

# COME OUT

a liberation forum for the gay community

25c



**GAY LIBERATION FRONT**

VOL. 1 NO. 3 NEW YORK APR. MAY 1970 50c OUTSIDE N.Y.C.

photo by Diana Davies



Gay Liberation Front is a revolutionary homosexual group of men and women formed with the realization that complete sexual liberation for all people cannot come about unless existing social institutions are abolished. We reject society's attempt to impose sexual roles and definitions of our nature. We are stepping outside these roles and simplistic myths. We are going to be who we are. At the same time, we are creating new social forms and relations, that is, relations based upon brotherhood, cooperation, human love, and uninhibited sexuality. Babylon has forced us to commit ourselves to one thing... revolution.

#### ALL POINTS BULLETIN!

The following is a paraphrase of a Police report on the Gay Liberation Front. It was given to Martha Shelley by a source who wishes to remain unidentified:

"The Gay Liberation Front is a radical and revolutionary organization, based on anarchist guidelines, similar to the Black Panthers and Weathermen. The organization is worth watching, although there seem to be only one or two radical individuals present at any given time. There is no immediate threat. They represent themselves as a homophile organization but are unlike such respectable and dedicated organizations as DOB and Mattachine."

It's nice to know we're in good company.

\* \* \* \* \*



Some of the names of staff members appearing in this issue are pseudonyms. In one or two instances they are names which are used in all writings, in others they are being used because disclosure as a homosexual could mean the loss of a job, family difficulties and similar problems. We recognize this as one form of our oppression that we are all struggling against — and we are all at different levels of working it out.

The decision to accept articles written under pseudonyms was a difficult one to make. On the one hand, we felt that a part of "Coming Out" was to write under one's own name; we felt, too, that this was especially important because of what we on "Come Out" are trying to say and do. On the other hand, we recognized that our brothers and sisters' fears were valid.

We are sharing this information because we feel it is a problem that cannot be lightly passed over; it touches every homosexual living in our society. We realize that the answer lies not in using a pseudonym but in building a society where the need to conceal one's homosexuality does not exist.

"The Staff"

## COME OUT

Ellen Bedoz	Arlene Kisman
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## COLLECTIVE



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#### ALTERNATE U. CALENDAR MARCH

Friday, March 13: film "Triumph of the Will" Hitler's major propaganda piece (made by Fraulein Riefenstahl) 8:00  
Sat. March 14: GLF DANCE!  
Sun. March 15: Women's Films (call Ellen Bellet. 877-0725, work 873-0725)  
Fri. March 20: IATSE Union Local Benefit/films. . . 8:30  
Sat. March 21: Media Workshop, Judy Brown, People Against Racism, 222-9180  
Sun. March 22: Women's Films  
Mon. March 23 — Wed. March 25, Mailing Catalogue  
Fri. March 27: Forum on the City "Master Plan" from Urban Underground  
Sat. March 28: GLF DANCE!  
Fri. April 3: GLF ALL WOMEN'S DANCE!

SOME NEWS AND A WHOLE LOTTA OPINION by the FRUMIOUS  
UNDERNATCH

Last Sunday Women's Lib came to the Sunnyside Community Center to organize Lesbians and fight on our behalf. "Women's Lib" and "male chauvinism" are terms that are frumiously bandered about among GLIFers. It is a source of a lot of tension between the women and men. We know that we are better off than the straight because we can accord each other a certain independence unavailable to a woman and a man entangled sexually, emotionally and financially. Still the ego-interplay goes on at other levels and if we see that our liberation lies in the direction of ending alienation among people then we have to deal with it. We have to end the class distinctions called female and male. To do this women must become conscious of their oppression as women and men must be aware of how their egos and social advantages have been built on women's assumption of submissive, supportive and secondary roles. Awareness isn't enough. Each of us must create for ourselves an alternative free of these restrictions and necessarily women's self-development is a different kind of task than the one that men face. We are in a really tough situation. We want to be able to call each other brother and sister, yet we are still in some ways in the roles of oppressor and oppressed. Women are going to feel anger and men will feel fear and resentment. Manhood has always meant domination and superiority over women so if a "man gives way to a woman his 'manhood' is threatened. A gay man's virility and humanity have been denied by the heterosexual world and Gay Liberation exists to defeat that lie — so now is this another threat from a supposed ally? If Women's Liberation, the development of the female ego and the abdication of privilege for its sake, threaten, then that can be only a indication for the particular man how much of his sense of self is tied up in that heterosexual social role called "manhood". It was beautiful to see how many realized the need to work at this level last Saturday night. Not only women's groups were formed but also male and coed groups. We've succeed in working through this one step. We've accomplished what no other movement group has accomplished (or any group that I've heard of) we just might find ourselves a truly nuclear community of that New World we want so much to bring about.

CRACKLE - on goes the tube and there is Frank Sinatra, World War II raging all around him and he is holding his wounded buddy in his arms and they are talking to each other real soft till the wounded guy

"I'm not afraid of my feelings," says a woman who must holds  
 her breath for a moment and you know that she has no such  
 virile as her partner. What freedom is this? The feeling  
 that would cause a man or a woman to stay close to  
 someone through any such a dangerous situation. Any  
 way Sinatra looks up at me and says "There's never any  
 satisfaction!" then leads me in a smothering kiss to put  
 down a German who comes on the scene. How it really  
 be so simple?  
 The Sunday night meeting has become a place of great  
 interest and fine vibrations. The usual business and an-  
 nouncements continue but new elements have been  
 introduced. After meetings GLFers have been known to  
 "liberate" Gay bars. The trams are no longer taken  
 into those oppressive, downward slanting bars but people  
 and jump the place on lively music, circles - circle  
 dances - lots of good feelings - so say with our bodies  
 "There is an alternative. Come Out! Come Out!" It  
 works. We do turn people on - and we turn too. We  
 men and men dancing together, having fun - more of  
 the old ways, the old clinging relationships - we are  
 a new people experiencing ourselves in a new way. We  
 say we are going to "liberate" a bar but we are also  
 wearing self-defense - a celebration of the coming  
 which will be a new liberation was a more  
 sensible thing. (See the article.) It seems to me that we  
 must be more than a step further. We have seen  
 that a new world is a place to go just to enjoy our  
 lives. But we must be homosexuals exploit homosexuals  
 and we must have so few places to go  
 I am speaking of our Gay bars. We should turn the  
 lights on to the concept of community. Not only  
 should their prices be lowered in those bars open to  
 any neighborhood might bar but they should be open  
 to a wider range of people in the growing GLF. We know  
 we are not alone. They too are sisters and brothers  
 and we must help them realize it.

The Eastern Regional Conference of Nonprofit Organizations is experimenting with "structureless structure." The executive committee is proposing a working method of individual, participatory, voting membership and task-oriented conferences. Members would initiate proposals and actions. ERCHO would act as a clearing house to facilitate communication and participation. Right on, ERCHO. Next time you know, they will find they don't need an executive committee.

Since the last issue of COME OUT, GLF has gone

through some changes. The first of these came about because the 28th of June cell (the-newspaper people) realized we had become insular, closed and cut-off from GLF and the community. The hostility and paranoia that were created because the reasons for establishing the autonomy of the newspaper were misunderstood — from both the fears and the interests of the old staff of COME OUT formed a real barrier that simple dialogue and continued education could not break down. The 28th of June cell, in light of their situation, asked other GLFs for help and suggestions, and began a process of self-criticism and restructuring that has drawn a number of creative people, both old staff and new, into a renewed involvement with COME OUT. The new structure allows for much participation at two levels: first, anyone can contribute to the paper and those who do formulate policies and have developed abilities relevant to development of the paper and who are able to give considerable amounts of their time form a second and more responsible level of participation. The relationship between the two levels is quite fluid and it is anticipated that as more and more committed people will evolve.

Aquino said he also hopes new people are involved with the group, forming the community center. He said he has a meeting between the two cells this coming Saturday. Red Butterflies have been out in the community. They are still very much interested in the community. The newly formed group will be made up of women, men and co-ed. He said he hopes that in the future we hope for new people to join the group and new togetherness.

Alternate U. was sort of a participant-observer. He participated, but some of the things he observed were more successful than others. Perhaps because he was not in agreement with different groups, he was able to have a more meaningful dialogue with them. He was able to do what is most effective.

ZA: ... I CAN COME OUT dealt with  
G... movement. I agree with  
most of the positions presented but nonetheless it is all  
pretty abstract. When you break it down into people —  
the ones walking around in February, 1970, New York  
USA — what have we got? How do Movement people  
really feel about all the dykes and faggots popping out of  
our straight drag and insisting this world belongs to us,  
too? Gotta know the facts, m'arm. Gotta know just how  
to relate to all these folks.

# the dance by KATHY BRAUN

## STRAIGHT NEWS

On Friday, February 6, GLF held another of its continuing series of dances at Alternate U - 530 6th Ave. The purposes which we set out for the dances were, to provide an alternative to the exploitive gay bars in the city, to raise money for a GLF Community Center, and to politicize the homosexuals hanging around this town.

This particular dance was held as a benefit for *COME OUT* with any money over the needs of the paper to go back into the Community Center Fund. The dances are sponsored by the Aquarius Cell and anybody wishing further information on any detail may check with the people involved. \$667. was netted profit, and as of publication, no determination has been made about the distribution to the paper and the center.

## ART REVIEW

The light show, by , seemed good. To tell the truth, I was paying more attention to the people but at the next dance I'll give it more attention. The choice of restricting the light show to a section of the floor was superb in that it provided people with a choice instead of imposing a show on them.

The records played were exciting, danceable, and at the right volume. My current favorite song is "And the World will be a Better Place"

but I couldn't even tell you if it played since I go around singing in my head all the time, in counterpoint to "Everyday People."

The dancing was of the usual superlative quality. Them queers can sure shake a leg.

As theatre, Beck & Malina couldn't ask for more. I couldn't certainly. 600 people, music, lights, costumes, kissing, seductions, promises made, truths explored, conflicts, politics. Hit it, sisters & brothers!

## ANALYSIS

**Alternative to Gay Bars — Sensational. Who wants to go to a bar when you can get 600 dancing partners, a light show, and free coat check all for a contribution of \$1.50, with drinks only a quarter!**

Raise Money for Center — Hotchal \$943 in safe deposit box already. Right on!

**Politicize — This is the beauty part. Although I feel that GLF is not unified on its specific approach to politics (and need it be?) the underlying theory that prevails is that effective politics must be based on CARING ABOUT PEOPLE and it is this theory which permeates the actions of every member of GLF and communicates directly to the people who come to the dances. Although there are some people who get together and talk politics, most people are simply dancing, looking, listening, groping, drinking, laughing, having fun, being CARED about. Gorgeous.**

**PERSONAL**

Bob Kohler, my Campaign Manager, announced my plans to run for mayor.

Having been to two more dances, my opinion changes somewhat. The glory of people being real and alive remains the same and the atmosphere of the dances couldn't be better, but hey listen Aquarius, can't you do something about the music that's played? The sound is unclear, and the music is boring. Surely the New Renaissance has better music to offer. *page three*



photo by Ellen Bedoz

NEW YORK (LNS) — A young man impaled on the spokes of an iron fence outside a New York City Police Station at the edge of Greenwich Village recently became a macabre but powerful symbol of the oppression of the city's homosexuals.

The young man, Diego Vinales, jumped from a second-story window of the police station after he and 166 other persons were trapped by police in an after-hours gay bar. Cops moved in a pre-dawn raid on March 8, herding the patrons into vans and then to the Charles Street police station, where they were arrested for disorderly conduct.

Later that night, several hundred gay radicals, men and women, led an angry march against the Charles Street precinct house; the march was joined by other village radicals. Police blocked off the street, creating a brief confrontation in which the protesters shouted for revenge. The demonstrators yelled "Say it loud, gay and proud!" as well as "Power to the People, Off the Pig!"

One trilogy of chants went: "Who pays off?" "Who takes the pay-offs?" "The pigs take the pay-offs!" The chants referred to the fact that virtually all of New York's gay bars are Mafia-run. When the Mafia bar-owners fail to pay off sufficiently, the pigs get unhappy and move in. The homosexual, who is forced by an oppressive heterosexual society into the Mafia bar in the first place, is caught in the crunch.

That's why New York's Gay Liberation Front plans a community center as its first step in a program to serve the needs of the gay community and to organize gay people as a force in the city's broader liberation struggle.

The homosexual's oppression, more than anything, is fear — the fear of exposure and ostracism in a society which has condemned any but a heterosexual form of love and sexual expression. It was that fear, as gay activists noted in a leaflet, which drove the young man to leap from the police station window. It is a similar fear, created by the hatred straight people feel towards homosexuals, which has driven most gay people into the ghetto to life — with the gay bar as the main institution of the ghetto.

As for Diego Vinales, five spikes went into his thigh and pelvis. Members of a Fire Department rescue squad cut a section of the fence with torches, while Vinales was still impaled on it. They transported both the fence and the man to nearby St. Vincent's Hospital, where he is reported in critical condition. Police charged Vinales with resisting arrest.

## GAYS PROTEST POLICE RAID ON BAR AFTER YOUNG MAN IS IMPALED ON FENCE



photo by Diana Davies

## "take good care of my brother"

Monday afternoon — I have just called St. Vincent's Hospital. I ask the condition of Diego Vinales and am told to hold on. The call is being switched.

"Public relations," a new voice intones.

I ask again.

"Still critical," I am told.

My mind jumps, slides; "What else do I want to say," I think. Finally, "can he have visitors?"

"No." The now harder voice answers.

I remember the picture on the front cover of the News, the march along Village streets, Father Weeks' prayer. . . .

"Take good care of my brother" I say and hang up.

I begin to feel again last night's anger and try to re-create the day.

It is Sunday 1 P.M. Arlene calls and wakes me up. She says there was a raid at the Snake Pit last night. I have heard of the place. It is an after hours Gay bar that has been open for a couple of years. She says 167 people were taken to the police precinct. One guy was pushed or jumped (later I realize this does not matter — HE WAS PUSHED) from a window of the pighouse and is in the hospital in pretty bad shape. GLF and GAA are meeting together to plan an action — Will I come?

"No, I can't." I say. "I am tired and the others will do it," I think somewhat guiltily.

I show up early at the church that evening to see what is happening. Something is happening — a demonstration has been called at Sheridan Square for 9 P.M. People are busy making signs. The 167 were issued summonses; Diego is fighting for his life.

I go over to Ellen who is on the floor making a sign. "GAYS ARE GETTING ANGRY," it says. I begin to feel an anger welling up inside of me. The anger of having to pay exorbitant prices for the freedom of dancing with someone of my own sex. The anger of having some pig take me to a precinct house as if I have broken a law because an arrangement he has made with the Mafia has been broken — a pay off has not been made. An anger at the stinking, rotten, corrupt system that defines, fosters and promotes my "criminal" status.

### GAYS ARE GETTING ANGRY.

An anger that came alive at the Stonewall last June. An anger that led to a movement seeking an identity, grappling for a consciousness. An anger that has taken form tonight in the body of a brother who this fucking system with its taboos, enforced guilts, fears and repressive laws PUSHED FROM THAT WINDOW.

We make preparations for the march. It will begin at Sheridan Square across the street from the old Stonewall, will move to the pig precinct on Charles Street and will culminate in a silent vigil at St. Vincent's Hospital. There will be no violence we hope. But the pig with his club and gas, the incidents that his agent provocateurs may provoke — we must rehash the rules of protection — wet handkerchiefs and keep back of head and genitals protected.

It is cold and dark; brothers and sisters begin to gather in the park. Soon we are several hundred. We feel our strength and are also aware of the people on the side who are not yet ready to join us. When will they see that we must stand up and fight back? How many more Diego's. . . ?

We begin to move and we chant: "Say it loud, Gay is proud" — and we mean it — and we are getting angrier each minute. Then Charles Street. Pigs following us all the way, but here we confront them on the other side of the barricades. We yell at them we shake our fists. We let them know that we are peaceful tonight but make no guarantees about the next time. We will not be pushed around again. . . and we mean it. But we know that tonight we must go to the hospital to stand outside of the building where Diego lays and hope somehow that he knows that his brothers and sisters are here to comfort him — to let him know that we suffer with him.

At the hospital Father Weeks prays for Diego's life. We quietly file around the block. We are silent but we are seething. The demonstration cannot end here. We march down Greenwich Avenue past the Women's House of Detention where some Women's Lib sisters were arrested the day before. How can we divorce issues any longer? Gay oppression, Black women locked up in that

stinkhole, women clubbed on the street demanding their freedom. "Hey, hey, ho, ho, House of D has got to go," we scream out. We are cheered from inside and move back to the park. The demonstration ends. Many go to Alternate U which has stayed open all night in case the scene got heavy and we needed a place to regroup. I go with some friends to watch the news on TV.

First we hear Channel 7 — demonstrations in the Village because a bar was closed. You motherfuckers that was a Gay bar that was closed and those were Gay demonstrators.

Then Channel 4 — Some demonstrators chanted "Gay Power" — How did that ever slip through?

Spiro, you're right. Those liberal bullshit networks distort, omit and outright lie. But, it is foolish to expect more of them.

And the press. The News ran a front cover picture of Diego, a story replete with the gore and bloodthirsty shit that has made them the leading morning paper in Amerika and devoted the full centerfold to shots of Diego impaled on the fence. The Times ran one paragraph buried deep in its bowels. The Post — nothing. As if several hundred people did not demonstrate, as if nothing happened. We know that the reason for the lack of coverage is because this was a Gay demonstration, and "perverts" don't deserve the dignity of having their oppression recognized. But, again, we can expect no better, and my feeling is let them write nothing rather than the twisted shit they print anyway. Their silence, their twisting and lying are part of my anger.

I think again of the march, the pig barricades, the chanting of my brothers and sisters, the silence at the hospital, of Diego. . . I think about the next time, when we may not be carrying signs.

### GAYS ARE ANGRY.

By Allen Warshawsky

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

Bob Kohler

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

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

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

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

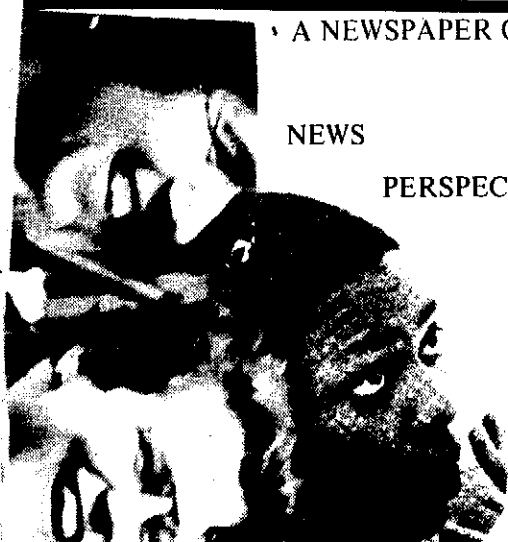
**PHYSICIAN HEAL THYSELF:** The Gay Manifesto — a statement by Carl Wittman in San Francisco — suggests that male chauvinism is not central to Homosexuals, that our egos are not built on putting women down, and that this is not one of our more pressing problems in Gay Lib. I suggest that it is one of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

# RIGHT



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

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



A NEWSPAPER OF WOMEN'S LIBERATION

NEWS

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ALTERNATIVES

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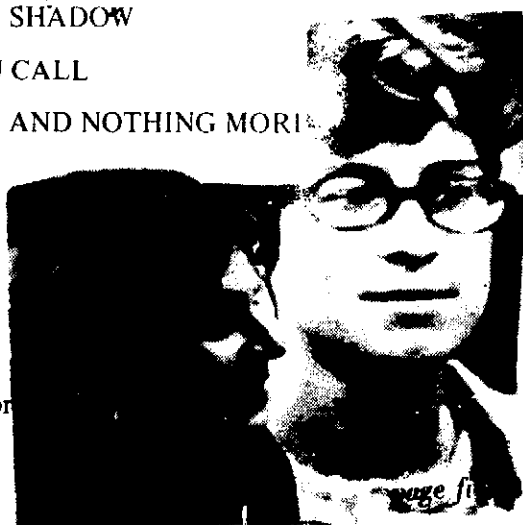
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## ORGANIC FOOD CO-OP FORMS AT ALTERNATE U.

Organic foods (fruits, vegetables, grains, meats grown without artificial fertilizers, insecticides, harmful chemicals) can be ordered at Alternate U, 530 Sixth Avenue. If combined orders total at least \$100 a week, the distributor will deliver food to Alternate U. Prices are 5¢ to 20¢ per pound lower than at health food stores. For more information, phone 643-1080 or 643-0709.

## From the past

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

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

Things happened today, but  
none of them concerned  
Me.

I must lose these  
shredded remnants of  
rented being — become  
Touchable.

—Arlene Kisner

## Action

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

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

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

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

—Mark Shield

The man will come,  
and the wind will speak.

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

Only speak to me  
as the sea speaks.

—Mark Shield



## WHAT I LIKE TO DO IN BED

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

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

Love and kisses, Terry the Lesbian

**TERRY the LESBIAN**



Diana Davies page 6

OPERA:  
OPERATION  
OPPRESSION

B. Payne

I am oppressed by the race that says my face  
Must be white and my hair straight so I can be beautiful

By an economy that puts a price on me  
Which isn't tax free and is unclaimable

By a morality which damns Homosexuality and co-opts  
Heterosexuality for sexual freedom

By a tradition which puts down abortion  
For the sanctity of pregnancy

I am oppressed in an ecology that is altered drastically

That drowns me in a sea of pee and detergent  
and calls it drinkable

That suffocates me in an air of filtered tars and nicotines  
carbon monoxides and sulphur dioxides  
and calls it breatheable

I am oppressed by nature-boys who cut down nature's green  
And replant dead and counterfeit in greedy greens and bloody Reds

Whose hands are pressed in sanctity beneath a trinity  
Of protection fees, corporations, and commodities

Whose heads are bowed religiously with eyes designed not to see  
Black, Red and Yellow atrocities

I am oppressed by another human being claiming I'm hers  
(Or I'm his) !!! ???  
Can't be my own property

Oppressing herself believing male puppy-dog-eyes  
And using us the same way they do

Oppressing herself worshipping "masculinity"  
Obliterating sensitivity  
Crushing sentimentality.

Oppressing us.

“I'm convinced that only in getting our rightful place in the movement and demanding an end to our own oppression can we ever really make changes for homosexuals.”

# homosexuals ..

Pat: The first question I would like to ask you to discuss is what is your concept of the movement?

Kay: People are always asking me what the movement means, I am always asking other people what the movement means, and I don't quite know myself. For 9 or 10 years, the movement has meant to me personally the peace movement.

Bernard: Kay, the movement means something a little bit wider than you have expressed. Movements have developed all over the world, and the movement has meant to me — I've been in the movement over 50 years — any attempt to change. Whether it be political change, social change, or economic change. The movement, as I understand it, means that people organize or even work privately and individually to make changes in the country. Historically there are times when you work individually, and

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all student organizations. Also the John Reed Club. As time went on I got more and more involved but always from a political end because I was convinced that nothing but a change in the system could change the oppressions against blacks, against women, against children who were being unfairly employed at the time. Also against homosexuals. Now I'm working with homosexuals in the movement because I'm convinced that only in getting our rightful place in the movement and demanding an end to our own oppression can we ever really make changes for homosexuals.

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Bernard: In the early days of demonstrations the thing we had to fear the most was the mounted police. Most of us were under the hoofs of police horses all the time. You children, men, women — even old people. What I found was that this kind of reaction to



there have been times when the movement catches up masses of people as it did in Russia before the revolution. Now the movement includes people who want to make changes whether they be Panthers who are changing the system for black people, or Woman's Liberation who are concerned with changes for women, or socialists who are concerned with changes in the system. Or whether it be an organization like the Gay Liberation Front concerned with fighting against the oppression of homosexuals, but fighting within the framework of the wider movement. These problems are not isolated, but within the context of the oppression of the system against us all.

Bob: The movement today gets me a little up tight. I find people saying I am the movement. The movement can be 5 people who refuse to pay the subway fare. During the Christmas week vigil there was a little old lady marching with me and she had on her Dove button. She was terribly non-violent and marching for what she believed was right: she wanted political prisoners freed. A cop hassled us and I was very angry. I called him a pig. She said, "Let me do it." She was sort of a hooker type — sort of a tough old broad, and she charmed him. She came back and said, "You have your way, and I have mine. That's true. This woman is as much a part of the movement as I, even though we are working in different ways."

Pat: I would like to ask you specifically — what ways have you found to get involved in the movement?

Bernard: Well, my first activity was when I was 5 years old. My parents had organized the first Student Friends of the Russian Revolution I had a tray of little red flags and I put them on people and got money from them. When I was about 13 lots of us were arrested for picketing and handing out leaflets and demonstrating. We were helping the workers who were locked out, we were protesting the war budgets, we were protesting growing unemployment. At college, I helped organize the first NSL — The National Student League — which is the granddaddy of

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hired. We threw a picket line around 8th Ave. and 57th St. where most of the Auto show rooms are. We also got off to the World's Fair — that was one of the times I was busted.

It seems that we had been arrested together. I was arrested at the World's Fair too. Politics make strange cell mates. I think I got into the movement first as a Quaker. As a Quaker I looked out my window in the West Village and noticed a lot of children smashing things. I thought in a few years they'll be big enough to push the button and, you know, somebody ought to do something now. I sort of got kidnapped by the children and started a thing called Workshop of Children which I ran for three years. During this time the civil rights thing was building up but since I was working with these children who had a great deal of trouble with the law, I felt I couldn't be arrested. I thought they couldn't distinguish between civil disobedience and crime exactly. However as soon as that thing folded I was delighted to go to jail at the CORE demonstration you referred to, Bob.

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I wasn't delighted. I volunteered to be arrested and the Pinkerton men were so new and so non-violent it was really difficult. I finally had to dance on the bar at the Schaffer Pavillion. Then I worked with the Survivors of Nagasaki Hiroshima who were traveling around the world. I worked with the people at New England Committee for Non-violent Action. We participated in the blockade at the missile base of Lamakaza, in Canada, at the white house, at prisons, and at submarine bases. And I went into the Peace Corps. I can't think of any other exciting things to brag about.

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I went south after the civil rights bill was signed. We went to a public swimming pool in one demonstration. Myself, a very big black girl, and a black boy. We had a big hassle getting in; but finally we demanded in, and we got in. We joined hands and jumped into the water. There were about 50 people when we got there and in one or two seconds there were three.

brought a stronger commitment from us. And also brought more and more people to the movement. I wonder if the powers that be are aware that they build the movement themselves with their actions.

Pat: It seems here as you talk about your own experiences and some of the thoughts and feelings which have come to you from those experiences we're getting a fuller meaning of the word oppression. So we might tie it up here by saying the movement is making changes in the establishment where it oppresses us. Your experiences seem to have been radicalizing. If you are in a situation where you see the extreme degrees of the establishment oppression — you see the actual physical effects on people — you become radicalized. Like you were saying, Bernard — about —

Bernard: — about the system being its worst enemy.

Pat: I would like to ask you how you see the Gay Liberation Movement.

Bernard: I see the Gay Liberation Movement as a process which will help liberate gay people by making them fully part of the whole liberation movement. The movement for change in the system that will eventually annihilate any form of oppression. Before GLF I was active in these movements, but anonymously — nobody was conscious of the fact that I was homosexual. I think the only way we can gain respect for ourselves and any of the help that we need from everyone else in overcoming our oppression is by showing that we participate even though they don't understand why we participate. I think even among a lot of our own people we have to fight for the right to participate as homosexuals.

Bob: I've always been active as a homosexual. Openly, but never publicly. In the past six or seven months I have suddenly found myself living the life of a public homosexual. I find resentment in many parts of the movement. When I find it, I confront it. This is very healthy for me; and it's very healthy for the movement. We can't hold the movement up as being any better or any worse than the rest of us. Gay



# . in the movement . . . . by Pat Maxwell

Liberation to me is seeing 35 or 40 homosexuals marching as homosexuals in a vigil to free political prisoners. We have been political prisoners, and we will be political prisoners. Homosexuals are beginning to see themselves as an oppressed minority. I don't think homosexuality is a magic tie that binds is all but in a sense there is something. It's being proud of ourselves. And I think that's what liberation will help us find — a pride that we can just stand up and be proud of ourselves as human beings.

**Bernard:** I want to bring up the past in one way. When I was among young people, we had no way of expressing this. I never felt sick, although the attitude then was that we were a sickness. I could only fight this when I talked to individuals. We had no public way of fighting it. And it's exciting to be able to do it now, and the fight must be a very conscious fight.

at all. Much of our own oppression is in our own minds.

**Pat:** Well, it seems that as homosexuals in the movement, we have realized that just backing other causes won't liberate us in our particular oppression. Now we have a strange situation setting up where we find oppression in and out the movement. In terms of homosexuality, the awareness of that oppression isn't anywhere except as that awareness develops in us.

... Now I would like to ask you a very personal question which comes up quite often among the younger homosexuals. What did you say to your parents about your homosexuality, and what was your parents attitude about it?

**Bob:** My mother was Irish, and my father was German. One day after I had been discharged from the navy, I came down after taking a shower and my mother said she was upset about some-

and I never discussed it. They became aware of it and pretended it didn't exist. The tragedy here is that there is one area about which we don't talk — which we pretend doesn't exist in order to continue seeing one another. I wish I could say this concisely — I think that the fact that there is this one area that we can't talk about had meant that over the years we haven't been able to be close in other areas. If there is one area that has to be a secret this sort of spreads out and freezes up the rest of the relationship. It is sad because I would like to have known them better, and to have them know me better.

**Pat:** What Bob said maybe sometimes is true. But many people I know feel the same way as Kay. They want to have things straight between themselves and their parents so that the way will be clear — But it's difficult. And some of them keep hearing from relatives, "When are



photo by Ellen Bedoz

**Bob:** Kay, do you have anything to say. Say something, we'll have Women's Liberation after us if you don't.

**Kay:** I'm very new in GLF and I don't have a great deal to say to people who want to know what it is. I see half of the gay liberation as a sort of attempt to try to change other people outside of ourselves — to try to make them stop oppressing us. But the half that interests me most now, at the beginning of my gay liberation, is self liberation. I was never open or public. I always felt that I had to be a secret homosexual, and I was terrified. Indeed I am now. This article is the first time I have ever come out in a public way, and I find that a great deal of the oppression is built into myself — is built into us. So I still expect when I come out, people are going to dislike me because I am homosexual. People do dislike homosexuals. On the other hand, I myself have disliked my own homosexuality, so perhaps it's not going to be as bad as I thought.

**Bernard:** Although I haven't been a public homosexual, among my friends, it was always known. What interests me now is that, although I was completely loved, for me, being a homosexual, I find that now that I'm getting active in GLF there's a resentment. People wonder why I have to work as a homosexual in the movement. Why I can't I take it up wherever I am in the movement. I don't think you can take it up wherever you are in the movement. It's only possible when we are working as a homosexual to take it up. I think that we should — those of us who can — be public as well as open.

**Bob:** I've been in the Village a long time, and I'm well known. There's a lunch room restaurant owned by a homosexual — not an open or public homosexual — but open to homosexuals. Since I've been in GLF, when I've walked into the restaurant, he announces in a very loud voice, "Well, here comes the Gay Liberation Front." I felt, Wow!, and heads turned, There I stood: Capt. Dum Dum, the Gay Liberation Front. I said something like, "Right on!", and sat down and ate. Nothing happened. Nothing

thing. She asked me why I didn't sing in the shower anymore. Anybody who's heard me sing never would ask that question; only a mother. I said that I had a lot of things on my mind, and I guess I just didn't feel like singing. She asked if I wanted to talk about them, and I figured there's no time like the present. So we sat down in the kitchen. We always had the coffee pot on. And I told her I was gay. There was little reaction, so I went further. I said I would try to live as decent a life as possible as a gay person — but that was it. I wasn't going to play games with myself. I was going to face up to it. I had no — what is referred to as an emotional trauma. One day I was straight, and the next I was gay. I can't remember my mother's exact remark, but it was something like, "Oh, well, that's why you don't sing in the shower, and did I want another cup of coffee. She allowed that we shouldn't tell my father for a couple of days. And he just kind of came to know. I never really had the full discussion with him because he was a very closed man anyway. I think my parents accepted this because I presented it to them without throwing it in their faces. Some people present it to their parents as if their parents did something wrong and caused their homosexuality.

**Kay:** One other way I differ from you. Far from feeling that my parents inflicted this on me. My feeling was that I had done this to them. I had inflicted this disgrace upon the household.

**Bernard:** I find a much healthier attitude among young people now. My parents died when I was still comparatively young. But I regret that I never told them. Their attitude toward homosexuality was an accepting one. My father always went out scientifically to protect and defend them, and my mother went out of her way to help both men and women.

**Pat:** How old were you when your parents died?

**Bernard:** I was 26. I didn't tell them. On the other hand, all the friends I brought home, because I'm in to bringing friends home, were accepted with love and affection.

**Kay:** My experience is entirely different. My parents

you going to settle down and get married?" It isn't an easy problem to deal with.

**Bob:** I would like to throw something in here. I had the typical spinster school teacher aunt that raised most of us part time. My brother and a cousin who lived with us. She taught us to bowl, to ride horse back. She lived in a small town, and we used to go there every summer. She had been crippled as a child, and overcame it to become a sportswoman. She had been my father's favorite. At one time, my father called me and asked me about her, why I thought she had never married, and if I thought she was homosexual. I felt strange because I really didn't know. I think she was a latent homosexual. Here was a woman who had been a big part of my childhood, and my father wondered whether or not I might talk with her and help her. I didn't find a way of doing it. I think the mother image was too strong — too strong for me to go to this woman who had been like a second mother and talk about something — "Now, your brother wants to know if you're gay..." I just never did face it.

**Bernard:** I was into other activities with my parents — of a humanitarian political, art, letters nature that I didn't feel any lack of communication with them. I just regretted not telling them.

Next issue — A discussion of the problems homosexuals are having getting together in the movement.

**Kay VanDuers  
Bob Kohler  
Bernard Lewis**

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# THE YOUNG LORDS

Martha Shelley

During Christmas week, the week that many GLF'ers were participating in the Panther vigil around the Women's House of Detention, the Young Lords were occupying a church in Spanish Harlem. They left peacefully after being served with an injunction - but during their stay 200 children were fed hot breakfasts daily. Over 100 children were given complete physical examinations. The Young Lords held classes, poetry readings, filmshowings, and a New Year's Mass by a radical priest. And the church was open to all the people.

On December 31st and January 31st, your COME OUT reporter, armed with six copies of the last issue, went up to visit the Young Lords. The neighborhood, 111th Street and Lexington Avenue was familiar to me from my days as a caseworker at Harlem Welfare Center - but in those days I had been reluctant to travel there at night. This time I was more afraid of the hordes of police prowling the neighborhood; the TPF, who seemed anxious to be let loose on the Young Lords.

I was searched before being allowed to enter the church. Jon, a GLF'er who had been spending quite a bit of time with the Lords, had explained this to me: "They're trying to keep the place clean of drugs and weapons - so as not to give the police an excuse for a raid - you know, plant a little dope and raid the place and get the Young Lords written up in the papers as running an opium den."

Jon had also explained to me why they had taken over this particular church. There are only three large churches in the neighborhood. The others are small pentecostal storefronts, inadequate for a breakfast program. Of the three large churches, two already had programs going on during the week, and the Lords did not want to interfere with these programs. The First Spanish Methodist Church, however, was closed all during the week, except for a few hours on Sunday. The parishioners, having gotten better jobs, moved up in the social ladder and out of El Barrio, no longer have much to do with the local residents. They do maintain the church there, and come in for services on Sundays.

The Young Lords had written Dr. Humberto Carranza, minister of the church, asking for permission to use the church during the week. They talked with him. When these negotiations proved fruitless, they came to church services and spoke with the congregation. Dr. Carranza then called in the police, and 13 Young Lords, men and women, were beaten and arrested on charges of "inciting to riot." On December 28th, the Young Lords took over the church, and began running their programs. As Jon said, "We are trying to show that radicals are not just people who go around yelling 'fascist pigs'."

When I had passed inspection and was allowed to enter the church, I asked to see Yoruba, Minister of Information. He was in a meeting. The Young Lords invited me to wait and have dinner with them, but I wasn't hungry. I wandered around the church for a while.

The church was hung with the children's drawings, and with revolutionary posters and slogans: "The doors are open to the people's church." "Jesus Christ helped the poor." "All power to the people." "A Vietnam yo no voy, porque yanqui yo no soy." (I will not go to Vietnam because I'm not a Yankee.) One man was attempting to teach Puerto Rican history to a class of unruly eight year olds. In the chapel, I sat down next to a Young Lord named Robles and two women whom I knew from Women's Liberation. They were discussing what to do when the police served their injunction.

After a while, a young woman with long black hair asked me to follow her to the office of the Young Lords Organization, on Madison Avenue between 111th and 112th Street. She told me Yoruba was upstairs napping, that he had been up for 24 hours straight. At the office, another woman in an Afro was acting as receptionist, womaning the phones and talking with whoever came in. I gave her a copy of COME OUT and explained my business. She knew the history of the Stonewall riots, which she related to my escort.

Two men and another woman came into the office and sat down. We all waited around. Then a black man apparently unaffiliated with any group, came in to the office, stamping snow off his boots. He spoke to the receptionist for a while, then caught the sight of the newspaper.

"What's this?" He picked it up. "Homosexual?" He sneered.

One of the Young Lords spoke up. "Like this is a movement to liberate all kinds of people - black, Puerto Rican, white, heterosexual, homosexual. The man shook his head. "I just came in to talk to one of the Young Lords."

"You were just talking to one," the Young Lord said, nodding towards the receptionist.

"Ain't but two people here who look like they could be Lords."

The Young Lord answered patiently. "There are five Lords here." He pointed to the three women and two men seated, excluding myself and the black fellow.

We waited some more. Someone went out for cigarettes. I was getting hungry. The receptionist gave me some pork lo mein from the back room. A sign over the sink read, "We are not here to oppress each other. Wash your own dishes."

While I was eating, the YLO lawyer came in. We asked him about the injunction. He said that Dr. Carranza had come before the court with badly drawn up papers. The judge was unable to grant an injunction on this basis and he could have thrown the case out - but he postponed the hearing until Friday, giving Dr. Carranza's lawyers time to fix up their papers.

Shortly afterwards, the Young Lords closed their office and we went back to the church. It seemed unlikely that I would be able to see Yoruba that night, so I went home and came back the following day.

After being searched again, I waited for a while, watching people bring milk and medical supplies to the

church. Then I went down into the basement, which was being used as the kitchen and dining hall. Jon was there again. So were some women from Women's Liberation, a representative of the grape workers, and some people from Newsreel who were filming the occupation. I was able to interview Robles, Minister of Defense, at length.

He said that the Young Lords had been in existence for a year, and that they had taken over a similar church in Chicago. He described their programs, and added that anyone could sleep in the church - that winos and junkies were being housed for the night. Remembering my own cursory search, I asked how they managed to keep junk out of the church. He said that the junkies were searched more thoroughly, and that he could tell a junkie from a "straight" person - since he had been a heroin addict for 15 years before he joined the Young Lords. Robles appeared to be in his early thirties.

He had been released from Riker's Island in January of 1969 - had joined the Young Lords subsequently, and has been off drugs ever since. I asked if there were any other guys like him in the organization. He knew of six or seven, all ex-junkies.

He refused to reveal any plans for the defense of the church.

I asked him how the programs operated. He said that food and medical supplies were contributed by local grocers, by the Hunts Point market, by radical doctors and sympathetic people in general. A radical doctor's group, including medical students, was running the clinic.

How did one get to be a Young Lord? Simply by serving the community, by proving oneself through service. Officers were chosen by consensus, if there were any vacancies created - such as by a member being in jail. Programs were determined through meetings within the organization, and meetings with the community. "Whoever is with us is a Young Lord... whoever works with us and serves the people."

After Robles left, I had coffee with one of my sister from Women's Liberation. She had been working in the nursery. A boy of twelve came by, sponging down the tables, talking with the people seated there. I saw Jon again. He was on his way upstairs with a mop and bucket.

After a while I left, thinking about what can be done in a community center, what GLF could do with a church or a loft or brownstone. What it would be like when GLF has its community center, how we could serve our people... what we might learn from the Young Lord's experience...

P.S. The Young Lords offered no resistance when they were ousted from the church however, 106 demonstrators were arrested. Currently the Young Lords are negotiating with the church. Their demands include a free day care program, medical services, a breakfast program, a liberation school, amnesty for all those arrested and an indigenous community board to govern these programs.

## GO TO CHURCH



Photo LNS

# EROTIC POETS of the LIBERATION FRONT UNITE?



Poems — the right signals put together almost perfectly — come in sounds, colors, words, lush late autumn afternoons in Iowa, at least a million other media, and poets, to avoid wasting time, often call them novels, plays, speeches, movies, articles, folk-rock, hard-rock, or making love.

Erotic poets are children of Eros — the great god Eros who is slung upon his mighty forearms against the blush horizon of an orchard dawn — as opposed to the Eros diminished to a flitty mosquito by Greek and other artists as their governments expanded into empires and wars.

The children of Eros romp and roll on the ripples of his infinite pink thighs, play hide and seek in his sun-gold pubics, sit on his calves with their backs against his shirts passing pipes of cannabis around, and make love on the mauve mattress head of his cock.

Erotic poets know that making love is never dirty or degrading, that only guilt-smeared minds of would-be lovers are, deformed by repressive societies which shrink Eros in order to force his orgasmic energies through rifles at My-Lai and trumpets at Jericho.

Hence erotic poets know that unclothed body-to-body expressions of love between two men or more are as dirt-free and transcendent as parallel expressions between two women or more, or between a man and woman or multiple combinations thereof, so long as they resonate with the eternal rhythms of the universe, which are sung by Eros.

But brothers and sisters, when erotic poets celebrate the beauty of love between two men or two women instead of bewailing the ugliness, the sickness, into which some such liaisons deteriorate — behold the previously sympathizing cognoscenti of the telecommunications, publishing and political worlds, including the so-called radical sectors of those worlds, politely — and sometimes not so politely — turning their backs, the fears and hostilities of their male chauvinism aroused, unresolved authority syndromes challenged, the will to possession and domination of humans by humans — even, and perhaps especially, in those who profess to be working for the classless society.

Tell them — or better, demonstrate in your poetry — the classless society is an erotic society in which all varieties of humans indulge all varieties of love. Give form to the truth, that most studs would resolve a host of leadership, authority and competition hangups if they could swing into some bisexual action they could feel was beautiful. Show them how repression of homosexual love, except as something dirty and inferior, is a gauge of totalitarianism as valid as censorship, and deeper. Rejections of ubiquitous, unyielding rejection? I'm not sure, I offer these words to the community for consideration, and as a proposal for action if it appears we are, as erotic gay and bisexual poets, victims of psychosexual discrimination.

Now of course you can radiate the theme of love and sexual contacts between members of the same sex. Harry Stack Sullivan called them isophilic love and last, I all over the circuits, as long as you keep it dirty and degrading. The clutch of hatred which is *The Boys in the Band* is a fine example. *Midnight Cowboy*, reeking of urinals and commodes, movie balconies and battered skulls, is another. Genet's poetic excursions into isophilic sexual degradation and criminality are applauded by the literary; Burroughs' heroin-strung studies of sodomy as social depredation are heralded by such moguls as Mary McCarthy and Mailer.

The devoted radical pedagogue and social critic Paul Goodman (in the "Gay Scenes" issue of *Writ*, which, according to an advertisement in *Rat*, "is going to make history of some kind in the radical movement") can even say that "a happy property of sexual acts, and perhaps especially of homosexual acts is that they are dirty, like life. . . ." But Mr. Goodman, aren't we struggling to make possible a much less dirty life for everyone? And aren't what you call sexual acts really acts of unmitigated lust in the sexual life, analogous to profiteering in the economic life and power-mongering in the socio-political life?

Just without the rhythms of Eros is no more love than sound without the rhythms of Eros is music.

Erotic poets must create, in our lives and art, the models of love, including genital love, which transcends gender, possession and domination.

We must dramatize the relationships between male chauvinism's rejections, however subtle, of homosexual love, and repressive male society — especially when the "machismo" manifests itself within the very movement committed to transforming repressive society.

Erotic poets must remind the radical community quite often, apparently — that the soldierboys shooting up the villages in Vietnam are cases-in-point of repressed homosexual needs, among others, and that changing the society which sends them there means eliminating Neanderthal notions of sexual expression.

Erotic poets must shatter the specious relationships fabricated between homosexuality and diseases like Nazi Germany. The Nazis flaunted isophilic sex because they considered it debauched and criminal behavior. Had they understood homosexuality as expression of love, the license they felt to do much they did might have been denied them.

Erotic poets must bring out the erotic poet which is in every human being. Yes, brothers and sisters, an erotic poet is prisoned even in a cop. We have to show him his billy-club's not where it's at, that he's got to search his uniformless body.

"Insurrection of thought always precedes insurrection of arms," Wendell Phillips said.

Now, Are erotic poets, qua erotic poets, denied access to the communications circuitry of publishing, theater, and even the radical underground?

You may chortle and say, "Does anyone else *have* access?" But consider the posters for such as "Puppy Dog Tails," and "Oh, Calcutta." Erotic? You know better. I don't happen to suffer from vomit-revision, but if I see her early enough in the morning, that sprawl of big-ass woman in mink stole coming down Second Avenue off the side of a bus can whirl me queasy on a heel.

And the score of "Hair," however musical it may be according to the canons of that egregious pseudo-genre The American Musical Comedy, is not a rock musical, because there is not one erotic throb in all that sound, and music, to be rock, must be erotic; Elvis Presley as opposed to Snooky Lanson; Joe Cocker as opposed to Tom Jones.

And the proliferation of publications exploiting gay-sex which, however nudely genital, is distinctly deroticized, has been amply covered elsewhere in *Come Out*.

Genuine erotic expressions of our rich, passionate, poignantly evolving gay life-styles — truly, brother and sisters, I've begun to doubt they can be got through the sex oppression apparatus of established communications.

If there is agreement in the community with views expressed here, let's consider coalescing some.

Naturally, being erotic poets, we know where leadership's at — in shelves upon shelves of Leadership Manuals the Pentagon puts out for its militarists. And we know the classless society, being erotic, has no leaders.

We've cut loose from opportunist delusions, too.

So, An Erotic Poets' Workshop, affiliated with the rest of the Gay Liberation Front? We could call it Gamma Local Number Sixty-Nine.

We could communicate with the brothers throughout this land where erotic poets are oppressed. For instance, I suspect discrimination at some of the well-known writers' workshops on the university circuit — that they don't even read the application unless the applicant has signified ownership of wife and offspring. Well, that's their loss.

If we found a way to finance them, we could put out collections of our poetry, try to distribute them so they constitute a confrontation, beckon to the erotic poet in every man.

And if we concluded the publishers really do discriminate against us, we could picket the shit out of them. And other things.

Do we need to organize? If you think so, please feel free to communicate through me, Miami the poet.

Un abrazo. Que viva la gué liberation!

Miami  
c/o E. J. S. Co., Apt. 19, E. 212, 475-0125  
New York, N.Y. 10003

You shall never lonely more,  
for undiscovered, common be.  
For your consent to ship with me  
has borne us to a newborn shore,  
for only you and I before,  
could've made this land of we,  
forever joined, forever free,  
her music fields and trees explored.

In each of us the other sought  
his perfect body, soyl and mind  
in images of Eros wrought:  
my love for your my self shall find.

Be grateful, then, my newfound lover,  
to join those few who've found each other.

milani  
09  
08  
69

Soft he comes,  
on Persian rugs of floating;  
swift he comes,  
dissolving war before him.  
Then hard he comes,  
then slow, and feelingly,  
and hesitantly goes  
still, taking danger with him.

Now the poet sons  
can reveal the frigid lechers,  
later can forgive them  
their Neanderthal repressions,  
for being under all of them,  
ever warrior one, a poet.

milani  
01  
01  
70

## STONE POEM

*Jessica said:* A person who is involved in growth has to be involved in change and therefore in revolution. That's really idealistic for me. I wake up each morning in a state of inertia. You know, this is disgusting. I get stoned on two pokes.

*Jessica said:* This expression I must remember — Jesus I forgot what I was going to say — oh yes-verybody.

*I said:* You know the sound a baby makes when it's born. AAAAAAAHHH! That's the sound of life. Of energy. And you spend every next moment of your life being told to shut up. Or if you're lucky to put a frame around it and be an artist. I just want to scream.

— Jessica Falstein & Kathy Braun



# Letters <sup>TO US.</sup>

Dear COME OUT Staff,

Blessings to you for your well-written, proof-read, cleanly laid out (easy to read - not true of most underground or radical papers) - but blessings most of all for your gentle, yet radical tone. You see with clear eyes and head. Beautiful.

I hope you avoid - (I'm confident you will) all sexual commercialization and exploitation. Hundreds of papers and magazines are doing that now - hopefully they satisfy their readers' fantasies. But, your paper begins a new era in gay journalism, one based on a genuine love for all our brothers and sisters, and a positive-negative critique of the repressive capitalist (it's really corporate-elitist) conformist, heterosexual society in which we live. You are and will help to sketch the already emerging "new" sexuality, without labels of bi-, hetero-, and/or homo- - a polymorphous sexuality and new family and communal forms.

I'll cut this overly heavy shit - and wish you all well. And I'll try to contribute something - maybe a piece on homosexuality in the movies, both Hollywood and Underground. I won't make a definite promise, but I will make some notes during the next few weeks.

Right On

in love and peace

-and all power to the people (literally.)

your brother in love,

Jim Wenger

-and my lover Peter

Dear Come Out:

None of the papers (above or underground) saw fit to carry news of the January 11th demonstration. Perhaps the ankle-length green sequined gown I wore was too much for them. Anyway, the *Free Press* (LA) may run an article I submitted to them next week - better late than never and all that - and perhaps some San Fran papers as well.

Enclosed is an article similar to the one I submitted to the *Free Press* that I hope finds its way into your pages.

Let the New York Gays know there ARE at least 300 of us in Los Angeles that will get out into the streets.

LA is a real mess and it is a minor miracle that the march came off at all. But, it was beautiful, and this girl almost cried out of joy as we strolled along Hollywood boulevard.

GLFLA is getting itself together and about 150 people have attended the four meetings altogether. I am in the process of liberation and my activities with GLF are most helpful.

Spread the news around.

Love and peace

Douglas Key

Gay Power to Gay People

Lift the chains of Orion

## L.A. Sweep

An estimated 300 male and female homosexuals marched in a candlelight procession through the streets of Hollywood on the evening of January 11th. Day-long rain decimated the projected 500-1000 people expected to show, but the rain stopped shortly before the march began and resumed a few minutes before it ended.

Reverend Troy Perry of the Metropolitan Community Church (a Gay church in Los Angeles), Bishop Michael Itkin and Father John of the Evangelical Catholic Communion of San Francisco, and other men wearing religious costume led the march. Signs, flags and banners were carried by the marchers with statements such as "Rafferty, Reagan, Nixon - Myra's Gonna Get You All," "Gay is Excellent," "Law Reform Now" and others. The marchers sang freedom songs and chanted slogans. Many Gays joined the march as it passed along Hollywood boulevard, although some fled in terror.

A large number of police in vehicles monitored the march but no violence occurred and no arrests were made.

Rumors of violence on the part of GLFLA people who participated in the march proved false and were attempts by some individuals to destroy the unity that has recently come into being between radical and conservative elements of the Gay movement in Los Angeles.

Other groups participating in the march were the Society of Anubis, HIM, H.E.L.P. and the Homosexual Information Center.

The march was organized by the Committee for Homosexual Law Reform to protest the laws in California that make homosexual acts a felony.

The march was not covered by any of the LA papers or media although an NBC TV crew was seen setting up equipment as the march formed but, the TV crew left before the march began.

Dear Sirs:

May I extend my congratulations to you on your successful publication of a gay newspaper. Its importance cannot be overestimated, for through it and similar publications we of the gay community will be able to present a united front and let America know we are a real and viable force.

But I would like to interject a word of caution, especially regarding militancy. If I thought it would help, this very moment I'd turn into a gay militant, but heeding historical examples, I feel the gay movement will have a greater and more far reaching effect if we, as a united group, follow the peaceful philosophies of Gandhi and Martin Luther King. The black militants in this country have done more to harm the Negro cause than any KKK. The real Negro successes have resulted from a system of peaceful protest.

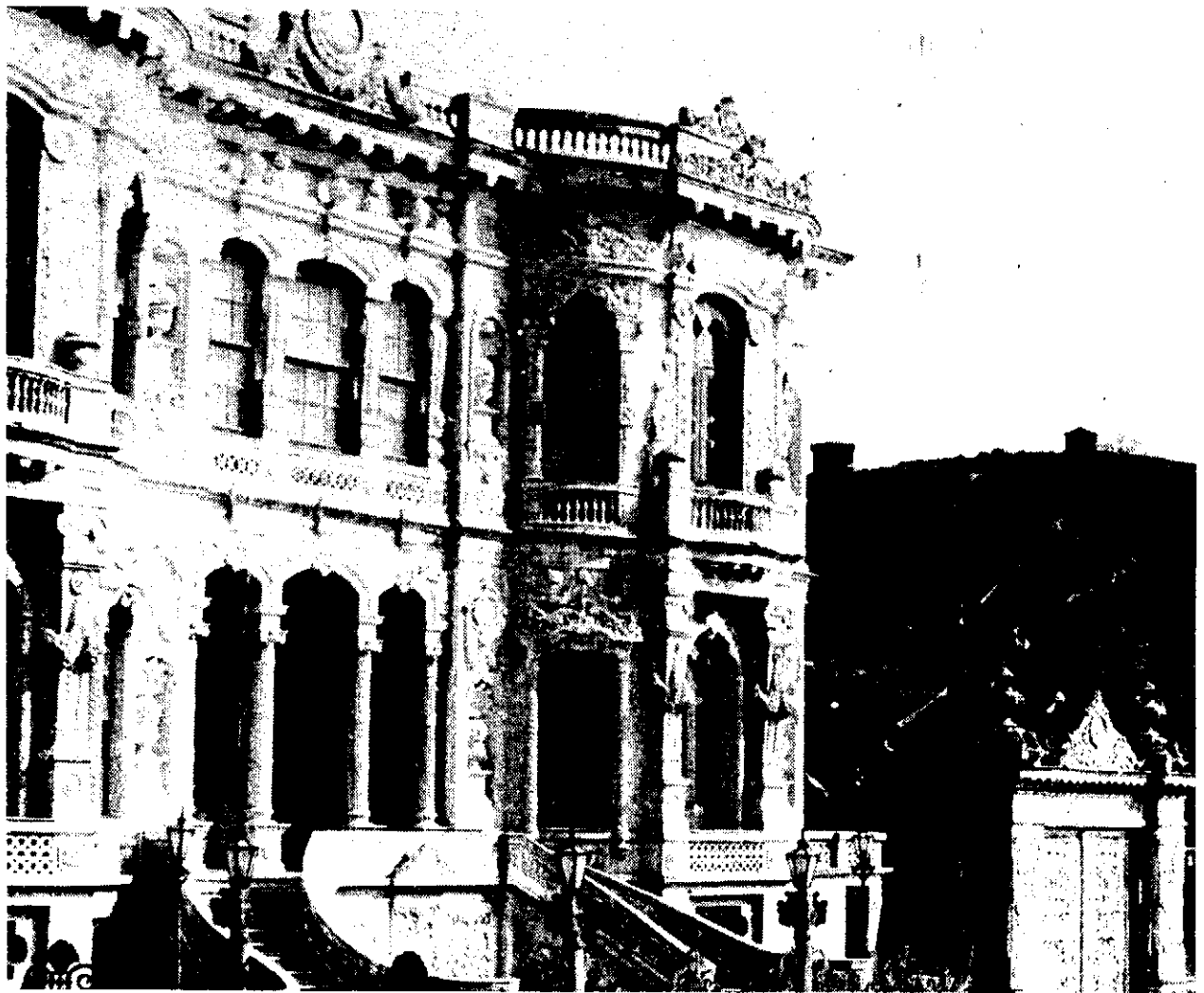
Just as there were and still are, Negroes outraged by injustice, I too am outraged by the injustice that I as a homosexual have had to endure. I am outraged, but feel it would be wiser to be more patient. Centuries of hatred and condemnation will not be swept away overnight. We have to educate ourselves as well as society into realizing we are good people, responsible citizens, and productive members of society. We can't condemn present society for a condition that has existed for hundreds of years, nor can we hope to eradicate all prejudice. Our goals must be realistic, not idealistic, even though I myself am an idealist at heart. We must concentrate on education and law reform, and hope that in time tolerance and acceptance will follow.

Sincerely yours,

Arthur Schircliffe,

President,

Personal Rights Organization  
of Toledo



## 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 Commun-

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

The Staff,  
COME OUT,  
P.O. Box 92, Village Station,  
New York, N.Y. 10014

Dear Come Out Staff:

We are writing to protest against *COME OUT*'s attempt to link the homophile movement to communist revolution and support of totalitarian, anti-homosexual political systems.

Though you claim not to be politically biased the first seven of the nine articles in *COME OUT* fulminate against free political and economic institutions and support those (such as the Black Panthers) who advocate authoritarian collectivism at the expense of the legitimate goals of the homophile movement.

*COME OUT*'s support of the Castro dictatorship in Cuba (complete with photographs of so-called "liberated" women lugging heavy wheelbarrows, toting rifles and lining up in stores with empty shelves) is particularly anachronistic and offensive. Women in Cuba today, far from being liberated, are conscripted for forced labour under threat of execution (see the text of Castro's 1969 "Christmas Message") and their children subjected to the total physical and intellectual control of the state. And acceptance of homosexuality is not one of the things they are taught!

After Castro's revolution, the pre-

viously large homosexual community in Cuba was systematically rounded up and imprisoned. Now, no homosexual social life or organizations are allowed, and homosexuality is officially non-existent - considered a product of the decadent, bourgeois-capitalist system which has been superceded.

If you doubt the truth of this, you have only to read the newspapers; if you don't believe them, read Dr. Castro's speeches.

It is also a fact that the Black Panther terrorists of whom *COME OUT* is so fond are notoriously anti-homosexual, as a reading of their spokesman, Eldridge Cleaver's book, *SOUL ON ICE*, will make very clear.

One of your writers, Jim Fouratt, recognizes this about Abbie Hoffman as well as Cleaver, but doesn't connect their sexual attitudes to their destructive violence and political totalitarianism. Hannah Arendt, in her extensive study of the nature of totalitarian political systems, points out that even though some groups of "revolutionaries" may see homosexuality as part of their protest against society, they are always among those who suffer most under communist and national socialist regimes.

"Red Butterfly", in its rather incoherent article, claims that homosexuals will not know "freedom, justice, and happiness" until "the root evil of

our society has been destroyed - Capitalism." Most of your other contributors seem to share this view and the consequent advocacy of a communist state. They would do well to consider a few facts; it is the free market that has enabled state restrictions (and even the results of individual prejudice) against minority groups - Jews, homosexuals and others - to be as small as they are. Furthermore, "there is an economic incentive in a free market to separate economic efficiency from other characteristics of the individual." (Professor Milton Friedman in *CAPITALISM AND FREEDOM*, P. 109.)

By contrast, in communist states, by definition, the government, has a monopoly on all spheres of human activity - not only on employment, but on such things as health, leisure and travel as well. In such a system, any individual who voices his disagreement with the government can very easily be silenced.

Remember that homosexuality is illegal in almost all communist countries, is suppressed in all of them, and is not even officially considered to exist or to be a proper topic of discussion on any level. When Allen Ginsberg visited Cuba and Czechoslovakia he was thrown out of both countries for talking about and practising homosexuality. In the United States, even though most states have anti-homosexual laws, Ginsberg and

others, including the writers of *COME OUT* are free to say what they think, in public as well as in private, to challenge the unjust laws and work to change them. (In Canada, homosexual relations are legal for consenting adults.)

Illogical and unwarrantable linking of the homophile movement with political systems that are not only oppressive generally but oppressive toward homosexuality in particular can only harm the homophile movement and alienate all potential supporters who believe in human freedom.

In short, stop digging your own graves!

Sincerely,

Ian Young  
Charles C' Hill  
Rene Rivard  
Wayne Bryant  
Richard Swanton  
Paul Briste  
Dennis Corrigan  
G.A. Speed  
Marianne Kobus  
Janet Corrigan  
Bill McRae

Members of the University of Toronto

Homophile Association.

# DIALOGUE

Dear sisters and brothers,

We have seriously considered your letter of January 13 since we recognize that you have written out of your own deep concern and this we profoundly respect. In part your points were relevant & justified, tho you also include distortion and error which you try to pass off as fact. For some of us, your letter served as a nucleus around which to crystallize our thoughts about homosexual liberation.

From your letter it seems you believe that human freedom and capitalism are compatible. You laud the capitalist as the protector of the homosexual minority; you praise the free market system for separating efficiency from "other human characteristics". We ask that you step outside of a society defined by capitalism to examine what it has done to your humanity. From such a perspective we think you will see that capitalism creates minority groups. In a competitive class structure some group must be on the bottom. Hence we are all insecure about losing our position of relative privilege; out of this insecurity comes fear and blind prejudice and the creation of scapegoat groups. That is why this society is so hung up on its minorities; -It needs them! Our vantage point outside of capitalist conceived society further reveals that it is precisely the schism between efficiency and "other human characteristics" that has rendered us dehumanized efficiency machines. To be human is to function in all our manifold richness. A system which gives primary value to efficiency, fragments and dessicates our lives. It shocks us that you embrace a system which cuts you off from realizing your full humanity. Our ideal society is one in which sexuality and love are not divorced from our work functions but are an interwoven, complex, mutually enriching totality. We feel that we can only realize this ideal within a coop-

erative rather than competitive framework.

Concerning Cuba, you are right in your criticism of the *Come Out* essay to the extent that you say we must not take an uncritical position and ignore the crimes and stupidities directed at us. However, in spite of some important failings that especially concern us, we feel that the Cuban revolution is a source of hope to all oppressed people. To appreciate what it has accomplished one only has to compare conditions in Cuba 10 years after the revolution with conditions in the other Latin American countries where disease, illiteracy, high mortality rates and malnutrition are rampant, everyday facts of life; where people live without hope. This does not change the fact that Cuba has denied basic rights to homosexuals, including the right to dignity and self fulfillment.

We hope eventually out of our own dialogues, actions, and readings to work out an analysis of how we in Gay Liberation Front can relate to Cuba through both criticism and emulation.

On the other hand, you overstep the bounds of truth, justice and honesty by presenting material on the draft of Cuban workers for cutting sugar cane. You discuss it as if there were an official order for women workers that presents a choice between work and execution. This is completely untrue. Yes, there are criticisms to be made concerning the role and the position of women in Cuba. A very immediate thorough and compelling analysis of women's liberation in Cuba is in order and this we hope to accomplish also - not to deny that the revolution was a success, only to indicate where the struggle must still be waged. As you must know, 20 out of every 100 workers in plants, factories, and other enterprises are drafted to cut sugar cane along with government employees, soldiers, students and even Premier Fidel Castro. Women, who now

share to a great extent in Cuba's decisive effort, are included in all these categories. The hope of the country is a 10,000,000 ton sugar crop this year (2 million tons have already been harvested). There are also many foreign volunteers cutting cane, including several hundred American women and men of all ages in the Venceremos Brigade. Among them are some American homosexuals.

To point up some of the contradictions in Cuba we want to mention the Cuban writer Jose Lezama Lima who holds an important position in the Cuban Ministry of Education (he is about 45 years old), is the author of the very well-known novel on a homosexual theme *Paradiso* (1969), and who himself is known as a homosexual. (Have there been any top level govt. administrators in the U.S. who were known homosexuals?) It would seem that the relation between the homosexual and the Cuban revolution has not yet been thought through and is currently dictated by a reaction against the pre-revolution homosexual scene in Cuba (prostitution & exploitation), prejudice, provincial morality, and the social blindness of machismo.

As you certainly must realize, conditions vary greatly from one socialist country to another. In the Soviet Union and other "communist" countries (in 1970 they are all still really socialist) the laws on homosexuality are truly harsh. However, this does not destroy, though it immeasurably harms the positive aspects of those developing societies. Czechoslovakia and the German Democratic Republic, however, have no anti-homosexual laws. In these two countries, homosexual acts between consenting adults are considered a private affair. And Poland as of January 1 of this year, has removed all legislation on homosexuals from their legal code, on the strange basis that they have no

homosexual problem in their country.

We are also painfully aware of the anti-homosexual allusions in Eldridge Cleaver's *Soul on Ice*, concepts we know to be found among some Black Panthers. Here again we say that what leads us to support them and work with them is the understanding of the justice of the cause for which they are fighting. For a homosexual group (which has probably been fighting the use of crippling descriptive adjectives "deviate," "pervert," etc. applied to homosexuals) to thoughtlessly apply the word "terrorist" to the Panthers as you did, indicates you know little of their work in the black communities. Moreover, it demonstrates an inability to generalize, from the fact that the slanderous journalistic techniques of the establishment media are not focused on one, but on all oppressed groups with a radical voice (homosexual, black, brown, women, students). It may interest you to know that we have found individual Black Panthers to embrace us and our cause after we worked, demonstrated & picketed with them. And it is in just this way, through working together with others on common causes that we can bring our cause to a realization of the wider support it must have to be successful.

We have been deeply committed to the struggle for liberation of the homosexual male and female in America within the context of the liberation of all oppressed people. Collectively we have come to the consciousness that only a social change that involves the liberation of all, can also guarantee our own freedom. Of course in this fight, we try not to overlook the many mistakes made both at home and abroad in the revolutionary movement and in the American homophile movement. But this does not invalidate the movement. Change must come but it will not come of itself; it will come only if we work, an work all of us together for the change.

Ellen Bedoz  
Bernard Lewis  
Allan Warshawsky

# You Can Go HOME Again.

by Martha Shelley

Shortly after I joined GLF, I found myself plagued by what I called irrational impulses. Mainly, I kept having an urge to tell my parents about my homosexuality. But every time this urge came to the surface, I said to myself, "Oh, come on, you're going through changes — intense anxiety — reorganization of your life style." And I would call up a friend and get my friend to persuade me not to call my parents (sort of like Alcoholics Anonymous.)

Why hadn't I told them previously, even though my friends and employer knew? Some background will explain — I left home seven years ago, and have had almost no contact with my parents since. My father is a career employee for the Defense Department. My mother is almost a prototypical Jewish Mother. As a result, my adolescence was a continuous hassle — my need for independence VS my parents' desire to control me, to marry me off to a Nice Jewish Boy (a doctor) and deliver me, virginal and tied in pink ribbons, to Scarsdale.

The day I left home was the occasion of a fight, one which represented the climax in this struggle. My mother had found my diaphragm. I saw no need to enlighten her as to my other activities and impulses. . . . At any rate, I was convinced that communication between me and my parents was impossible and convinced that my impulse to call them could only mean one of two things:

- 1) I still hankered after their approval,
- 2) I wanted to start a fight with them, to hurt them and to make myself miserable and depressed.

About a month ago, I received a letter from my kid sister, telling me she was going to be married. She also chastised me for avoiding my family, and asked me if I were staying away because I was ashamed of my homosexuality (I did tell her and my kid brother). I was annoyed at this accusation, and phoned home to defend myself to her — and also, come to think of it, to find out who she was marrying.

My father answered. After some casual conversation, I surrendered to the impulse:

"Dad, I have something to tell you."

"You're not in trouble, are you?"

"No, it's something personal."

"Well, it can't be anything that new to us. We are your parents."

"Dad, I'm a homosexual." I was expecting shock; silence, and anything but what followed:

"Well, yeah, Martha, we knew about that."

It was my turn to be shocked and silent. Yes, they knew. It seemed that I had left some gay novels around the house — and some of my drawings were more obvious than I was aware of. That my father had paid any attention to the contents of my drawings was also a surprise. And all he wanted to know was if he or my mother were responsible for my homosexuality. And I said no.

"It's just an aptitude, Dad. Like an aptitude for math. . . or music. . . or poetry." How could I tell him, yes, *you made me a homosexual and I love it. Thank*

*you very much!*

So, after seven years, the prodigal daughter accepted an invitation to come home for dinner. It wasn't the most comfortable evening in the world — but it wasn't a hassle, either. My parents are still unhappy that I'm not trying to claw my way up into the Establishment. On the other hand, they didn't try to impose their ideas on me. . . nor did I feel it necessary to challenge every word out of their mouths.

Mom has become an adamant supporter of the National Minimum Income. As she put it, "Everyone has a right to eat!" Dad is burned up about the war in Vietnam. After 25 years with the Dept. of Defense, he has decided that if my kid brother gets drafted, he will send the boy to Canada and support him there until he gets a job.

I called an old friend of mine, a guy named Bill, who had helped me in the process of leaving home and getting my head clear of the hangups my family had imposed on me. "I guess even people over 30 can change," he said.

Last week, I saw them again. Dad was reading the *Time* article on homosexuality. He showed it to me and said, "This is the first time I realized that homosexuals are an oppressed minority — that people have been telling lies about you."

"Yeah, Dad. Like we eat Christian children for Passover."



One Friday night in January, two women were dancing in Gianni's, a lesbian bar, when three of four straight men followed one of the women into the ladies' room and grabbed her. Her girlfriend asked them to leave her alone; whereupon one of the men turned and knocked her out. No one in the bar did anything about it. Immediately afterwards, the four men left.

Mark, a GLF woman, charged down the street with nine or ten other women. They ran a block, thought better of it, and stopped — but Mark was out front and, at the end of the second block, found herself facing the men alone. She yelled to the other women for help, but they turned around and went back into the bar.

She covered her face as they knocked her down and kicked her all over her body. They left her lying in the street. She picked herself up and went over to a taxi, but the driver rolled up his window and drove off. — And the four men came back and beat her up some more.

At the next Sunday meeting, we talked about what we thought was the worst aspect of that night. Was it the fact that there was no protection for people in the bar, or that the women didn't throw the men out in the first place, or that the gays left their sister in the street?

Well, we decided that we couldn't do much about the straights who were there that Friday, because we didn't know who they were. But we did decide that whether or not the sisters were ready to defend themselves, they had the right to be safe wherever they were, and this includes in Mafia bars. And so, though several people thought it was irrelevant to confront Gianni's, a large group of GLF'ers thought it would be a significant act. Forty of us went over there, walked in the door, threw

## GIANNI'S

our coats on the table, refused to buy drinks and began to dance. When one of the three bouncers came to the back room and told us to behave like good ladies and gentlemen, we ignored him. In fact, we ignored him so well that I wasn't even aware that he was there.

Martha Shelley strode up to the owner and said, "We're the Gay Liberation Front and we don't like the way things are going here." And she presented our list of complaints: lack of protection, drinks shoved at the customers, and the general attitude of 'you'll take what you get and like it, 'cause this is the only place to go.'

Now Gianni's is divided into two parts. The back is a dance floor and the front is a bar. We were all dancing in the back, except for Lois Hart, who was talking to the women at the bar about GLF and alternatives to the Mafia bars. She happened to look out the door and saw that the bouncers had locked out twelve or so of our sisters and brothers.

She came to us and said "Should we open the door?" Of course, we decided we had to do just that!

We stormed up front and opened the door, but one of the bouncers stood in the opening and said, "Nobody else in here." We pulled him away from the door. When he placed his fist next to my face, I was surprised to find myself putting my hand over his fist and moving it to the other side of his head like it was on a well-oiled hinge. We took the other two guards and put them against the wall. And our people came in.

We danced in groups of ten to fifteen holding hands and singing for another thirty minutes, and we turned some of the women on. Afterwards, we did a snake dance out of the place, chanting, "Join us. Join us, join



us." Several women did.

Now here's what I think is the saddest thing that happened. Mark went back to Gianni's the next night, afraid they would kick her out. To me this shows how, even when we are kicked in the face, we still go back to our oppressor because it's — THE ONLY PLACE.

Pat, another GLF'er, who was with Mark, went to the owner and said that she understood they were going to keep straight men out. She let them know that we were watching to make sure that they did. And we will be.

That Friday, COME OUT interviewed the owner. He offered us free drinks. I guess this was an attempt to buy us off. We didn't sell out, but we took the free drinks nonetheless. According to the owner, before 8:00 o'clock Gianni's is a straight bar for business men in the district. After eight they try to discourage straights by raising the prices. So now we know why the prices are gay, hah? (They are the same in all Mafia bars — higher than straight bars.) But anyway, we promised Gianni's that if they lower the prices we'll patrol the area to make sure no straights stay healthy enough to bother the gays.

This was one of the first truly GAY militant actions we've done. There are many different stories that can be written on this occurrence, such as: What is the connection between the Mafia and gay people? Or, why didn't the girls come to the aid of their sister in the street?

See what's going on around you. See that the oppressor has gotten into our heads as well as put goons at the door.

Dan Smith

Kathy Braun

## HOWARD DEUTSCH

When I was 23 I got a job at the Hudson Guild Settlement House in Chelsea, doing part-time group work with children. I met Howard Deutsch who was Jewish, adorable, he also knew Murry Kramer, and also completely out of his mind like me. Needless to say (so why am I saying it?) we became friends.

I lived in a room the size of Rock the Jock's armspan, on 75th and Riverside. Howard took me home, wanted to kiss me goodnight.

No says I. Ok.

Meanwhile I think he's gay and meanwhile I think I'm gay. So finally we find out about each other.

Then we spend months being friends. philosophy right?, sex right?, jobs right — he says I should be a bartender, a rabbi. He says he goes to tearooms. He says Cubans are the most joyous in love. He tells me how I remind him of I-forgot-her-name, oh that's right Joanna, a girl he married.

He tells me how he used to get in rages and go after Joanna with knives. He told me how in his new apartment in Wash. Heights he was afraid of the big tough

guys in the street beating him up. He had a very strong muscular body but he was afraid to fight. Anyway, he had been to school for social work but had left during the time of rages and knives stuff but after having worked a while he was trying to get into some graduate school of social work. He wanted to be in social work because he wanted to help people.

