

come out!

25c

a liberation forum for the gay community



GAY LIBERATION FRONT

VOL 1 NO 5 NEW YORK SEPT OCT 1970

35c OUTSIDE NYC

Vol 1, #5, front page

OUR LETTERS

July 4, 1970

Dear brothers and sisters,

Each arena of movement struggle provides a special knowledge of freedom for each individual.

I read *Come Out*. To understand your freedom is to enrich my freedom.

Thank you for your revolution.

Sydney Cash

New York, June 10, 1970

Dear Bob and Ellen,

Please accept my deepest appreciation for your enlightening presentation to my classes. I assure you their response was enthusiastic for both your work and presence of mind. While some of my students are still gripped by fears associated with the confrontation process, others are prepared for the first time to examine the problems of sexualism critically.

I'm sure no experience this year has forced these students to explore themselves more than that experience you provided them with last week. They have been discussing your visit among themselves, with friends and members of their families. It was truly a "right on" session, more meaningful than we can probably judge. Again, many thanks.

Continued good health, happiness and the best to you both.

Sincerely,
Dr. Karl R. Rasmussen
Ass't Prof. Sociology
Graduate Division

Cubaanse Ambassade
Prinsevinkepark 5
DEN HAAG

Dear Mr. Ambassador:

According to the reality that true friendship also has to imply criticism (correctio fraterna), I am sending you separately a newspaper "COME OUT" of the so called 'Gay Liberation Front' in New York.

On page 13 of mentioned paper you will find a "Dialogue" about Cuba.

I want you to read both published letters very carefully in order to become aware of the contradictions in that many young friends find themselves by defending the Cuban Revolution.

Because I also am willing to speak about that with you personally, I may inform you about my future address in Holland after August 21, 1970:
c/o Theologisch Instituut
Canisiusweg 38
Nijmegen
Phone (08800) 58711

Cordially Yours,
Frans M. Richters
Hastings Hall
600 West 122nd Street
New York, N.Y. 10027

1 August 1970

Dear Sisters and Brothers,

Enclosed are several copies of Gay Liberation pages in the current *Willamette Bridge*. We're probably going to have 4 pages regularly from now on, which we can also distribute separately from the *Bridge*.

We're particularly happy that women who are not "student-radicals" are not only joining Gay Liberation, but taking on organizing responsibilities and writing articles, as in this issue. As a matter of fact, right now we are wondering how to pry more "hip" people out of their corners.

At our first Tuesday Night at the Coffee House we found that *everyone* who usually went to a bingo game at a bar came to our thing. Only 2 women showed at the bar and they wanted to leave to come where we were, but they were afraid of pissing off the bar owner! So the bars are beginning to hurt... and we feel great!

We received the 250 Come-Outs. Greyhound was a good idea — we usually wait a month for it from the East Coast.

Anyway, we are really going strong here. When we start doing a regular 4 pages, we'd like to send it out to other NW people (Ore., Wash., Idaho, Utah). Could we have names & addresses of any subscribers to *Come Out* in these states? Also, could you put a notice in the next *Come Out* about us and the Gay Lib people in Seattle? Do you have much of a circulation outside of NYC?

Towards Our Liberation,
Holly Hart
3753 SE Brooklyn
Portland, Or. 97202

July 7, 1970



photo by Ellen Bedoz

HERE I COME:

Name

Address

City

State and Zip

..... \$6 for the next 12 issues

..... \$10 for the next 25 issues

Send to: COME OUT

626 E. 9th St. apt. 19

NEW YORK 10009

SAMPLE COPIES .25¢

COME OUT is published by a collection of Radical Gay women and men which holds open contributors' meetings on Monday nights. Everyone is encouraged to attend, and to submit articles, features, artwork, ideas and criticism. As we go to press, the hour and location of open meetings are unknown. For up-to-the-minute information call 212-864-6487 and ask for info on COME OUT open meetings.

Gay Liberation is committed to replacing The American Empire with the sexually liberated community we know is the only one in which all people can be free. Radical Gay women and men are joining other oppressed peoples whenever possible in the struggle to destroy The Empire; we try to understand the unique abuses of their oppressions, their unique dreams of the liberated future, at the same time we try to explain to them why there will be no universal liberation unless we eliminate the ideas of sex which are the basis for psychosexual slavery in every major social system now feeding on the life of the planet.

GLF
OPEN MEETINGS
SUNDAYS - 8:00 P. M.
CHURCH OF THE HOLY APOSTLES
300 9TH AVENUE AT 28TH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

Vol 1, #5, page 2



Photo by Steve Rose

GAYS RIOT AGAIN!

Once again, the police stepped up their pre-election harassment of Village homosexuals; and once again, we struck back.

For a couple of weeks, police brutality against homosexuals rose to a new high, with beatings and interrogations on the streets of the Village, and a 'clean-up' campaign in the Times Square area which meant over 300 arrests during one week. A young man who was looking at a window display on Times Square was asked by one of New York's Fascists, 'Were you ever arrested?' 'No,' replied the youth. 'There's always a first time,' said the pig, and without being told of any charges, the young man was carted away.

For the first time, women have been hassled by pigs on the streets for being gay—possibly due to the increasing militancy of the Women's Liberation Movement. And so a coalition was formed—Gay Liberation Front, Gay Activists Alliance, Radical Lesbians and various Women's Liberation groups.

Assembling on 42nd Street and Eighth Avenue on Saturday night, August 29th, the groups unfurled their banners and marched several times around 42nd Street, to the amazement of the tourist crowd. We women grouped together in the middle, and to the chants of 'Out of the closets, into the streets!' and 'Gay, gay power to the gay, gay people!', we added, 'Male chauvinist, you better start shakin'—today's pig is tomorrow's bacon!'

After a few turns around the block, the march headed down past the 14th precinct, where it was scheduled to disperse. Since the street was dark and nearly deserted—except for us and some angry pigs—we decided to continue to the Village in order to avoid a battle.

Luck was not with us. On the way down, some straight hoods hurled a couple of bottles at our march, and two of our brothers had to be taken to the hospital with profusely-bleeding scalp wounds. The pig car refused to stop for us, and we had to get there in taxis.

We passed the Women's House of Detention, which inspired the slogan, 'Free our sisters—free-

ourselves! The sisters yelled back at us from behind prison bars, 'Power!' When we reached Sheridan Square, the march began to disperse, and we split to go to a party; but suddenly the word filtered back to us: the pigs were raiding the Haven, a gay bar on Sheridan Square. Masses of people, marchers and cruisers, crowded up in front of the Haven. A sister whispered to me, 'There's going to be trouble.' Sure enough, the cops started swinging their nightsticks, and people began to run. Those who had kept their heads began to chant in rhythm, 'Walk...walk...walk...'

Word came from behind us that the Women in the House of Detention had begun to riot and to burn their mattresses. We took the crowd back to the House of D. Sure enough, flaming objects were descending from the windows. Some say it was wads of newspaper; some say the sisters had caught rats in their cells and set them afire. We chanted, and they chanted back at us.

The pigs brought on more reinforcements, and our crowd was swelled by Village residents and cruising gay people and local radicals. The pigs moved us off one corner—we took another corner, keeping up the chants. A huge police bus arrived, and a shower of bottles exploded into fragments in front of its headlights—diamonds scattered before swine. Heads were busted. The cops picked up one elderly black man—who knows why—and dragged him into a patrol car. His wife, crying, pleaded for his release. They took her along with him.

The cops pushed us off one corner, and we took another. We took Eighth Street, which had been closed off as a pedestrian mall. I saw some men jumping up on police sawhorses and making speeches, but the words were lost in the roar of the crowd. The battle continued for two or three hours. About a dozen people were arrested.

Some of us stood under the barred windows of the House of D., shouting slogans in English and Spanish, 'Power to the sisters,' we yelled, and they yelled back, 'Power to the gay people!' One lone voice came down, 'I want to be free!'

by martha shelley

After midnight, the pigs closed off the pedestrian mall, sweeping the area of people. The rest of us dispersed.

Later, one sister complained to me that as she stood in front of the Haven, some of the people to her rear began to throw bottles at the police, thus provoking a club-swinging melee. Several of the people on the march are of the opinion that agents provocateurs were among us—throwing bottles from the rear while the people up front got clubbed, encouraging acts of violence and vandalism for which others got blamed. In particular, a Volkswagen was overturned. Several GLF'ers have Volkswagens. A record store was looted. Some of our members are self-employed or work in small shops, like record shops and head shops.

There are lessons to be learned from this action. On demonstrations or otherwise, one should never take any action which injures the people, nor should one steal from the people. Agents provocateurs should be surrounded and expelled from the demonstration, just like any germ that enters the bloodstream of a healthy organism. They should be pointed out to other people. Hot-heads should be dissuaded from using a demonstration as an excuse to behave in a manner which injures our cause.

Obviously, pig provocation—as in the increasing number of arrests and beatings of gays, and in the raid on the Haven—must be met with resistance. But our enemies are not anonymous owners of Volkswagens, nor small record shops.

On the whole, the demonstration was a success, both in terms of the increasing pride among members of the gay community and in the increasing support we are getting from Women's Liberation, the sisters in the House of D., and other members of the radical community. We're getting it together, and the pigs can't stop us now!

REMEMBER THE STONEWALL!



'Look, this is the blood of your brothers!' Hank Ferrari screamed and knelt down to scrape some of it from the puddle that lay on West Eighth Street. He smeared his cheeks with it and it remained on his cheeks for the rest of the night as a reminder that this was it: the revolution had begun. We had been there at the beginning. We gay people. Hank Ferrari, less than 110 pounds, running through the streets of The Village with the blood of his brothers on his cheeks.

And everyone who was there knew it. Everyone except the tourists of the West Village. But the pigs knew it. The straight hip people of The Village knew it. And we gay people knew it. The revolution has begun and gay people are now in it!



COME OUT COMMENT: STEVE ROSE'S PHOTOS OF SATURDAY'S DEMONSTRATIONS SIGNIFICANTLY EXCLUDE WOMEN'S PARTICIPATION. HIS CAMERA IS AN EXTENSION OF HIS MALE SUPREMACIST VISION.

LET A HUNDRED FLOWERS BLOOM

by Bernard Lewis and Martha Shelley

Time was when you could easily keep abreast of the growth of homosexual organizations. Up until as recently as even ten years ago, the count was so comparatively low, you could tick off the organizations functioning on one or two hands. The first organization there is a record of in this country was set up in 1925, but it did not last very long; and one of these writers can remember back to when there were none around at all. But as of today, there are literally hundreds of homosexual groupings strewn over the length and breadth of the United States. These groupings reflect a wide enough spectrum politically, socially, organizationally so that each different one of us (especially in New York) can easily find his or her own niche.

Two new groups are in their formative stages now, directly or indirectly, as a development stemming from the June 28th Christopher Street Liberation Day (Umbrella) Committee. One is a direct outgrowth of this committee, the New York Division of that committee. Because of special needs, New York has decided to constitute itself a continuations committee active through the year, not only in preparation for the next Liberation Day march (as it is expected the other regional committees will continue to be) but as an independent committee concerned with reaching out to the unorganized individual men and women homosexuals in New York City (the majority of homosexuals here and elsewhere, like the majority of the entire population, is uncommitted, unorganized and unheard).

In attending a meeting of the committee and in talking with individual committee members (Mike Brown, Craig Rodwell, Brenda Howard), we found that the committee, although as yet unstructured, is talking about setting certain tasks for itself.

As they see their reason for being, they can be the center for all homosexuals as individuals to turn to for social involvement, counsel or advice, plans for actions, the actions themselves, community activities — no

matter what their politics, no matter what their interests. Among the projects they intend to undertake, one in the forefront is the establishment of a printing center for the homosexual movement that will do offset, duplicating, printing, art work, posters. A committee of small gay businesswomen and men is being organized to work with the New York Committee. Fund-raising will be important for the committee to make possible the implementation of plans and projects forecast.

As a neutral organization, the committee will take no political direction, will be concerned with the movement as a whole and work for the benefit not only of organizations but of individual people.

One big project now under discussion, along with the printing center, is a training center for parade marshalls, for people who will be trained to cool off situations that could result in physical conflict. Other plans call for the setting up of an apparatus (such as a switchboard) for channeling information of special interest to the homosexual community, for coordinating actions in an emergency. One of their number has jocularly referred to themselves as "the minutemen of the homosexual movement." Members of the committee speak not only of reacting to needs, but of initiating acts: gay-ins, rallies.

As they are discussing their formation, some members of the committee are calling for keeping the committee small with larger peripheral numbers ready to be involved and ready for acceptance into the committee on the basis of merit shown in their work. The people relating to the committee will have or learn skills which would be available for necessary actions. It is clear from listening to individual committee members and committee sessions that this New York committee sees itself as operating with no official spokesmen or leaders but as working together as a coagulating force.

The New York Homosexual Community Council is also, as we can tell from its name, a New York group, and it also sprang up out of a need which it felt was not

being met: a need for organizations to resolve misunderstandings among themselves, as reflected in the reluctance of a number of organizations to relate to the June 28th March out of what proved to be an unfounded fear that some organizations were planning violence. The Council is concerned not with individuals, but with organizations; organizations all having the same goal, the liberation of women and men homosexuals, but sometimes differing in methods of action. Thus, when a misunderstanding arises, communication will be possible through meetings of the council which can be called by any one of the participating organizations at any time. The aim of the council and its member organizations as explained to us in a discussion with Mike Kotis of Mattachine, one of the initiators of the council, is to find areas of cooperation, overcoming differences for the sake of the common goal wherever possible. There are to be no officers, no treasury. Since they do not see themselves as a power center, they expect no power struggle. The Council sees itself as a center through which new ideas can be channeled to and from organizations and from one organization to others.

The Council has issued this statement of purpose and organization:

NEW YORK HOMOSEXUAL COMMUNITY COUNCIL

Purpose: To meet at regular intervals and/or at the request of any member organization in order to plan cooperative activities, communicate general information, discuss relevant ideas relating to homosexual liberation, and to resolve misunderstandings among member organizations.

Organization: NYHCC is an informal confederation of New York City's homosexual civil rights, membership organizations. It is composed of authorized leaders and/or representatives of these same organizations.

OUT OF THE DUNES & INTO THE STREETS!

A new kind of action in Provincetown

P-Towners had an added attraction this Fourth of July: a mini-march of homosexuals that showed a great deal of kutsphah.

About one hour after the traditional and uninspired holiday march of floats, fire engines, officials, school children, bathing beauties, and horses, Gays gathered at the wharf. The Gay march was to start at 1 P.M.

Three of us — all Lavender Menaces — were on our way to the big event with posters rolled up and tucked under our arms. One of us, March Hoffman, had been publicizing the march in her leather shop where she distributes literature, posters, and acts as an unofficial Gay community center. March brought Come Outs with her. Nobody appeared to be heading toward the wharf with any sense of urgency or purpose and not a poster was in sight. One block from the wharf I questioned March. "Where is everybody?" "Well," she filled me in, "there was no permit given. Frank Morgan from the Homophile Union of Boston tried to get one, but nothing doing." Good reason and no reason, I thought. We would have to show them.

Near the wharf about 25 people stood in groups of twos and threes — also with signs rolled up — rapping, exchanging addresses, and selling buttons. And it was 1 P.M. Too few to start, we thought and decided to wait until 2. A few people from Boston were not there yet. It was an overcast day, so people were not at the beaches. At 2 things hadn't changed much. Our ranks had swelled to about 35 and we were still quiet and separated. No momentum or solidarity was building.

A few of us called the group in a huddle to discuss. Signs began opening up and most of us put on lavender

arm bands (which we wore the rest of the weekend). A bit fearful, but strongly committed, we started to line up. I started some chants to build my own courage in the front line. As we were only about four lines, this was no big deal. "Say it Loud, Gay is Proud," and "Power to the People, Gay-Gay Power to the Gay-Gay People."

I had my arm linked with a good-looking blond fellow from Boston and my lover on the other side. A lot of different feelings were racing through me. Our confidence was building and our voices grew louder. I stood up straighter. Some hesitants saw our fast-growing solidarity and joined. We were maybe 60 when we reached the corner and turned onto Commercial, into two of the toughest policemen I have seen. "You're blocking traffic," said the one. "No, you are," we said. "We are marching peacefully and moving along — or were until you stopped us." Crowds began forming around us. Shouts of "Let them march!" were heard frequently. After more than a casual glance, the police looked at each other and then asked if we would accept a police escort. We agreed, and a rather strange chant broke out called "We love the police." This must have made them very happy — being loved by us.

Down Commercial, past the shops, into the residential area, out on the highway and to the beach we march shouting "Out of the Dunes and onto the Streets," and summoning reluctant Gays — many of whom were astonished. Windows and doors flew open, but we never attracted more than 20 or 30 new people en route.

The march was important, but not a triumph, as one paper reported. A march of thousands might have been,


but not dozens, especially when the greatest number of spectators were homosexuals instead of marchers.

That night at the bars I talked with girls who said "We're not oppressed. We can do anything anyone else can. The march was silly." (And one of the girls who concurred had just been fired for being a "not very oppressed" Lesbian.)

The next night my lover and I encountered a new kind of myopia. The cast of the Provincetown Playhouse announced between one-act plays that they were going to commemorate the arrival of pilgrims who sought freedom by giving money to oppressed groups. They had decided on HELP and the Panthers, but had discussed the Indians, etc., etc. (no mention of homosexuals).

We confronted the senior member of the cast at intermission. "Can't you see all the oppressed homosexuals in this town? the Indians have left." "That is interesting and important," the man said. "As a matter of fact, I read in the Mattachine newsletter about the Puerto Rican who was impaled trying to escape police" (wasn't he saying something to us?) A community leader who seemed to understand the problems all too well ignored us.

The march was a beginning of P-Town liberation. But what is needed is massive consciousness-raising. How could the town leaders who make their bread off of Gays (and overlapping Gay leaders) be so unaware and unconscious? Another march is being discussed for Labor Day. And next time we must try to get Gays out of the closets, beds, bars, and dunes and show people there are more than 100 Gays in P-Town who are proud.



THE SUNDAY NIGHT MEETING

by Robin de Luis

Originally this was to be a newsy, straightforward summary of GLF Sunday Night Meeting activities. In view of recent heavy internal and external problems, the merit of such an approach is questionable.

GLFs in New York, San Francisco and L.A. have been the catalysts for other gay organizations across the country which look to us for advice and ideas. Along the grapevine it's known that all three organizations are having serious problems, and continue to exhibit sexism, racism and middle class political attitudes.

Up Front these organizations continue to attempt to present an image of being together and carrying out great things. One can only question the honesty and fairness of this, particularly in view of the more serious oppression faced by our brothers and sisters in less anonymous locales. Are we really in the position to be telling it like it is when we can't even begin to deal with ourselves?

The divisions present in New York GLF a year ago are still there, only more recognizable now. Perhaps it took the beauty and joy of Christopher Street Liberation Day to bring our problems into their true perspective.

Where did they all come from, and more meaningful, where did they go back to — the drag queens, bull dykes,

Or Come Out to What?

the blacks and browns, the straight looking ones — sans consciousness raising, lacking a year of struggling for the right attitudes, somehow able to march proud and Up Front, hand in hand, unafraid. Many of the same people from the Stonewall, who started it all and have seen it somehow become a white middle class thing.

Taken (ripped off?) and nurtured into a magical new thing that cuts across all lines and barriers, but somehow appeals only to a certain few. Promulgations come forth while people need love, shelter, food, companions — all the silly things that people have been duped into believing they need. A new society, a new alternative. Classless, roleless, loverless, maybe loveless. Somehow we have all the expendable goodies, except the ones we need — how to feel, how to care.

Familiar faces are no longer here. Are they alive and well, or does it matter? Men are beaten in the streets for holding hands, and we rap about it. Women are harassed and insulted, and we struggle for the correct way to deal with it. "Brothers" and "sisters", words used easily

when we make emotional appeals, but do they really mean anything to us. Has the sterile, unloving Amerikan way taken away everything from us? Many things we're falsely accused of, but it always seemed nice to be an outcast for being "sensitive"...

Our people are being busted in the streets, mugged in the parks, murdered in dark alleys and their homes. Many of them people who've come to us for help, making appeals which were real but perhaps not sophisticated enough, and we failed to respond. Be pretty, be together, and we'll offer our all.

Just keep in mind that while we're coming out, let's take a good look at where we're going. Is Gay Liberation just another quasi-radical, white middle class movement to go the way of all other such movements? Or can it somehow develop what appears to be the potential for the comradeship and sense of unity so needed to bring about the cultural revolution needed in this unloving land.

Or do we go back to the closets and the streets? Let's find out before we burn all our bridges back.

AFRAID OF WHAT?

by E. Bedaz

Several weeks ago, the men of G.L.F.'s Aquarius cell — a fund raising and work unit of GLF — attempted to arbitrarily without consulting the GLF community, split our community center fund into two parts — one for men and one for women. That action and the ensuing discussion raised a very important issue which has great bearing on the direction in which GLF will move and whether we will all move together.

It was generally conceded that the Aquarius men acted out of fear — fear that the women were so strong and so together that they would make unreasonable demands on the men. These fears are perhaps shared to varying degrees by other men in GLF. However, they are not justified by the history of the organization.

When the GLF women first decided to hold all women's dances, many men voiced strong objections. There were fears that the organization was splitting and fears that the women would usurp GLF's allotted time at Alternate U. for themselves, without regard to men's needs. What actually did happen was that not only did women continue to relate to GLF with a heightened sense of consciousness, but many new women were introduced to GLF through the dances. The women did not, as anticipated by some men, demand most of the dance dates at A.U., nor even close to half the available time. In a 4 month period, 3 women's dances were held; 2 at A.U. and a third at the Church of the Holy Apostle. And when women were informed that the Church was available to us in the future, we relinquished our option to a dance date at A.U. for July so the men could use it.

In a similar manner, the women, deciding to create a separate treasury so we could relate autonomously to the needs of the lesbian community, did not demand most of the money nor even half of the money in the community treasury, but a very small sum (far less proportionally than our numbers in the organization) — enough to fund a first dance to get us started.

It seems clear that the women have tried to determine and meet their needs with fairness and careful regard for men's needs and the unity of GLF. The men's fears of unreasonable and excessive demands coming from women seem to have no basis in fact. This is not to deny that the fears exist, but simply to demonstrate that the fears have their origin in something other than the women's behavior. Once this is understood, GLF men can no longer, in good conscience, make GLF women the excuse for their inaction. Obviously these fears have a cause; but what is indicated is that they stem from sources quite unrelated to what has gone down at GLF and have been misdirected onto GLF women as the most readily available targets.

Such misdirected fears and the resulting tensions and hostilities they create have always kept people divided from each other in betrayal of their mutual interests. It is exactly this that makes the poor Southern white — who has nothing to gain from racism save false pride, and everything to lose because he is separated from his class interests — into an embittered racist. His fear and rage are skillfully manipulated so they are directed away from the oppressor and onto the oppressed with whom he has everything in common save the illusion of his relative privilege. In GLF this misdirected fear expresses itself through sexism which is just as destructive and divisive as racism. Sexism has the potential to keep homosexuals and lesbians divided and to direct gay men's energies away from an analysis that could reveal who the beneficiaries of homosexual sexism are and where our real struggle lies.

We call ourselves a liberation front and acknowledge that liberation begins with ourselves. But a frightened man is not a liberated man. MEN WILL HAVE TO CONFRONT THEIR FEARS, TEST THEM AGAINST REALITY, ANALYZE THEM, DISCOVER THEIR SOURCE, AND PLACE THAT DISCOVERY WITHIN A POLITICAL FRAME OF REFERENCE. This can be

accomplished through consciousness raising. Only then will a clear direction for men's energies emerge. These fears, misdirected, misunderstood, and with no political analysis create an atmosphere of mistrust and tension in GLF which is tragically wasteful of men's energies and extremely oppressive to women. Clearly, they carry the seeds for the destruction of our very fragile unity.

Once this is understood, we can perhaps begin to deal honestly with our problems and conflicts. Once men begin to discover the politics of their misplaced fears they will stop anticipating excessive demands from women and thereby stop reacting to women's statements with hostility. This in turn would enable the women to drop a defensive posture which has become their armor against this unwarranted hostility. Women must feel free to unequivocally make their needs known. And men must be free to pursue their ends unhampered by unrealistic fears and with a clear understanding of the political implications of their feelings. Only then can an atmosphere of real trust develop so we can honestly relate to each other as sisters and brothers.

An organization made up of groups with differing needs is going to have to cope with conflicts of interest. Without mutual trust, differing needs can be divisive — with trust they can be resolved. Sometimes compromise will be indicated as a way of reducing conflict. But it is important to bear in mind that our sexist conditioning has been always, to give precedence to men's needs over women's. We must constantly be on our guard against this — it is the epitome of women's oppression and the antithesis of our vision of human liberation.

dear brothers dear brothers dear brothers,

Any of you having difficulty with your Draft Board write to JEREMIAH c/o "COME-OUT", and I'll try my best to help you with your draft problems.

SODOMY IN THE COURTS

BUCHANAN OUT OF JAIL

Bo Siewert, Editor, MCC News

Alvin L. Buchanan was released on bond from the Dallas Jail Monday afternoon. The bond of \$5,000 was put up by his attorney, Henry J. McCluskey, from funds that have been, in part, contributed from people of the Los Angeles Homophile Community.

In a telephone interview with Buchanan's attorney, I learned that Buchanan had been threatened with great bodily harm as he also faced the possibility of being put in the "hole" by E. L. Holman, Chief Jailer at the Dallas Jail.

In the case of Buchanan vs. Wade, decided on January 21, 1970, by a Federal District Court in Dallas, the sodomy law of Texas was declared unconstitutional. Alvin L. Buchanan had been arrested and charged under that law. His attorney, Henry L. McCluskey, Jr., of Dallas, at once challenged the constitutionality of the statute. Learning of this, a married couple, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Gibson, then entered the case on behalf of married persons "who feared prosecution for possible future acts." Following this, Travis Strickland, a homosexual not charged with any offense, joined the case in order to assert the rights of unmarried persons.

This remarkable series of actions marks the first time in American legal history that the constitutionality of a sodomy law, one similar to those in effect in 48 of the

States, has ever actually reached the courts. By filing an appeal with the U.S. Supreme Court, Dallas County District Attorney Henry Wade set in motion legal steps which guarantee that the Supreme Court must hear the case. It might be at least 10 years before another such case would likely reach the court. This means that the Homophile Community now has offered to it an opportunity to participate in an action never before brought to the Supreme Court and probably not apt to come up again soon.

Attorney McCluskey has now filed a cross appeal to the Supreme Court on behalf of Buchanan and Strickland. He is handling this action without fee. In support of this appeal, the American Civil Liberties Union is filing an amicus curiae (Friend of the Court) brief. It is now up to the Homophile Community to demonstrate its own support to the Supreme Court and show nation-wide backing for the appeal. He offers to act without fee in filing another amicus curiae on behalf of Homophile Organizations and individuals.

The brief mentioned above costs \$6.00 a page to be printed and, because of the many pages needed, this is an enormous expense.

Funds are also desperately needed to support Mr. Buchanan, as the publicity given this case has ruined his chances for gainful employment. He is living in a Dallas hotel where a room costs \$4.00 per day. He also needs money for food and personal expenses.

I am appealing to every person who reads this article to send a contribution immediately to help this brave man. Make checks payable to Henry J. McCluskey, Jr. and mail them to:

Bo Siewert, Editor, MCC News
P.O. Box 38098
Hollywood, California 90038

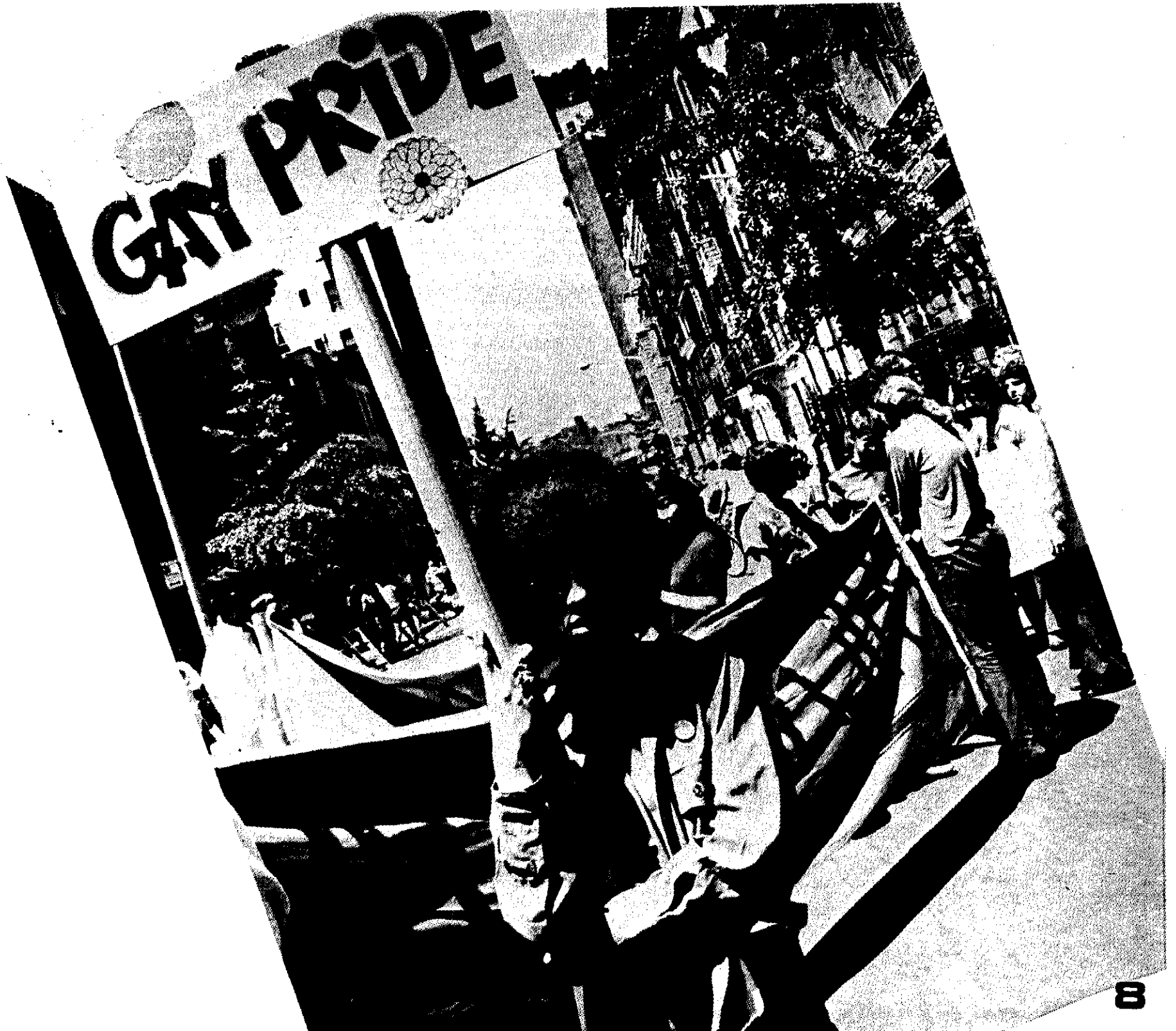
Tuesday morning during a telephone interview with Alvin Buchanan, I also learned that his health has been greatly impaired during his confinement. He has been in jail, off and on, for nearly a year. E. L. Holman, Chief Jailer at the Dallas Jail, forced Buchanan to write Reverend Troy Perry and tell him he could no longer receive the Metropolitan Community Church publications. Alvin alleges he was also told he could no longer write to the good Reverend and that MCC was verbally abused by Holman, he added. The heterosexual prisoners were allowed to enter the tank where Buchanan (and other members of our Community) were held at various times. Alvin further states that at these times they were sadistically used, both for the other prisoners' sexual gratification as well as the pleasure they derived from beating them severely.

During his stay in the Dallas Jail, Buchanan reported that he lost three teeth, had his eyes blackened on numerous occasions and is now suffering with a stomach ailment probably caused from a combination of beatings and poor food.

He also stated that had he been put in the "hole", as Holman threatened, he would have been there for 30 days on bread and water, under unspeakable conditions.

Alvin wishes me to thank all of the people who have aided him. He said that never before has he realized the true meaning of the words compassion and friendship.

I repeat my plea to help this cause; it will benefit each and every one of us.



NEWS

LOS ANGELES (by A. Douglas)

The Southern California establishment newsmedia is giving tremendous coverage to Gay Liberation. One of the L.A. dailies gave front-page banner coverage to the CHLR hunger strike and assigned a reporter full-time to the Gay scene. L.A. radio and tv hyped the June 28 parade considerably with hourly blurbs and interviews with Gay Lib people. The *LA Times* and LAPD chief Davis are bitter enemies and the *Times* gave excellent coverage to the court hassle between LAPD and Gay Lib over parade permits for the June 28 march. An important aspect of the superior court decision granting the permits was that it was granted on the grounds that the LAPD was trying to discriminate against a minority group.

No action has yet been taken concerning investigation into the deaths of Larry Laverne Turner and Virginia Gallegos, Gays killed by LAPD recently. Both were shot to death. Police claim Turner resisted arrest and was dressed in feminine attire. Gallegos allegedly attacked three LAPD with a knife in a Gay bar. In California no inquest is required unless the LAPD thinks it is necessary.

The *LA Free Press* may put out a Gay supplement in August and it may become a regular feature. Send items of interest to Ralph Shaeffer, 1822 W. 4th St., L.A., Calif. 90057

NEW YORK HOMOSEXUAL COMMUNITY COUNCIL

NYHCC has no officers nor informal leaders. Each group in the confederation will share equal status with all other groups with the "host organization" for a particular meeting acting as chairman of that meeting. Decisions are made by consensus. If a question requires a vote, a decision is made by a simple majority of those organizations present (except in the case of the acceptance, rejection, or expulsion of an organization) with each group having one vote. These decisions will not be binding upon any group in opposition. Where there is conflicting opinion within a single group's representation, that group will caucus to achieve an agreed-upon position. If that group cannot reach such an agreed-upon decision, it shall lose its vote on the question before the Council.

Meetings will be held on a rotating basis at the locations designated by the host organization and accepted by a simple majority of the remaining organizations.

Now relating to the council—already are GLF, GAA, Mattachine, DOB, HI.

GLF WALKOUT

Two Gay Liberation Front representatives walked out of a planning meeting of the New York Strategy Action Conference after the defeat of a motion to add "gay liberation" to the list of interest groups participating.

Tony Diaman and Brenda Howard left the meeting after a six to five vote let stand the original wording of the call to the 29 regional conference.

The sentence in question read, "That local Black, White, Brown and Red* militants, rank and file labor organizations, peace groups, civil rights movements, students, poverty groups, women's liberation and everyone else must get together on a local basis and seek out the common issues that confront them all and begin the pragmatic steps to deal together with these issues."

Those at the meeting earlier discussed the lack of Black support which was evident at this planning meeting. With forces trying to make the planned conference acceptable to middle class white liberals, the minority groups have not been able to resolve the problems of racism and sexism in the planning stage alone, much less bring about the kind of broad coalition hopefully desired.

Commenting about the unconditional inclusion of the gay liberation movement, Brenda Howard said, "The question here is whether this body will fight against or support the oppression of gay people."

Those who spoke against the motion claimed that homosexuals are not an oppressed minority, that the conference should limit itself to the issues of war and racism, and that the inclusion of gay liberation would alienate other perspective participants in the conference.

Tony Diaman stated that, "If we were invited to participate in this conference of movement groups, then we will participate as equals. Both racism and sexism are important issues. To include us while refusing to mention our participation is mere tokenism."

Following the walkout, the entire sentence was struck from the letter and since that time two attempts have been made by conference leaders to get GLF back into the conference but there is little enthusiasm about entering through the back door.

(by Tony Diaman)

OFFING THE SHRINKS

Dear Sisters and Brothers —

On Tuesday, June 23, eighteen women and men of Chicago Gay Liberation invaded the American Medical Association National Convention here in Chicago. The occasion was a workshop on Family Medicine at which Dr. Charles Socarides was to speak. A psychiatrist practicing in New York City, Socarides is an "authority" on homosexuals and is foremost spokesman for the school of psychiatry that proclaims that homosexuality is a disease, and must therefore be treated as a medical problem which requires a cure. The members of Gay Liberation decided that we could not allow our arch-enemy to go unchallenged. We scattered ourselves throughout the hall and waited for him to begin his address. As soon as he said the word "homosexual" one invader shouted "homosexuals are beautiful" and ten others jumped up to distribute the prepared leaflet. We then settled back with our arms around each other to hear all about ourselves. At appropriate points throughout his speech, invaders would shout such challenges as "that's a moral judgment" and "you're making things up" and "do you cure your straight patients of heterosexuality?" When Socarides repeated

this point about the male and female being physiologically adapted to each other, one audience participant yelled, "a woman's breasts don't fit into a man's chest." After Socarides finished, one furious doctor demanded to know by what authority we were attending the session. Another doctor suggested that the issue that the Gay Liberation people were raising should be given legitimacy, and that one homosexual should join Socarides and the other authorities on the panel. A gay guerrilla raised the objection that there were women homosexuals and men homosexuals and that both groups would have to be represented. A gay woman and a gay man then took their places on the panel and explained that homosexuals are not inherently sick, but that society and psychiatrists force them to think of themselves as sick. Socarides reiterated his position about gender identity being confused by childhood trauma, which by now must have sounded pretty lame to just about everyone present. That evening a man called the number on the leaflet and said that he approved of the action we'd done. "I'm a doctor," he explained. "I'm gay."

Step May
Chicago Gay Liberation
1212 E. 59th St.
Chicago, 60637

Vol 1, #5, pg 9.

The Emperor's New Clothes

by Pat Maxwell
(A TRANSEXUAL)



Woodcut Perry Brass

Men write the script, design the costumes, and direct the play. A female role is just as clearly a male creation as is a male role. Unmask Marilyn Monroe and you will find Arthur Miller *in drag*. It's as cliché as two sides of a coin. Charles Atlas was created out of the aggressive feelings and the bathing beauty was created out of the receptive feelings of the same male chauvinist.

Most men project their desires to be receptive on women. Due to the oppressive nature of the female role in this society, a straight man can freely pretend to be Charley Haddon when he feels assertive, but when he feels receptive, he must project his own desires to have big boobs and a friendly cunt on his female companion. I believe that men live out these desires by using women as their "dolls." Aphrodite sprang out of Zeus' head, Eve was born from Adam's rib, the frog magically became a beautiful princess — man's transexual fantasies are endless. Only the transexual man takes the responsibility for his own fantasy and becomes a "woman."

Under stress, some males' desire to be receptive becomes too great to be denied or projected, and they flip. Heads I win, tails you lose, the king becomes a queen. *Only a man can be a woman!* The queen comes from man's affirmation of his "woman" role, and not, as popularly stated, from his scorn for a real woman. When a man becomes a woman, he feels the total weight of oppression that the male chauvinist dumps on us as women. If you don't believe me, ask a queen out to lunch.

At this time roles are not clearly understood and we need to fully explore the way that we use roles, and the ways that roles use us. Much is said about oppressive roles. But is a role freely chosen the same as a role which is imposed upon us from above? The game of role playing seems to be popular among children. Ask Peanuts. We express our inner personality thru our outer appearance. Look in the mirror. Ain't that so Mr. Revolutionary? Does a hip Venceremos Brigadier look like Che or does he not? The female role is a man's expression or affirmation of another side of his nature. Let the sunshine thru.

Men are more reluctant to discuss roles than women. Perhaps the fact that little girls were not able to dress in the costumes of the opposite sex and little boys were not indicates the extent of the pressures which have caused this male uptightness. I believe all children have a desire to try out every conceivable role around. Anyway I did. Since I wished to try out both sex roles, I'm assuming that so did my brother. My sister sometimes was a sailor, sometimes I was a cowboy, but never did I see my brother in a dress! What's it all about Alfie?

How many males could tell you, but won't — or would tell you but can't — that one and only time they put on mother's high heels? Ask Alfie's father. The straight father's scorn and ridicule for women is clearly expressed when a boy tries to be a girl. Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman, hippie and yippie, why did you dress in all those costumes, Indian drag, police drag, Uncle Sam drag, and never once cross the sex role boundary? You came so close to the point, and then you petered out. Just couldn't keep it up, hippie brother.

When a man in our society grows his hair long, puts on a dress, and walks among us, she is in effect giving up his male privilege. She is not oppressing women, she is threatening men! The queen is the lavender menace to the male chauvinist. When every man is able to cross the sex role boundary, then and only then will women cease to be sex objects. The Gay Liberation movement should affirm and not deny the transexual in us all. Queens are in the vanguard of the sexual revolution. Come out now and avoid the rush!

CLEARING MY HEAD by Christine Diachishin

Although I have been in Women's Liberation for over a year now, my first reaction to Gay Liberation was not very liberated at all. I'm embarrassed to admit that my first response to learning that a good friend of mine had come out was a very "proper", culturally conditioned one. "Oh well, I know she's slept with men, so she's really only bisexual... maybe this is just a passing phase. . . ."

My first panicky thoughts were cut off abruptly once and for all by the second response. This was the firm conviction, strengthened by many years of liberalism and most recently by radicalism, that every person has

the right to conduct his or her sexual life the way he or she wants to.

Having decided what I thought of my friend's gayness, I could have generalized this attitude to cover all other gay people and neatly dismissed Gay Lib from my thoughts. Gay Lib could have become something touching other people, but never involving me. But the more I read and thought about it, the more I realized that Gay Lib speaks to all women who work closely together, have affection for each other and enjoy each other's company. Which means, of course, that Gay Lib speaks directly to Women's Lib.

Gay Lib is reassuring because it tells me not to be up-tight about feelings of love I have for my sisters. It's a relief to admit, without shame or fear, that I am physically attracted to women I know and love in other ways. Even if I never actually enter a sexual relationship with another woman, Gay Lib has helped clear my mind of old worries and doubts. Those feelings of love are a natural and beautiful outcome of working, planning, sharing, and struggling together for our liberation.

Women's Lib already has a radical analysis of our political situation. Let us be equally fearless and radical when examining our own personal feelings and lives. 10

THE MARCH *by Jeremiah*

The march. What about the march — were you there? That Sunday morning I was making love to a beautiful boy by the name of Jack who I met the night before at the Washington Square Methodist church.

I watched the clock every now and then, and soon it was time to leave for the march. Believe me we hated to leave the bed, but leave we did and soon we were on our way holding hands walking down Eighth Avenue. Did I say holding hands down Eighth Avenue — you bet I did. Why shouldn't two people who are in love hold hands? When we arrived at Sheridan Square, the parade had already left. I asked a lady that was standing on the corner of Christopher Street "What happened to the parade?" "It left," she said. "Go to Sixth Avenue and you can catch up with them." As we turned away she called out — "Now you two boys behave yourself and don't act like Faggots." "Shove it," Jack called out. With that we ran to Sixth Avenue laughing all the way. Now let me tell you people that the parade was moving pretty fast, and we could not catch up to it. So pooling our resources, we caught a taxi. "Thirty-fourth Street, driver." There we were at Thirty-fourth Street, and Sixth Avenue, and here comes the parade.

The parade! — how can I describe the parade?

Can you imagine brothers and sisters laughing together under a beautiful Sun that shone down upon God's children. The vibrations were fantastic. People were laughing and singing. People were marching along really loving each other.

photo by

Diana Davies

Jack and I waited until the G.L.F. banner came dancing by. And then we joined the parade. So we marched up Sixth Avenue all of us together. Any hostility that might have been directed toward us wasn't at all apparent. Oh yes — people were standing behind some barricades snapping their brownies. And the police were looking terribly funny. "Right On," Reminiscences.

Several years ago, long before the Stonewall days, the Gay streets weren't kind to us. I remember one incident in particular, a very lovely Queen was walking up Greenwich Avenue. Now behind her came two cops, one tripped her, she falling to the ground, her wig falling off. Let me say at that time dressing up in drag was illegal. So wigless, the cops pushed her into the waiting squad car for the trip that she would make to the Tombs. As they pushed her into the car, she said quite beautifully — "HANDS OFF COPPER, I'M A LADY!" Now as we

were marching there she was on the parade line looking quite beautiful. "See her, Jack." "See who," Jack said kissing me on the cheek. "I'll tell you later," I said.

Now right ahead of us was the park. A cheer went up — "GIVE ME A G, GIVE ME AN A." As we neared Sheep Meadow it seemed as if we were flying. We indeed marched triumphantly into the Meadow. As we reached the slight hill that is there, the people turned around and looked at the other people that were entering the Meadow. Soon we were packed tight. There were hundreds of us — THOUSANDS, it seemed and perhaps there were. Jack said to me that this was the most beautiful thing that he had ever been to. And I can honestly agree with him. People were cheering. People were throwing up their hands in glory. "GAY POWER."

The march — What about the march — Will you be at the next one? Why wait, join us now.



photo by Diana Davies

WE DID IT! *by Perry Brass*

We did it! The Park was right there and it was ours. We had done it. It did not seem possible that it could be over, that the long march could be over, that the long march had been the culmination of the long, wonderful weekend, a weekend of love and warmth and talking and seeing new people and finding out new things about ourselves as new people, how could this be over? So the park was right there and once we got there the question was what to do with it? Where was the music? Where were the speakers? What were we going to do with the Park? And the answer, of course, was us. We were the speakers. Maybe fourteen thousand speakers. We were the music. Maybe fourteen thousand pieces of music, all of it inside of us, from the Stones to Mahler. And we were love. It was all around us, possibly the first time love had reappeared in the park on such a large scale since the first Easter Be-In three years ago when once before, to my knowledge, the Sheep Meadow was filled with love. For we were there outrageously upfront with our love for each other. The world saw what we were for the first time in God knows, indeed only God knows, how many years. As one of the parade marshals said, "Sing it loud, sing it clear! We're not in the dark, crowded gay bars now; we're out in the open. Sing it loud. Sing it clear. Gay is proud. Gay is here!"

For some people the march was and will be one of the highest points in their lives. The courage that it took

for some people to make those first steps from Sheridan Square into Sixth Avenue and out of the Village was the summoning up of a whole lifetime's desire to finally come clear, to say the truth as it is, to expose themselves nakedly than any pin-up boy in any flesh book, to show their heads as well as their bodies and to put their heads and souls where their bodies have been for so many years. It meant the possibility of taking all consequences unquestionably. For some people this would be the first time in their lives they had indeed come out, come out of hiding, come out from the docks, the dark bars, the unlighted avenues that have been their refuges and face their parents, schools, jobs, all of the media's blackmail capacity that has made everything out in the streets now out in the country. But that was where we were: out of the closets and into the streets. "If your mother could only see you now!" one old man on a sidewalk in the village shouted. Well she certainly could if she tried hard enough and it's about time she did. Because it's about time fourteen million (give or take a few million according to Kinsey) people in America stopped being bachelors or single Americans and started being gay women and men.

For some people the March was the thing. Or getting to the park. "TOGETHER. Together!" And right-on to that!

But for many people the whole week had been one of

the busiest, most fruitful weeks of their lives and that was that. It had been a week of gay pride. It had been a week of saying "Do you know what week this is?" And answering, "yes, it's gay pride week." It had been a time of walking up to people you didn't know and watching their faces when they read things handed to them that said THIS IS GAY PRIDE WEEK and that was that. It was a fact. Whether you were gay, straight, or ambidextrous, that was it. It was Gay Pride Week just like the coming of a holiday you've never heard about and suddenly discovered and the holiday became a time and feeling, a mass feeling, like Mardi Gras.

Sunday night some of us were tired. The festival had exploded in front of us like a great firework that we had only hoped would come off and, wow, had it, but we were very tired from meeting new people from all over the country and feeding them at Washington Square Church and hassling with winos and dancing at GAA's massive Dance or at GLF's little dances vibrant with twisting, joyous circle dances, and workshops at AU, and sit-ins, and from people. Most of all from people, new people, old people, angry and loving people. Tired from coming out and being ourselves, a much harder trip than the three mile walk from Sheridan Square to the Park; not walking in protest but in affirmation that we exist and are together to love together and we are gay and WE ARE GAY PRIDE WEEK.

