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25¢

GAY Sunshine



John
Perry

what's this shit?

It's all about the pogrom being carried out against that POOR COCK-SUCKER. I mean that kinda creep that doesn't have the BREAD or MOXIE or CLASS to avoid this kind of SHITICK—in other words, you know getting busted for some kind of sex charge, and having the neighbors and friends and JEEZ employer find out you're QUEER (the touchy fruits call it GAY). Wondering? Well, honey! Let MOTHER lay it on you. It's those busts at Land's End and the Park (Golden Gate Park). Y'see COMRADES—(Latin CAMA, Medieval Spanish CAMARADA, BED or CHAMBER MATE, Modern English, COMRADE or FELLOW TRAVELER).

But don't ya get uptight all you LEFTIES and MOVEMENT types about the trip this concept has come thru—y'don't hafta be GAY, BUT IT HELPS!

But back to the main drag, about this STRAIGHT CAPITALIST DAISY CHAIN, this cat that owns the access to the NUDE, "FREE" beach at Devil's Slide, y'know, the place where you pay a dollar (if you have it) to park in the BULLDOZED-OUT mountainside, and fifty cents to get in; well, this cat also owns the LINCOLN-MERCURY DISTRIBUTORSHIP (piss-elegant, huh?) for San Francisco—our own GAYBAY-CITY! And, funny thing, isn't it weird that another transportation agent or perhaps a dummy fronting for the same, donated those HONDAS to the PIGS to vamp on the fags—meaning us, honey. Y'know, for stripping to sun at Land's End or blowing dope or tripping a little Red Mountain (contributing to the delinquency of) or sucking a little cock in the bushes (strictly CLOSET, DISCREET, y'know). SO,

this HONDA dealer gave these HONDAS to the PIGS which are to be used "free", gratis, until mid-summer when either Proposition I (which failed) or an appropriation by the Board of Supervisors pays for these greasy, joy-riding bikers and their bikes.

What all this shit boils down to is: 1) Fags are ultimately the best scapegoats. So therefore a mono-maniac or powermonger may (until GAY PEOPLE STOP THIS SHIT BY ANY MEANS POSSIBLE) use QUEERS as VICTIMS by having their stooges, the MORLOCKS rip the beautiful PEOPLE off and then use these arrests to prove via inflated statistics (of victimless crimes) in the Examiner or other such rag;

2) SOME STRAIGHT CAPITALIST CHICKENSHIT is making \$\$\$\$\$ off the agonies of GAY PEOPLE and are doing so thru the ignorant support of the straight middle-classes (who could care less even if they knew).

3) The PIGS are the real criminals, along with their super-pig king-pins.

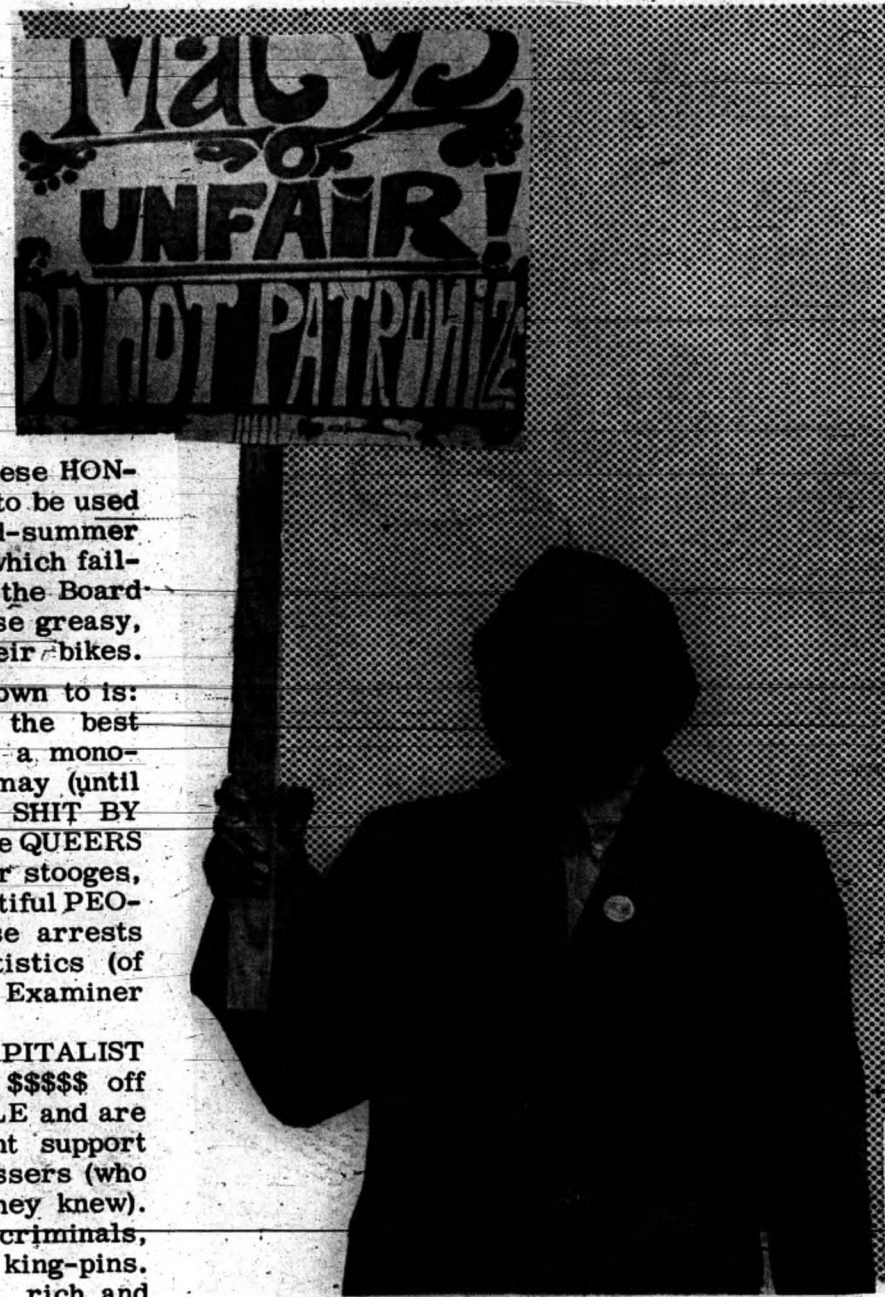
4) Only the middle class, rich and informed GAY PEOPLE have the MOXIE to beat this crap. The lumpenproletarians (unemployed or penniless) and proletarians ("insecure" workers) are fucked by that big steel sharp dildo.