He got into either Hunter or NYU, I forgot, but after he had been in a while, loving it, had got picked up in a tearoom.

Oh no, that's not it. He had been arrested before he got into school and lied on the application where it says have you ever been arrested. So after he had been in school awhile the application caught up with him and they called him into a meeting. After all the bullshit, what it came down to was that he had to go. FUCK YOU screamed Howard Deutsch.

But he still had to leave.

A while later he had a date to come over my house and he never showed up. Steve called and said do you know where Howard is, he was supposed to be here last night.

No says I etc. Howard located. Howard to the looney

bin.

After he comes out, Howard on phone to me, laughing. Do you still want to kill yourself I say. Laughing he says I don't know, probably. Well Howard I said, that makes me very unhappy. But even talking to you about it makes me unhappy. You know the death thing with my family and everyone dying. Well I've had enough with death and I'd rather you didn't call me while you still feel that way.

OK he said and because Howard and I had a true relationship and because we understood the other, it was no more than that.

Ok.

A year later I got a call from a girl I had slept with who had been introduced to me by Howard. I wasn't home but she left a message. Howard's dead. Did the thing. She never called back to speak to me, just left the message. Dead. Howard. Loss. Love. Mother. Loss. Love. Father. Loss. Love. No more Death for me. Later, Howard, Later. Part of my thing now is that I want to make tearoom sex legal.

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# Happy New Year

MARK GILES

I was sitting in a well-known gay bar, having a brandy before leaving for a GLF meeting, when I met a very nice guy — gay — who started rapping about being in the publishing business. Since I have an extensive background in this field, and am presently barely getting by on a very small salary as a proofreading supervisor, I immediately asked him if he had any openings.

It turned out that he was a manager for one of the largest publishing houses in New York City, and needed an assistant. It seemed like a great opportunity, but I was apprehensive about the office atmosphere. Would I have to dress "straight"? He assured me that was no problem, as all the girls wore slacks anyway, and he was pretty far-out-looking himself. Not only that, but his boss was gay, too.

It seemed too good to be true, but I went for the interview the following day, walking thru plush corridors which began to make me uneasy. I didn't know why — I'd worked in several "prestige" office jobs before. Then I remembered... The national television magazine in HOLLYWOOD I'd worked at for two-and-a-half years of my life (dressing straight — but everyone knew anyway). I was seventeen years old then, and the youngest editor to be in charge of two editions. The reason was simple: I worked harder than anyone else there. I had to, because they were constantly looking for reasons to fire me. I was a disgrace to the company because I was different, and very possibly, slept with girls!! (I think I should mention here that I'm a girl also.) Most of the people I worked with were future old maids from Indiana or Ohio who were terrified — or perhaps titillated — by the possibility that I might make a pass at them in the LADIES ROOM. They would titter & gossip behind my back,



white glowing... went so far as to complain to the regional manager about the way I dressed. I was constantly harassed, to the point that one day I finally walked out of TV GUIDE, the BIBLE of the SILENT MAJORITY. And NOW, LIVE, and in BLACK-AND-WHITE (but mostly WHITE), from the people who brought you "DEATH VALLEY DAYS" and "THE PEOPLE'S PARK" in Berkeley... RONALD REAGAN!!... They're not silent; the commercials are just too loud.

For several years, I worked in the nightclub business, managing clubs, traveling, & spending lavishly on the girls I dated. I figured if had to prostitute myself, I might as well get something out of it. Of course, all I got was a lot of money that I spent as soon as I made it. And the girls I dated didn't really want me — they wanted a good time, & presents. I left Los Angeles, & lived in New Orleans, then Hawaii, & finally San Francisco, where I began to turn on, to other possibilities — other life styles. I was turned-off by the nightclub business, phony people, phony girls, phony me. I split from my \$800/month job & house on Telegraph Hill to come to New York.

So here we are in 1970. And times have changed. Or have they??

The interview was a bust. My friend's boss asked him if there wasn't some tactful way he could tell me I was "too butch." He liked me, & felt I was very capable. But after all, it's one thing to have the office know you're gay, and another to LOOK it, right? My friend said he hadn't realized things were so uptight there, & he felt very sorry. Would I compromise, he wanted to know.

COMPROMISE??

Well, you know. ... wear a dress.

No one else does, why should I?? If I wanted to "compromise" that much, I'd sell out all the way & go back to the bar business, where I'd REALLY make some bread.

I can't understand. He's all for BLACK POWER. He was very pleased when I hired a black woman.

WHAT ABOUT HIS OWN PEOPLE?? DOESN'T HE CARE ABOUT US?? It seems to be very respectable to hire a "Negro" these days — but it just isn't "IN" to hire a "Queer," is it??

Well, look. I've been able to make it all this time. And I REALLY carry on — swishing & all — at the office. Of course, I kind of toe the line — I don't overstep the boundaries... But I figure one day, when I'm boss, in about 20 or 30 years, then NO ONE will be able to tell me what to do, & I'll be able to hire anybody I like.

That's GREAT. But that's TOO LATE for me. I'LL BE 53 YEARS OLD THIRTY YEARS FROM NOW — I want to live my live & enjoy it NOW. I'm not going to wait

for that. Neither are the blacks — or ANY of the oppressed people.

Well, I'm doing what I can...

ARE you??

.....  
This is a NEW YEAR of your life.

Stop apologizing for what you are.

Come together.

COME OUT!!!

## Random Notes: MUSIC

Jim Jordan



I wish I knew how it would feel to be free  
I wish I could break all the chains holding me  
I wish I could say all the things that I should say  
Say them loud, say them clear  
For the whole damn world to hear

I wish I could share all the love that's in my heart  
Remove all the walls that keep us apart  
I wish you could know what it means to be me  
Then you'd say and agree that everyone should be free

I wish I could give all I'm longing to give  
I wish I could live like I'm longing to live. ....

The above song was written by Billy Taylor (jazz pianist). As performed by Nina Simone (RCA LSP3837) it becomes a probing plea of the mixed feelings of pain, frustration, and hope voiced by the oppressed blacks for freedom — freedom to live.

Nina Simone has emerged as one of the strongest voices in music demanding this freedom, to say nothing of the enormous talent she possesses, and the ability to communicate, to electrifying proportions, the full range of emotions which can only come through the experience of "living." I am not talking about the premeditated, "acted", planned-out emotions of a Barbra Streisand — Tom Jones kind of entertainment, which arouses the conditioned, Madison Ave. hyped, assured responses from audiences being "entertained." Nina confronts her audience to make them hear and feel themselves, each other and life on the most starkly honest terms, which, I might add, is not always "entertaining." Sometimes her mood will hit upon the anger, pain, frustration, bitterness and rage of the oppressed; understandable feelings and reactions to a situation created and controlled by the oppressors. But, if you happen to be there when her mood is an affirmation of love and/or life, you may find yourself weeping or shouting with joy at being alive at that moment.

I have seen Nina perform over a hundred times over a period of several years and I have watched her grow into a woman of fierce pride, and a creative, passionate artist. For me, she has no peer.

Having hopefully paid, in small part, a debt of gratitude to Nina Simone for being, I will try to carry further the idea I am trying to articulate here. Again, please read the opening lyric, but this time try to relate to it both

on a universal level, and in the personal sense of what this type of freedom to live would mean to you. At no point does this song address itself to the idea of black freedom only. There is a newly recorded version of this song by a San Francisco based group called "Cold Blood". (San Francisco SD200), which is quite moving due largely to the straightforward singing of the group's lead singer, Lydia Penz who is white. I can remember singing this song (and still do) many times, at times for myself, at times for others, but never without experiencing an emotional upheaval as a result of the lyric and the particular mood I've been in at the time. I suppose it may be easy to speak of freedom, but quite another matter to "feel" it, particularly when our daily lives are filled with so many time-consuming activities conflicting with such freedom. However, I personally feel that each of us must find within ourselves a sense of "personal freedom" to enable us to experience that we are "living" in the most "complete" meaning of the word, even under the most adverse, conflicting and oppressive conditions.

Another living example of one who is finding his own personal freedom to live is Don Burton, who has become known by those who appreciate and respect him as San Francisco's Gay Folk singer. At this time, I will not go into Don's background; Don accomplished that task himself with a beautifully written first-person article which appeared in the San Francisco Free Press. I will mention that Don started out much like most young singers, singing with a group while attending High School in Torrance, Calif., a small town about 30 miles south of L.A. However, feeling out of place singing pop show tunes, Don turned to folk music as a means of musical self expression. Joan Baez was his earliest, and strongest influence because of her integrity and honesty in choosing and singing songs which reflected her personal feelings about life. Don turned to songs of protest, particularly against the war, but though he would sing of peace, he felt no peace within himself, living in fear, frustration, and oppression because of being a homosexual.

He began to find an outlet for his feelings by writing songs which reflected his experiences. He decided one evening, 5 minutes before a concert he was giving at an Elks Club, that he could no longer continue to live his life as a lie. Taking the stage, he quietly announced that he was a homosexual and would like to sing some songs

of the "gay" life. After singing his first completely honest performance, this audience, which gasped at his announcement, gave him a standing ovation. At the urging of his lover, Leo Laurence (who started the Homosexual Liberation Movement in San Francisco), Don started singing his own songs to straight audiences as well as gay audiences. It is through their love for each other that Don has found growing within himself conviction about what he is doing. To express this in Don's own words, "Leo has made me feel the only way to freedom is honesty."

I have had the pleasurable and meaningful experience of talking to both Don and Leo (though I don't look forward to receiving this month's phone bill) and have learned of Don's oppression by the "media" agents who believe he is "too controversial", and by the nite clubs who believe he is "too political". Surprising but true, Don has experienced the indifference and apathy of homosexuals in gay bars such as the "Opera Club", who perhaps do not wish to discover the truth about themselves and their lives. This is apathy of much the same type that Nina Simone has experienced from a portion of the black audience (to say nothing of massive white apathy), who are not able to respond to their own oppression and needs to liberate themselves. Don told me that, for the most part, the straight audiences do listen, and listen attentively, responding enthusiastically. I wish I had been there to be able to relate to all of this experience personally. To my knowledge there is no one on the East Coast doing this type thing. (If there is, please let your voices be heard.) In the meantime, Don is certain of the direction in which he must continue despite current or future hardships and oppression. He will continue to sing of "our lives, our oppression, and mostly about love, to affirm" as he states "that love, all love, is beautiful and that all people must be free to love".

This writer hopes most sincerely that he will meet and hear Don personally, but for now, I am happy we are "brothers" united with our "sisters" to liberate "all people", with the hope that one day no one will say, "I Wish I Knew How It Would Feel To Be Free".

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