lib is not a fight for the ability to be blatantly gay, but rather, a fight for the ability to be unique and individual. As several of the leading activists have said, they are not working for Gay Liberation so much as Human Liberation, something to benefit us all, gay and straight alike.”

This article was written by a seventeen year-old high school student from Brighton, Michigan.

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**Loving Women**

by Mary Anne Deutschmann

I don’t want to create a separation between myself and other women because I identify myself as a lesbian. I feel that we have many of the same everyday battles, and share a lot of the same kinds of problems with our sexuality. Being in the shit work world is difficult for me, as it is for all women. At my last job as a maid in a hospital, I had an added pressure because I feared that I would lose my job if it was known that I was a lesbian. But the main problem was the low-paid 40 hour a week drudgery and the degradation by men that I shared with all the other maids.

*NO MORE SMILES*

I was confronted with situations everyday there that “put me in my place.” Sometimes I failed to stand up for myself and other times I’d take care of myself well. I experienced a lot of insults, condescension, teasing, and general disrespect which made me see what men really think of women. These men for the most part were very friendly and “nice,” which made them harder to deal with. My boss, for instance, was very friendly, but he often made me feel like shit. He called the housekeepers “my girls” and teased me about everything he would discover about my life. It hooked me into laughing back at the teasing, which wasn’t at all what I felt like doing.

Only twice did I ever verbally express anger; one day when he called me “cutie”, and another time when he told me that “riding your bicycle should trim your waistline.” But I did begin to learn to keep that perpetual smile off my face, which used to automatically appear whether I felt like smiling or not. This really unnerved some men. They couldn’t get my smile of approval for the “groovy” sexist things they said — so their ego was deflated just a little bit.

*“PREACHER’S KID”*

Being a lesbian has to do with my sexuality, although I am not, as one man harshly told me, “making a limited decision for your life based on sex!” Sex is a really hard thing for me. I built up many blocks about sex while growing up because of a lack of information, not understanding my body or men’s bodies, the suppression of my sexual attraction to women, guilt from my religious beliefs, and an environment in which people do not freely touch each other. Although this set of experiences is normal for many children growing up in our society, they were forced into the extreme for me. I am the daughter of a minister, and when I was in grade school the other kids completely excluded me from any talk of sex because of it. This, and
everything else about being a "preacher's kid" blew my worries about sex out of proportion.

SEXUAL PRESSURE
Before I ever had sex with a woman, I had bad sexual experiences with men. One example of this was a man named Adam, whom I really loved. We had a friendship in which we tried to be as honest and supportive of each other as we knew how to be. Our relationship had never been sexual, but I was starved for more physical closeness with him. So one night, after drinking a lot of wine, I became very aggressive with him and we ended up in bed together. At first I felt very giving and happy to be with him. But soon I became very threatened. I felt pressure and numbness. This was "Sex" and I felt that now a lot was demanded of me. I had never shared with anyone the consuming fears and worries I'd been having for years about sex. How could I suddenly make myself vulnerable and open? Without any explanation I abruptly left him. I didn't understand my feelings and I had no idea how to be honest about them. The experience was destructive to both of us and our relationship deteriorated.

At least Adam had been as sensitive as he knew how to be, and had not pressured me about sex. But he was an exception. All around me I saw men who were completely insensitive to women's feelings. I saw my best friend being constantly pressured to have sex, even when the men knew she was confused. I spent hours being an understanding listener to men although they didn't try very hard to get into my feelings. Yet they expected me to be sexually free with them. That kind of pressure and insensitivity was just the opposite of what I needed.

VALUING WOMEN
Through all of this, my relationships with my women friends were much more supportive and important to me. But they caused me a lot of pain and guilt because I knew that I was attracted to them. I tried very hard to lie to myself about this, but it was impossible to block.

My feelings about myself and my sexuality changed a lot when I began to explore them with other women in a women's group. In sharing my experiences and hearing other women talk about theirs, I grew to value the special understanding that women have be-
tween each other. I stopped hating myself so much when I understood my conditioning. I saw that we could help each other change. I accepted for myself that loving women was an important vital part of me. It was much more real than my desires to be like everyone else and to have a boyfriend.

This article was one of several personal views of lesbianism that appeared in Changes.

What Can You Do if You’re 14 and Gay?

Organize!

Author unknown

Some kids know they are gay at an early age and they accept it. But many others, unfortunately, live in a world of fear and confusion, wondering if they are, as many straight people tactfully put it, queer.

The doubts and suspicions of the adolescent often cause undue worry and anxieties. Many are driven into loneliness and depression, by the fear of someone finding out that they are gay. Some find suicide as an easy way out, others turn to drugs and alcohol, which is still suicide, only the slow, painful way.

But some of us manage to come through unscathed by the oppression put upon us by our straight brothers and sisters (brothers and sisters?).

If you can’t get away from their bullshit, and listen to it long enough, you will either be driven into an insane asylum, or appalled at just how ignorant they can be.

When I told my class that I was gay, the myths and questions they came up astounded me. Who do you do it with? Where do you do it? How do you do it? Do you make a lot of money doing it? And to top it all off they would say “people are fighting gays because they molest little girls!” They were full of shit.

We are the most advanced country technologically, but many people are ignorant on the subject of homosexuality. Many people debase homosexuality, without knowing a thing about it.

If only people would educate themselves on the subject. Talk about it between themselves. Talk about it with their sons and daughters. Bring it out into the open. Surely some people would understand what it means to be gay. That there is nothing to be ashamed about. It’s neither a sickness nor a disease.

If parents don’t bring up the subject, it is left to us to do so. This is one hell of a difficult thing to do. Many kids, I’m sure, would like to tell their parents — I know I would. But it’s the same old story: I just don’t know how they will react. They could accept me for what I am, try to change me, or try to disown me entirely.

I know you might ask “You told the kids in your school, why not your parents?” There is a great deal of difference between telling some people you hardly know and telling your parents. With my class, it wasn’t so much of a hassle. They seemed indifferent, and went on as usual, after being told. Of course there was the occasional name-calling, but that wasn’t so bad. Some of the names they use are quite true, I am a cocksucker and I am a faggot.