T. W. G. R.
THIRD WORLD GAY REVOLUTION

Early in July, after the activities of Gay Pride Week, a need was felt for an organization which would bring together the gay sisters and brothers of the third world. (Third World is a term used to include blacks, Latin Americans, and all other peoples of color.)

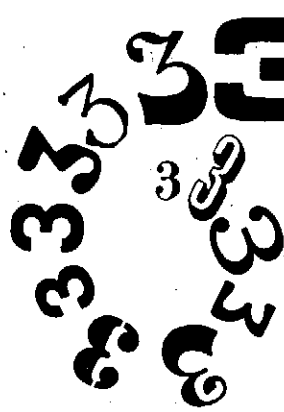
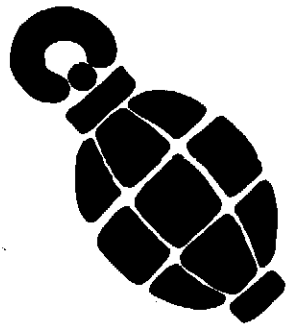
Third world gays suffer an oppression which is not shared by our white sisters and brothers, one which they could never really FEEL. Therefore, despite the many organizations emerging in the Gay Liberation movement, third world people haven't been able to relate to any of these. This is due to the inherent racism found in any white group with white leadership and white thinking.

The THIRD WORLD GAY REVOLUTION, started only 4 or 5 weeks ago, has formed 2 consciousness raising groups — with both men and women, blacks and Latins in each group. The organization also had 9 representatives at the planning session for the Revolutionary Peoples' Constitutional Convention, sponsored by the Black Panthers.

Dig it. All the works in these pages were done by Third World gay brothers and sisters, members of T.W.G.R. The variety in these works reflects the variety of peoples in T.W.G.R., their being presented together reflects the togetherness which characterizes T.W.G.R.

THIRD WORLD GAY REVOLUTION meets every Friday at 7:30 p.m. (sharp) at 124 W. 23 St., third floor.

Ana
Barbara
Carlos
C.C.
Dale
Doug
Felipe
Frenchie
Hiram
Jean
Juan
Kip
Nestor
Tonnaey
Vera
Yolanda



33rd World Gay Revolution

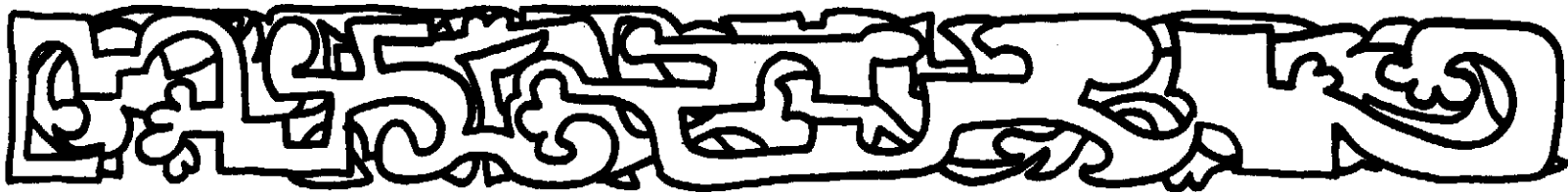
Young Lords
Party
Program

3. WE WANT LIBERATION OF ALL THIRD WORLD PEOPLE

Just as Latins first slaved under Spain and the yanquis, Black people, Indians, and Asians slaved to build the wealth of this country. For 400 years they have fought for freedom and dignity against racist Babylon (decadent empire). Third World people have led the fight for freedom. All the colored and oppressed peoples of the world are one nation under oppression.

3. QUEREMOS LIBERACIÓN PARA TODOS LOS PUEBLOS DEL TERCER MUNDO.

Tal como los Latinos trabajaron como esclavos, primero bajo España y luego bajo los EEUU, los pueblos Negros, Indios y Asiáticos han laborado como esclavos para crear la riqueza de este país. Por 400 años éstos han luchado contra la injusticia y la indignidad impuesta sobre ellos por esta Babilonia racista (imperio decadente). El Tercer Mundo ha dirigido la lucha por la liberación. Todos los pueblos oprimidos y de color forman una nación bajo la opresión.



A LETTER FROM HUEY P. NEWTON

EDITOR'S NOTE:

The following was originally an internal letter from Huey P. Newton, minister of Defense to the other brothers of the Black Panther Party.

OAKLAND (LNS) —

During the past few years, strong movements have developed among women and homosexuals seeking their liberation. There has been some uncertainty about how to relate to these movements.

Whatever your personal opinion and your insecurities about homosexuality and the various liberation movements among homosexuals, and women (and I speak of the homosexuals and women as oppressed groups) we should try to unite with them in a revolutionary fashion.

I say, "whatever your insecurities are" because, as we very well know, sometimes our first instinct is to want to hit a homosexual in the mouth and to want a woman to be quiet. We want to hit the homosexual in the mouth as soon as we see him because we're afraid we might be homosexual and want to hit the woman or shut her up because she might castrate us or take the nuts that we may not have to start with.

We must gain security in ourselves and therefore have respect and feelings for all oppressed people. We must not use the racist-type attitudes like the white racists use against people because they are black and poor. Many times the poorest white person is the most racist because he's afraid that he might lose something or discover something that he might not have. You're some kind of threat to him. This kind of psychology is in operation when we view oppressed people and we're angry with them because of their particular kind of deviation from the established norm.

Remember we haven't established a revolutionary value system; we're only in the process of establishing it. I don't remember us ever constituting any value that said that a revolutionary must say offensive things towards

homosexuals or that a revolutionary would make sure that women do not speak out about their own particular kind of oppression.

Matter of fact, it's just the opposite, we say that we recognize the woman's right to be free. We haven't said much about the homosexual at all and we must relate to the homosexual movement because it is a real movement. And I know through reading and through my life experience, my observation, that homosexuals are not given freedom and liberty by anyone in this society. Maybe they might be the most oppressed people in the society.

What made them homosexuals? Perhaps it's a whole phenomena that I don't understand entirely. Some people say that it's the decadence of capitalism — I don't know whether this is the case, I rather doubt it. But whatever the case is, we know that homosexuality is a fact that exists and we must understand it in its purest form; that is, a person should have freedom to use his body whatever way he wants to.

That's not endorsing things in homosexuality that we wouldn't view as revolutionary. But there is nothing to say that a homosexual can not also be a revolutionary. And maybe I'm now injecting some of my prejudice by saying, "even a homosexual can be a revolutionary." Quite the contrary, maybe a homosexual could be the most revolutionary.

When we have revolutionary conferences, rallies, and demonstrations, there should be full participation of the Gay Liberation Movement and the Women's Liberation Movement. Some groups might be more revolutionary than others. We shouldn't use the actions of a few to say that they're all reactionary or counterrevolutionary because they're not.

We should deal with any other group or party that claims to be revolutionary. We should try to judge somehow whether they're operating sincerely in a revolutionary fashion from a really oppressed situation (and we'll grant that if they're women they're probably oppressed). If they do things that are unrevolutionary or counter-revolutionary, then criticize that action. If we feel that

the group in spirit means to be revolutionary in practice but they make mistakes in interpretation of the revolutionary philosophy or they don't understand the dialectics of the social forces in operation, we should criticize *that* and not criticize them because they are women trying to be free. And the same is true for homosexuals.

We should never say a whole movement is dishonest when in fact they are trying to be honest; they're just making honest mistakes. The enemy is not allowed to make mistakes, because his whole existence is a mistake and we suffer from it. But the Women's Liberation Front and Gay Liberation Front are our friends, they are our potential allies and we need as many allies as possible.

We should be willing to discuss the insecurities that many people have about homosexuality. When I say, "insecurities" I mean the fear that there is some kind of threat to our manhood. I can understand this fear, because of the long conditioning process that builds insecurity in the American male, homosexuality might produce certain hang-ups in us. I have hang-ups myself about male homosexuality where on the other hand I have no hang-ups about female homosexuality and that's a phenomena in itself. I think that it's probably because that's a threat to me maybe, and the females are no threat. It's just another erotic sexual thing.

We should be careful about using terms which might turn our friends off. The terms "faggot" and "punk" should be deleted from our vocabulary and especially we should not attach names normally designed for homosexuals to men who are enemies of the people such as Nixon or Mitchell. Homosexuals are not enemies of the people.

We should try to form a working coalition with the Gay Liberation and Women's Liberation Groups. We must always handle social forces in an appropriate manner and this is really a significant part of the population — both women and the growing number of homosexuals that we have to deal with.

About the women's and gay movements:

STOP ALL OPPRESSION!!

THE OPPRESSED SHALL NOT BECOME THE OPPRESSOR

Sisters and Brothers of the Third World, you who call yourselves "revolutionaries" have failed to deal with your sexist attitudes. Instead you cling to male-supremacy and therefore to the conditioned role of oppressors. Brothers still fight for the privileged position of man-on-the-top. Sisters quickly fall in line behind-their-men. By your counterrevolutionary struggle to maintain and to force heterosexuality and the nuclear family, you perpetuate outmoded remnants of Capitalism. By your anti-homosexual stance you have used the weapons of the oppressor thereby becoming the agent of the oppressor.

It is up to Third World males to realistically define masculinity because it is you, who, throughout your lives have struggled to gain the unrealistic roles of "men". Third World men have always tried to reach this precarious position by climbing on the backs of women and homosexuals. "Masculinity" has been defined by white society as the amount of possessions (including women) a man collects, and the amount of physical power gained over other men. Third World men have been denied even these false standards of "masculinity". Therefore stop perpetuating in yourselves and your community the white-supremacists notions which are basic to your own oppression.

We, as Third World gay people suffer a triple oppression:

1) We are oppressed as people because our humanity is routinely devoured by the carnivorous system of Capitalism.

2) We are oppressed as Third World people by the economically inherent racism of white American society.

3) We are oppressed by the sexism of the white society and the verbal and physical abuse of masculinity-deprived Third World males.

The right of self-determination over dominion of one's own body is a human right and this right must be defended with one's body being put on the line.

By the actions you have taken against your gay brothers and sisters of the Third World you who throughout your lives have suffered the torments of social oppression and sexual repression, have now placed yourselves in the role of oppressor.

Anti-homosexuality fosters sexual repression, male-supremacy, weakness in revolutionary drive, and results in an inaccurate non-objective political perspective.

LOS OPRIMIDOS NO SE CONVERTIRAN EN OPRESORES

Hermanas y hermanos del 3er Mundo: Uds., que se llaman revolucionarios, no se han enfrentado a sus actitudes sexistas. En cambio, se han aferrado al machismo y en consecuencia al papel de opresor. Aún Uds. luchan por la posición privilegiada del machismo, y cada una de Uds., hermanas, sigue detrás de los "hombres".

Por vuestra lucha contrarrevolucionaria para mantener (y forzar) la heterosexuality y el núcleo familiar, Uds. perpetúan las viejas ideas remanentes del capitalismo.

Por vuestra posición anti-homosexual han usado las armas del opresor, en consecuencia convirtiéndose en agente del mismo.

Está en Uds., hombres del 3er mundo, — definir la masculinidad de un modo más realista. Porque son Uds. quienes a través de sus vidas han luchado para alcanzar esta posición precaria poniéndose por encima de las mujeres y los homosexuales, en consecuencia perpetuando en Uds. mismos y en la comunidad las nociones capitalistas blancas del machismo, las cuales se encuentran básicamente en vuestra propia opresión.

Nosotros, gente homosexual del 3er Mundo, sufrimos una triple opresión:

1) Estamos oprimidos como personas, pues nuestra humanidad esta sistemáticamente devorada por el sistema carnívoro capitalista.

2) Estamos oprimidos como gente del 3er Mundo por el racismo derivado del sistema económico de la sociedad americana-blanca.

3) Estamos oprimidos por el sexismo de — esta misma sociedad blanca y a menudo maltratados verbal y físicamente por el machismo de los hombres del 3er mundo. El derecho de autodeterminación sobre el propio cuerpo es un derecho humano y este derecho será defendido con la vida.

A consecuencia de las acciones que Uds. han tomado contra sus hermanos y hermanas homosexuales del 3er mundo, Uds., que a través de sus vidas sufrieron los tormentos de la opresión social y la represión sexual, se han puesto ahora en el papel de opresor.

Antihomosexualidad alienta y promueve represión sexual, machismo, debilidad en el empuje revolucionario, y una inexacta no-objetiva perspectiva política.

BASTA DE

OPRESION!!

HERMANAS UNIDAS

GAY LIBERATION HEADS SOUTH

Hiram Ruiz

El 51% de la población de este país y del mundo son mujeres. Si nos uniéramos, podríamos evitar todo lo que está mal en el mundo. Hay muchas cosas malas que están ocurriendo y no puede ser que sigan así. Porque si continúa de esta manera pronto no existirá siquiera el mundo en que vivimos.

Hay hombres que disparan armas de guerra, que tiran bombas sobre niños, que ensucian el aire y la tierra. Hay también los que construyen edificios fríos para llenarlos de máquinas, y más máquinas, siempre más máquinas.

Y en estos edificios, junto con las máquinas, están ustedes... o sea — nosotras. Igualdad sí... solamente para las máquinas. Somos máquinas, máquinas. Somos máquinas. Comemos, trabajamos y fornicamos como máquinas.

DIME: Como están las cosas? Por cuánto tiempo más seguirán así las cosas en este mundo?

Pero los hombres no nos oyen, o sea no nos quieren oír. Ellos hablan mucho pero raramente escuchan. Ellos discuten y nosotras jeringamos. Nosotras tenemos miedo hasta de hablar. Y más tenemos decírnos una a la otra lo que sentimos.

Algunas veces, cuando tenemos un minuto libre, nos preguntamos — "soy yo la única que se siente como yo me siento? Acaso estoy loca?:"

NO!! Nunca estuvimos locas, y ahora tampoco estamos solas. Ahora podemos comunicarnos lo que sentimos unas a otras.

Hermanas, ya es hora de que nos salvemos. Solamente dándonos cuenta de las porquerías que tenemos que aguantar, solamente en esto hay esperanza. Esperanza, para nosotras, para los hombres... para el mundo.

Pero lo que hagamos no lo podemos hacer SOLAS. Tenemos que descubrir JUNTAS que cosas podemos hacer.

Si tu quisieras comunicarnos lo que sientes, puedes escribirnos (o VENIR) a la dirección de este periódico. Recuérdelo — Juntas podemos cambiar lo que está mal.

Ana Sanchez
Lydia French

lesbianas, únanse

GAY LIBERATION IS HERE! — That's what the signs said. It wasn't exactly accurate, of course, but how the hell would they ever know? Just what was this Gay Liberation? And why, of all places, Tallahassee?

I don't think even we knew at the time; but, we had to start somehow and as they say, "Say it loud, Gay is Proud!"

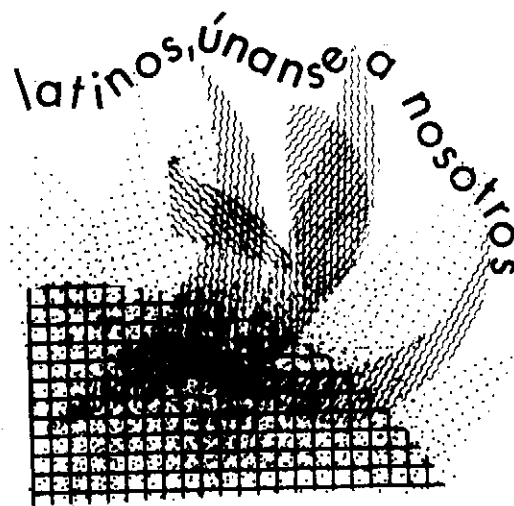
The first meeting had been held the week before. There were 7 of us and, quite frankly, we were scared as shit. About all we decided on was to put up the signs — on a Sunday after midnight. By Monday, the shocked campus of Florida State University had been introduced to its newest organization, the Gay Liberation Front.

It was around the time of the Kent State murders and shocks seemed the order of the day. Still, G.L.F. was talked about all over campus. There were demonstrations and protests going day and night on campus over Cambodia and Kent State... and G.L.F. people were there. I met two of our most active members at the occupations of the R.O.T.C. and administration buildings. That same week, after calling for the impeachment of President Nixon, the Student Senate voted to recognize G.L.F.... and then the fireworks began.

We started putting large ads in the school paper, plastering the campus with signs, and wearing buttons on campus. The reactions were quick; we received an endorsement from the Women's Liberation Front. The hassles were many, varied, and just beginning.

The university administration, unusually uptight on this issue, refused us use of campus facilities until full recognition is granted by the president (the whole recognition issue has been sent up to the state board of regents, since everybody else is scared to grant or deny it). A letter was published from 14 university personnel expressing 'shock and dismay' that the univ. paper would carry advertising for a group that was a 'threat to the entire society.' One state senator called for our immediate 'elimination' from the campus.

Our second meeting had had 20 people, by our third there were 50. What had happened at F.S.U. in a matter of weeks was unbelievable. Florida is known for its perverted anti-homosexuality — the presence of a G.L.F. in the state capital was freaking everybody all the way to Miami.



The term ended, many people left for home, and things cooled in Tallahassee. But G.L.F. continued. Meetings have averaged over 30 all summer (many of these new people). G.L.F.ers have opened a liberated Gay bar, Tallahassee's first and only gay bar! There have been G.L.F. picnics and surf-ins... in general, it's been a relaxed summer of getting it together.

A lot of work is being done to insure that G.L.F.s will soon form in other areas of the South, especially Atlanta. We're planning a workshop in Fall to bring Gay people from all over the South to Tallahassee to find out more about the Gay Liberation movement.

Much will be happening at F.S.U. when the next term starts. Gay orientation will be held during registration; a non-credit course on Gay Liberation will be offered at FSU — led by G.L.F.; a community center will be opened, hopefully.

We will also be spending time exploring the nature of our oppression and what we need to do to end it. We need to learn to deal with sexism, both in others and in ourselves. But primarily, we'll be striving to maintain the unity and love we feel for each other as people, and as sisters and brothers in the Gay Liberation Front, which has given us the strength we need to survive in this last stronghold of the Confederacy.

OVARIO UNO

poetry

EXCO=NI:ON

porque estuve con vos en el territorio rojo de tu vagina
con vos
y con to cicatriz de besos en los senos
con vos
y conmigo mientras las cucarachas fornicaban
y no las veíamos pero escuchábamos sus gritos por las
cuevas

porque
estuve con vos
y con mi menstruación
mojándote las piernas
con vos
y tus ojos DE CIGARRILLO
APAGADO
con vos tirada de espaldas a un
muelle
adivinando un caballo por las
nubes

porque soñé una noche que CHAPLIN y hitler eran mis
invitados
y los condenaba a afeitarse los bigotes
y vos desnuda nos cocinabas papas fritas
porque toco tus piernas
y odio tus

BOM
BA
CHAS en los colectivos

porque tus manos tienen cara de jazz
porque me entenece oler tu mierda
y tus eructos son bocinas de ángeles
porque a veces estoy sola y corro y soy capaz de mandar
mis manos
a una tintorería
porque quiero revolcarme en el barro y hacerte el amor
rodeada de lombrices
porque entramos a los hoteles y se creen que somos
primas
y cabalgamos nuestro amor en sábanas para primas
porque paso mis dedos por la casa de tus intestinos
porque tengo hemorroides pero igual te deseo
porque me gusta golpearte y morder to pelambre con
ruido a clarinete

porque me lavo las manos
antes de entrar a tus ovarios para
no infectarte

porque tu jefe es estúpido
y mi madre es estúpida
porque sola vos
sola vos
sola vos
sola yo con vos
solamente mis manos con vos valen la pena
porque sos una muchacha
porque yo soy una muchacha
porque quiero desnudarte y hacerte morir cerca del
infierno
cerca de tu vagina volcán
de tu vagina otoño
de tu vagina black
de tu vagina Moscu dialéctico
de tu vagina china arroz
de tu vagina luna con astronautas
de tu vagina papá no me quiere
de tu vagina basta
de tu vagina siempre.

Marta Ferro

... that no dogmatism is acceptable about who can be
come revolutionary and who cannot.

Frantz Fanon

to love
WE MUST LIVE
to live
WE MUST SURVIVE
to survive
WE MUST FIGHT

and if I fight
I contribute to the dawn
and so — victory is born
even in the darkest hours.

nunca voy a dejar de ser idiota
nunca voy a decir la palabra justa, siempre la pienso
después
entre lágrimas
caminando o tirado en algún lado
pero que hago con decirte que te amo
te lo dije tantas veces
te amo y no puedo hacerte el amor, y esto no lo puedo
entender
me siento miserable
tengo la voz débil de niño
estoy paralizado
quisiera matarme pienso y no a qué estoy jugando
pero allí me quedo, no puedo mirarte
te oigo reír por primera vez y hablar de los bosques y las
montañas donde vas a hacer el amor
me di cuenta de que lo esperabas a él para reírte
lo esperabas serio,
y yo me quede allí al borde de la ventana
mirando para abajo
otras ventanas oscuras, luces azules, el cielo cortado
de techos
y vos seguías riendo
entonces me bajé
y cuando me fui estabas abrazando a él, acurrucado,
esperando que la puerta
se cerrara.

Y ahora estoy aquí
en esta casa muerta
estoy aquí temblando
estoy yo y debería ser bastante
llega el viento con tus quejidos de amor
llegan vahos de semen y crujidos
quiero mojar me y oler tierra pronto
quiero gritar para mi solo en la mitad del trueno
quiero agotarme, dar punetazos a la tierra y sangrar
un poema no basta
tiene que ser
sangre con tierra
abierto en dos
tierra con sangre.

Néstor Latronico 1970



BLACK PANTHERS CALL A REVOLUTIONARY PEOPLE'S CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION:

When Afeni Shakur called the Radicalesbians asking them and Gay Liberation Front to Washington for a planning meeting preparatory to the Constitutional Convention I was charged with excitement. Afeni Shakur — beautiful Black woman, virile, revolutionary, nickname "Power" — sexual excitement. REVOLUTIONARY PEOPLE'S CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION — that has the flavor of an historical event — visionary excitement. The Black Panthers are making a statement on Gay Liberation; Gay Liberation Front invited to participate. Consciousness of sexism, heterosexual oppression of women and Gays, finally linked with the struggle against racism. A public revolutionary document, perhaps the first manifesto of the New World, its consciousness complete. A naive enthusiasm but this unexpected recognition sparked it. The oppression of Women and Homosexuals so long denied, ridiculed, misunderstood — is a story that has hardly begun to be told. So ancient an enslavement, so branded into our psyches, we assume our bondage to be the natural order of things. Yet for all its new awakening, its voice still feeble, its smoldering rage still leashed, we know that an understanding and uprooting of sexism is the end of all oppression, all power games — the key to the final blow for human liberation. This acknowledgment from what seems to be the heaviest group of people dealing with racism energized and inspired each gay woman and man rolling toward Washington for the meeting.

As groups we represented the THIRD WORLD GAY REVOLUTION, RADICALESBIANS and GLF women and men. But the telling of this has to be completely subjective. I was a white woman coming into the Panther presence — active in the movement a little more than a year — freshly awakened and growing consciousness of Women's and Gay oppression — sick and angry at almost everyone except radical Gay sisters, questioning the validity of working with gay men and their infuriating unconscious sexism — ruling out straight men categorically as SUPER PIG — and here were the Panthers, a straight man's trip in cinemascope and technicolor. Super butch, the brown, muscled bare-armed, deep-voiced Afro-American — their words cracked with rage and self righteousness. They moved the meeting along tracks of their prearranged program oblivious of everyone unless she or he was in agreement or of use. They insulted us with words of democratic procedure while bulldozing through their agenda. I felt intimidated, angry and defensive. "I have come here to find out why and if gay people should relate to this convention. Is there receptivity to Women's and Gay Liberation?"

"We'll tolerate that crazy talk about 30 seconds and you'll be asked to leave!" The room exploded and hummed with long harangues by black women and men who were outraged at my white thin-skinnedness, my racism, my gross lack of empathy and awareness of Black oppression — That I should question the need for a new constitution! Two GLF men tried to support me explaining that I wasn't questioning the need for the constitution or denying Black oppression — that we were under the impression we were asked here for a dialogue. Jim proclaimed loudly his support of the Panthers as the vanguard party. "Fool," I thought, "you are not speaking for me. These fascists would obliterate us." I wanted to leave.

People began signing up for committees. Some gay brothers and sisters, feeling like me, left the room downcast, ready to leave. On impulse I put my name in for the agenda committee; perhaps in an effort to understand, or desire to battle the thing through a little further — or maybe I just couldn't stand the feelings of defeat and disconnection. In the hall Kip said to me, "I told you to come on as a revolutionary first and save the sexist confrontation till after you made that connection." Ann said, "You came on like Whitey. You were talking down to them. That one from you oppresses and enrages Black people." I began to understand a little. Two groups, one Black, one Gay — both locked inside our awarenesses of all the gross and subtle tones and manners designed to keep us down. They didn't know yet how they looked to me but I caught a glimpse of how I looked to them.



The agenda committee turned out to be 3 Black men (one Panther) and 5 women, one Spanish and 4 white. The first argument arose over the keynote speaker who was expected to be Hughey P. Newton. I began to feel that I was on that railroad again. "Look," I said, "It is very painful for me to argue with you like this but I am sitting here torn whether to continue to relate to this or not. Black consciousness is very well defined and because of the efforts and struggle of Blacks its presence is heavy in this room. The oppression of Women and Gays is scarcely articulated. Some people sitting here aren't even aware of it and think I am crazy as I talk. But I am both a woman and gay and if this congress is going to reflect my awareness how can I accept a male hero figure? No matter how great a person he might be, the straight man glorified is my oppression. Do I relate to the Black movement at this time in history and say fuck it to my struggle? or do I say fuck it to anything that oppresses me even revolutionary sisters and brothers?": A white sister, Leslie, spoke up. She dug what I said but also felt that Hughey was a good choice for speaker because of his revolutionary practice and inspirational qualities. But there should be a heavy woman speaker too with a strong Woman's consciousness. The Panther, Doug, nodded and left the room. When he came back I knew we were off the tracks and this group of people were actually formulating an agenda. A man and woman would speak and there would be a chairwoman for the meetings. The workshops would include women's rights, sexual self-determination, child oppression, the family, as well as self-determination for racial minorities. One of the Black men started to put us down as frivolous, with a barb for the sexuality of the gay women. Doug said, "OH no, brother, that just doesn't go anymore." The meeting took off. We were together. When the larger group reconvened I somewhat expected the Panthers to protest the tentative agenda but no one questioned it. We broke up planning another meeting in a few days. At this point the THIRD WORLD GAY REVOLUTION handed out to the Panthers and the assembly their strong and beautiful statement THE OPPRESSED SHALL NOT BECOME THE OPPRESSOR (reprinted in the center fold). One of the male Panthers

came up to me. He had been particularly hostile to the sexism issue during the meeting. I found out later his name is David Hillard. "I want you to know that what I said had nothing to do with the fact you are a lesbian. I say 'right on' to lesbian liberation." I told him it certainly didn't seem that way to me. We came because invited, to test the receptivity of the convention toward Gay and Women's Liberation and not only was my attempt smashed down but I was called crazy and saboteur. I told him I had been made aware that I came on in an oppressive way but he and others made no attempt to understand me. He repeated that he had nothing against lesbians getting their rights but he couldn't support male homosexuals because in prison they were "snitches" and besides he had problems with his own masculinity. He said that the Panthers were coming out with a statement on Gay Liberation next week and as a Panther he would "back up his word with his life". As I watched him walk away I felt that I had just talked to a human being — another connection had been made. The bombastic Panther-in-public gave way to a black man caught in the contradictions of these times. Rising out of his incredible oppression the assertion of his humanity takes the form of "Being-A-Man" and that is what he has become. Now he is being told that this too is oppression and has to go. Perhaps through the discipline of the Party and because of his own oppression he is open to this new struggle. I think perhaps I can be part of that struggle. Certainly in some way I felt that the people present had been affected by us, or would be. I know that I was touched and affected by them.

What came through to me was an immense commitment to revolutionary struggle born of an oppression beyond my experience. The task is to somehow make the pain and enslavement of Women and Gays felt as a force and presence.

On the way back to New York I realized my real connection to the struggle to transform the Black Liberation movement was in the people of the THIRD WORLD GAY REVOLUTION. I remembered that part of the reason I went to the agenda meeting was Frenchie's smiling at me saying, "What did you expect? We've only just begun." My involvement had alot to do with Kip's and Ann's confrontations and their continued acceptance of me as a gay sister and friend.

As I look forward to the convention and the formulation of our new constitution I have no doubts that the present hierarchial, dogmatic structure of the Panthers is an oppressive force and I wonder what this spoken solidarity will really mean. But the constitution is something else. If the document is actually permitted to be the product of the oppressed peoples convening to write it then it will transcend all of our individual limitations. For this I can work — that our emerging consciousness, our first attempts at alternate forms, will not bear the features of THE MAN.

A WHITE LESBIAN RESPONDS

Lois Hart

15



photo by Ellen Bedoz

LESBIAN DEMANDS

PANTHER CONSTITUTION CONVENTION

SEP. 5, 1970

Women are the revolution. It must not be alluded to that women are merely an extension of a male ego game. Women are not machines that will mass-produce infant revolutionaries. The entire success of the revolution does not depend on whether or not the male will "allow" the woman her liberation, but rather on the woman freeing herself of all crippling male identities and realizing the strength that is found in solidarity with her sisters.

All previous revolutions were dominated by the male mentality. In fact, previous revolutions have been incomplete. While they have served the purposes of men, there have been no revolutionary changes in the conditions of women. Women's revolution will be the first fundamental revolution because it will do what all the others aspired to.

The demands of the Lesbian workshop on September 5 in connection with the "People's Revolutionary" Constitutional Convention call for the complete control by women of all aspects of our social system. What evolved when twenty to twenty-five lesbians wrote these demands is in itself proof of the validity of these demands. Women who have asserted their autonomy, women who have severed the ties between themselves and the male power structure (even in the form of a one to one relationship with a man), women who are already learning to love and cooperate with one another, women who are not making the mistake of trying to deal with men with whom the ultimate decision always lies because women have no power base from which to speak.

The Lesbian Workshop demands will eventually lead to the equalization of all power resources, so that someday human beings of all sexes can deal with each other on a more realistic level.

DEMANDS OF THE LESBIAN WORKSHOP

1. Sexual autonomy
Prohibit sexual role programming of children.
2. Destruction of the Nuclear Family
The nuclear family is a microcosm of the fascist state, where the women and children are owned by, and their fates determined by, the needs of men, in a man's world.
3. Communal care of children
Children should be allowed to grow, in a society of their peers, cared for by adults whose aim is not to perpetrate any male-female role programming. It is advised that these adults be under the direction of women-identified women.
4. Reparations
 - a) Women are a dispersed minority and we demand that amount of control of all production and industry that would ensure one hundred percent control over our own destinies. This control includes commerce, industry, health facilities, education, transportation, military, etc.
 - b) Because women have been systematically denied information and knowledge and the opportunities for acquiring these, we demand open enrollment of all schools to all women, financial support to any woman who needs it, on the job training with pay for all women attending technical schools and under apprenticeship.
 - c) Women demand the time and support to research, compile and report our history and our identity.
 - d) The power and technology of defense are invested in men. Since these powers are used to intimidate women, we demand training in self-defense and the use of defense machinery. A Woman's Militia would be organized to defend the demands, rights and interests of women struggling towards an unoppressive social system.



NO REVOLUTION WITHOUT US

We, a group of New York Lesbians, after two days of participation in the so-called "Revolutionary People's Constitutional Convention" left with the clear realization that if women continue to struggle for their liberation within contexts defined by sexist male mentalities, they will never be free.

Lesbians and movement women were excited by Huey P. Newton's written gesture of solidarity and came to contribute strength and vision to the convention. Within our group there were mixed feelings. Those of us who had worked on the agenda committee for the convention had set up a format with which all oppressed peoples could relate and the mechanism for actually producing a constitution of, for and by the people was laid down. That the Panthers allowed such a committee to exist came about only through the insistence of the women who attended the planning session in Washington. An agreement was reached with the Panthers that the convention would reflect consciousness of women's oppression; that there be workshops around women's oppression and sexual self-determination, that a third world woman with a heavy woman's consciousness be a keynote speaker; and that a woman chair the sessions. The agenda committee kept meeting in an effort to provide for the administration of this agenda, but Panther communication got fainter and fainter until there was no communication at all. Those of us who had this experience went to the convention with heavy reservations but also with the hopes that the Panthers were operating in good faith. Those of us who hadn't been involved with the agenda committee went in sincere anticipation of a constitutional convention that would unite all oppressed peoples. This is what we actually encountered.

Michael Tabor was scheduled to speak at 9:00 a.m. with the workshops around social groupings, i.e., women, lesbians, third world, etc., meeting at 2:00 p.m. At 11:00 a.m., the Panthers began the security process of searching the thousands of people waiting to hear the speech. Sometime after 1:00 p.m. the speech actually began. Most of us dug it and were pleased with the frequent references to women and homosexuals; however, we were also disturbed at the superficiality of the presentation, which did not spring from real awareness of our oppression. The words "women" and "homosexual" were attached to the talk much like a caboose, easily detachable, is tacked on to the end of a train.

Getting the gist of the message and eager to begin the real business of writing a constitution, we left early in order to participate in the Lesbian workshop and therefore did not hear that all the workshops were cancelled. Two movement sisters still present, realizing the importance of the workshops and the need for women to talk to each other, asked the Panthers to announce a women's workshop for early the next morning. This request was denied and the women told that any such meeting would be considered a caucus outside the framework of the convention. In the light of the fact that the Panthers then announced a Yippie meeting, the sisters realized that women who dare to identify with their own oppression were felt by the Panthers to be a serious threat.

That afternoon the Lesbian workshop produced a paper on demands that were born out of an awareness of our oppression and that were basic to gaining our freedom. At the same time, the agenda committee found a third world woman speaker with the requisite consciousness who was prepared to speak on the platform with Huey that evening. This woman speaker was affirmed by Panther leadership that afternoon, but later in the evening, denied access to the building by the same leadership.

Outside McGonigle Hall, New York City Lesbians sat and listened on transistor radios to Huey declaiming about the declaration of independence for Black manhood and promising to level the earth in pursuit of the goal of the dignity, glory and flowering of this same Black manhood. This was followed by a

Panther sister whose rap was totally devoid of any awareness of women's oppression and merely an echo of male Panther rhetoric. Filled with outrage, we saw clearly the pointlessness of further relationship to the sexist, manipulative Panther convention. We decided to take our experiences and conclusions to the scheduled women's meeting the next morning.

By Sunday morning, women had still not officially met together. (Although the Panthers had cancelled the Saturday workshops, a couple hundred women met out of their own need and hammered out three sets of demands.) The all-woman's meeting scheduled for Sunday at 9:00 a.m. was also cancelled by the Panthers. Saturday night, the sisters who tried to call a meeting the day before mimeographed a leaflet that documented the shit that was coming down and called for a woman's meeting at the Women's Center. However, the Panthers in response to the threat of an independent all-women's meeting, hit the streets with a flyer that the workshop on self-determination for women would become the delayed all-women's meeting. This resulted in women-identified women having to choose between making their sole contributions to the women's workshop, or lending their strength to one of the topical workshops, i.e., distribution of land, control of government, etc. This overlapping scheduling forced many women-identified women out of the mainstream of the convention in the interest of having a dialogue with sisters about women's oppression. And if you think this account of what happened is confusing, you should have experienced the reality — the reality of being fucked over by the Black Panther Party.

The Lesbians went to the Panther called meeting, because that is where most of the women went. Our intention was still to relate our experiences, raise the question of the relevance of the convention to Women's Revolution in the light of the blatant sexism of the preamble and the oppressive treatment the women were receiving. Our meeting was presided over by a Panther woman with male Panther guards ringing the room and balconies. Immediately, women began to struggle with the question of the intimidating presence of the men, but lost to the argument that they were there to protect the Panther woman. Meanwhile, across town, the gay men were meeting with another Panther woman who apparently required no such security.

As the workshop went on, a definite pattern of response and repression was observed. When demands for actions leading to the real equalization of power between the sexes undiluted and unsubverted by traditionally defined women-role concerns (i.e., the Lesbian demands), enthusiastic response of the women was met with charges of racism and bourgeois indulgence. To point out the absurdity of this, our demand for the abolishment of the nuclear family, heterosexual-role programming and patriarchy was called bourgeois and demands for 24-hour child-care centers was labelled right-on revolutionary. The women present were decidedly in need of time to continue to speak to each other, and voted for time to break into small groups around their various identifications. Male-identified Panther and YAWF women wanted to dispense with these time-consuming details and pushed for a quick drafting of a demands document arrived at by majority vote!

In spite of the blatant put-downs and manipulations, the larger group of women tried to act in their own interests, some sensing for the first time that the Panther schedule was not designed to accommodate them. But even their vote for small groups was subverted when the women running the meeting arbitrarily divided the room into quarters, effectively ending any chance for real communication.

Having done our best to communicate our consciousness to the women, and still fully aware of the irrelevance of this male-dominated militaristic hierarchical structure to our needs, the Lesbians caucused and decided to split. Part of the atmosphere that contributed to that decision was intimidation by

individual threats of violence throughout the weekend, the unnerving presence of the guards and the prevailing atmosphere of sexism. More relevant than this was our realization that our efforts would be wasted in trying to deal with men without the power to validate our demands. We had attempted to negotiate on enemy territory and found it oppressive and unworkable.

The story that unfolded after our leaving Philadelphia was told to us in New York by a beautiful Lesbian sister, who remained and followed the action. The sexist insensitivity of the Panthers obviously became apparent even to themselves. The tapes of this women's workshop, made by Newsreel and Radio Free People, were confiscated on the spot by the Panthers.

It was resolved on the floor that the Lesbian demands, which had elicited such enthusiastic response, be included in the demands paper even though we weren't present. Our sister went to the chosen demands committee and was assured that the Lesbian statement was included. That evening, at the convocation, the report from the workshop on self-determination for women was called for. Joan Bird and Mother McKeever collided mid-stage with yellow papers flying in a struggle for the microphone. Panther guards separated them, but somehow Mother McKeever grabbed the field. Now you know who Joan Bird is, but Mother McKeever is another trip entirely. A large, gray-haired, black woman, she had spent the day in attempts to harass and subvert the workshop. When women addressed their own needs, her charges of racism were the loudest. She called Lesbians "men" and tried to discredit us by appealing to old sexist hangups. After an afternoon of denunciations and harangues, this same Mother McKeever presented herself as representative of the workshop. The women who had prepared the actual demands got tacked on to the end of the program.

To put it briefly, in neither of the reports were the Lesbian demands included. Sisters who were waiting to hear them rushed forward to see what had happened, and to demand that they be read. What had happened was that someone had deleted them, but tried to appease the women with promises that they would appear in the printed copy of the workshop paper. The tragicomic compromise they made with our demands is as follows:

That women have the right to choose heterosexuality, bisexuality or homosexuality. That crash programs in the technology relevant to women be made available to them, i.e., child care.

We'd like you to realize that Lesbians and women-identified women went to this conference with no awareness of being a particular threat. The hysterical and paranoid reaction of the Panthers has helped us to realize the potency of our position as women whose primary concern is our own revolution.

This paper is a reconstruction of the experience of a group of white Lesbians at the Revolutionary People's Constitutional Convention and an analysis of the Women's Movement in relation to the Black Panthers. Although we recognize the difference in the black and white experiences, we are not presuming to analyze the black experience; but we cannot and will not invalidate our own experiences as women. Speaking from our guts, from the depth of our oppression, we say that the Black Panthers are sexist; that the Black Panther Party, supposedly our brothers in revolution, oppresses us is a doubly painful thing. But we will take no one's shit. And we, Revolutionary Women (as opposed to women revolutionaries) can act only from our own reality. We must, we will, make our women's revolution. No longer will we die alongside men who define our place and keep us there, whose highest flattery for us is our revolutionary wombs. Fuck that. We women of a dispersed nation will build our community, speak in a woman's language born from our woman's oppression, grow strong together and explode in our women's revolution.

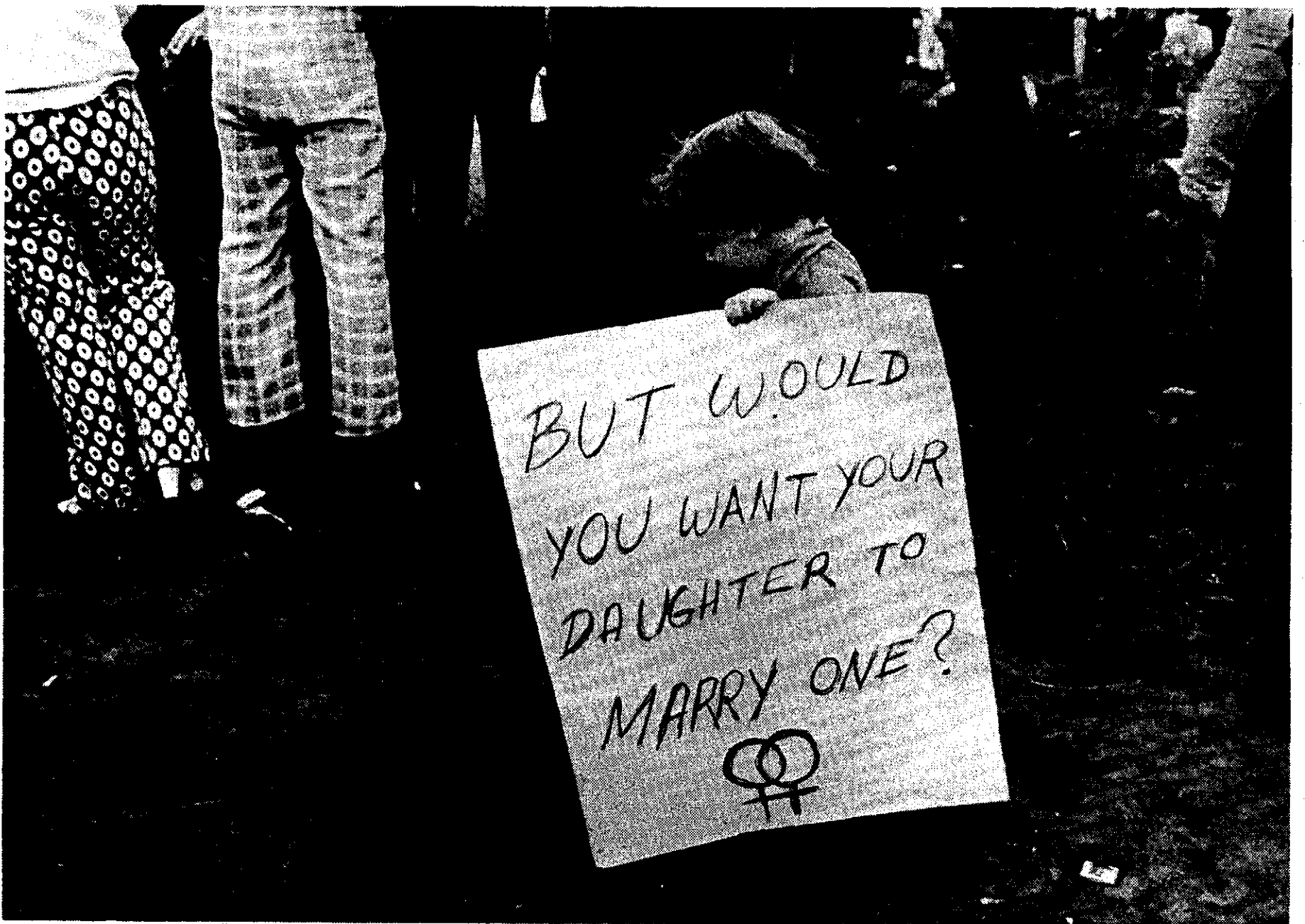


photo by Diana Davies

CHRISTOPHER STREET LIBERATION DAY

by two Lesbians

It celebrated a battle.

Sheridan Square looked less than normal. Queens and young street people were conspicuously absent. It was early. A 12-year old walking along with his father nervously laughed "They're all over."

But there weren't many at first, drifting out, massing out at the last moment as if they were watching to see

if the others were going to show.

A couple of eggs were thrown.

Would the queens be busted?

The old women saying, "Didja see that sign

Sappho-was-a-right-on-woman?"

The people were wearing their favorite clothes and

two sweatshirts in the crowd — butch and femme.

Yes it was a put-on.

Getting popsicles and pinning the posters on and there wasn't a cloud in the sky.

Cameras were everywhere . . . "Listen, do you mind if I take your picture". So now it's what does the animal look like and

what is its species.

Corralled by the sawhorses the parade took shape.

We covered 15 blocks!

Marching with our arms around each other, yelling to the crowd

join us or out of the closets, into the streets

and they did join us.

The "bright red, green, purple, and yellow silk banners

high in the warm afternoon air" were good for our

"image"

and they made us feel good. Someone called it therapy.

2-4-6-8 Gay is just as good as straight

"No" says a woman "Gay is twice as good as straight."

Approaching Johnny's Desperation Bar women hinted at

taking the parade there and liberating the place. But

no, we were running a nice parade here . . .

The march kept its definition as did many in the Sheep Meadow.

On the anniversary of a battle we watched a pseudo-hetero

couple in a kissing marathon

we watched a "Screw"

photographer

take pictures of two women lying together on the grass

their heads buried together hidden. They are still

making money

off of us.

And a woman said "I didn't know the men were still

using 'she'

as a put-down."

In the Sheep Meadow with kite-streamers overhead the smiles

of the people were important, the smiles of those

unafraid of each other.

And in another part of town a certain neighborhood bar was

very busy. Women never came in like that on a Sunday afternoon.

Usually the place was deserted except for the hard-drinking

regulars and none of them could be seen in that sort of march

even though news photos are hazy. They were friendly and

there was no accounting for this phenomenon. Perhaps they had just sensed something.

* * * * *

The women were quiet. Would there be a Lesbian Center? Women filtered in off of the streets and came as far as Sioux City and Oregon.

Upstairs in the church was the Communal Supper which was

at first a table with hot water, bread, salami and mustard.

Then miraculously all this food appeared — chicken,

watermelon,

salads and cakes, each person bring what they could.

As we began sharing this food together we began talking

about our experiences in small spontaneous groups.

We talked about the struggle of overthrowing

everything they tell us we are. It's time to decide what you want and what you are and not let anyone tell you

different.

And downstairs we danced in the hall decorated with our posters

the windows wide open, the breeze, it was the spring,

the juke playing the quarter beer and people giving

what they

could at the door.

We realize again that our sisters are incredibly beautiful,

and the way they move with the music, dancing close

and dancing

in circles, together, so beautiful. Now a struggle inside.

It celebrated a battle.

* * * * *

You can only do it once. For some people it was the first time they were out on the street and it was the beginning of a revolution for them.

For some it was the chance to show off — in drag, in feathers and flowers.

A reporter asked why we considered a gay picnic political.

We told him that gay oppression was different from race oppression;

that tearing off the mask of anonymity is the first step in our liberation.

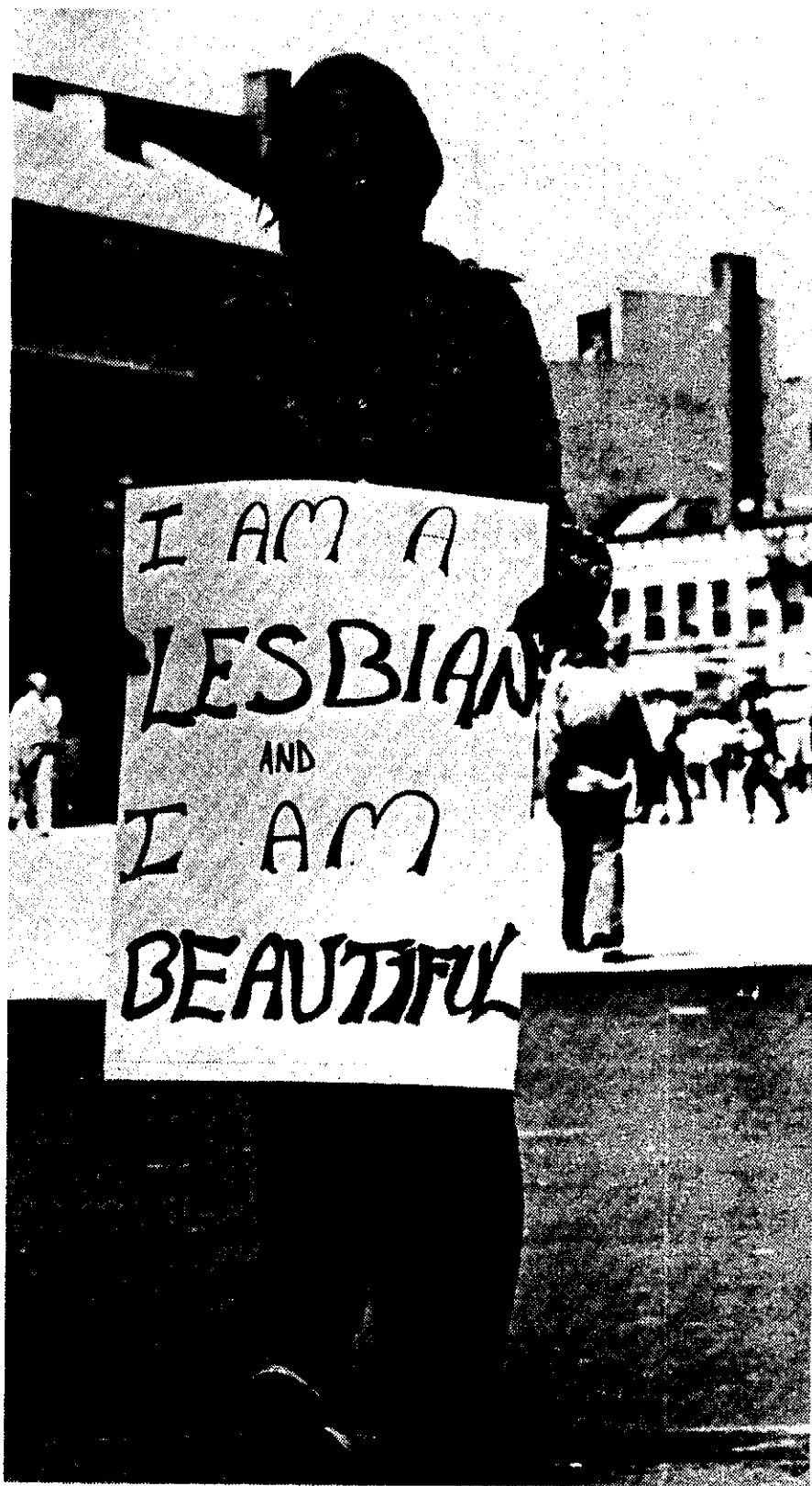
And we must take the first step.

But you can only do it once.

We thought we wore masks to hide from other people; then we found that we ourselves didn't know who we were until we took off the masks.

Next year we won't need a parade.

We don't know what we will be next year.



Fifth Avenue was filled with fifty thousand women at 5:30 P.M. on August 26, 1970. The newspapers gave conservative estimates of around 6000. Well, what can you expect from the white man's media? If you had been standing on the corner of 42nd Street and Fifth Avenue you would have seen one solid mile of women. That sight alone must have chilled the heart of the hottest chauvinist. Thirty thousand women marched down Fifth Avenue for the vote in 1913. Here we are again, a new and energetic movement on the Avenue once more, this time for equal rights. Here we are again committing the same mistakes our grandmothers did fifty years ago.

The suffragette movement was dominated by wealthy and middle class women and so its goals were understandably the goals of wealthy and middle class women. Revolution was not the issue. The issue was gaining some power in the white man's government. Once we possessed the vote it became painfully clear that for office except for a few states that let us by. The male establishment was busy digging up hoarding blue laws to keep us away from the reins of imperialist government. But our grandmothers had risked a great deal to get us the vote, why couldn't they push one step further and get us equal rights?

Our struggle had been battled in one form or another since Abigail Adams warned her husband concerning women's rights way back during the Constitutional Convention. It had taken generations to get us this far and many women were tired. They had picked up the banner from their mothers and had spent a lifetime fighting for suffrage. Many had focused only on the vote and when it was granted in 1920 they thought the objective reached. The more farighted wing of the movement regrouped around the National Woman's Party at 144 Constitution Avenue in Washington, D.C. These women pushed for an Equal Rights Amendment and Alice Paul, now in her eighties, is still at 144 Constitution Avenue fighting for the amendment. The suffrage movement was exhausted, fragmented and drenched in class ignorance. The momentum was spent and only a handful of women like Miss Paul were left to carry on. But today the issue of equal rights is a reformist issue rather than radical, and it is a reformist issue to the distinct disadvantage of working class women. If our middle class sisters succeed in getting the amendment passed it will be at the expense of other women.

Perhaps this can be seen more clearly if we view the issue through the eyes of the existing

government. In May of 1969 a group of women from N.O.W. visited Patricia Hitt in her offices at the Health, Education and Welfare Building. After much bombast concerning the unrest of American women with tokenism, Betty Friedan told Mrs. Hitt point blank that the Equal Rights Amendment would be 'a cheap way to buy off American women.' Mrs. Hitt was to transmit this analysis to President Nixon. Apparently she did. Mrs. Friedan was dead center when she assessed the value of the Equal Rights Amendment to the present administration. Being a clever politician, she translated the amendment into terms that spelled benefit to the white male government. Of course, she wants the amendment because of what it can do for middle class women as well as what it can do for her hoped-for political career. But the die was cast. The amendment is to defuse the revolutionary wing of the Women's Liberation Movement and to open vistas of establishment opportunity for professional women. It's very simple. When the amendment is passed and ratified, women of the middle class will concentrate on furthering their own status and neglect the 'dangerous' issues the revolutionaries have raised. These women do not begin to question the basic structure of our nation, they are gaining too many benefits from Wall Street and its colonies. Even when child care centers and abortion clinics are established across the land, the country will not be shaken. It will free more women to work for more rich men who can then exploit more poor people here and abroad. More women, especially white heterosexual women, will be siphoned off into the profits and before you know it, women will become as proficient at exploitation as men. Money talks. You dig?

Another aspect of this amendment is that its passage signals the suspension of all protective legislation. At least that's what Attorney General Mitchell has stated. Credibility should be attached to male statements only when those statements refer to punitive actions to be taken against women. In that case, Mitchell is telling the truth. (Washington is full of surprises.) The removal of protective legislation will not affect editors, magazine writers and public relations women, but it will affect factory workers or to put it more clearly, working class women of all races.

Working class women have neither the time nor the resources to fight their exploitation in the white man's courts. Cleanliness laws, lunch hours, safety measures, work hour limitations, minimum wages, premium pay for overtime, weight-lifting regulations will all be wiped off the books. Since only 15% of the women workers are unionized the prospect of quickly

righting these wrongs doesn't look promising. Given the male leadership of most unions it looks impossible.

The middle class women pushing for the Equal Rights Amendment have not addressed themselves to the problem of protective legislation for women workers. Their class privilege makes them blind to even a superficial recognition of the interests of oppressed women. The point is not the protective legislation per se, but the absence of consciousness in middle class women regarding other women's lives and livelihoods.

If this amendment passes, it will succeed in splitting women along class lines. The amendment will probably pass. A few white male leaders will make ridiculous and/or chivalric statements concerning the amendment and sweet femininity but the tide has turned. Even Emmanuel Celler, reigning turd over the House Judiciary Committee is being forced to give ground... Celler has held the amendment up in his committee for decades with the intelligent declaration that it will get out of his committee 'over my dead body.' Perhaps he is giving ground due to an unpublicized terminal disease (such as galloping damage to the brain cells), but more than likely he is giving ground because larger pieces of system excrement than himself are pressuring him. Given these exhalating facts, is there any way out?

An obvious alternative is for middle class women to give up their privileges and join less privileged women so we can fight white male exploitation together. But how many people do you know who have given up their privileges lately? If working class women, Third World women and lesbians organize to educate middle class women some of those women might join the struggle. It should be stressed that most middle class women are working out of an absence of class consciousness not out of malicious class hatred. Saying that middle class women need a consciousness of how they oppress other women is not as easy as helping them gain it. The American middle class is famous for its hostility to any concept of how they might be damaging other people. It took Blacks three hundred years to drum the idea of racial prejudice and its effects into white middle class heads—some still haven't gotten the message.

One hope lies in the fact that all women, regardless of race, class and sexual preference, are treated as less than full blown persons every day in their lives. The forms this takes varies with race, class and sexual preference, but the corroding effects on the psyche are the same:

anger, frustration on one end and despair and hopelessness on the other. Many women attempt to alleviate the damage by throwing themselves into 'acceptable' pursuits. If this recognition can be transmitted to the middle class women some might renounce their privileges over other women.

However, if middle class women continue to exercise their privileges with full knowledge of how this oppresses other women, those middle class women are doomed to share the fate of the existing power structure. When non-white women, lesbians and working class women rise up against oppressors, those oppressors will be swept away.

Perhaps the clearest illustration of the existing problem and its future solution can be seen in the events of August 26th in New York City:

At 11:00 A.M., N.O.W. picketed the Stock Exchange and then went to lunch at White's, a chic male restaurant in the area. At 1:00 P.M. they filed into Battery Park and made speeches thereby insuring that they would miss the working class women of the area, who lunch from 12 to 1.

As the Stock Exchange Stormtroopers sat down to sweet repeat amid male gastronomic reaction a far more significant event was taking place at Willy's, another eatery. The waitresses had heard that August 26th was to be a Women's Strike. Strike to working class women means action. These waitresses on their own initiative sat down on the job at the height of rush hour and refused to serve the fat cats. Since the women were sitting in the same room with the ravenous market rapists it was a highly charged scene. Our sisters demanded higher wages. They received no protection in this action as they have no union, furthermore they didn't ask support from Women's Liberation, nor did they seek publicity. Finally they did serve the men, but their point of the heap refuses the worker on the bottom of the heap refuses to work, the system totters quickly. The worker on the bottom of the heap is a woman. To date no information has been received as to whether the waitresses have been fired for their spirited action.

Working class women tuned in to the publicity their middle class sisters so carefully sought after, and the working class women interpreted the strike in their own direct and devastating way to suit their own needs. In New Jersey a grandmother (name withheld by request) was

Photo by Ellen Bedoz



Cont. p.21

transvestite & transsexual liberation

by Angela Douglas

Definitions

Many transvestites are not homosexual, although the public generally classifies (and oppresses) all transvestites as being such.

Transvestites and transsexuals are actually in quite different categories, but many transsexuals consider transvestism to be a necessary phase of transsexualism — so they are joined together to a certain degree.

A *transvestite* is a male or female who wears the clothing of the opposite gender and usually assumes the voice, habits and manner of the opposite gender. Transvestites are also known as *cross-dressers*. *Female mimics* are usually men who dress as females for purposes of entertainment. *Female impersonator* also applies to such persons, but also covers criminals — such as a bank robber who would disguise himself as a woman. There is some evidence that espionage agencies of various nations train men to be expert female impersonators, and such a character was portrayed in the film "From Russia With Love." Police occasionally use officers dressed as females to attract other homosexuals, and are usually called *drag queens*.

Many transvestites are heterosexual, and are married to females who are either sympathetic to them or find sexual gratification with transvestic males. Some of these females are latent homosexuals.

Laws vary concerning transvestism in public or private, but in California there is no law prohibiting transvestism. In Hawaii, where male transvestites are many, they are required by law to wear buttons with the word "Boy" on them. In the Waikiki area, many transvestites are openly engaged in prostitution. In South Vietnam, male transvestic prostitutes are known as *kai tai* and are quite popular with American servicemen.

A *transsexual* is a male or female who changes their physical sex characteristics usually through cosmetic surgery and female (or male) hormone treatments which are taken in both tablet and injection form. In the case of a male-to-female transsexual, breasts develop, hips spread, the muscular tissue dissolves, there is some loss of facial and body hair, the skin becomes softer, and there are many psychological effects as well. Some transsexuals also get silicone implants for breasts and hips.

In the case of female-to-male transsexuals, an artificial penis is attached to the body, and the breasts are either removed or made smaller. At present, the male-to-female operation is far more advanced than the female-to-male.

There are many *partial* transsexuals. This would be a person who only changes their sex characteristics partially. For example, a male who takes female hor-

mones, develops breasts, etcetera, but does not obtain the cosmetic surgery where the male genitals are rearranged or removed.

There are few doctors who perform such operations, and the cost is rather high. When Christine Jorgensen changed her sex, it cost around \$10,000, seventeen years ago. A similar operation can be obtained in Mexico for \$2500, and in Europe for \$3000-5000. There are several sex change clinics at universities in the U.S.A. where the operations are performed and research is being carried out.

No one really knows how many transsexuals there are.

There are some legal problems involved. In England, a court ruled that a marriage between a transsexual and a male was invalid, that a person's sex was fixed at birth and could not be changed. The ruling is being appealed.

Transsexuals are also called "changelings."

Some transsexuals find relationships with "natural" females satisfying, and could be considered to be engaged in lesbianism.

Some of the problems:

As the anti-homosexual attitude in the U.S.A. is so harsh and vast, many male homosexual transvestites refuse to accept the reality of their homosexuality and claim, "I am a woman — I'm not a faggot." Of course, they are physically and "legally" males, and engage in homosexual practices with other males. Some males become transsexuals to escape the harshness of the anti-homosexual attitudes.

In most cities, transvestites have no clubs or places in which to meet other transvestites without fear of being exposed or possibly blackmailed. Most clubs that do exist are geared for a homosexual clientele, although there are some which are limited to heterosexuals or mixed.

Transvestites who live in public as females are quite aware of male chauvinism, and some have been raped. . . by heterosexual males.

Women's Liberation

There have been and may be male transvestites and transsexuals active in Women's Liberation, usually unknown to the other females. Some of them have been able to attain nominations to high positions, but as far as it is known, none have actually taken office. There are many reasons why a transvestite or a transsexual would want to be involved in Women's Lib — some seek to perfect their feminine role as much as possible; some are sexually attracted to aggressive females; others may be intelligence agents.

When Women's Lib became aware of this problem in California, they contacted the Gay Liberation Front for assistance. Not much could really be done. A Transvestite-transsexual Action Organization was formed and at one of the meetings of this group, several guidelines were proposed:

Transvestites: Male transvestites should not participate in Women's Liberation unless they publicly proclaim themselves as male transvestites and agree to any special limitations or conditions which may be imposed upon them by the particular feminist group.

Transsexuals: Partial and complete male to female transsexuals should be allowed to participate in Women's Liberation without any discrimination.

The overall consensus of the group seemed to be that transvestites and transsexuals should organize among themselves.

It would be best if the various feminist groups make clear policies concerning active participation by transvestites and transsexuals, as there will be many thousands more in a few years, and many will want to become active in Women's Lib.

Gay Liberation

In California, Gay Liberation has not been of much help to transvestites and transsexuals, and there are few transvestites or transsexuals involved in Gay Liberation at this time. Part of the reason is that many male homosexuals are extremely chauvinistic, and dislike anything feminine — and a male wearing feminine attire or a male who seeks womanhood is particularly abhorrent to such individuals.

The transvestites and transsexuals who were involved with Gay liberation found that they were used only for confrontation's sake at gay power demonstrations, and that nothing was being done to help their lifestyles.

Transvestite-Transsexual Liberation

On June 2nd, six persons visited Los Angeles City College and spoke with hundreds of students about transvestism and transsexualism. Four were male transvestites, two were partial transsexuals. Most of us had never been involved in any kind of demonstration before, and it was a unique experience. There was very little trouble from supermasculine Black or Chicano students, as had been expected. We had volunteered our time to help inform the public about ourselves, and felt that education of the youth was of great importance. It was very successful, and several male homosexuals who are in the Gay Liberation Front were miffed. The GLF had sponsored the "Teach-in" as a follow up to a demonstration of police harassment of homosexuals on the campus. However, the students seemed to be far more interested in transvestism and transsexualism than gay liberation.

AUGUST 26, 1970 - N.Y.C. - cont'd.

watching the news coverage of the day and saw a poster that said, 'Starve a Rat Today.' She turned to her long time spouse and declared her cooking days were over and he could damn well cook for her. A protest from her long time exploiter was answered with a fist on the table and 'Liberation or Separation!' He cooked and he's cooking still.

Reports filtered in through telephones and by word of mouth of women demanding the labor be shared. One man in Pennsylvania came home to find a suitcase packed with all his belongings sitting on the front step. The sister had decided to break her chains rather than burnish them.

Wall Street was the scene of more activity when a group of women leafleted the office workers to unionize. The leafleting was planned as an alternative action to all the middle class pomp and circumstance. These few women have been working for months, a few for years,

to help close the class gap. In desperation they have been forced to stop beating their brains out trying to educate middle class women, and they have begun to organize working class women. These women and a handful of other obscene comments from men—yes, those same austere financiers tend to drop the mask of respectability when it comes to women unionizing their 'shops.' The organizers at Wall St. knew better than to ask for support from the glamour elements of the movement. All the cameras and well dressed women showed up on Fifth Avenue and marched down to Bryant Park. There the thousands cheered to the strains of Betty Friedan's 'we want to walk groups, among them the Third World women and the lesbians, have been the only elements in New York City willing to tackle the problem. There were no TV cameras on Wall St. and Nassau, no crowds of well dressed women singing, 'Liberation Now'....there were hurried exchanges with file clerks and secretaries afraid of losing their jobs. There were hostile and

nand in hand with men.' Gloria Steinham and Kate Millet gave speeches of love and sisterhood. The women were enthusiastic. The only jarring note was when a lesbian grabbed the microphone after being discouraged by the heavies. She told the crowd to stand behind their lesbian sisters who were being arrested and harassed for no reason at all—except of course, that they are lesbians. And the show went on. No cheers for the Wall Street workers, no cheers for the Black sisters thrown into jails, no cheers for the lesbians beaten senseless on the streets. The cheers were all for a future of projected goodies and for the old Equal Rights Amendment, the band-aid to heal the gaping, festering wound of rich, white, American male politics.

But the cheers have stirred new women...women who won't make a mockery of the word Liberation...women who trust deeds, not the promise of them...poor women, Black women, Puerto Rican women, Asian-American women, working women and women who love their sisters...women who will bypass rhetoric and make a revolution.

From the men: Games Male Chauvinists Play



The games people play go on and on and on. This is especially true of that cruelist of human games known as cruising. In cruising, the hunt is on and the hunter becomes the hunted. Eventually the tension becomes so high that the whole aspect of meeting someone with the prospect of an evening, a week, or even a lifetime of satisfaction, or even pleasure, becomes lost in this confrontation of wills. Cruising is one of the great male chauvinist games: I can be tougher than you can be. I can hold out longer than you can hold out. I don't need you. I can't open up to you until you open up to me. Most men try to set up their own roles in the first moments of this contest of wills. Whether the playing ground be some street in the Village, one of the Avenues, or any bar or beach there are always the same roles, often enough being played by the same men only wearing different faces. We could begin with the extreme caricature of masculinity who believes that it is below his masculine dignity to ever approach anyone else. He will usually stand like the steadfast tin soldier for hours on end, wondering why this isn't his particular night. Next to him is the aggressive animal, the tiger stalking his way through the situation, looking at everyone but not looking at anyone. He is really looking for that perfect fulfillment of some adolescent sex fantasy (referred to as his 'type') who was possibly his first love at the age of twelve (his first 'type') and whom he expects to walk by momentarily.

There is also the verbal bully who thinks the best way to captivate his latest is to out-man him (voice three

octaves below normal) or outwit him (except that you've heard it all before) or out talk him (most of which you've heard even before he tried to outwit you).

And there are of course also the always-with-us clothes queens (nothing below Bonwits), size queens, body queens, height queens (nothing below six feet), race queens, blonde queens, chicken queens, astrology queens (his sign always agrees with yours), drug queens, campus queens (world's oldest frat men), muscle queens, and even queen queens.

There are the 'numbers' guys who have to announce to you that you're going to be their first of the evening or the week or whatever. They also have to constantly tell you what the cruising report is for every port between here, San Juan, and Dubrovnik. In other words, this is to make you feel like another swell number in his address book. If you're lucky.

And the put-up artist who has to first off embarrass you with how you're the most beautiful thing he's ever seen since the last most beautiful thing he has ever seen.

Or the put-down artist who thinks he has to shake you up to get you out.

There are the fantasy creeps who stare at you all night until you walk over to them and then they walk away. They'd rather not know you, too well.

All of these men add up to a frightening lack of self-understanding and self-confidence. They can not face up to a situation without the roles pre-defined, the definitions roled out. We are all too afraid to find out that that certain gorgeous 'number' over there is just like we

are inside: afraid and alone. Trapped in the role that he has learned how to play very successfully, but has outgrown years ago, whether it be the gorgeous 'number' role or the twittering little boy of thirty.

Gay roles in the whole of society are designed by fear. Just as we act in straight society out of fear that they will discover us, we react with each other out of fear that we will discover ourselves also.

It is no small wonder that from out of this self straight-jacketing, many gay men develop a real hatred for men, just as many straight men hate women because of the roles they must act out. Because we are forced to live in a society that condemns us as half-men, many of us feel that we must become men and a half. This means to shut out all of the real tenderness and sensitivities associated with femininity. Gay life is a gay drag when it forces a man to reject most of himself and only leaves him a shell or role he must show in order to live with the reality of our situation: that we are all outcasts.

We must reject what straight society has straight-jacketed us with and form our own life as real people not merely the old male chauvinist roles left over from a dodo society. It's very simple, men. It's just a matter of getting together or falling apart.



Joan Bird
is free!

LNS Photo

OH' HAPPY DAY! by Bob Kohler

On Monday, July 6th, Joan Bird was released from the Women's House of Detention after being held for fifteen months in \$100,000 ransom.

About five o'clock that afternoon I was standing on the corner of Sixth and Greenwich rapping with Steve and Bob, who were hawking COME OUTS. Bob was trying to convince us that he had just sold a paper to Afeni Shakur who then went "down that way". We were kidding him about being a Celebrity-hawker when I happened to glance "down that way" and saw a crowd of Women in front of The House of D.

When we reached the prison a young Woman I recognized from the Panther Defense Committee ran up and threw her arms around me shouting: WE DID IT! WE GOT JOAN OUT! (When GLF donated \$500 to the Panther Bail Fund we were asked if it was specifically to go toward Joan Bird's release. We said that decision was

up to them. Standing there hearing the shouts of WE WANT JOAN and PEOPLE'S POWER IS THE PANTHER'S BAIL I found myself hoping it had.)

While we waited, chanting and shouting, a pot-bellied slob next to me started muttering, "A goddamn shame, that's what it is." Just my luck — there must have been over two hundred people there and I end up next to Harry Hard-hat without his headpiece! I was about to say, politely, "Fuck you, you lousy Rat-humper!", when he added, "Keepin' that poor girl locked up in there all that time!" It just goes to prove that you can't lose 'em all!

Afeni Shakur appeared in the doorway and cried: "She's coming!" Shouts of POWER and wild applause greeted Joan Bird as she emerged, calm and smiling. Joan Bird is a slight Woman, smaller than I had thought. (Another myth laid to rest: all giants aren't tall!) She embraced her parents, Mrs. Shakur, and some of the Women from the Women's Union who had worked so tirelessly for her release. Then, while Panther men cleared a path, she crossed to the other side of Greenwich Avenue. Facing the prison, she raised her fist and cried POWER to the Sisters jammed against the barred

windows. The deafening roar that answered her declaration must have shaken the cornerstones!

I watched Joan Bird drive away and wondered what it must have been like for her those past fifteen months. The closest I could come to a personal comparison was the twelve months I had spent in a hospital, which was no comparison at all. Among other considerations, I was White, I was a Man, and I was waiting to die while Joan Bird was fighting to live.

POETRY

I'm twenty-three now
But I won't be for long
Day by Day, I'm growing older
In a land where youth is a cult
AmeriKKKa

land of the free
home of the brave

And I am gay
where age is feared
and youth is worshipped

So
I must try to know my youth
and my aging

What they mean now
And what they will become

AFTER
THE
REVOLUTION

I see the older men
on Christopher Street
and I wonder
I've heard they search for youth
and will pay

Does your age scare you?
do you dye your hair?
do you dress "young"?
why?

We live in a dying nation
an empire aging in his own shit
which transmits his fear
of age
to all his citizens

Nations young do not have power
or money
and are prostituted
by the powered rich

But the rich grow old and senile
and the prostitutes arise

Vietnam, the thin and short
whose history is long
but who is now young
beats upon AmeriKKKa's door
While inside
the black houseboy
comes to fight him too
With his cousins
Zambia, Lesotho, Rwanda
(whose names he never knew
but whose sperm replenished
his aging, fattened arteries),
conspire against him

Cuba, whom he once kept
organizes all the other
Latin boys

Yes
AmeriKKKa
Fascist Babylon
NorteameriKKKa
Will Die

And
In his dying
will be his birth
The Phoenix of new youth
risen from the ashes
of age

And
In his deathbirth
will be yours and mine
As the Spirit of Youth
spreads through all the people

I am young and do not wish to
Grow Old — here/now

I look to China
older than any
older than Rome
older than Greece
Yet now younger
I look at the pictures of her aged
men and women
And I see the faces of young lovers

Eternal Youth?
Perpetual Revolution!
They are one.

We search for the first
I to stay
And you to return

Our search ends in

picking up the gun
and aiding those who do

It may be public
or it may be hiding
(we gays are good at that)

WE CAN BE TOGETHER

Bob Bland

ATTENTION KINGS & QUEENS:

My Renaissance. I Am We Are
We shall always be
You make it hard
Renaissance
Hard hard hard, the World is hard — Swim
up stream. Crash Smash Love me Love me, Oh my God
Love me. Crash Smash, the world is one Vibration
Floor Plan—Hello—You have what I want,
you have what I need.

What is it?
Touch me, I'll tell you
We touched. We wrestled, oozing our knowledge into
each other—We made sounds. We touched. Our
souls, minds, bodies, infinite beings—We touched, our
words tangling one with another. Stop Stop Stop
It is wrong to know too much
Another.
Oh my God, Love me
Take Me I am yours
We Encompass. We Transcend
Rock Rock, Rock Rock, Rock Rock

Erica Evander

ANGEL

Three thirty at night:
our city room
silent and dark . . .

I lie in bed
watching Rick,
his body just now smooth against mine,
now crouching, naked, by the window,
leaning,
motionless,
in the black air.
One arm draws back the curtain,
the other
rests upon the sill . . .

I watch him there a moment —
slim and light in all that darkness,
then look beyond him
to the lighted street outside . . .

Still coldness
gives the air
substance.
A few blurry lights —
yellow blobs, and white,
(without my glasses).
A car passes —
tires on the wet road —
the steady, dying sound . . .

As if all Night were stopped
at this one moment —
I in bed,
Rick at the window,
cold street waiting.

Across the road,
the EVANGEL TEMPLE's neon sign
goes off and on.
Part of it's broken. The rest
gives us a message,
glowing

ANGEL//ANGEL//ANGEL//ANGEL

Ian Young

HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE

A boy of fifteen,
he wore a jacket, dark shirt, wool tie,
his bright eyes studying earnestly
ANDROCLES AND THE LION
in the Shavian alphabet . . .
His friend, a few years older,
blond and bundled in overcoat and scarf,
carried a flute
as they sat at the next table
of a cafe in Toronto.
My friend knew the younger boy
and I asked her who they were.
'He used to be a nice, ordinary kid,'
she said; 'Then he met *him* — Brett.
Brett took him to Montreal,
did things to him . . . I don't know . . .
they're fags . . . you know . . . Music Room types.'
When they left, they were laughing,
planning how to spend Brett's paypacket.
I noticed they'd written in Shavian
all over the serviettes.
That's what corruption does to you.

Ian Young

9.

Mine the rings of rains green leaves will wring
from bended branches, mine the flaring horns
on suns of noons on flouncing fields of corn,

mine thy slendered body's touch to sing

(beneath my gazes, naked, when thy form
as well as mind is mine — the rush of now,
the only all we ever own — two trout
inseminating in a river warmed
by summer, over pebbles blue and round
—blue as mountain winter, shaded trails
of last fall's leaves — involved as wise men's tales
on nights cock thrushes sing alone for hours)

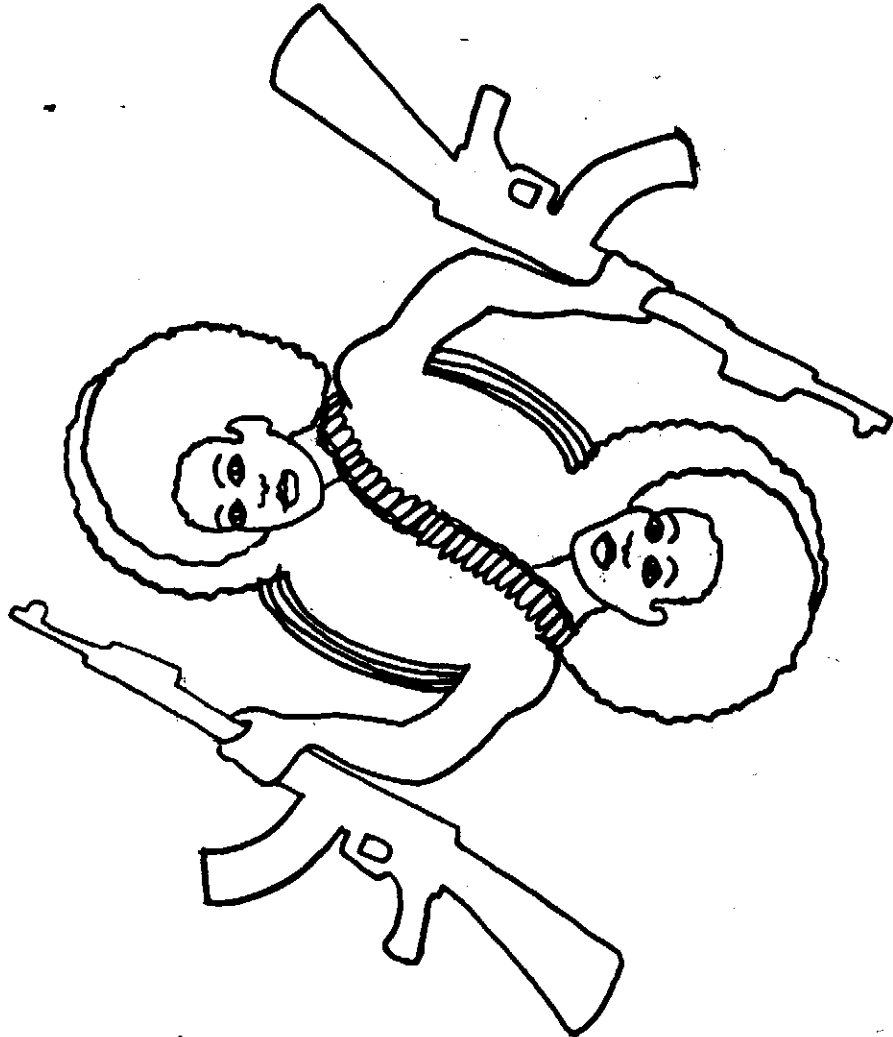
as long as word can entertain such song
as cheek on waist, sinking, like the sun.

milani
05
31
70

I never dreamt that I was the American Dream.
I was born and so it happened,
my parents were the earth and the sky.
Every day the sun goes down,
it is the sweet orgasm of the day
when the day sighs in the voice of dusk
and surrenders to the gentle night.

Even when it rains and I can not see the golden
texture of the sunset, I know that there
is the dusk, somewhere beyond the distant hills
and I was born and was never meant to be the
American Dream
and my parents were the earth and the sky
who did not wish their son to die for the myth
of the American Dream.

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