5) Marx, though straight, wasn't wrong in his ideas about the "haves" and "have nots". It is obvious that the "poor" cocksuckers that don't have the bread or MOXIE to go to Devil's Slide or San Gregorio—\$1 a head, please; ACCOMPANIED CHICKS free (in other words, no DYKE couples) or, to pay court costs, or fines after copping to a lesser, or are not able to

defend themselves—all these "poor cocksuckers" are gonna get fucked by that aforementioned Establishment steel dildo.

6) We "poor fruits" have not had, do not have any choice in this matter other than to OFF THE PIGS, OFF HONDA, OFF THE OPPRESSOR POLITICOS, GAY POWER TO GAY PEOPLE GAY POWER TO GAY PEOPLE GAY POWER TO GAY PEOPLE

Pat Brown



M Henry



dept. store faggot

Macy's 1964 Christmas, \$1.95 P.H.

I was really excited about working there making all that bread. During the Christmas Rush it's really hectic and busy, so time flies. I was there for two months and it was like it almost never happened except for a few memorable events—walking through the employees mezzanine just past the two way mirror that overlooks the first floor; a stockboy says to his friend, "Hey, look at the fairy!" I looked around—it was me! I kept walking, as it sunk in my eyes watered. I was a little stunned. Do I look like a queer? I didn't know yet, so it was a mindblower.

After Christmas they laid me off. I went to L.A. to go to college and came out there. I learned what Gay really was. I returned to S.F. just in time for the Christmas Rush 1965 and was rehired by Macy's at \$1.99 P.H. -- a four cent raise for my experience.

That Christmas I saw the guy who called me a fairy in a neighborhood bar cruising. And I thought I had problems! I also learned how Gay the store really was. All those friendly guys weren't friendly just cause they thought I was a nice guy. Still being new to Gay life I was really amazed every day by finding out so and so — in personnel or — in management was Gay. Everyone knew but sort of didn't talk about it.

That Christmas they asked me to stay on. I stayed there over a year, as the real insanity of all sunk in: Do a good job Dan, tomorrow I'll give you more to do! Turn in a fellow employee for shoplifting and you get a \$25.00 Bonus—only \$5.00 for a customer, so watch your friends. Did you see the guards dragging those colored kids through the mezzanine? Yeah—at Macy's we care!

Help me escape—I transferred to the warehouse tired of being a department store faggot: well dressed, cut your hair,

shine your shoes, got to impress what's his name, you know. So to the warehouse I went where I could relax. There was less tension there—well, at first.

That year they built a wall along the end of the floor with little holes along each aisle so the guard could watch to see if anyone was pocketing any merchandise. The building was a huge cement block with wired windows and barred doorways. Show him your purse when you leave or your lunch box or your ass; can't have anyone taking out any merchandise, you know. Don't scratch your ass—the man could be watching you through the peep holes you know. So after two years I flipped out one day and walked off.

Why was I there, I hated it? For security to pay the bills I made while working there. Life has to be more than that, if survival means kissing the man's ass! ripping off my brothers, locked in, guarded and watched like an animal. "You punched in six minutes late Dan—got to dock your pay—Don't let it happen again—Got to raise your production, for what? I didn't need it! Do you?"

So now 1970 Macy's is ripping off the Gays. That's like the guy who called me a fairy. I wonder what he felt like when he found out he was Queer too! If all the Gays in Macy's would stop work, the store would have to close! They won't though. They got to pay for the color TV plus interest!

So you work--
You get paid--
You pay the Bills--
and you keep working--
You get no where! But the man gets Bigger and Bigger and now he can strangle you--and you'll die-- Nowhere
Danny

WHO NEEDS IT?

What is the value of a gay newspaper?

I mean, is the mere instance of homosexuality enough of a common purpose around, which to create a newspaper? If homosexuality is really nothing different than something like lefthandedness, then the creation of a paper for homosexuals makes no more sense than a newspaper for lefthanders.

And where a newspaper for lefthanders would be of special value only to tell its readers where to find the appropriate kind of monkey-wrench, so would a newspaper for gays really be good only to tell where the hottest sex books are sold and where most other gays are getting together.

Maybe there's a need for that sort of thing. But I used to think a gay newspaper would also serve another purpose—that of being an exercise of a basic component of freedom. Gays, I felt, need a free press to protect their rights.

Since all gays are oppressed by the society, I thought, a gay newspaper would be a powerful tool in the homosexual fight for equal rights, as it would be a catalyst that could call forth the political potential of a sub-

culture such as the one in San Francisco that constitutes more than 10 percent of the total population.

Such a newspaper could wield a substantial amount of political power, the kind of power that is needed to protect the rights of the citizenry against the blatant kinds of atrocities that are common to come down on homosexuals.

Existing gay publications—such as the San Francisco Free Press on one end and SIR's Vector magazine on the other—almost deliberately appeal to only one sector of the total gay community in the area.

That's the way the powers-that-be want it. They want to keep the city's 90,000 homosexuals divided amongst themselves so that they can't be of any noticeable political importance.

Such publications that play into the hands of this mentality—that perpetuate the stupid haggling over whether or not "gay" is an appropriate word or whether or not a naked body is fit material for the expense of printer's ink—are not newspapers in the sense of actualizing the right to free press. They are really only what is known in the trade as "house

organ" publications that serve the interests not of the total populace, but of an esoteric club, organization or splinter group.

The question remains whether or not a genuine gay newspaper is a possibility.

I have come to feel that it is not—not, that is, simply as a gay newspaper.

My thinking goes like this: —Freedom, equality and justice are all political categories.

—Homosexuality is not a political category, any more than lefthandedness is.

—Oppression is a political category.

—Not all homosexuals are oppressed. They all are, but then, many refuse to believe it. By living double lives, accepting themselves as sex freaks therefore obligingly hiding their activities from free and public exercise, many feel they can function as "free Americans" like anyone else, and they are content with this. They claim they are oppressed because they are gay (the gods, or fate, or their parents are the evil oppressors), so they believe that the unhappiness they experience in the homosexual dimension of their lives (loneliness, fear of

aging, superficiality) is due to the inevitability of their lamentable condition, rather than due to a social, political mentality of across-the-board oppression of all things not white, straight, middle class, pro-establishment.

—Therefore, a newspaper trying to serve the interests of the total gay community could not be a newspaper that speaks to the political categories of freedom and justice.

—What is needed is a newspaper that will represent those who understand themselves as oppressed—politically oppressed by an oppressor that not only is down on homosexuality, but equally down on all things that are not white, straight, middle class, pro-establishment. Such a newspaper should call together—all those who would see themselves as oppressed in this way. It should resist the divisive tendencies to split over little words, tastes in art or the manners of small groups of individuals. It should harken to a greater cause—the cause of human liberation, of which homosexual liberation is just one aspect—and on that level make its stand.

Nick Benton

VENCEREMOS

The Cuban revolution must not be a revolution for men first, women second, and homosexuals who stay in the closet. It is precisely the contradiction between the promise of that revolution and its practice towards homosexuals that convinced us of the need for GLF in this country to confront both capitalist society and the movement which hopes to change it.

Homosexuality is not illegal in Cuba, but the line that a homosexual cannot be a good communist oppresses all homosexuals and builds a society of sexual repression. A communist society cannot exist in a land of sexual repression.

Only in a society where human beings can be organized around their own needs and where the rigid authoritarian heterosexual family structure is not a necessity for the society can we homosexuals gain our freedom. That society is called communism and the Cubans are building that society. They are building that society for our benefit as homosexuals whether they know it or not.

I do not work as a homosexual in the revolutionary movement to prove myself to anyone. I work in the movement because it is our only chance of survival against the forces of death. If the Cubans have always regarded homosexuals as less-than-human freaks, we are going to show some homosexual revolutionaries whose humanity is manifest in the struggle. We have no alternative.

A Fourth Venceremos Brigade will be organized sometime this fall. Gay people who want to go to Cuba for six weeks should write to Venceremos Brigade, 933 Channing Way, Berkeley 94710 or call 845-6326. The Brigade is committed to accept Gay people and we are to be screened by other Gay people.



SAN JOSE CESSPOOL

When San Jose Gay Liberation applied for recognition last fall as a student organization at San Jose State Max Rafferty got wind of it, and wrote S. J. State's President a letter:

"What are you running down there, a cesspool?" Max wanted to know. