

GAY LIBERATION : DOUBTS AND FEARS

Well at first Gay Liberation had little or no effect - except that here were homosexuals who had intellectual and radical pretensions. And so did I, so we said that's really fabulous - fancy meeting queens who aren't the exact stereotype. Next we started comparing radical notes and revolutionary credentials, and I found I didn't have the best, baby no, and also I had a lot to learn.

But we didn't teach each other - that wouldn't have worked - for no-one really knew where to start : so few of us and so much to change etc. So we existed for nine months trying to keep the tenuous thing together - attempting to get outsiders interested and saying well Gay Lib is different from Camp Inc because we don't sexually objectify each other and because law reform won't really help homosexuals much cause while queers hate each other we'll get nowhere; we have to groove on each other and all that.

So this was the next step. Things had only come to a halt because we weren't grooving enough on each other. Therefore why not small consciousness raising groups in order to help us like each other, share problems and maybe even touch - for though we kissed and touched in public, we all agreed this was primarily political.

OK except small groups required co-ordination to hang them all together and let people be able to contact one person who would know the facts. Who could do it? Who better than me? Yes I'll do it but gay lib has to buy me a phone or else how can I possibly co-ordinate. Which was done.

And our small C.R. groups seemed to be going OK - after all it takes time. And we were doing forums one a month, twice a week, every other day, and we had new speakers and everyone was happy. And then Dennis released his book, we said let's go to the launching in that brilliant gender confusion drag. Only the Austrine Party and Angus and Roberstson didn't understand and said do you fags have much trouble buying your makeup. So we laughed a little nervously and said well gosh we don't normally wear it, we're sending up stereotyped sex roles and showing how everyone can be beautiful in makeup and drag and all. So "This Day Tonight" said great, get these gay lib people on camera and we'll have a great show, maybe not for the whole family but for our Austrine Party liberals and small-p poofters. Except they never showed the film on the box and we said look how oppressed we queens are in this rotten country. The ABC's a shit and let's demonstrate and tell them so.

All of which led to activism, radicalism, out of the closets and into the streets; confront the straights with your homosexuality and all this time I'm wondering how do I look today, should I get my fringe cut and my gay brothers and sisters weren't helping none. Oh sure we all organized together and maybe that's what was needed except I felt worse than ever about myself as a homosexual, though I told everyone I could lay my hands on about me being queer and all, and ignored their needs as brutally as they'd ignored mine for all those oppressive years. But what next. Shit, I don't want bourgeois culture to incorporate me and make my life like theirs. They've fucked me up so good I don't want/can't ever be like them.

So what do we want? Can a revolution of consciousness work without organization? Does that organization in itself bog us down so much that it becomes primary not secondary? Will activism only lead to wide dissemination of our ideas and their incorporation into bourgeois ideology? Is there any point in talking of our revolutionary potential given this reality?

And just now a guy rings me up says he got the number from the leaflet and though he can't come to the demonstration he feels really good that there is a gay lib - he's ringing from the Rex and he likes parties and he says three times he's 36 and so doesn't ever expect a lover - but he's got friends and can go to a camp party any night of the week but he says that's not the ultimate and gay lib needs to do more than that. So I say yeah law reform won't achieve a thing. Maybe there's hope.

Robert Tucker