My parents, I know, wouldn’t call
Friends and relatives may react strangely when you come out.

me names. So what's the problem? As I mentioned before, I don't know how they will react. I was never close to my parents, so I find it difficult to talk to them about anything, much less being gay. Maybe, I say to myself, if I was closer to my parents I'd be able to tell them. But I'm not, so I'm afraid I'll just have to go around wondering how they would react.

What will my father think? What will my mother think? What will my sister think? These questions I ask myself over and over again and the sad thing is that I don't know what they think. Maybe some day I will.

If that day ever comes. At 14 these are some fucking things to be thinking. But I know they must be dealt with. But how?

The simple fact of the matter is that many kids my age can't face the fact of their gayness, much less tell their parents. I'm 14, I'm gay, I'm happy that way and don't want to change. I guess I'm lucky in that respect. But then again maybe I'm not. There are, possibly, quite a few gay 14 year olds, but damn few who will admit it.

Even if they do admit it there are virtually no places where 14 year olds can meet other 14 year olds. Oh, there is the occasional friend from school who you can get together with once in awhile. But other than that, what is there? Not much.

You have to be 21 to go to bars. They might lower the age to 18, but that still doesn't help me much. With cruising you can get yourself into trouble. Putting my life in the hands of a stranger, who might be an escapee from prison, doesn't particularly turn me on. But you can get away with it, if
Finally there is a youth advocacy program that deals with gay young people (or young people "questioning" their sexual identity.) Stationed in Boston, Project Lambda is a government-funded program run by the Charles Street Meetinghouse. They are advocates of young gays that act as counselors, friends, and power sources. They can assist those who need help in court, with a probation officer, doctor, or with emotional problems. There are young women's and men's rap groups on Wednesday mornings and afternoons. Lambda also has provided foster homes and hopes to provide more in the near future.

you are lucky. The last thing I can think of is answering ads in the local undergounds. It is practically the same thing as cruising, only by mail.

So if you are 14 and gay there is not much you can do. That is why gay youths need to organize. We need each other for support, reassurance, and for confidence when there is no one else to give it.

We need someone who we can talk to, who knows what it is like to be young and gay, and most important of all, alone. I don’t mean that older gays are no help whatsoever — they try, but sometimes they can forget what it means to young with no one you can really talk to.

The rejection of youth by older gays, afraid of getting mixed up with minors, can be cruel and sadistic. Hopefully this does not happen often.

I think things are beginning to change. The gay community is beginning to realize that there is a movement that needs to be realized and accepted by the gay community. That movement is Gay Youth. It will be up to us to tell and educate our parents about being gay. We are the ones who will carry on where others have left off. To ignore us is to destroy what others have created and fought for. What we symbolize is the future. We are to be the ones who will fight for the rights of the gay community.

If we are to fight for anything, including ourselves, we have to have support. In the years past we have been shunned and ignored. But we do exist; there is no way you can deny it. Many people still do, and we hope to change this. What we want is to be recognized as individuals with minds of our own.

This article originally appeared in Fag Rag #4.
I Came Out in Class!

by Linda Bieritz

I am a 17 year old woman in high school. I am also gay and have "come out" as a Lesbian. My friendships with other students have more or less dissolved because of this. Many times I ask myself why I came out and if it was worth it. My answers to myself are ever-changing depending on what mood I'm in, but basically I am satisfied with my decision. Although I've lost my friends (were they really?), I've gained self-respect without having to deny myself in the process. Deny myself by saying "this person" instead of "she". Deny myself by not sticking up for the people who are called "queer".

I came out in many ways at high school. My biggest accomplishment was in my psychology class when we saw a film on homosexuality and had a discussion on it afterwards. I told the class that gay people aren't only in Greenwich Village: that there might even be some gay people in our high school. I told the class I was gay. I had to make them deal with it. Some of them did, but dealt only with my gayness — not their own. Others ignored it entirely. A few myths were cleared up, though not many.

I told them that I was not attracted to all women or to a woman simply because she's a woman. Still they looked at me with disgust and slid their chairs away. The only support I got was from the teacher — who knew I was gay. We had had many discussions about my gayness before the whole class saw the film. This teacher friend agreed that it would be a good idea if I told the class.

I also came out in my writing assignments for my various classes. I wrote book reports of such "scandalous" books as Rubyfruit Jungle, and wrote essays on being gay. I tried to be as honest as possible in class and on paper. I was careful of who I handed my papers in to, because written papers can be used against you, shown to your parents, and may even be grounds for suspension.

Although I have come out in high school, I did not at home. I chose not to mainly because I didn't want to hurt my parents. Furthermore, I'm still living at home and don't want to stop
what little communication there is. I'm sure my mother knows, but if I actually told her I don't think that either of us could handle it, at least not while we are living in the same house. Aunts and grandmothers keep asking if I have a boyfriend yet, but my immediate family never inquires into my current love affairs — probably because they're afraid to.

Whether or not to come out in high school is a hard decision to make, but sometimes you're not even given a choice — often you're forced into declaring yourself outright. High school crowds are extremely cliquish. There are cliques that you may be left out of if you decide to reveal your feelings, or if you should decide to rebel against the status of having a boyfriend and being expected to attend the school prom.

Coming out in high school does have it's drawbacks: you may get beaten up or suspended. And you may be subjected to emotional pain and harassment such as name-calling, confrontations with hostile students, words written on your locker, and whispers and jeers. Very rarely will you get support from another gay person or gay sympathizer. But if you do, hang on to that person for dear life, for they will be a big help in your struggle for survival. Being gay in high school is not easy, but it is well worth it. Coming out does bring pleasure and satisfaction. It did for me.

Linda Bieritz is a student at Plymouth Canton High School, Plymouth, Michigan. She also works with Youth Liberation.

Thoughts of a Young Lesbian Worker

by Irene Nodel

Reaching out on the job to co-workers is a futile and hopeless idea. (I was thinking.) First coming here, I smiled at all the women workers — ignoring the men’s leers. I hated the formless uniform dresses — with no pockets to stick my hands in. I hated having to wear a hairnet and an identification photo tag. (Just a number again.) I hated the isolation that struck me in the face realizing how these people would never be able to be friends with me. (I thought.) I hated the false smiles and mechanical greetings that no one ever truthfully answered. I hated eating by myself in the huge, swallowing cafeteria. I hated realizing that the only good thing about the job was the pay check that I picked up once every two weeks. I hated the stares from men. I hated having to put up with humiliation from co-workers...
and bosses, hated not being able to see myself. I hated the surface passivity I acquired after being dominated by competitive and backbiting co-workers. I hated listening to the many women around me talking about boyfriends, hairstyles, and other women workers or supervisors. I cringed and I hid my tears from them not wanting to seem weak. But not wanting to seem as insensitive as they acted.

I wanted to shout and throw dishes. I wanted to shake the women until their sight came to them so they would stop playing up to all the men and supervisors/people in power. I wanted to say that I'm not a lady — and I'm not a honky. And I wanted to say I was hurt when they assumed I was a honky and shit on me accordingly. I wanted to wear my "Come Out" button to work. I wanted the men to stop staring. I wanted to meet another lesbian at work and become friends with her. I wanted to start a revolution — but I had starchy rules pounding over my head. I had the weakness to allow the dominant power to continue. I realized I had little control over my destiny within this capitalist, patriarchal, imperialist, sexist, racist, ageist society. I realized that the future is now. And that no longer can I turn away my eyes, hold in my anger, and pretend that the whole thing makes sense. I realized that now is the time to join with my sisters to make radical changes and create a new society.

Irene Nodel is active in lesbian organizations in the Ann Arbor, Michigan area.

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**Are You a Lesbian?**

*Anonymous*

When asked to write an article regarding what it’s like to be a lesbian student in high school, my first reaction was one of intense paranoia.

Not that I’m afraid that anyone will discover my identity, and with that traumatic discovery, never speak to me again — but instead, my reasons were along the lines of the sheer frustration of trying to write an article that would “appeal” to the average heterosexual student, and yet also break down some of the gross and inane stereotypes that attach themselves around anyone that is not a white heterosexual male. It is a hard thing to do without stepping on somebody’s toes, and it is against my personal politics that I make that somebody me! I can’t write just to avoid offending someone, yet, on the other hand, I’d rather not have them think that I am so biased, radical, and full of it that they can’t relate to me at all. So I’ll just write from the place that I’m at and expect those of you with serious questions or criticisms to reply in an article of your own.

I believe that I am pretty open about being gay, on campus and off. Being engaged in various lesbian activities has given me a sense of security about being a woman-identified woman — and not taking shit from anyone for it.

However, it’s very dangerous when a gay student objects strongly to remarks and accusations made by a teacher regarding gay issues. The student’s education and reputation are at stake and many teachers wouldn’t think twice about hassling them; even allowing their personal ignorance to interfere with the grades. Often other
students don't help the matter any by constantly making snide remarks and even turning to violence.

It seems that beating up a "queer" is justifiable in the name of self-defense. Of course the "queer" involved is immediately the villain, and immediately the degenerate who made the advances.

You can relate that to the whole idea that a lot of parents and administrators have about the notorious dope pushers on campus: dressed black with rings under their beady eyes, suspiciously approaching naive young school-children and confronting them with 12,000 kinds of pills, etc.

Really, the only kind of sex that society deems acceptable is between a heterosexual couple who do it in the missionary position, and I hope that everyone reading this has at least a few friends that are gay, whether or not they're plugged into it yet or not. I used to wear a lavender button pinned onto my jacket saying: OUT OF THE CLOSETS AND INTO THE STREETS. More than half the students that came up to me and read it didn't understand. The rest of them sort of looked away and laughed, and a few asked some fine questions.

I was only waiting for some clown to come up to me and ask obnoxiously: "Are YOU a lesbian?" — at which point I would answer: "Are YOU the alternative?"

This article is from the Red Tide, a newspaper for radical high school students, published in Highland Park, Michigan.
Wednesday, December 20th, 1972, was the first meeting of George Washington High's new gay group. It was just one week earlier that Ms. Elie Lamadrid, an 18 year old Third World woman, came up with the idea for the club at another after-school group — an encounter group session. She presented her idea to the faculty advisor in charge of the group — Mr. Alexander Levie, a 36 year old middle classer. Mr. Levie, who believes in the civil rights of all minority groups, thought it was an excellent idea, and presented it to the principal, who, obviously belonging to the minority of enlightened principals of the New York city public education system, approved the project. Such is the history of the conception-formation of a gay high school group. Presently, Ms. Lamadrid is supervisor of the group, with Mr. Levie being the faculty advisor.

Three weeks later, two representatives from the Gay Activist's Alliance Speaker's Bureau, Ms. Jean O'Leary and Morty Manford (prominent gay leader and spokesperson, who is presently filing suit with other gay activists against the New York Hilton Hotel for damages resulting from assaults by their guards at a bigoted, anti-gay media affair; and against the NYC police for their disregard of the civil rights of minority group members who are citizens of New York, and for their non-arrest of the brutal assailants), spoke before the club's first open forum — offering information, answering questions, and giving ad-
The school system is oppressive to all who are forced to participate in it. Among these people are gay students, who either must hide or who are just coming out — in constant fear of being discovered.

And since the high school is a microcosm of society in general, gay students are expected to keep their self-identity buried under the unfounded and senseless prejudices of their "authorities" and prejudices which are based upon backward social, political and economic ideas. If a student is found out to be gay, he or she will most probably be rushed to the dean, have his or her parents called, and all hell will break loose.

But gay people will no longer tolerate this oppression. Throughout the world, gays are rising up and demanding their just and true rights as human beings. Recognizing the power and function of independent liberation movements, gays have learned much from the black liberation movement and the women's liberation movement, and have created the gay liberation movement.

Therefore, we as gay students demand the same rights (social and political) as "straight" students.

Therefore, we make the following demands upon the city high schools of New York:

1. The right to form gay groups of both a social and political nature.
2. The right to be included and to receive fair representation in any high school course dealing with sexuality (as both sexual beings and as a political movement in a changing society with changing cultural values), and if none exist, to have them created.
3. The right to be treated as equal human beings, which includes the removal of all textbooks and other educational media that treat homosexuality as an aberration, rather than as an integral and important part of human sexuality.

vice to help the continuation and growth of the group. 25 persons attended this forum, and Ms. O'Leary described them as "dynamite people...I don't know what the word 'together' means anymore...they were just dynamite people."

Presently, the club has 20 members — who are predominately Third World, and curiously, as is not the case in most other gay groups with mixed sexes, there are more female members than male: of the 15 gay members, 9 are women, 6 men. The other 5 members are straight friends. But the group is definitely destined to grow and change. It is advertised throughout the entire school, and very soon dances will be held. It is at this time basically only concerned with social organizing, but as it grows, it will undoubtedly be getting more and more involved in political organizing as well. Indeed, how can it be avoided? To maintain our rights and dignity, we must assert ourselves and our very being! This is political! The very nature of coming out not only demands that we become political, but there is no other choice. The straight students are freely allowed to hold dances at George Washington, but the gay group there fears doing likewise — they have decided to hold their dances at the present moment outside of the school, fearing straight abuse; anything from verbal to physical. This present imbalance of student civil rights is political! To end this discriminating abuse, political organizing becomes mandatory. If we don't, the few social rights we've been given will be taken away again, or worse, we'll be allowed to just "keep our place."

What of the other high schools? Can we accomplish what was accomplished at George Washington? Before we consider this, though, let's consider the way it was done at George Washington. All well and good if the princi-
Racism must be confronted in order to build a unified gay movement.

cal approves, but what "if she disapproves? Do the principals, the faculty advisors, have the right to decide what student groups have the right to form? Or is it the right of the students to decide?

The Student Government Organization at George Washington is typical of most others in the city public schools: that is, they are allowed to participate in social organization, but they have no political power — political organization is denied them. Student governments are theoretically places where students can learn and experience real governmental and political processes. In actuality, most are shams. The SGO at George Washington was not empowered to approve the gay club: they merely acted as puppets under the direction of the principal by giving $50 as feed starter for the group. Who decides what is worthy for the students? The principal — or the students themselves?

And when a faculty member decides to request a faculty gay group, who shall that brave person have to ask? The principal — or the students? Does anyone have the right to give permission at all? Gay teachers are still not ready to come out and support such student groups, and the situation is the same at George Washington. Gay teachers fear coming out for many reasons, but mainly they fear that it would impair their functional ability as teachers. It is their very concern for their students that places them in the ambivalent position of being gay and
having to ignore a gay group that their own students started. It is up to these students to create an atmosphere that will help them too. We need their support and advice on how to tackle the oppressive system that continues to deny gay students the chance to form their own social and political organizations in school.

According to the HS Students Bill of Rights, which was approved by the New York City Board of Education, any group of students has the right to form any political or social organization of their choosing — regardless of how popular or unpopular the cause that they champion. The American Civil Liberties Union, among other legal rights groups, is willing to take to court any high school that refuses to respect this right.

Now it is up to us, the gay students, to have the courage to come out, so that we can help our gay brothers and sisters, as well as ourselves. If we demand the right to form our own groups, our self-pride, confidence, and self-respect will make life in high school much more bearable. For all of us.

Rumors have it that closet groups already exist at other high schools, such as Charles Evans Hughes, Music and Arts, FDR, and even Erasmus in Brooklyn. But they are unconfirmed, and of little value if they are still in the closet. However, gay students at Ben Franklin are planning to start the second publicly known gay group soon and more will be following.

But it will be up to us. Not only to create them, but to continue them and to support them. We envision a coalition of all the gay groups in the city high schools, if such is necessary for our survival and continued growth, both socially and politically. Outside gay groups, such as the Gay Activist's Alliance, are more than willing to give any kind of support that is requested.

But as usual, we hold our future in our own hands. We can continue to be mocked, and forced to hide in our closets — or we can decide to be respected as any other human being, and walk and live proudly in the communities where we work and play.

This article was produced by young gay people working with the New York Gay Activists Alliance.

WE ARE ALIVE AND WELL
AND GOING TO EVERY HIGH SCHOOL
Consciousness Raising: Key to Coming Out

Many gay people discover that they have a need to discuss aspects of their experiences as gay people with other gay people. This is not the social banter common in bars. It is not therapy because there is no assumption that one or all of the participants is "in need of help." They need a group which focuses on the development of their identity as gay people.

The idea for consciousness-raising (CR) groups was borrowed from the women's movement. Its first widespread use by gay people was probably by male members of the New York GLF. Consciousness-raising is based on the principle that oppressed people internalize the values of the oppressor. For any oppressed people to free themselves from these psychological shackles requires a conscious struggle with other members of the oppressed group. A pamphlet written collectively by a New York CR group explains:

"In our consciousness-raising group, we have been trying to step outside the straight man's myths and institutions, to suspend the limited ways we deal with each other, and experiment with new ways of relating. We use CR to discover our identity as gay men, to recognize the oppression in a straight society, and to seek a collective solution to mutual problems. We as gays must redefine ourselves in our own terms, from our own heads and experience, because no political philosophy designed by white heterosexual men can be adequate for us."

CR groups consist of from five to fifteen people. After a few formative weeks, the group closes itself to new members in order to gain stability and continuity. The group generally meets weekly, often rotating between members' houses. Although this is not true of all CR groups, the New York group's internal process is common to most:

"The format of the session consists of each person's testimony on a given topic and a concluding discussion. Notes are kept from week to week. The topic chosen should be relevant to the members' life experiences and should first be agreed upon by all. Usually chosen as a first topic is "coming out," one's first sexual experiences. When giving testimony a group member relates his personal experiences and feelings about the topic, avoiding any tendency to intellectualize or to draw conclusions...After everyone has given testimony, the group compares the evidence of their experiences. The significance of the similarities and differences in people's testimony is considered. Generalizations about the condition of gay men in our society emerge."
You’re Not Heterosexual?!

by Sky

Have you ever considered telling your parents you are not heterosexual? It’s possible they have made suspicious comments to you. You’re probably familiar with questions about your “attitude” toward dating, marriage, your “odd” mannerisms, your own hints...

Often their candid remarks on the above topics — or even on homosexuality in the abstract — are good protections for them from what they likely are already aware of on some level.

But do you still want to communicate? Do you want to get past the hints and word games?

In most gay adults’ lives, telling their family that they’re gay is one of their most trying experiences. For a gay young person still living under their parent’s roof it is even harder.

Despite the recent American Psy-
That they would really help their child if they stopped oppressing her with their ignorance. Of course there are lonely and unhappy gay people, just as there are lonely and unhappy straight people. But Gay people are not necessarily unhappy, and much of any unhappiness they may experience derives from their oppression by a heterosexist society.

Many families see their gay children as failures because they don't fulfill the usual expectations of this society — i.e., they don't fit into "normal" sex roles.

And then there is the fear of "contamination of younger siblings by the knowledge that their sister or brother is gay. Some parents openly state that a younger child might be "made homosexual" by this influence. The truth is, unless a sister or brother already has gay feelings, you will not have much of an effect on their sexuality. But if they do have gay feelings, your openness may provide them with the support needed to make them feel comfortable with their gayness — which is good!

There will usually be concerns like "What will the neighbors think?" and "How can I face the people I work with?" It is important to remember that these are your parents' problems, not yours.

Are you willing to test and push these attitudes? Many gays have told their families and achieved the freedom of personal honesty. They no longer have to participate in or listen to the bullshit about marriage or dating. Sometimes they are even able to share their gay friends with their families. Maybe your family will support you in fighting the oppression of society.

If you want to clarify your identity with the folks, here are some good guidelines offered by the Parents of Gays and Dr. George Weinberg in Society and the Healthy Homosexual (see resources section):
Talk in general terms at first. Give them facts in stages. It will give you a good idea of what their attitudes are (if you don't already know), and let you know whether you should postpone telling them more, for the time being, if their response is extreme.

Rehearse your presentation beforehand to increase its calmness and efficiency. Either alone, or (better yet) with someone else playing the role of a parent to test responses.

Be emotionally prepared for an explosive reaction. Don't be overwhelmed. The real test isn't their immediate reaction — it's how they feel later, after they have had some time to absorb what you've said.

Be ready to stop the discussion quickly — for now — if it starts to get out of hand. How much new material can most people absorb in one session, anyway?

Avoid blaming. Blame is pointless, ignorant, and insulting to the parents. Anyway, blaming someone for your gayness implies that gayness is bad.

Don't apologize. Take pride in your gay identity.

Remember that just because you tell one parent, you don't necessarily have to tell the other one.

Make sure your parents are aware of the good will behind your voluntary disclosure — of your desire to increase honesty and closeness, and to spare them the sudden, accidental discovery.

Evade insincere, or "rhetorical" questions. Also, if a well-meaning parent starts listing possible difficulties of a gay lifestyle, end it. You're more aware than they are.

Consider that if a parent ridicules a lover, you are also being ridiculed.

A few parents might lash out maliciously to harm your life. It's rare, but note that the threat of violence is violence. The last tactic in this case is to leave — at least until they change.

After the initial coming-out session, set about familiarizing your parents with what it means to be gay — through reading, meeting your friends, and through personal discussion. Work on keeping up easy contact with them after the first talk, try hard to avoid allowing things to slip back into the former uneasy silence of not talking about it easily, naturally, and as something relevant.

Sky left home at 15 to come work with Youth Liberation.

Only a Kid

by Sky

I've always been more attracted to women than men. That's not to say I've never been attracted to a man, but I've always been more comfortable with women — physically, socially and emotionally.

Although my best friend called me "lesbian" at age 9, (when I tried to sit very close to her), I didn't consider myself a Lesbian until I was 11. That year I moved in with my wild "liberal" mother, and I met some of her Lesbian friends. I finally saw that women loving women were real, and not a myth.

I've never felt any guilt about my lesbianism, but I've been hurt many times by the ageist and anti-gay attitudes I've encountered. For example,
It's hard to find the Lesbian Nation in the suburbs.

many adults (gay or straight) repress sexual feelings they have toward young people, and ignore any sexual desires that young people have toward them. Gay adults are especially afraid of showing any sexual or physical affection to young people because of the danger of being labeled a "child molester."

Statutory rape laws contribute to this fear, while effectively taking away young people's rights to sexual lives. Adults can be convicted of statutory rape (having a sexual relationship with a "minor") regardless of the young person's consent. One of my woman lovers flatly admitted that it was fear that had made her reject my crush on her four years earlier. Even my mother's lover, Catherine, refrained from touching or kissing me, or my mother, in my presence, despite the love she felt for both of us.

The sexual exclusion I experienced is very much tied to the social limits placed on me because of my youth. None of my mother's Lesbian friends developed a relationship with me independent of my mother. This wasn't just because of ageism. And Ageism infects the gay community just as it does the straight one.

Consider that there are no Gay advocates in America working for sexual, social and economic freedom for kids. Nor are there many gay adults trying to include young people in their struggles against homophobia. And the "Sexual Sanity" petition now circulating limits its demand to freedom
of sexual activity for consenting adults only. My mother's Lesbian friends, like much of the Gay community, didn't realize I had any sexuality. Most of them didn't see me as a whole person at all, but just "Sabrina's kid."

But it was even worse when I left my mother for "home," living in the suburbs with my very straight relatives. Here there was no discussion of gayness, let alone any possibility for a fulfilling relationship with another woman. I don't know how many nights and days I spent in the isolation of my room dreaming of my escape from that totally heterosexual world in the suburbs, but there were enough for me to vividly feel what it means to be a Lesbian without support or friendship or love.

I've never hidden my Lesbianism, but to this day there are many people who are unaware of it because of their ageist or heterosexist assumptions. My experiences have shown me that it is as necessary to fight the ageism of the Gay community as the straightness of the rest of the world. Without both of these struggles, young gay people will never be liberated.

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Dear Mom and Dad,

How to express to you all that I need for you to know? That I am Gay. And all that it means to me. To end the lies, half truths and the things I've led you to believe since we last spoke about my Gayness almost two years ago.

More and more I've come to see you as sister and brother as well as mother and father. I've seen you both change and grow. I feel I've been a part of that and I'm glad. I wish you could accept my Gayness. Know almost certainly that you won't. Know I won't accept your non-acceptance.

Don't try to fight this letter. Try feverishly to understand it. Read it again and again. Because every one of your arguments is wrong. There is no argument with my reality.

I am an expert on my own life and of course every point of your argument will be another piece of our estrangement.

My Gayness is not treatable because it is not a disease. My Gayness is not arguable because it is a fact, my reality, — my life.

Why am I Gay? Is this really necessary? Is this a phase?

Of course there is no reason for my Gayness. Just as there is no reason why Blacks are Blacks, or women, women, or children, children. Of course there are many more Gay women and men than you know of, many fearful Gay people in the "closet" that I don't know of, and many, many, that neither you, nor I, nor they themselves
know of. And of course they are the unhappiest people on earth. And of course there are many, many Gay people in this world.

So there are those Gay people who can admit it to themselves and no one else, those Gay people who cannot admit it at all, and those Gay people who can say it loud: “I’m Gay and I’m proud.” I have been each of these people in my life.

You haven’t helped me any. I love you but I hate you for how you made me feel that night almost two years ago, for the way your silence about my Gayness has made me feel ever since.

So there are no reasons why we are Gay. But there are reasons why some of us hate ourselves for it, why some of us don’t know we are Gay, why others of us rejoice it and many of us die of our Gayness. I know why I’m proud, becoming prouder, because of the support of other Gay people.

I’m everything you always wanted me to be but you don’t know it. I’d sooner hug a man than hit him, I’d sooner change the world than stake a claim on it, I’d sooner serve the people than own them.

So why am I writing you this letter? It’s the first time I’ve really spoken to you since that night two years ago when I told you I thought maybe I was Gay. So I’m writing because I miss you. Because I have some stuff to get off my chest from our last real talk. I’m not going to hold it in again for two years. I’m writing you because you have something I can’t let you have, the power to keep me silent, lying and ashamed. And I’m writing to you because I want you to pick me up at the airport. I’m coming to New York with Gene, my lover, my comrade, my friend. A man, a gentle quite wonderful man. We live together in Los Angeles. I couldn’t stand to ask him to lie or have you shame him.

So we talked almost two years ago. I thought I was Gay. I didn’t know many Gay people, never had been to a Gay dance or bar or discussion. Nothing. Never had a relationship with a man. I wasn’t even sure of what I was feeling. And I was smashed. Go see a psychiatrist, go live with your sister.

I’ve been working for the last few months at the Gay Community Services Center. I have been counselling and leading rap groups for Gay men and going on speaking engagements and whatever.

Of course there is much more to be said, much more for you to understand. I am willing to go as far to teach you as you are willing to go. To talk about my life these last two years, my trip, which has helped me take the other foot out of the closet, and about my relationship with Gene.

I am willing to take this trip with you as long as I am the guide and as long as it is not an argument. Because your arguments are wrong. There is no arguing with my reality. I am an expert

Think about how you feel about picking us up at the airport. Think about how you will feel about me and Gene. Remember I love him.

If you want to pick us up, I’ll be happy to see you. If not, I’ll call you when I get in.

all my love,

Mike
Gays have been told every day of their lives that their homosexual feelings are an illness. They are persecuted by imprisonment, committed to mental hospitals, and threatened by loss of job and family for their desire to love.

In medieval times, male homosexuals were used as kindling for witch burnings, hence the epithet "faggot."

The bible states in Leviticus: "No mercy shall be shown, either when a man has commerce with another man as if he had been a woman; both are guilty of foul deeds and must die."

The psychiatric response to homosexual behavior is aversion therapy: electric shock for homosexual response (which can actually destroy tissue in the penis), and drugs that bring the patient close to death to remind the patient what will happen for continued homosexual behavior. In some cases permanent physical damage and death have occurred. The persecution and oppression of gays is obvious and easy to document. These practices are unethical and barbaric. They serve as an example to us all as to what to expect when we don’t conform.

**GAYS TO SUPPORT GAYS**

Gays need to support each other: to talk about their oppression and denied existence; to counter self-hatred; to develop self-acceptance and pride for one’s feelings; to express anger towards those who deny our existence; to fight against sexism and male supremacy; to listen to women as they define their own lives.

Only gays have a right to counsel gays.

"A psychiatrist who allows a homosexual patient who has been subject to a barrage of anti-homosexual sentiments his whole life to continue in the belief that heterosexuality is superior to homosexuality is the greatest obstacle to his patient's health and well being." (Gay Flames, 6)

The biggest problem to gays is straight society. Once we rid ourselves of this oppression we can begin to see ourselves as human sexuals rather than in terms of straight or non-straight. These are divisive terms defined by our straight sexist society.

**ROLES**

Marriage is a straight institution entrenched with heavy role playing. Men are conditioned to be aggressive, dominant, and to compete for their breadwinning position. Women are taught to be supportive of their men, to be passive, subservient, and continually grateful to their husbands as provid-
ers. The security once provided by these roles now enslaves us. Our needs are not being met by the present social institutions.

"We want to get away from: exclusiveness, proprietied attitudes toward each other, a mutual pact against the rest of the world; promises about the future, which we have no right to make and which prevent us from or make us feel guilty about growing; inflexible roles — roles which do not reflect us at the moment but are inherited through mimicry and inability to define egalitarian relationships." (Gay Manifesto, Carl Wittman)

Our struggle is for a role-free social structure with the flexibility to be together with people mutually, according to our changing needs; to end
monogamous relationships.

BISEXUALITY

Bisexuality is good, but bisexuality is often used to extend the male privilege of dominance to both sexes. Many of us will continue to call ourselves gay even though we sleep with women. Society has made such a big stink about our homosexuality that we will not admit to being bisexual until homosexual relationships are socially approved. If you say it’s OK to sleep with men as long as you sleep with women then you are still putting down homosexuality.

