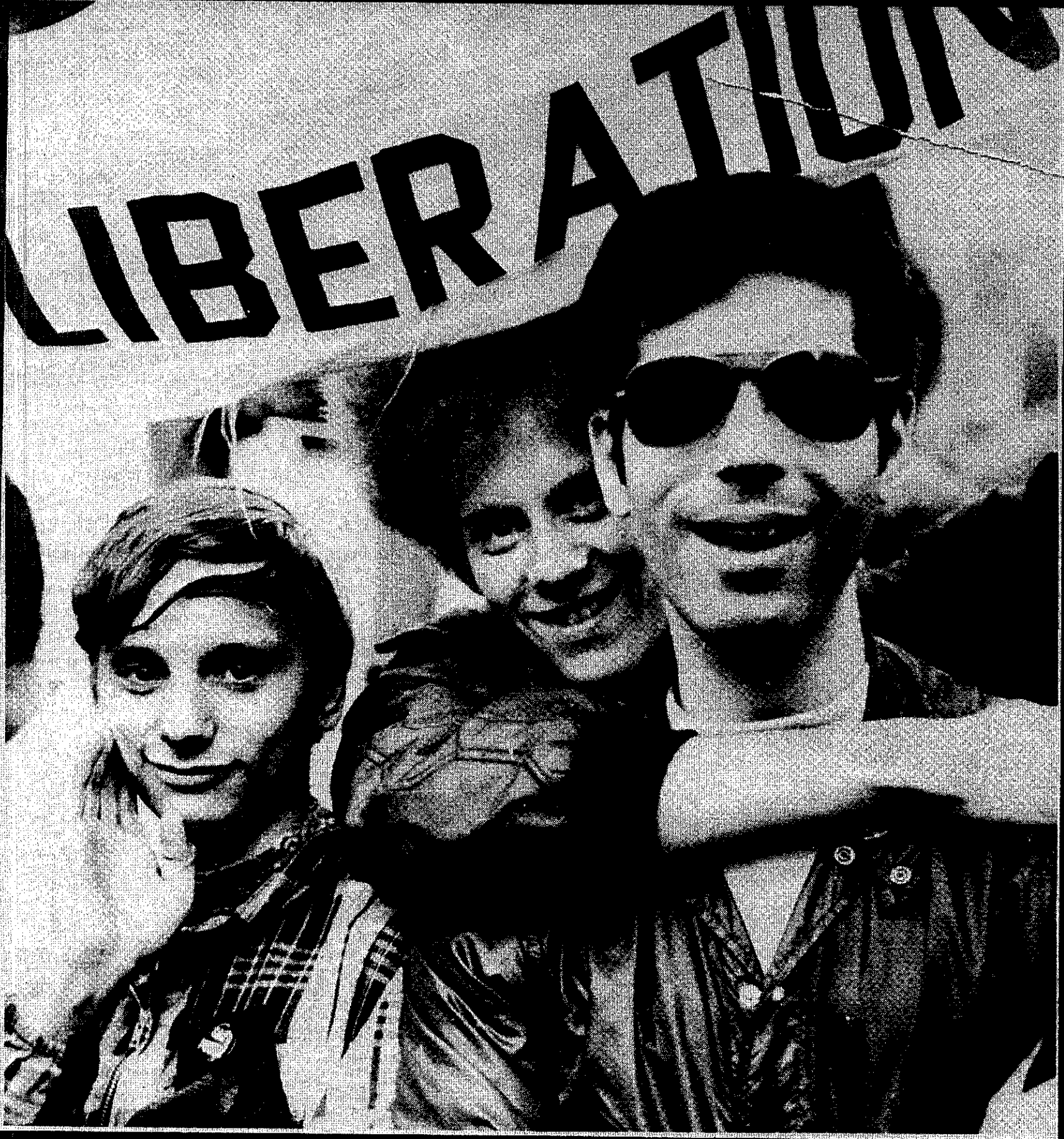


COME OUT

A LIBERATION FORUM OF THE GAY COMMUNITY

25¢



THE REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENT

HOMOSEXUAL LIBERATION AND

COMMUNITY BULLETIN BOARD

Meetings:

Gay Liberation Front - Sunday 8:30 PM
(through December)
Church of the Holy Apostles
9th Ave. & 28th St.
(in January)
Washington Square Methodist Church
305 West 4th Street

Daughters of Bilitis - Thursday 8:00 PM
Corduroy Club
240 West 38th Street

Gay Liberation Workshop - Sat. 3-5 PM
Alternate University
530 Sixth Avenue at 14 Street

Phone Numbers:

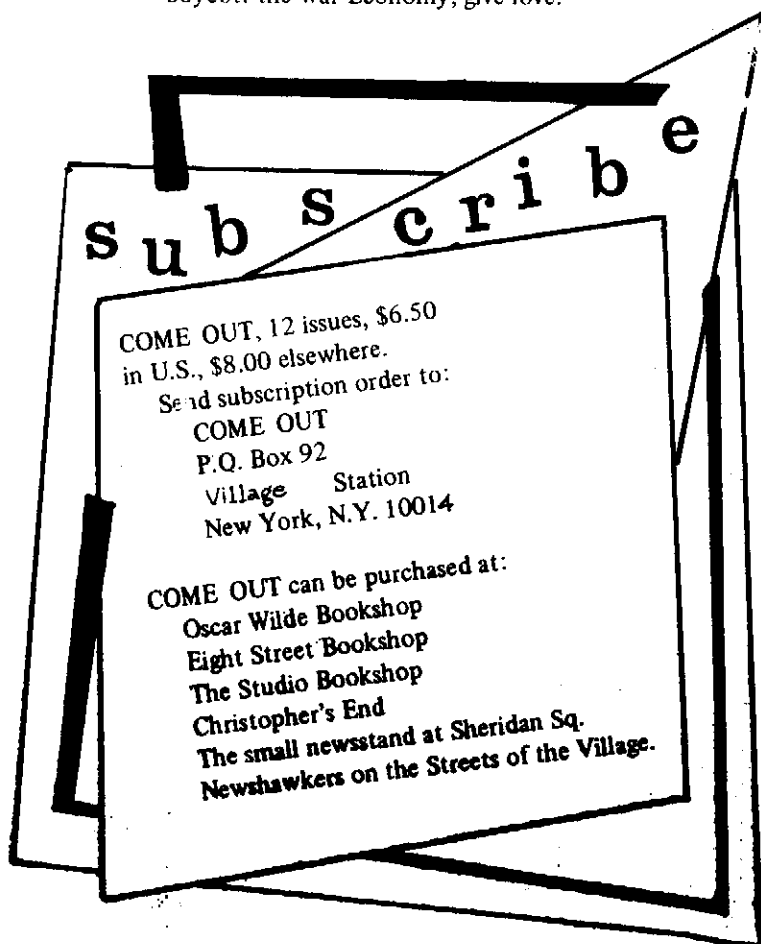
Health Clinic (V.D.), 9th Ave. at 25 St. -
524-2537
Dental Clinic - Northern Dispensary, Sheridan
Square - CH 2-5511
Legal - Stanley Cohen - 962-1940
COME OUT - 477-4875

Demonstrations:

Every Saturday, 2 PM - to free the N.Y. Panther
21 - also a week long vigil preceding Christmas at
Women's House of Detention, Christopher St. &
Greenwich Avenue.

Wednesday, Dec. 24, Christmas Eve - Candlelight
Vigil in Sheridan Square in connection with
Moratorium - specifically for Gay people.

Remember - no business as usual this Christmas,
boycott the War Economy, give love.



COMMUNITY CENTER BENEFIT DANCE

SPONSORED BY THE
GAY LIBERATION FRONT
JANUARY 2, 1970

FRIDAY, 9 PM ALTERNATE U. 69 W. 14 ST.

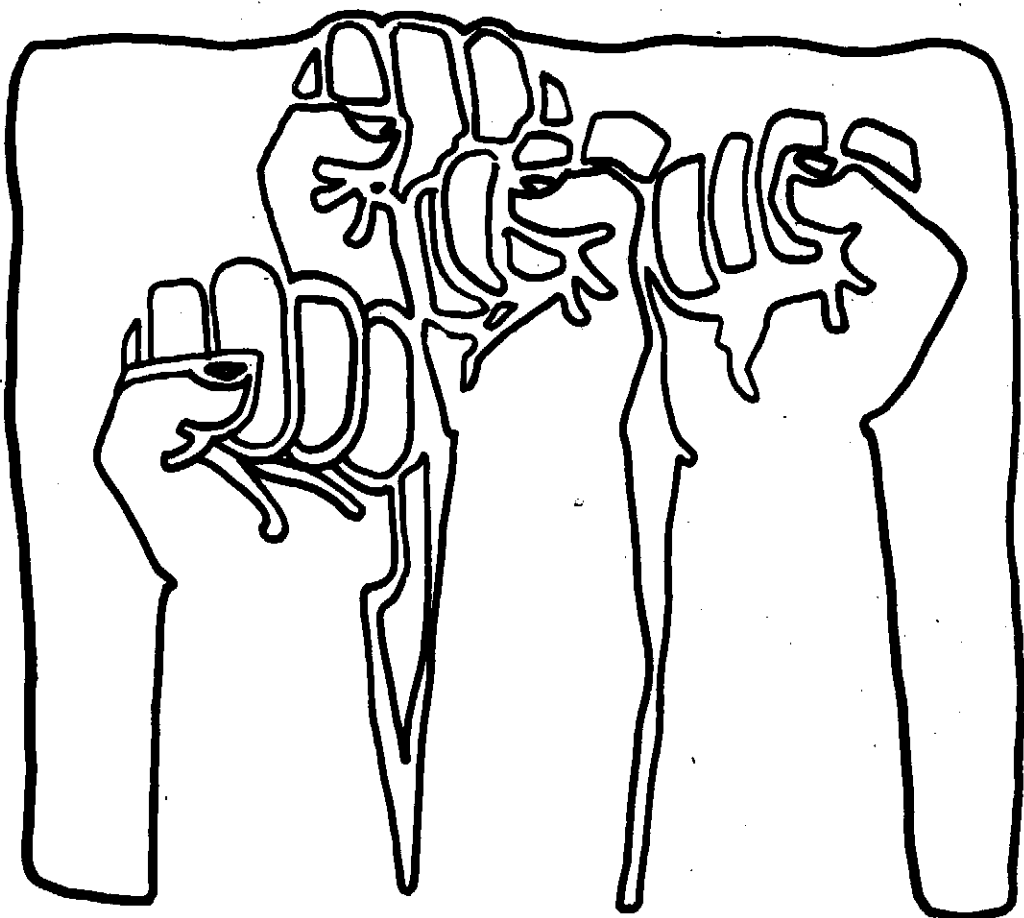
CONTRIBUTION - \$1.50 (SINGLE) \$2.50 (COUPLE)

A PLEA TO THE COMMUNITY

Anyone owning or having access to photographs of the
Christopher Street-Stonewall Riots of last summer please
call 477-4875 as soon as possible.

Cover photo by Diana Davies

COME OUT VOL.1 NO.2 JAN. 10, 1970



CHRISTOPHER STREET LIBERATION DAY SATURDAY JUNE 29, 1970

COME OUT has no single editor or publisher. It is edited
published and financed collectively by its staff of gay
people. It is a newspaper which is intended to function
as a community forum. Inclusion is not based on the
professional background of the writer or political direc-
tion of his or her article and no article will be edited with-
out the specific consent of the writer.

Content is determined on the basis of interest and
timeliness. The philosophy of the newspaper is to en-
courage dialogue and stimulate the growth of new ideas.
We believe that this policy will contribute to the libera-
tion of our individual and collective potential as homo-
sexuals.

We encourage everyone to contribute to COME
OUT. Please send articles, visuals, comments or contribu-
tions to: P.O. Box 92, Village Station, N.Y. 10014.

A newspaper contributor's meeting for the third issue
will be held at 8:00 PM, Monday, December 29 at
1023 Sixth Avenue (near 38th St.), third floor.

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Martha Shelley
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Michael Brown
Red Butterfly
Suzanne BeVier
Thomas Jefferson

WASHINGTON MORATORIUM: 3 VIEWS

Carl Delvin

Friday night, after arriving in Washington, we began our gassy Washington weekend. We had been told that it would be good for the people in the communes in Washington to see some fags and dykes, but had decided that twenty-four hours a day of confrontation was too much, and so had opted to stay with a sympathetic friend during our visit so as to have somewhere to relax between the gassings and mindfucks in the street. We were gassed during our dinner, like everyone else in the neighborhood near DuPont Circle, as it seeped in through the slightly open windows.

Personally, I'm fed up with all the shit we take from the right and the left. Saturday morning, during the march up Pennsylvania Ave., I felt inclined to discount the reactions we got as we explained what our 28th of June GLF banner was about because the march was so full of liberals — nervous nellys all. Most of the young men smiled slightly, tightened their sphincters, grabbed mom's hand, and gravitated discretely to another area of the street. The women were, as usual, UNDERSTANDING, lovely, gentle creatures that they are, and generally said, "oh". We did one gay power cheer during the march, after which those groups around us politely stifled embarrassed reactions. They thought the banner was pretty, though.



At the Department of Justice, who we were was forgotten. We gave out a few water-soaked Handi-Wipes.

After dark, we wandered back into the Mall area. There were bonfires all over the mall and rock music blared from some speaker. I smelled a little grass in the air and wished I had some. What was happening there had been going on all day all over the city: people engaged in human activities normally prohibited on government property. So the city was overrun by the people. My feet were freezing by this time and as I looked up at the Great Dildo with a very bright half moon just shooting out all kinds of rays behind it, I thought about what the whole thing there that weekend could have been. The people were there in excess of a million — the people we all our people — luscious-lipped, cow-eyed, gropable, inexpressible, gentle-minded young men and women, all wanting to be fierce and REALLY revolutionary.

After arriving at the Mall of the Great National Dildo, we eventually split up for the duration of the day. Two of us were left to carry the banner, and we spent the day wandering through the mall area and downtown Washington. So many nice people smiled when we told them who we were, but we were tired and I'm afraid we didn't always respond in kind. A handsome acquaintance whom I hadn't seen for some time came out of the crowd and kissed me during a dispute we had with a MOBE marshal in front of the Department of Labor. I began to smile. We had been instructed to smile.

On the way back to our resting place, we stopped at a coffee shop downtown and invited a couple to join us at our table. After learning who we were, they sat patiently and ate. I was too exhausted to lash out — too exhausted from having to lash out. This sure is no open-

Dan Smith

There was something wrong in Washington. Something disquieting in the crowded marchers' movements — in their smiles and frowns. But really, it was what they said — and to whom they said it that disturbed me.

Don't get me wrong. I wasn't expecting the march to end the war or change the minds of the silent or the minds of the majorities. I was expecting a gathering of people who knew by whom or well or how the soldiers were being used. Instead, I saw demonstration marshals tipping their heads and smiling at generals passing in green cars; I heard rostrum speakers praising American business and suggesting that the government try for business's efficiency; and I felt the wall of hatred and disgust that followed the conspiracy people when they walked among the crowd asking for people to come to the Justice Department and demonstrate against the imprisonment of Bobby Seale. What I'm saying is that over three-fourths of the Moratorium were young S&M's blind to the power binding their perception of the world. They were unable to feel the governmental force convincing their leaders that to be as quiet, inoffensive and meek as mother's little children would make their protest valid, a success.



Mike Brown

Actually it was the age of the people that was really impressive. They were young — very young. The political ideologists of the left and right will interpret the age of these kids as evidence of their revolutionary commitment or the results of a permissive society. They're wrong. The reason is much more simple and honest: they don't want to die.

The N.J. Turnpike was like an elongated St. Marks Place when we came down on Friday afternoon. The Howard Johnson rest stops looked like hangouts of the new generation. They were all smiling and milling around feeling their strength together.

DU PONT CIRCLE 10:30 PM NOV. 14. The radicals had planned this as a departure point for their march to the Saigon Embassy. On our way to the circle we were treated to a genuine member of the "silent majority" holding a pistol out his window. Apparently he felt the Revolution had come and he had to protect his stake in America, an America that to judge by him and others, is rapidly losing its sanity.

As we neared the circle, we were repeatedly asked where the action was by others who like us were there out of a combination of curiosity and to express something as yet undefined. What we got when we arrived was a crowd of about a thousand kids waving the ever present NLF flags and chanting support for same. The smell of tear gas hung heavy in the air and it all seemed sort of senseless, as if we were there to watch a grade B movie.

Sirens, it's amazing how fast your ears become attuned to the sound of them when in the middle of an outlaw demonstration. We began to move faster through the crowds, which was difficult because they had the same idea. There was no need for the cops to give a warning and they knew it. The gas began to explode and suddenly we were being driven down Connecticut Ave. A window broke just behind and we split into an alley hoping to avoid a bust.



photos by Diana Davies

IN FRONT OF THE WHITE HOUSE 12:30 AM

NOV 15. With the arc lights blazing across the lawn, one of the "marchers against death" steps up; turns toward Dick Nixon inside the building, raises a clenched fist and screams the name of a South Vietnamese hamlet destroyed in the war. Those kids who are on the other side of Pennsylvania Avenue watching the endless stream of name bearers show their emotion only in their eyes. They know that the war is only part of a much larger lie, and that the lie is backed up with arc lights and tear gas and guns.

NOV. 15 SATURDAY 10:30 AM. The 25 representatives from the Gay Liberation Front make the march to the rally on the grounds of the Washington Monument. It was immense, I have never seen so many people. Yet they all acted as if they were bored, unsure why they were there at all. They applauded only occasionally and then only for militants. At 5 PM the red flags began to move out through the center of the mile

The leaders could not see that the friendly hands of the police around their shoulders were meant to keep the Moratorium as quiet and as UNHEARD as any club that Agnew could use on newsmen: They can't see that if it hadn't been for the activities of the Justice Dept. the Moratorium would not have gotten more than six lines on the ninth page. In this country one must spit or be filed under petty nuisance. Nixon will not be moved by a thousand marches like the one in Washington but he could be shattered by three or four like that at Justice. We must stop squeaking out and start speaking up.

We should not be forced to watch a demonstrator holding Michael Ronfitz' name in his hands and warmly smiling at a passing

Continued on page 5

(excerpts reprinted from a letter by Bob Martin, Chairman of the Youth Committee of NACHO, addressed to the Marchers on Washington, 11-15-69)

Greetings and Best Wishes to all of you gathered in support of the sacred right to self-determination at home and abroad.

While the present demonstrations are quite properly focused upon the injustices perpetrated by the American government in Viet Nam, the ghettos, in the armed forces, in the city of Washington, etc., I think that we should not forget that the same power structure which denies justice in all these areas is also doing its best to oppress the homosexually-oriented American.

Homosexuals have been persecuted, first by the churches, then by the state, and now also by such powerful groups as the capitalist business establishment and organized psychiatry.

Western power structures have long thrived on the anti-homosexual paranoia they foster. By making people fear close emotional and sexual contact with other people of the same gender, they foster: suspicion and fear of one's fellow human being, a spirit of bitter competition among men, and divisions among the oppressed. By promoting anti-homosexual fear and hate, they distract attention from their own multitudinous exploitations.

Writes Michael Cooke: "It is primarily because we do not fit readily into a family structure, the basic unit in private property systems, that we are judged untrustworthy — and expendable. Marriage under a class system is a legal contract based on considerations of property and not on human considerations. Our very existence is seen to undermine this very basic unit of society. Under Capitalism, the highest development of class society, each male is supposed as well to be a sort of sovereign entity to go out to do battle with every other male in the struggle for survival; and any emotion such as homosexuality, which might compromise his independence in regard to another is seen as a threat to his ability to compete."

Martha Shelley has pointed out that in our society the lesbian is also in revolt against male supremacy, and is invariably in support of women's liberation from dependence on male good will. "The revolution must be fought for us, too."

The NACHO Youth Committee has unanimously declared its support for the struggles of the black, the feminist, the Spanish-American, the Indian, the hippie, the young, the student, the worker and other victims of oppression and prejudice.

We must note with sadness, however, that many in these oppressed groups have swallowed whole the Establishment's propaganda and have joined in its oppression of those of us who are homosexual or bisexual. We offer

our support to you, and so often receive but calumny, ridicule, ostracism, degradation in return. Too many radicals are so uptight about their heterosexual public images that they cannot tolerate us in their midst. Instead of treating us as fellow strugglers against our common oppression, they join the Establishment in becoming our oppressors.

Our message to our heterosexual brethren, then, is this: re-examine your attitudes, your actions, and eliminate anti-homosexual bigotry from them; treat your gay brothers and sisters as the valuable and dignified human beings they are; support our just cause as we support yours. Refuse to accept the definitions and limitations upon human sexuality and emotional warmth that have been handed down to us by society; rather think things over and establish your own standards based on your own needs, both for sex and for love, but especially for love, warmth, contact with your fellow human being.

To our gay and bisexual brethren: JOIN US: We need you. We need you to build our own community free of the yoke of repression imposed upon so much of heterosexual society; we need you to wrest control of our own destiny from those who oppress us; we need you to help educate those gay people who are not yet fully aware of their oppression or its causes; we need you to build a political consciousness within the homophile movement and the gay community at large. Finally, we need you to help us educate the straight part of the Movement about our grievances.

We urge you to join the homophile movement, without abandoning your other commitments. There are some 50 homophile organizations now more or less active in North America. We urge you to join these groups, which range through the political spectrum from radical to conservative, and help to radicalize them, or form your own gay organization. The Youth Committee will be glad to provide advice and what assistance we can.

RADICALISM AND HOMOSEXUALITY

THANKS PINKOS
QUEERS COWARDS
DRAFT DODGERS
--- MAO TSE TUNG



photos by Diana Davies

RED BUTTERFLY

Perhaps with the emergence of a classless society, we shall also enter into a labelless society—one that will be free of the stereotypes that divide man from man and perpetuate the privilege of the few over the needs of the many.

It has been suggested that homosexuals are not truly an oppressed group. We realize that gay men and women can be found in all walks of life, and that some gay people are probably among the worst pigs in the system.

Basically we make two points:

1) Homosexual acts between freely consenting partners harm no one, and are a natural and completely human form of behavior. The Revolution cannot be just or complete if our rights as full human beings are not recognized. We call upon our comrades on the left to be progressive in sexual matters also, as we damn well include ourselves in the Brotherhood of Man. An injustice to one is an injustice to all.

2) We feel that our oppression is due, not merely to ignorance and superstition, but to the interests and ideologies of an authoritarian capitalist society. Sexual repression is one means used to maintain the domination of man over man in an unfree society. At the same time, the struggle for sexual liberation is a necessary part of making the Revolution by any means necessary.

Anyone who has been active in the movement long enough knows that none of us shall ever know peace nor freedom, justice nor happiness until the root evil of our society has been

Continued on next page

My kind of loyalty to one's country (people!) not to its institutions or its office-holders. The country is the real thing to watch over. Institutions are extraneous; they are its mere clothing and clothing can be worn out or become ragged. To be loyal to rags, that is the loyalty of unreason. The citizen who thinks he sees that the commonwealth's political clothes are worn out and yet holds his peace, and does not agitate for a new suit, is disloyal: he is a traitor.

Mark Twain

G. L. F. AND THE MOVEMENT

Allan Warshawsky
Ellen Bedoz

We are all the products of an oppressive society. Society's institutions which should operate in the interests of the people instead perpetuate the privileges of a few. These institutions, (our legal structure, our educational system, the family, among others) reinforce the inequities of the economic structure. The institution of the nuclear family socializes us to meet the inhuman needs of the system. It defines our roles and pressures its members into fulfilling them. These roles no longer serve the needs of the individual. Where man needs love he is given instead domination. His need for individual expression is not fostered; it is frustrated to the needs of the system for automatons to brainlessly carry out its operations. Cooperation is replaced by competition. Divergence cannot be tolerated.

Divergence is labelled "sick", "deviate", "unhealthy", "abnormal" by the establishments' social scientists who function as the system's official agents of guilt and shame. They establish arbitrary norms so that those who differ can be made to feel "abnormal".

Society thus provides itself with scapegoats upon whom the frustrations of the true victims of the system (everyone except the power elite) can be vented. The scapegoats have traditionally been those who wear their

differences on their skin (eg, the Black, the bearded Jew, the obvious homosexual). These are the most accessible targets for societies' dissatisfactions.

Thus the pressure for "deviates" to camouflage their differences to avoid scorn, condemnation, bigotry and persecution; the Black passing as white, the clean shaven Jew with an anglicized name, the homosexual who leads a double life. These people have sacrificed their selfhood for the safety of acceptance. They have victimized themselves.

This is the nature of our oppression as homosexuals. We have been intimidated into fragmenting our lives. Imagine a well-integrated life where our sexuality need not be denied. An existence in which our social and sexual lives, our work and family functions flow easily and spontaneously, enriching our total experience. For many it is hard to conceive of this. The overriding shame, fear and guilt, the "sickness" of our sexual natures resulting from internalized societal condemnation has proved a self fulfilling prophecy. By hiding, denying, and camouflaging we have accepted society's definition of ourselves as "sick" people.

However, there are those of us who no longer accept that definition. We have seen behind it to the corrupt system which created and perpetuates these destructive myths to feed its insatiable,

unjust need. We will no longer mutilate our true self-potential in an attempt to measure up to false "norms". In liberating ourselves from our shame we make our first attack upon the system. We will no longer serve an insane, dehumanizing structure by functioning as its scapegoats or, worse, its self created victims.

The Gay liberation front was formed by homosexuals with a radical vision, to serve as a vehicle for social change. We began with a consciousness of ourselves as an oppressed minority within an oppressive society. Through direct action (such as the Village Voice protest) we will also try to reach our gay sisters and brothers who have accepted the values of a society in whose embrace they can never rest with both dignity and honesty; in reaching them our numbers and power will grow.

At the same time we will explore alternative life styles, ways of interacting to which we can relate with our total being. By reaching into ourselves through such forms as encounter groups, experiments in communal living, leaderless and fluid organizational non-structure, we are rejecting the foundations of the system. Seeking harmony not competition, autonomy not automatism.

This is the beginning of our liberation. But it becomes clear that homosexual liberation cannot develop

Continued on next page

in a vacuum. We are one of many oppressed groups, the roots of whose oppression lies within a diseased capitalist system. This system fosters the exploitation of the many by a privileged few. It is a system of competition which serves the interests of the power structure. It is perpetuated by a lie called free enterprise and an illusion called equality of opportunity. But the realities are injustice, oppression and inequity. Brotherhood, humanity, a feeling for one another are sacrificed to the lies. We become alienated from one another, dehumanized, reified market commodities.

It is a mistake to think that we are oppressed only as homosexuals. We are oppressed as people employed at meaningless, alienating, unnecessary jobs to support a work ethic we no longer believe in. We are oppressed by our own guilt at watching helplessly as our government, in the name of the people, slaughters Vietnamese, ignores the rights of tens of millions of black, brown and red skinned Americans, and exploits all the colored peoples of the world. We are oppressed by a social system that defines sex roles in such a limiting manner as to violate the rights and potentialities of women and

severely curtail the emotional development of men. It is for reasons like these that we must now join forces with our sisters and brothers in the Movement so that we can begin the struggle for total human liberation.

Some homosexuals denounce the Movement because they feel that it has not sufficiently embraced the homosexual cause. However in order for our goals to become part of the Movement, we must first define our cause and ourselves, thereby creating a radical homosexual consciousness. Then we can begin to educate our radical sisters and brothers to our oppression and our needs. It is an error to think of the Movement as a static organization with a fixed dogma. The Movement is young and growing. It expands and enriches itself with each new contribution. Look at the example of Women's Liberation—Radical women, recognizing elements of their oppression within the Movement, separated themselves to explore and create a consciousness of their own oppression. The feedback was enriching both to the Movement and to the women who could now begin to participate in the revolution in a new and meaningful way.

Gay Liberation Front's contribution to the Movement must now be dealt

with. Our participation in Movement actions (eg, the Moratorium, Panther rallies) is a beginning. Each time we appear at a Movement function identified as GLF we reinforce the bonds between us. An opportunity for further exchange exists in such dialogue as will take place between GLF and Movement people at Alternate University. This is our work!

Power to all people includes our power to be ourselves.

Red Butterfly Continued

Central to oppression is the particular family structure of bourgeois society. The nuclear, authoritarian, patricentric, monogamous family is the property, condition children into accepting an unfree way of life, and to divide man from man on the basis of class. The superstitions and ideologies maintaining the nuclear family have resulted in Fascist sadism, racism, and all forms of bigotry. All forms of sex for pleasure (not contractual procreation) threaten not only the compulsive building block of a reactionary society of domination. This family structure results in the oppression of women by men, and oppression of children by parents. The bourgeois family serves chiefly to manage and transmit private

nuclear family, but the very bases of authoritarian society.

As homosexuals, we do not see our struggle in the granting of special privileges or token reforms. We consider this to be revisionist. We have seen, only too clearly, how the ruling class can use cooptation to remove and pacify struggle against the State.

Our goal is not better bars, recognized marriage, entry into the military, or even jobs.

It is, however, a recognition of racism in all its forms manifested by the ruling class. A struggle against imperialist wars fought against the colored peoples of the Third World. Against an economic system which makes 65 million Americans live in poverty, ravages the planet's resources in the interests of private capital, and plays Nuclear Roulette to maintain this obsolete system.

Capitalism is now in its terminal stage—requiring continual spending for war and preparations for war, imperialism, repression of minorities, and perpetuation of mass poverty.

Freedom.

The Red Butterfly
15 November 1969
Washington

THE MONTHS NEWS

The initial attempt by the Nixon regime in its first 9 months to carry out a carefully contrived policy of moderation is dead. It is dead because it could never have worked. Richard Nixon tiptoed into the Presidency with bland slogans of "bring us together" and "lower our voices". He didn't understand that inside the hyper-agitated nation he inherited from Lyndon Johnson there existed grave problems, problems which required root solutions. Nixon believed that all he had to do was play the role of President as Eisenhower had and the country would somehow

fall back into "normalcy". Somehow the inherent American decency would reappear and we would once again unite in harmony. For Nixon, the turbulent events of the last 8 years never occurred.

The 1960s are not the 1950s no matter how often the nation's chief executive decides to play out the charade of business as usual. The Black Panther Party is not the NAACP, SDS does not indulge in panty raids and American GIs in VietNam murder peasants in cold blood.

It was inevitable that the terrible unsolved problems of this nation would force this new government to action of some kind. They must have known that

their synthetic serenity could only hold the tide for a short while and in fact the Administration's first 9 months were widely interpreted as an attempt to buy time. Now they realize that there is no more time.

The American people voted a year ago out of apprehension and confusion and Richard Nixon won a bare plurality. Richard Nixon is a cautious man. Why should we expect boldness and innovation from a man who is really nothing but a political craftsman? Why should we be surprised when this government makes a decision to retrench and crack down on dissent?

The situation is in control of the Government and the government has been reduced to a choice of two alternatives: either the problems are solved or the opposition generated by those problems is silenced. That Nixon has apparently chosen the second option and decided to suppress those demanding change is not surprising when one examines the character of America's elected leaders. The best are technocrats: moderates who are devoid of any inspirational qualities. The rest

are gangsters, thieves and terrorists who live their living by exploitation and gain their elected positions through systematic repression.

So Agnew opens the Pandora's box of intimidation against the media. The Secret Service issues orders to federal and local agencies to gather information on those who "malign high government officials", seek "redress of imaginary grievances" and participate in "anti-American demonstrations". The FBI puts pressure on Bus Companies to cancel transportation to the Nov. 15 Moratorium in Washington. Bobby Seale is sent to prison for 4 years on the whim of a racist judge. The police harass, intimidate and photograph Gay Liberation Front members who leaflet the streets of Greenwich Village.

This Government is moving to defend itself against a movement which is growing too large and too fast. The polarization between "us" and "them" is suddenly being defined and all of us are being forced to choose sides by circumstances none of us made.

GLF Continued

square crowd to the Justice Department, followed by perhaps 30,000. When we arrived at the Justice Dept., there were strangely few cops. This government still keeps up a pretense of legitimacy and this demonstration had a permit. The building was surrounded with a crowd that had grown to perhaps 50,000. It was very quiet except for the cries of "free Bobby Seale" and "stop the trials". Then from the massed militants in front of the building flew the first rocks and bottles. The door was assaulted with a battering ram. There were no sirens this time, no warnings to disperse and the gas was not tear gas either. As it exploded to my left, I saw the flag of the 28th of June cell of Gay Liberation Front begin to move up Constitution Ave. Since the CS (pepper) gas exploded between us and the flag, we ran in the opposite direction and the group was separated. Those of us who were still together left to get above the Government Building along Constitution Avenue. We were driven by huge clouds of gray gas into downtown streets which were filled with people shouting "power to the people." As we moved west onto New York Ave. from 14 Street, it was apparent that a large part of the crowd that had been at Justice earlier intended to take the protest to the White House.

We never got there. Just as we reached Penn Ave. and 15 St., the cops and the army drew into ranks to protect the President of the United States from his own people. Richard Nixon can't understand that these kids don't give a shit about peace with honor, especially when they know that when the Administration speaks of honor what they really mean is that the President wants re-election in 1972. They don't expect the truth from this government, they expect lies. Lies to cover poverty, lies to cover wars, lies to cover lies.

So they came to Washington over a million strong, not really expecting to change anything but hoping that by being there they would somehow show something as yet undefined. When they left they knew that there are two nations and that the nation of the "silent majority" is afraid to change what must be changed. When they left Washington, they knew that they were an army; what they do with that knowledge will determine the future of America.

FREEDOM FOR HOMOSEXUALS HOMOSEXUAL FREEDOM FOR EVERYONE



New Jersey Landscape: October 12, 1969

Sunflowers, oaks and maples hail autumn
The whole world is on fire; red, yellow
And rust red hail the earth, are
Mostly green, brown
Fall to ground
Tall proud weeds shadow the sun
Greens grass is hidden, hides forbidden
To us; fenced-off we see
The snake grow from ground:
Barbed wire blocks beauty.
We cannot enter
And cables cross
Like a cage in the sky, smash us leaf-flat,
We are ants;
The sea-blue sky becomes white cloud,
A rise from earth: tear gas, once air,
Now becomes our prison
A tree is a billy club, bayonet and
Holstered gun, her foliage a gas mask.
Rocks siren the forest-scream:
"Keep the crowd in order; they do not
Truly appreciate our beauty" —
The prisoners are free — but are we?

— Eileen Rupel

MORE RADICAL THAN THOU

martha shelley

Recently, the Gay Liberation Front came under fire from some conservative elements of the homophile movement as being a "Commie-front" organization. At the same time, some members of the GLF have been railing at GLF for not being more radical. These people who call themselves "radical" seem to want to go in for street fighting and bombing. They foresee an armed revolution in the next five years, and they want to be in the "vanguard."

Seems like everybody wants to be Che Guevara — remember what happened to him? The Pentagon has all the guns...

We've all heard it from the Real Radicals. If you haven't been busted or had your head beat in by a Chicago cop, if you don't have a Mao poster hanging over your bathtub and a gas mask and gun in your laundry bag; you aren't Radical enough. Meanwhile, all these Real Radicals prate on, oblivious to the fact that GLF is an open organization, and meetings are attended by police informers, and phones are tapped (mine is). How in hell can you even conspire to wire your way into a pay toilet when you are practically advertising the whole thing on CBS?

This article is being written both for the benefit of the Real Radicals and for the conservatives, though I suspect I'll get small thanks for it... Neither of these groups could detect a real Communist if they woke up in bed with one.

Come on, gang. Known homosexuals, SDS members, Panthers, GLF members, long hairs — people like us — are light years away from an armed political revolution. We make good copy for the establishment press (we're very photogenic in our odd clothes and long hair), and we help cops get their rocks off by busting us on drug charges or conspiracy charges. (Do you know that conspiracy to commit a misdemeanor, say *walking on the grass* or *littering*, is a felony?) We get our own rocks off by screaming "Off the pig!" in demonstrations or by spouting revolutionary rhetoric in underground papers.

Ever read SDS *New Left Notes*? The paper is full of semi-Marxist rhetoric about "solidarity with our Third World brothers" and "the *correct* analysis" of somebody's actions or thinking. And nobody reads that shit except other Real Radicals. It's a kind of mutual mental masturbation — the Real Radicals talk to each other; and the rest of the country, which they are supposed to be "radicalizing", doesn't give a goddamn.

The Panthers, for all their blunders, at least have a free-breakfast-for-children program. Now some people say that fighting for a small benefit here, a court case won there, or a change in one oppressive law, is simply "reformist." In other words, what it does is to make conditions a little bit easier for the people, thus keeping them content with the system and retarding the progress of the revolution.

Bullshit, baby. You can't feed the people a mass of revolutionary rhetoric while you let their children starve. They won't hear you over the cries of their babies. Besides, hasn't history proven that people don't revolt unless conditions do improve — that is, when they can see some real hope in their lives? You can't have a revolution based on misery and despair — it has got to be based on hope, on the fact that conditions have improved sufficiently for the people to see that a better life is possible. There must also be trust between the people and the active revolutionaries — they must be convinced that the revolutionaries are trustworthy, are acting in their basic interests. And you convince them by your deeds — by winning something for them now.

At any rate, if you insist on letting people suffer now — in order to advance the cause of some distant revolution — if you, in effect, say that your glorious end justifies any means: **what makes you any better or more worthy of the people's trust than the G.I. who said at Bien Tre, "We had to destroy the city in order to save it."**

Let me make this point clear — I'm not a pacifist on principle. Passive resistance has its uses, but as a Jew, I know damn well that is has its limitations. There is a difference between using violence to resist oppression or genocide, and employing it to perpetuate the same. In my book, the American action in Vietnam is an atrocity. On the other hand, nothing would cheer me more than a massacre of the government of South Africa.



photo by Diana Davies

I'd like to discuss three forces at work in this country. The first is conservative capitalism, sometimes known as "capitalist imperialism." This has been analyzed down to the ground as a philosophy which enshrines the economic exploitation of the poor by the rich. The corruption of the American legal system; American support of fascistic dictatorships in Spain, Haiti, South Africa and South Vietnam; the oppression of blacks, migrant workers and Indians are a direct result of this philosophy.

The second force calls itself radical. It is represented by various elements of the Movement. Now the Movement itself is comprised of several groups, which can be subdivided as follows:

1) the members of minority groups who have realized that their oppression will not be alleviated by working within the system;

2) drop-outs who prefer a free life-style to the economic benefits available to Company Men;

3) those people (religious or otherwise) who find their expression and satisfaction in devotion to a humanist cause;

4) the guilty offspring of the middle-class — who have discovered that the comforts provided for them were obtained by the exploitation of other people — and who have discovered that, though well-off economically, they are politically powerless.

These groups overlap. Some people in the Movement, whom I have labelled the Real Radicals, have attempted to model themselves after the revolutionary forces of the Third World. In identifying with their oppressed brothers and sisters, they have swallowed whole the slogans, rhetoric and tactics of different cultures in different economic and political conditions — and have tried to thrust their ideas on middle-class America.

There is also the matter of inalienable rights and freedoms. I'm not about to give up what freedoms I have in the name of a Party or ideology. Once you surrender your freedom to dissent against your government, against any government, you never get it back. Look at Russia and China today, and you will see that **absolute power has absolutely corrupted the Communist Party**. They have turned their violence from liberation to oppression.

The third force I will call a kind of moral individualism — the philosophy of a bunch of Br'er Rabbits trying to survive and do their own thing in a world of wolves who would prey on them, and lemmings who march off cheering to their own destruction. It appeals to the second and third groups in the Movement, the drop outs and the humanists. This individualism is not what the conservatives claim to represent. We know that. American individualism in a G.I. haircut, in a pin-stripe suit, working for IBM? Bullshit. The real individualist isn't about to exploit his neighbor — he also isn't about to take orders from anybody. Nobody tells him how to eat, dress, talk, work — or whom to sleep with, or whom to shoot. He makes his own decisions and takes responsibility on himself. He cannot be convicted of the most terrifying of modern crimes — moral abdication — **because he was never following orders in the first place.**

Br'er Rabbit is a threat to conservatism and also to Communism. Life is short, and he wants to live as fully as he can, without imposing on toher people's right to do the same. He is a terrible, seductive threat. The conservatives hate him because he represents, by his life style,

an alternative to the pinstripe suit. He doesn't owe his soul to the Company. The Communists hate him because he doesn't owe his soul to the Party. Wherever he goes, he is a living example of the Third Alternative.

These ideas, this ideology, originates with the Communist Party. The ideal of equality of economic opportunity has been most forcefully advocated by the C.P. The tactics of modern revolution have been developed by Mao, Ho Chi Minh and Castro. The ideal — equality of opportunity, an end to economic exploitation — is beautiful. I dig it. The method of guerilla warfare is appealing to romantics, and also offers a chance of personal power (the gun you see on all the posters) and the dream of glory.

On the other hand, what happens after the Party comes into power? Members submit to Party discipline, considered necessary to advance the revolution and then to "build socialism". There is a liquidation (purge, massacre) of dissenting elements. Equal opportunity is there — for those who conform best to the Party line. So instead of kissing the ass of the Board of Directors, you kiss the ass of the Central Committee.

Why exchange one master for another? Well, maybe it made sense in the context of feudal Russia, or China, or as a change from a corrupt dictatorship or colonial exploitation. It doesn't make sense to me, not in the context of American society. We've got to transform this society — but I don't want to see it become an imitation of Red China, with thousands of people carrying pictures of an American Mao, chanting a new dogma through the streets. A 20th century American Revolution must spring from new ideas — because we have a new situation here, a post-industrial society, different from anything the world has ever seen.

My conservative friends look at these individualists and immediately scream "Communist dupes!" What they refuse to see is that we are simply dedicated to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. (Like warm nests with other furry rabbits to play with. *N.B. A sense of humor is essential to life as a Rabbit.*) They see the world in terms of Us. vs. Them, and are blind to the Third Force springing up around them. We Rabbits don't fit into the paranoid mold.

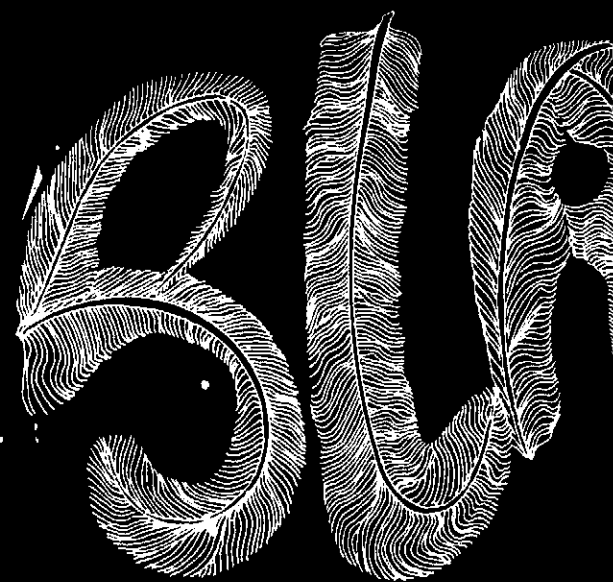
My Communist friends see a bunch of undisciplined, ragged nuisances and are infuriated because we can't be controlled and formed into a fifth column. Both groups call us dirty and lazy. Anybody you don't like is dirty and lazy. Remember how often you've heard that about blacks?

Bullshit. Give us real, fulfilling human jobs and we'll put in more productive man-hours than you ever could squeeze out of a slave laborer. Who built the People's Park in Berkeley? We did. Give us another park to build. Or a gay community center. Or a free hospital. Bosses in both systems have assumed that the way to get people to work is to use a carrot (profit) and a stick (the threat of jail or starvation). The real way to work is to make a job for yourself, a job that you love.

The Real Radicals put down the cultural revolution as irrelevant. They put down gay liberation and women's liberation as trivial. My needs are not trivial to me. I'll stand by my brothers and sisters — because my freedom is dependent on their freedom, and because a revolution to establish a free and loving society must be based on freedom and love — but I'm not an altruist. I've got 40-50 years to live, if I can stay alive in the briar patch and we don't have a nuclear war, and after that I won't know or care what you do. Most people, deep down, feel the same way. Anybody who wants to reach the majority of the people — to be really relevant — has to relate to their needs and give them some hope worth risking their lives for. Even the Church gave the hope of heaven — a real personal hope, for you and me, not just for a few people in the far future.

What are you doing for me, and what have you done for me lately? What's in it for you? The answer to the last question had better be, *I'm trying to meet my own needs, too* — and not *I want to get power to build a future Utopia*. Power once achieved is never voluntarily surrendered.

Advice to people who wish to join the Honorable Br'er Rabbit Society: Don't take orders. Seek out people who like good food, warm blankets, and need love. Watch out for people who want Power — they will take you and your carrots and put you both in a stewing pot. Another good piece of advice — come visit me. I, too, need love.



...it is in the darkness of their eyes that men get lost.

...the people ran here and there, for each one seemed to have his own little vision that he followed and his own rules; and all over the universe I could hear the winds at war like wild beasts fightin.

Then a song of power came to me and I sang it there in the midst of that terrible place where I was. It went like this:

A good nation I will make live
This the nation above has said
They have given me the power to make over.

And while I stood there I saw more than I can tell and I understood more than I saw; for I was seeing in a sacred manner the shape of all things in the spirit, and the shape of all shapes as they must live together like one being.

It is the story of all life that is holy and is good to tell, and of us two-leggeds sharing in it with the four-leggeds and the wings of the air and all green things; for these are children of one mother and their father is one spirit.

Beneath it all the animals were mingling with the people like relatives and making happy cries.

Behold a good nation walking in a sacred manner in a good land.

CRK ELK SPARRS

That summer, my father told me, the Wasichu (Americans) wanted him (Crazy Horse) to go to Washington . . . to see the Great Father there; but he would not go. He told them he did not need to go looking for his Great Father. He said: "My father is with me, and there is no Great Father between me and the Great Spirit."

Crazy Horse was dead. He was brave and good and wise. He never wanted anything but to save his people and he fought the Wasichu only when they came to kill us in our own country. He was only 30 years old. They could not kill him in battle. They had to lie to him and kill him that way.

It does not matter where his body lies, for it is grass; but where his spirit is, it will be good to be.

Then the head man of the advisors went around picking out the best hunters with the fastest horses, and to these he said. "Good young warriors, my relatives, your work I know is good. What you do is good always; so today you shall feed the helpless. Perhaps there are some old and feeble people without sons, or some who have little children and no man. You shall help these and whatever you kill shall be theirs." This was a great honor for young men.

He had to give gifts to those who had the least of everything, and the braver he was the more he gave away.

It was his duty to go to his brother-friend even if he knew he would be killed.

It is a good day to die.

Take courage, boy! The earth is all that lasts.

But only crazy or very foolish men would sell their Mother Earth.

The people feasted all night long and danced and sang. Those were happy times.

In a sacred manner you shall walk!
Your nation shall behold you!

Father paint the earth on me
A Nation I will make over.
I two-legged nation I will make holy.
Father, paint the earth on me.

they are appearing, may you behold!
The thunder nation is appearing, behold!
The white geese nation is appearing, behold.
A horse nation all over the universe,
neighing they come!
Prancing, they come!
May you behold them!



reprinted from RAT

July 27—a United Fruit Co. pier on the Hudson River

August 20—the Marine Midland Grace Trust Co. in the Wall St. area

September 19—the Federal Office Building in lower Manhattan

October 7—the Whitehall Selective Service center in lower Manhattan

November 11—the Standard Oil (of New Jersey) offices in the RCA Building in midtown Manhattan

the General Motors Building in midtown Manhattan

the Chase Manhattan Bank Building in the Wall St. area

November 12—the Criminal Courts Building in lower Manhattan

The bombs which have shaken New York City for five months ripped into the steel and concrete guts of Amerika. They exploded in the office buildings and corporate headquarter where the business of the Amerikan empire is carried out.

Each day those buildings suck in human energy and spit it out again in a regular nine-to-five rhythm. Then they stand idle and aloof, empty of humanity, while the rest of Manhattan swells to the point of explosion. During the day, the decisions made and carried out in these anonymous executive suites and administrative offices affect the lives of millions of people. It is important then to examine the particulars of their functioning.

Whitehall, the Federal Building and the Criminal Courthouse are understandable enough as bombing targets. Their operations are more or less public. Whitehall takes the men who are needed in Amerika's wars, the courthouse flushes away the men and women who are dysfunctional. The Federal Office Building is the embodiment of Amerikan government, spreading its bureaucratic pall over the nation. But it is those other places—GM, Chase Manhattan, Etc.—that require more ample descriptions.

Those private corporate entities house the men who make the critical decisions about the economic life of the empire. They live in fancy estates like the Rockefeller's Pocantico in Tarrytown, N.Y.; they meet in the plush lounges of clubs like the Links and Knickerbocker, and they make their plans in gatherings of groups like the Council on Foreign Relations. Their news is printed in the Wall Street Journal and Fortune magazine and they use a language spiked with monopoly game phrases which is more obscure than the language of any youth culture.

The mass of Americans are powerless and raised to be powerless. They are not meant to understand the workings of Chase Manhattan or General Motors, and ideally they are brought up not to care. The bombings focused attention on some of those corporate giants we have come to treat as part of the scenery. We buy their brand-name products every day, consume their ads everywhere, and even walk by their buildings occasionally.

UNITED FRUIT

United Fruit is perhaps the best known name in Amerikan imperialism, famous for its role in perpetuating feudalism in Central America. For decades the company has monopolized most of the arable land in Central America in its pursuit of profits from Chiquita bananas. The company also owns 900 miles of railways in that part of the world and is moving into the business of mass communications with its Tropical Radio Telegraph Co. The company's tracts of land are so vast, that Central American peasants often live their entire lives without leaving United Fruit property. The company benevolently provides some schools and hospitals and even contracts out their workers (like slave labor) during off seasons. In 1954 when the liberal regime of Jacobo Arbenz in Guatemala pressed for land reform that would take some of the

company's land, the CIA graciously aided United Fruit by ousting Arbenz through a coup.

United Fruit has an absolute stranglehold on the banana market (90% of the bananas sold in North America are Chiquita brand), but the company isn't just bananas. It is a major producer of edible oils (like margarine) in Central America; it just recently bought out an eighty-year-old Mexican company which produces and markets a full line of process foods (canned goods, milk, etc.) in Mexico; it has interests in a plastic products company in Central America and in a pulp mill in Pine Hill, Alabama; and it's moving into the tourist industry by buying up Swiss Chalet, a company which operates hotels and restaurants in Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands.

And lo and behold!! according to their 1967 Annual Report: "thirteen of the company's eighteen American flag vessels continue under charter to the U.S. Navy carrying supplies in connection with the military efforts of the U.S. in Southeast Asia." You just can't seem to get away from the war, even if you're in the banana business.

MARINE MIDLAND GRACE TRUST

Amerika's nineteenth largest bank with assets of \$2.5 billion is in turn owned by the holding company, Marine Midland Banks. The bank is the financial outcropping of the far-flung empire of J. Peter Grace, Jr. Also included in the empire is W.R. Grace and Co. whose \$1.7 billion worth of sales in 1968 earned it place 45 in Fortune's rankings of industrial corporations.

The Grace dynasty, which is an essential part of Latin American imperial history, was launched in 1854 by William Russell Grace, grandfather of the

sweeping land reform.

The Grace empire is perhaps best known for the companies it has now gotten rid of: Grace Shipping Lines, Panagra Airlines (sold to Braniff) and Miller Brewing Co. (sold to Pepsico). But the company is hardly going out of business, just growing in other directions.

But to inject a personal note into the impersonality of corporate life, we should look at J. Peter Grace himself. His 281,834 shares of W.R. Grace stock alone is currently worth \$8.9 million. So he is rich. He is also a fervent Catholic. (Grandfather Grace was New York City's first Catholic mayor. One of J. Peter's best friends is Father Patrick Peyton who he praises for personally persuading seven million Latin Americans to say the rosary: "If those people didn't have the rosary, they'd have nothing.") He is also a fervent anti-Communist. (When asked by the *Catholic Reporter* if he equated Russia generally with murderers and criminals, he replied, "Yes, yes. Very definitely. I don't see any difference." He is also chief fund-raiser for the American Institute for Free Labor Development, which financed by U.S. Big Business and some CIA dollars, organizes anti-Communist labor unions in Latin America on the principle of cooperation with management.)

This combination of traits made J. Peter a likely associate of another rich, anti-Communist Catholic, John F. Kennedy. In fact, Grace's booklet, "It's Not Too Late in Latin America" presents a detailed program which was largely incorporated into the Alliance for Progress. Grace advocates a U.S. propaganda campaign utilizing movies and one-frequency radios and lays out a program for incentives to U.S. business. And indeed the Alliance for Progress worked quite

THE N.Y. BOMBINGS: ANOTHER VIEW



present J. Peter. Grandad arrived in Peru as an Irish immigrant and started a ship supply company (which was aided by a timely marriage into a New York shipbuilding family). A less often mentioned part of the dynastic origins is W.R.'s entrance into the business of birdshit. The collection of guano from the Pacific islands off Peru proved highly profitable and gave the new company a sound basis in shipping, finance and fertilizer.

In 1879, Grandad got the contract to sell munitions and ships to Peru in her war with Chile. Peru lost, but Grace turned defeat into victory (for himself). The war left Peru with \$250 million in foreign debts which Grandad graciously assumed, thereby securing a virtual mortgage on the nation and receiving tremendous concessions in return. Peru for her part, however, has begun to get back. In August of this year the Peruvian government seized \$25 million worth of W.R. Grace & Co. sugar lands as part of its



well for Grace. According to the AID publication "The Task of Development" (July 1968): "In fiscal year 1967, AID economic programs financed more than \$1.3 billion in export sales for American firms. Among other items, AID financed the export of \$109 million in fertilizer, \$150 million in chemicals... In addition, American shipping lines earned about \$90 million in AID dollars for carrying these products to their destination in the less developed countries."

The last four corporate sites of bombings—Standard Oil (of New Jersey), RCA, GM and Chase Manhattan—involve institutions which are so mammoth they defy easy description. United Fruit and Marine Midland could be described somewhat neatly as discernible corporate entities. The last four giants aren't so easily contained—their directors slip and slide from corporate positions to governmental positions and back again. In the cases of Chase Manhattan

Continued on next page



Drawings by Suzanne BoVier

EPILOGUE

Look out folks, here comes the BOMBERS and they're gonna getcha if ya don't watch out ohyeah they're everywhere: that man you sat next to on the subway this morning, the elevator operator, the girl next door, your mother, YOUR MOTHER, motherfucker! she's been doing it for years, destroying Vietnamese villages with each fatal sweep of her income tax. your best friend buys his cigarettes and—WHAMO! babies in Cambodia die in incendiary horror so HOW CAN YOU TALK ABOUT BOMBERS? \$3,000,000,000 last year in bombs and shells alone HOW CAN YOU SCREAM "THEY ENDANGER THE PUBLIC

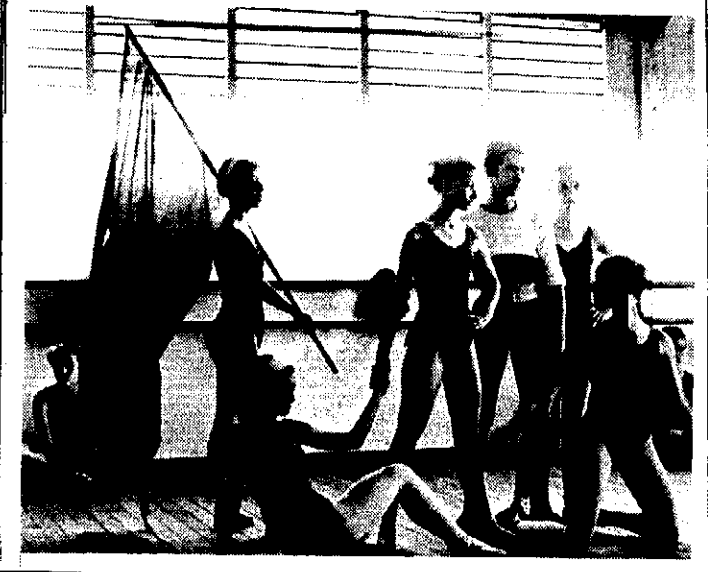
SAFETY"? 17 bombs per person in the Vietnamese panhandle area alone.

You are all bombers—everyone of you who stays in his place, who keeps on shellinout/sellinout/paying for the Amerikan nightmare, who doesn't care enough to stop the world bullshit. Did Marine Midland cry out in pain? Does Chase Manhattan mourn the seared and shriveled corpse of its only child? No, no—it wasn't you this time, it couldn't have been you Mr. ABM, big fat earlymorning B52 cocksucker, it wasn't your style. These bombers castrated your property, not your children, and they did something you've never done... they gave fair warning.

—paul simon—

ACCUSED BOMBERS DEFENSE C/O ALTERNATE U. 69 W. 14 ST. NYC 10011

CUBA: THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION, A BEGINNING



The status of women and sexual relations in Cuba was a curious but not so surprising mixture of past, present, and future; of Revolution and conservatism; of the situation in some highly industrialized countries and the situation in some very undeveloped ones. Giant steps had been and were being taken toward the liberation of women. But if that liberation is defined as freedom from old roles and definitions, with the full availability of alternative life patterns, then it would be more accurate to define the changes which had taken place thus far as the basis for a total revolution rather than the revolution itself.

The New Man and Woman would emerge from the interaction of several forces: changes in the societal structure, specific efforts to uproot old ideas, the particular nature of Cuba's culture and people, and whatever it is that can be truly called human nature. The Cubans themselves said that the New Woman was not to be forged in some eternal, frozen image. She would change with the passing of time, with new technology, the mobility of human imagination — a constantly "unfinished product".

from THE YOUNGEST REVOLUTION
by Elizabeth Sutherland

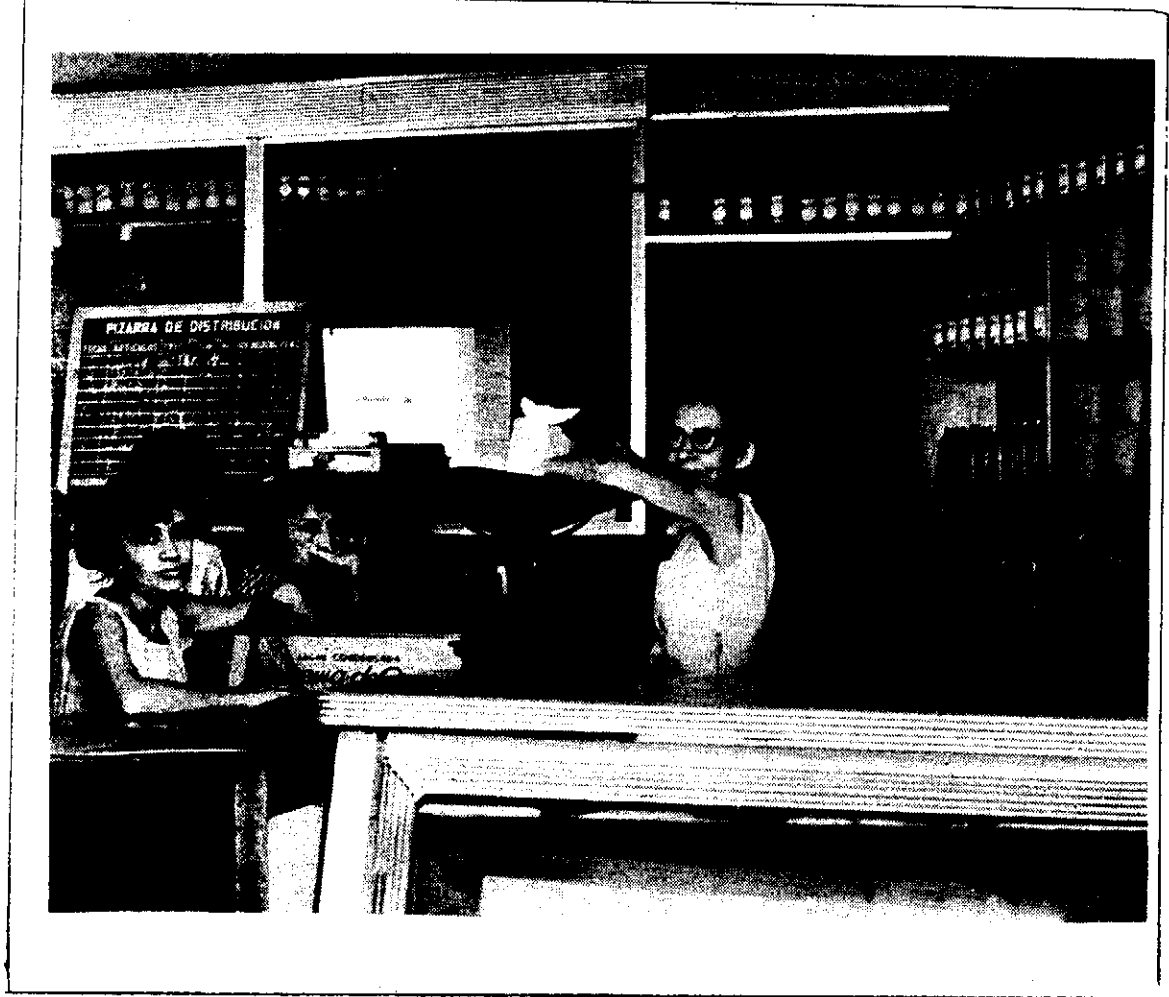
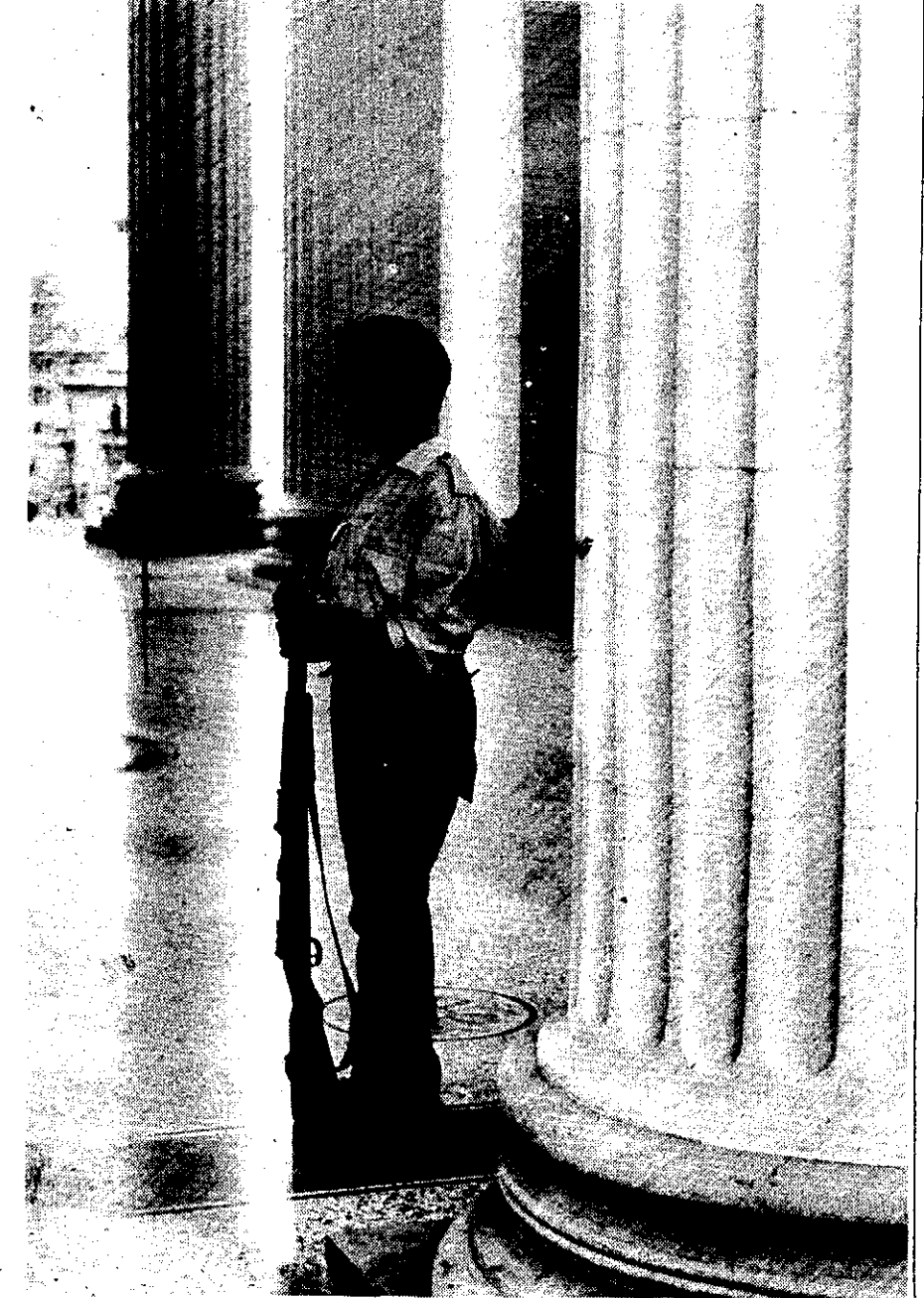


PHOTO ESSAY BY ELLEN BEDOZ





WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE

by Bob Kohler

I'll call them Mitzi and Sal. Mitzi, who owns up to seventeen, had never been seen out of Drag since she hit the Park sometime in mid-Summer. Sal, pushing twenty-one, was making her local Drag debut. It was a typical Sunday night in Sheridan Square. Translated, that means the area appeared to have been taken over by the third touring company of MARAT/SADE. Mitzi was bench-hopping, rapping with friends. Sal, on the other hand, was on edge. She had blown a hustle by over-estimating the powers of Elizabeth Arden. It had taken five coats of make-up to hide her heavy beard and tempus had cruelly fugited; by the time she got herself together her Date had split and she was forced to resign herself to a quiet (!) night on Christopher Street. Together they primped and posed, Mistresses of all they surveyed. If truth be known, a blind man could tell they weren't real. That, however, is a moot point; they were doing their thing and that was all that mattered.

It happened quickly and with little warning: enter a young Cop with a foul mouth and hard-on about Drag Queens and before you could say "Get back, Beast!" our Girls were on their way to the 6th Precinct. Fond farewells, garbled instructions, and a few unprintable epithets echoed through the Park. Courses of action were considered. These included demolishing the Park, fire-bombing the Precinct, and setting Christopher Street afire. As the first drops of rain began to fall it was suddenly and unanimously agreed that Mitzi and Sal were going to be a lot better off than most, they would have a roof over their heads. The race was on for doorways and alleys.

100 Centre Street. Criminal Courts Building. Room 1A. Monday morning. Mitzi and Sal were in "the docket" sandwiched between a motley assortment of Junkies, Winos, Pimps, Hookers, Finks, and two scared-looking Hippies. Mitzi was flirting outrageously with the handsomer of the two. Case after case came before the Judge. Suddenly a Wino fell to the floor and thrashed about wildly. The less fortunate looking of the two Hippies muttered, "Far out, Man!" Both were removed and the Theatre of the Ridiculous resumed. The night had not been kind to Mitzi and Sal. Mitzi's face had surrendered to some ugly red blotches and I thought to myself, "Seventeen, my ass! She's nineteen if she's a day!" Sal's face had cracked in a hundred places and a full stubble of beard had forced its way through the Kem-tone.

The charge was Female Impersonation and Loitering. Case Dismissed! We gathered in the busy corridor for a cigarette. Mitzi announced she had to pee and promptly disappeared into the Ladies Room. As soon as I regained possession of my vocal cords I yelled for Sal to get her the hell out. Sal made a dash for the toilet and as the door closed behind her I realized that now both of them were in the Ladies Room. Fuck you, Madalyn Murray, there is so a God! How else could we have made it out there alive?

I had brought down some Men's clothing for Mitzi and Sal to change into but they would have no part of my impassioned pleas. They did, however, hang shirts — bridal fashion — over their heads to protect their wigs from a deluge that made the Rains of Ranchipur look like a Sun Shower. Huddled under one umbrella we embarked upon the ten-block walk to the Subway through the Wall Street during lunch hour. So much of it is a blur — the walk, the stop at Chock Full O' Nuts for coffee, the Subway ride. Sometimes I get flashbacks and I hear the gasps, the sound of cups clattering to the floor, and I see the horror-stricken faces on the IRT as our girls, compacts in hand, try vainly to repair some of the damages.

We parted at Sheridan Square. The sun had come out. So had the people. Mitzi rewarded me with a kiss,



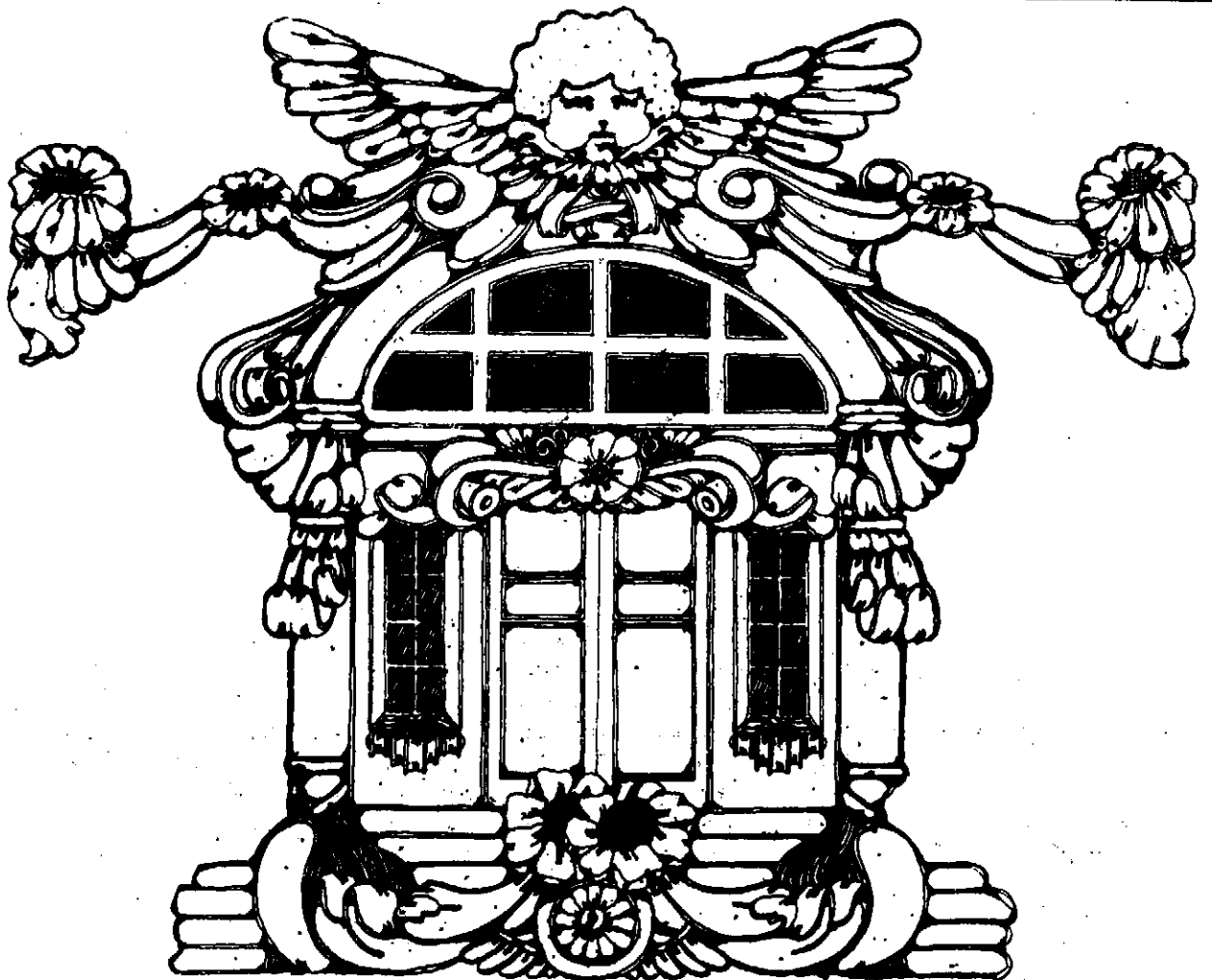
photo by Diana Davies

Sal with an impassioned hug. Heads turned and tongues wagged. I stood there, drenched to my jock-strap and watched them skip across the street. I remembered when, only weeks ago, Christopher Street was a battleground, when cries of "Gay Power" and "Kill the Pig" echoed through the Square, when windows were smashed, fires burned nightly, and Cops were beaten. I remembered Lola Montez, Orphan Annie, Miss New Orleans, and the Cab Driver who had a heart attack when his cab was over-turned (in time of peace and war — the man said — many sparrows fall!) and the plea scrawled on the sidewalk in front of the Stonewall: BUTCHES, WHERE ARE YOU NOW THAT WE NEED YOU?" I think that cry for help was the thing that remained most indelibly stamped on my mind. Like, it was all there in one simple, desperate question. And — where the fuck were we?

The riots continued for about two weeks; the tension, the police barricades, and the TPF occupied the Square for the entire Summer. For reasons not very clear to me at the time, I began hanging around the Square, getting to know the Street kids, helping them out with a quarter when I could (a quarter for macaroni salad, a

quarter for bobby pins, a quarter for a coke, a quarter for nail polish, a quarter for Ex-Lax to relieve the effects of too much macaroni salad). I made countless trips to St. Vincent's, the VD Clinic, the 6th Precinct, and 100 Centre Street. I also begged a lot. I begged individual homosexuals and homophile organizations for clothing, for money, for help. With few, but notable, exceptions, I got a lot of bullshit. I tried to cooperate with a Do-Good Committee of Homosexuals who descended upon the Street like a band of Vigilantes in search of a cause. A few of the kids died last Summer, a few made it into the Big-Time (translated: a job and a roof over their heads), others, beaten down, went home. But most of them stayed, they stayed to hang in and to prove that the riots were not solely the product of hysteria, boredom, or drugs. They had claimed their right to exist and had proven they were willing to fight for it. I learned a helluva lot from those kids. I have lived in the Village for a long time as a nice, quiet, "law-abiding" citizen. I know that I wouldn't be able to live that way any longer. I remembered a Black woman who, many years ago, got

on a bus in the deep South and sat down in the first available seat, and for Rosa Parks and every other human being, the world would never be the same again. I don't know if the Stonewall riots will ever be recorded in history books but I do know that my world — my safe, smug, little world has not been the same since. I learned something this past Summer, something I can't put into words yet, but whatever it is, it helped my to stand in front of the Village Voice on a Gay picket line and say Fuck You to the Closet Cases and Straights who looked at me aghast for standing up to be counted. BUTCHES, WHERE ARE YOU? It helped me to walk through Wall Street with Mitzi and Sal and say Up Yours to the gaping crowd. It helped me to realize that Drag Queens are more than a part of my culture — they are a part of me. Someone once said: No one is free until everyone is free. Well, Man, I want to be free! I know a lot of shit is going to go down before that happens but, for the first time in my life, I'm ready. And you know what? It's a Goddamn good feeling!



COMMUNITY CENTER

The Gay Liberation Front is in dire need of a Community Center. In five short months we have accomplished more than we dreamed possible. We have confronted the Mayoral Candidates, participated under our banner in the Moratorium, funded a Newspaper, published periodic Newsletters, successfully picketed The Village Voice, fed and clothed needy people, formed Encounter groups and given the militant Homosexual a voice in the Commu-

Gay Liberation Front

ity. We have no dues and no membership fees. Our only source of income is a monthly Dance. We do not even have a regular meeting place. Our dream is a Community Center to serve the needs of the Homosexual. Our reality could be a basement, a loft, a studio, any place we could set up an office, telephones, hold dances, and conduct meetings. Can anyone help us? The life you FIND may be your own!

SEND CONTRIBUTIONS % BOB KOHLER 35 CHARLES ST. NYC.10014

WORD THOUGHTS

by Jim Fouratt

HOMOSEXUAL:

I find the word hard to relate to because it puts me in a category which limits my potential. It also prescribes a whole system of behavior to which I'm supposed to conform, which has nothing to do with the reality of my day to day living. I feel the same way about the word heterosexual. Our culture has created these artificial categories defining human sexuality, to protect and perpetuate the institutions and systems in power whose end result is only to dehumanize life. I reject the word homosexual. I reject a category that defines my central life thrust in limiting terms. I am a human being. I look, see, touch, feel and love just like any other human being. What I do with my cock should not determine who or what I am. Judge me by all my actions as only they make the complete person. I refuse to carry a burden of guilt which will castrate me and render me incomplete as a person. I am a human being vitally interested in bringing about fundamental changes in this society, changes that will allow all people to experience to the fullest their human, sexual, spiritual, and economic potential. So, off the word homosexual!

MATTACHINE:

Mattachine today is about as relevant to me as are the Democratic and Republican parties. All three are concerned with preserving a system which is threatened by everything I stand for. Mattachine wants all homosexuals to somehow nicely fade into the mainstream. I want all people to stand outside and create a new society. Yet, I would just ignore Mattachine and go about my task, if it weren't for the insidious and vicious smears Mattachine has been giving to GLF and to its active participants. Dick Leitch, a Professional Homosexual, and Mrs. Madolyn Cervantes, have been conducting a slander campaign among homosexuals, homophile groups and the national media. They seek both to entrench themselves as official spokesmen and to so distort GLF as to render it dead. Through Mattachine's alliance with Screw's GAY newspaper, it has now been spreading its innuendos and distortions in print. All I can say to them is: You are of a dying order, your rage betrays your facade, the community will ultimately decide who we are by our actions, and so will they judge you.

GAY PAPERS:

There has been a lot of mud slinging and bickering behind the pages of the "gay papers". It's about time a few things were made clear up front. GAY and GAY POWER both do a disservice to the so-called homosexual community (which, if one judged by the contents of those papers, is exclusively male), because their overall content serves only to strengthen the stereotypes society metes out to homosexuals. They do this by appealing to fantasies and guilts manufactured by a repressive society. It is through the manipulation of both these guilt-filled fantasies and those assigned roles that society makes the homosexual both neurotic and impotent.

Further, both papers have as their publishers male heterosexual chauvinists who function as exploiters of our community for their own profit. I do not challenge their right to publish, but do question how our brothers and sisters can allow themselves to be so exploited. Buckley and Goldstein's male chauvinism as well as Fabricant's, combined with his articulated anti-homosexual feelings are well known and documented; yet because "queer sells" (meaning we are a market), they jump on the gravy train proclaiming themselves sexual revolutionaries. Bullshit! The more papers, the merrier, but let them be put out for and by our community.

GAY FILMS:

The same holds true for the so-called male skin flicks and the girlie films. People are exploiting our bodies for profit. I am beautiful; my body is beautiful; all our bodies are beautiful; making love is beautiful. If these films do not visualize this, then they are anti-life and must be exposed as such. Why pay 3, 4, or 5 dollars to greedy straights and greedy misguided homosexuals. We must support only those films and film makers who are creating the honest vision. Don't allow them to make you or me ugly by their false projection of what we are.

CHICAGO:

About two weeks ago, at a League of Women Voters Conference on Youth and the Democratic Process, I blew a few liberal minds by suggesting that one of the biggest problems in our society was sexual oppression; and that homosexuals were not disturbed individuals but citizens being denied basic human rights — which are above legislation. I stopped in Chicago and went to the Conspiracy place in Chicago during the convention. One must be outraged at the way the Chicago 8 defendants and their lawyers are being denied what we so loftily refer to as a fair trial. Never have I seen such a vicious and vindictive action as is being taken against these defendants. With this trial, Spiro's speeches, and the systematic repression of the Black Panther Party in this country, it is becoming quite clear that dissent and unconfirming behavior will not be allowed regardless of constitutional rights. And where does that leave the apolitical homosexual who, in the eyes of the power structure, acts both criminally and immorally each time he or she makes love?

FAGGOT:

Most of my brothers and sisters see red every time Eldridge Cleaver, Abbie Hoffman, the Panthers, or the Yippies are mentioned and are consequently blinded to the more essential issues. It is claimed that these groups are all outspokenly anti-homosexual. And most of it revolves around the word faggot. Cleaver used the word repeatedly in the most pejorative manner in SOUL ON ICE, and it has become a standard part of white and black Panther rhetoric. The problem is that my brothers and sisters don't understand the word faggot as Cleaver and many blacks use it. The word faggot is used to describe any castrated male made impotent by the society. The black man has traditionally been castrated by white society by its refusal to allow him the dignity of meaningful work. It has been the black woman who has had to play the black male role in white society; she who can get the jobs; she who can collect welfare; she who holds the family together; rendering the male useless — hence, castrated; hence faggot. In a similar way, the system renders the homosexual neurotic, hence castrated, hence faggot. The Panthers must be confronted by our community just as all other radical groups must be confronted by the sexual liberation issue, but underlining this confrontation must be an understanding of how our oppressions make us all brothers and sisters. Hoffman, too, must be confronted as a male heterosexual chauvinist and must not be allowed to continue in a rhetoric which only seeks to emulate Cleaver's. But it must also be remembered that Hoffman is quite actively working for an alternative to this society and one would think only needs his awareness heightened.

GRAPES:

Simply, I love grapes. Green grapes, blue grapes, black grapes, red grapes, any kind of grape that is for

I know I haven't had a grape in the last three years. Why? Because the grape workers union of California has been on strike against the grape growers of California. For three years the growers have refused to negotiate over a minimum wage and adequate working conditions with the pickers. Cesar Chavez has led his union in a boycott of these growers and called upon all people to support this boycott. He received endorsement from people as far apart as Jerry Rubin and Robert Kennedy. But the public has short memories. The growers with the help of Ronald Reagan and George Murphy have managed to "get by" by selling their grapes to the federal government for shipment to Viet Nam and have bargained with the large fruit brokers to coerce fruit dealers to carry grapes. Tell your dealer you will not buy them and you are insulted to see them in his market. Beware of the ruse many dealers are using to sell California grapes: they place the grapes in boxes marked with South American names and charge more for them, saying because of the strike they have to import them. Don't eat grapes until a starving chicano baby can eat too.

COMMUNITY:

Somehow we have to stop relating to ourselves as if we are alone. Some of us are hoping not to be noticed, being nice, silent, being out of sight, wishing They would give us permission to live and to love. It is absolutely masochistic of us to ask permission for a basic human right. No man has the right to tell another what to do with his or her own body. This goes for sex, for drugs, for birth control, for abortion, etc. Communication and education will enlighten us to what are positive, loving acts, and what are negative, killing acts. We must be free, we must stand up and look at each other as equals. We must rid ourselves of all societally reinforced guilt. We must be proud, we must like ourselves, we must love ourselves. We must show our beauty to all, and be prepared to defend our beauty by all means possible from all those who try to take it from us.

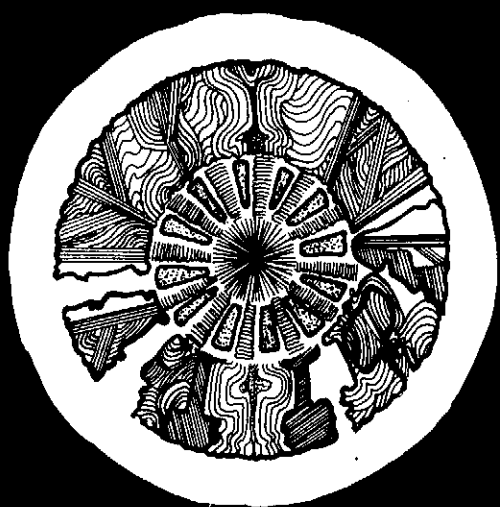
Remember January 24 is FREE JOHN SINCLAIR DAY.
RELEASE ■ ST MARKS CHURCH



You are cordially invited
to three days or so of
FREE THEATER
to be held in Boston
on or about January 16,
courtesy of the
United States of Amerika

R.S.V.P
Jim Hayes Defense Committee
339 Lafayette Street
New York, New York 10012

U.S. District Court
Judge Caffrey
Federal Building
Post Office Square
Boston, Massachusetts



AQUARIUS CELL

For release to "Come Out"

The Aquarius cell is hanging in but is really hurting due to a lack of dedication, militancy, and active participation. We punk-assed on Thanksgiving but have definite plans for a combination Christmas dinner and party. Our *post-Moratorium dance* is definite: Saturday, December 13th, at Alternate U., 530 6th Avenue, 9:00 p.m. We got good feed-back on our March on Washington leaflet and we also put out the second leaflet for the Time demonstration. Most of us made it to Washington and back with no problems and we managed to survive the Time zap in spite of the rain and some well-aimed eggs. A few of us showed up at 100 Centre Street on Nov. 17th for the demonstration to free the Panther 21 and the Aquarian women joined the Women's Lib action to free the Panther women in New Haven on the 22nd while the guys set up a day care center to watch over the kids for the day (whatever happened to male chauvinism?). We still have plans for a weekly newsletter and hope to have it on the streets before too long. We owe a fat "Thank you" to Craig and Fred at the Oscar Wilde Bookstore for all of their help and cooperation.

The Aquarius cell is committed to raising funds for a community service center to service the needs of the gay community but is also dedicated to the fact that no man is free until every man is free (looking for male chauvinism, Bob?) and, to this, end, will support all oppressed people in their struggles for freedom. For information on any of our activities call: 243-2437 or write: GLF-Aquarius, 35 Charles Street, New York, New York, 10014.

Bob Kohler

We acknowledge that our children are born free... Each generation has a right to choose for itself the form of government it believes the most promotive of its own happiness... We may consider each generation as a *distinct* nation, with a right, by the will of its majority, to bind themselves, but none to bind the succeeding generation, more than the inhabitants of another country (!) And what country can preserve its liberties, if its rulers are not warned from time to time that this people preserve the spirit of resistance? Let them take up arms! The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants. It is its natural manure.

Thomas Jefferson

Law is bondage Truth is freedom.
MEHER BABA

GLF NEWS

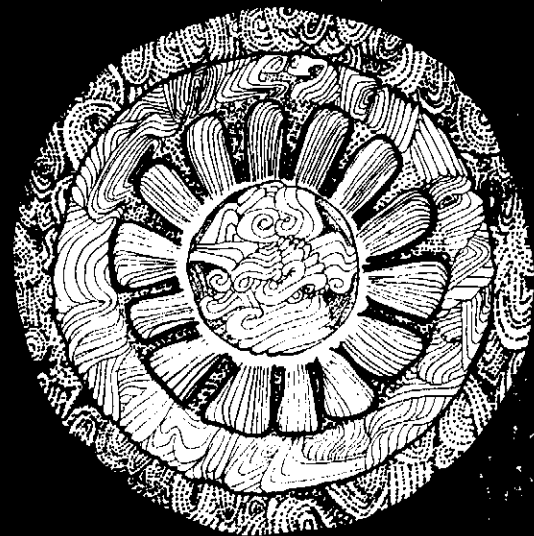
by Lois Hart

The big news with GLF is that its radical approach to structure (some of us call it organic, others call it structure-less structure) is not only **happening**, which is probably its greatest validity but that it gives good indication that it works. The many mentalities, dispositions, and persuasions of GLF activists and dissenters are finding expression in small groups structured after the needs, goals and philosophies of the participants. The 28th of June cell, committed to providing a public forum for the community in the newspaper *Come Out*, separated itself out of the unbelievable stew that was the Sunday Night meeting. The cataclysm precipitated by this move generated the Aquarius cell dedicated to the Community Center project, fundraising dances and maybe a newsletter? Two women's encounter groups have been meeting regularly. Their primary aim is breaking through personal alienation. Communal living is being discussed. There are Red Butterflies afloat in the city and the Radical Study Group has been meeting weekly. Some of GLF critics have started witch-hunts, others are forming their own groups. **Power to the people!**

The Sunday Night Meeting from the beginning was GLF's substitute Community Center. A place where activists could meet and conduct business, discuss issues, actions, problems; and where new interested people could begin their own involvement and participation. In the knowledge that growth and change occur within individuals and that individuals develop only through active involvement in projects and goals of their own choosing, GLFers chose the rocky road of fluid cellular organization rather than perpetuate older, oppressive structures of Follow the Leader and passive participation by voting. Old habits are hard to break and many misunderstandings have occurred. But one would not expect to try something new without a great deal of difficulty. At first things went not smoothly, but well. Issues were discussed and everyone knew that they were free to take action according to their own convictions.

Disagreement did not mean division. GLF was to be a multifaceted movement. Weeks went by, and GLF became "successful". We began attracting large numbers of interested people: some staunch conservatives who came to criticize and disrupt; leftists with preconceptions about change and revolution who came to scorn and repudiate rather than work for the development of GLF; well-meaning establishment types who could not conceive of something democratic that did not involve everyone being controlled by the consensus of a voting membership. For them GLF was the Sunday Night Meeting, not groups of activists for homosexual liberation. They did not realize that we are a movement, not a static organization. The Sunday Night Meeting moved into a new low. Meaningless hassles developed over what was GLF's official policy, what was an official GLF action, whether or not GLF would support the Black Panthers, for God's sake! Some nights it sounded like Kill-a-Commie-for-Christers inveighing against the More-Radical-than-Thous. Bedlam! The question of not voting and the reasons behind it were again raised. Our experience spoke for itself and again the voting habit was kicked. Once more discussion is possible now that there is nothing to win. Questions like what does sexual liberation really mean and how do we feel and what are the effects of labels like "homosexual" and "heterosexual" can be examined. Current ongoing projects got attention and support, like Nixon's welcome at the Waldorf, the Mayoral Inaugural zaps, the December 13th dance at A.U. Groups of men and women are meeting to discuss chauvinism and the problems that exist between the sexes, encountering each other and movement 'straights,' forming workshops on awakening the gay community to their oppression.

There are still many things to work out and lots to do — but it sure looks like we've got a good thing going.



28th OF JUNE CELL

Drawings by Suzanne BeVi

After the first issue of *COME OUT* rolled off the presses, the elated staff took the paper to the people. For three weeks, we hawked it along the gay route, from Greenwich and Christopher down to the docks, and the people dug it! We raised enough for the second issue well almost, and as you are reading this we are probably out hustling for the third.

Radical members asked us to come to the Eastern Regional Conference of Homophile Organizations on Nov. 1 & 2, which we did — not too hopefully, but wanting to see if something useful could be accomplished there. The mentality was largely conservative, parliamentary, "please oh please straight world accept me", and generally out of touch with the morality and consciousness of the evolutionary changes that are so loudly demanding realization these days. Surprisingly to me there was interest and dialogue with a number of people there, and because of it the GLFers stayed two days to work with the conference. A coalition was formed among the radicals to pass the following resolution: 1) That June 28th be a national holiday for the celebration of the Liberation of Homosexuals. It will be called Christopher Street Liberation Day. 2) That the newspaper *Gay Power* be censured for exploiting and pandering to the oppressive homosexual stereotypes and for slander. 3) That these inalienable rights are above and beyond legislation:

Dominion over one's own body, through sexual freedom without regard to orientation, through freedom to use birth control and abortion, through freedom to ingest the drugs of one's choice.

Freedom from society's attempts to define and limit human sexuality, which are inherently manifested in economic, educational, religious, social, personal and legal discrimination.

Freedom from political and social persecution of all minority groups; freedom from the institutionalized inequities of the tax structure and the judicial system, freedom and the right to self-determination of all oppressed minority groups in our society. We specifically condemn the systematic and widespread persecution of certain elements of these minorities, including all political prisoners and those accused of crimes without victims.

Because the convention was primarily establishment-oriented, a lot of effort went into passing the last resolution. Even so, words are only words and do not constitute real change. It was questionable whether some who voted 'aye' understood the implications of the statements.

GLF went with the Co-Conspiracy to March on Washington, November 15. Prior to that date, various Movement groups held a press conference in N.Y.C. The 28th of June Cell went to affirm our solidarity but also to confront the Movement. "You announce your opposition to oppression but still have not addressed yourself to your own oppressive attitudes, your male, heterosexual chauvinism." Another demonstration participated in with the Aquarius Cell and other radical groups was the picketing of Time Inc. for their offensive and insidious destructive article on the "new homosexual." Also GLF men watched children so women could go to New Haven in support of our Panther Sisters imprisoned there.