COME OUT!

Stop mimicking straightness, stop censoring ourselves. We will define our own sexuality. We will love. We are beautiful. Be strong. Be gentle.

Resources

BOOKS

(That aren’t anthologies)

• Dennis Altman, Homosexual — Oppression & Liberation, Duscn/Avon, 1971. Focus is on males. Some attempts to show where and why straightmen impose their social ills on homosexuals. Though liberal and buggy as far as radical change is concerned, this is one of the few books by a gay male that’s worth reading.

• Ir£-Grace Atkinson, Amaazon Odyssey, Links Books, NY, 1974. No better place for anyone to start than here. If local bookstores don’t have it, write directly to the publisher at 33 W. 60th St., N.Y.C. 10023. **


• Robin Lakoff, Language and Woman’s Place, N.Y., Harper & Row, 1975.

• A V. Mander & A K. Rush, Feminism As Therapy, Random House/The Bookworks, 1974. *

• Mao Tsetung, Selected Readings from the Works of Mao Tsetung, Peking, Foreign Languages Press, 1971. Especially “To Be Attacked by the Enemy is not a Bad Thing but a Good Thing.”


• The Nomadic Sisters, Loving Women, illustrated by Victoria Hammond. Published in 1975 by the Nomadic Sisters and distributed by them. They can be written to: P.O. BOX 793, Sonora, California 95370.

• Valerie Solanas, SCUM Manifesto, introduction by Vivian Gornick, N.Y. The Olympia Press, 1968. Reprinted and available from O.P., 69 Irving Place, N.Y.C. 10003, for about $1. Eye/mind-opening. One thing that you want to have around to give to someone whose brain isn’t idle. Radical insights of a pioneer anti-masculinist about the way patriarchy is raping the world and humanity — plus interesting suggestions for getting rid of all “men” (dealing with the sexism issue) — the only males left alive who are in the S.C.U.M. Auxiliary. **

• George Weinberg, Society and the Healthy Homosexual, N.Y., St. Martin’s Press, 1972. It can also be gotten in a paperback edition from Anchor/Doubleday. Good for parents — those parents whose brains haven’t turned to stone.

• Virginia Woolf, Three Guineas, 1938.

ANTHOLOGIES, COLLECTIONS

• And Jill Came Tumbling After: Sexism in American Education, Edited by Judith Stacey, Susan Beraeu, and Joan Daniels, N.Y., Dell.


• Feminism: The Essential Historical Writings, Ed. by Miriam Schneir, Vintage 1972.


**FICTION, VERSE**

- Anything by Adrienne Rich, poet and feminist.

**BIBLIOGRAPHIES, COURSE MATERIAL**

- Carol Ahlum, Jacqueline Frailey and Florence Howe, *High School Feminist Studies*. "Twenty three tried and true course-outlines in literature and social studies." From The Feminist Press, New Old Westbury, N.Y.
- Damon, Jordan, and Watson, editors: *The Lesbian in Literature*, 1975, 40. Prepaid orders to *The Ladder*, P.O. Box 9025 (Washington Station), Reno, Nevada 89503.
- *Women's Studies Abstracts*, P.O. Box 1, Rush, N.Y., 14543.

**NEWSPAPERS, MAGAZINES, JOURNALS**

- Bar None, P.O. Box 124, West Somerville, Mass. 02144. Prisoner-support paper. They have a special issue on Women in Prison: a gay prisoner's issue is planned for summer, 1976.
- Clean Sweep — an anti-sexist journal, P.O. Box 124, West Somerville, Mass. 02144.
- Women's Bookstore, 225 East Liberty Street, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48108.
- Times Change Press, Penwell Road, Washington, D.C. 20003. Their Fall, 1975 issue is a good starting point.

**PUBLISHERS, BOOKSTORES, ORGANIZATIONS, SOURCE PEOPLE**

- Amazon Reality (Publishers), P.O. Box 95, Eugene, Oregon 97401.
- The Basic Education Project, P.O. Box 1025, Ann Arbor 48104. Began as the Male Liberation Collective in 1972; changed name (not focus) to avoid being confused with straight so-called 'men's liberation' and/or "THE MEN'S MOVEMENT." Video-taping, films, printed resources. Group wants to hear from, know, work with pro-feminist faggots anywhere.
- The Feminist Writers' Workshop, c/o Ruth Todasco, 37 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60603.
- GLF Book Service, P.O. Box 40397, San Francisco, California 94104.
- Glad Day Books (Bookstore), 139 Seaton Street, Toronto, Ontario M5A 2T2.
- IC (Information Center, Incorporated) — A Woman's Place Bookstore. 525 Broadway at College, Oakland, California. They send out mail-order catalogues, too.
- International Women's History Archive, 2325 Oak Street, Berkeley, California 94708.
- KNOW, Incorporated, P.O. Box 86031, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15221. Catalogue. Check out their "Female Studies I & II (college level course syllabi and reading lists in social & behavioral sciences, literature, and fine arts)."
- Lambda Rising (Bookstore), 1724 20th Street NW, Washington DC, 20009.
- Lesbian Herstory Archives, 215 East 92nd Street, N.Y.C. 10028.
- Lesbian Liberation, Box 243, Village Station, N.Y.C. 10014.
- Lesbon Press, P.O. Box 70737, Los Angeles, California 90070. A national women's recording company.
- The Red Book (Bookstore), 134 River Street, Cambridge, Mass. 02139.
- Women's Bookstore, 225 East Liberty Street, Ann Arbor, MI 48108.
- Women's Press (Publishers), 5251 Broadway, Oakland, California 94618.
- *Women's Studies Abstracts*, P.O. Box 1, Rush, N.Y., 14543.

Two asterisks indicate ‘musts.' One means the resource was highly recommended by several people.

Note: There are few things written and/or published by males on this check-list. That's because most of what has been and is being written by them is useless.

An expanded version of this list will soon be available, free, from BEP/The Basic Education Project, P.O. Box 1025, Ann Arbor, MI 48106.

NOTE: when ordering from this list, please enclose an extra dollar to help cover the publisher's postage and handling costs.
Youth Liberation Materials


FPS covers all aspects of youth liberation. Regular features include: FPScope, a collection of short news items about kids, the CHIPS pages, reprints from high school underground newspapers; legal information; and book reviews. Each issue also provides in-depth coverage of problems, strategies, and ideas about youth liberation. A 12-issues subscription means you’ll get our next 12 publications — some may be pamphlets.

Student and Youth Organizing, by Youth Liberation, saddle-stitched, 92 pages, illus., pg. size 7x10, $1.50.

A practical discussion of organizing at the high school level. It has chapters about issues to organize around, tactics to use, skills to know, problems that come up, and a bibliography. Actual incidents, illustrating the points being discussed, are described throughout the pamphlet.

Unfair to Young People: How the Public Schools Got the Way They Are, by Bob Peterson, saddle-stitched, 48 pages, illus., pg. size 7x10, $1.00.

The only book around that examines the public schools from the perspective of students. The author did extensive research on this subject while he was a member of the Wisconsin Youth for Democratic Education. First, Peterson discusses how the school system evolved. Seemingly innocuous reforms like junior high schools, ability grouping, student council and even recess, were all started as ways to control students, says the author. Then he looks at what schools do to kids today, and how they can be changed.

High School Women’s Liberation, edited by Youth Liberation, saddle-stitched, 80 pages, illus., pg. size 7x10, $1.25.

A collection of over 20 articles about young women’s liberation. Included are discussions about the school scene, sexism in textbooks, sports, lesbianism, black women, sexuality, legal rights, sexism in language and music, and poetry by young women. There are also several book reviews. This is the best resource for young women available anywhere.

Youth Liberation: News, Politics, and Survival Information, by Youth Liberation, paperback, 64 pages, illus., pg. size 5¼x7, $1.75.

Some of the best articles from the early issues of FPS are collected in this book, which was published by Times Change Press in 1972. It also contains the original Youth Liberation platform and personal statements from young people on the need to struggle for liberation.

How to Start a High School Underground Newspaper, by Jon Schaller, saddle-stitched, 16 pages, illus., pg. size 5½x8½, $0.50.

The basic primer for media oriented high school organizers. It discusses printing methods, finances, school policies, legal implications, and the many other details that go into publishing an effective newspaper. Editors of the school-sanctioned papers also find it useful.

Young People and the Law: What the Courts Have Had to Say, compiled by Youth Liberation, saddle-stitched, 32 pages, illus., pg. size 5¼x8½, $0.75.

Actual decisions, mostly by the U.S. Supreme Court, regarding students and young people. Carefully edited for easier reading. Valuable for kids, who often never hear about the court rulings that affect them. Includes the
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Tinker v. Des Moines case on student rights; In re Gault about due process of law for juveniles; and Scoville v. Ioliet on free press rights.

Teaching and Rebellion at Union Springs, by Patricia Michaels, saddle-stitched, 24 pages, illus., pg. size 5½x8½. $.50.

A young teacher, tired of political hassles at her ghetto school, takes a job in a small industrial town to “get away from it all.” She soon discovers that even Wonder Bread Children don’t like school or their prospects after graduation. Though trying to be non-political, she soon discovers that playing rock music in class and listening to students’ concerns are political enough to get her fired. Her account is valuable for both students and teachers.

Schoolstopper’s Textbook, saddle-stitched, 22 pages, illus., pg. size 5⅛x8⅛. $.35 or 5 for $1.00.

Eighty-seven ways to send your principal to the funny farm. Some of the most imaginative tactics ever discovered by day-dreaming students are collected in this volume. Hundreds of testimonials have been received from satisfied organizers.

How to Research the Power Structure of Your Secondary School, by Bert Marian, David Rosen, and David Osborne, paperback, 114 pages, illus., pg. size 8½x11. $1.00.

A step-by-step approach to determining how decisions are made in public schools. Written in textbook form, with worksheets and questions, the book can help students trace lines of authority so they can quickly determine who is responsible for decisions that affect them.

Sample Packet of High School Underground Newspapers, 12 different papers from around the U.S. $2.00.

A variety of styles, political views, and geographical areas are represented. The packet includes everything from fancy mass-circulation tabloids to innocuous-looking dittoed sheets that had whole towns up in arms. Especially valuable for people who would like to start their own paper.

Buttons, three color, safety pin backing, 1″ diameter. $.25 each.

One says “Youth Liberation” and the other says “Power to Young People.”

T-Shirts, high quality shirts, sizes small, medium, large, or extra-large. $3.00.

Silk-screened to resemble the “School Zone — Watch Out for Children” road signs. But instead of two little darlings looking both ways, there’s a silhouette of a young woman aiming a rifle.

POWER TO YOUNG PEOPLE!

All oppressed people of the world unite.

Youth Liberation Poster, two colors on heavy poster stock, 19x25. $2.00 for one, $1.50 each additional.

The poster says “Power to Young People” and has a picture of militant-looking elementary school students.

To help young people who are involved in organizing, we’ve put some of our materials together in a Youth Liberation Organizing Kit. It contains four of our pamphlets, five sample underground student papers, two sample copies of FPS: a magazine of young people’s liberation. It’s available from us for $4.00.

Note: If you are young or on a limited income, send what you can; if you are employed, we hope you can send extra. These prices are subject to change.

Make checks payable to:
Youth Liberation
2007 Washtenaw Ave.
Ann Arbor, Mich. 48104
Also available from Youth Liberation:

Student and Youth Organizing

Unfair to Young People: How the Public Schools Got the Way They Are

High School Women's Liberation

Young People and the Law

Buttons, Posters and much more!

See inside back cover for more information.

Please add $.50 shipping and handling for every order under $5.

Youth Liberation would like to receive new articles for future, expanded editions of Growing Up Gay. We would especially like articles that contain some political analysis of gay oppression and liberation. We'd like a good article on the nuclear family and its alternatives. And we'd like articles examining the relationship between gay liberation and other liberation movements. Submissions should be typed double-spaced. Writing should be clear and concise. Send articles to Youth Liberation and mention that they're for the Gay pamphlet.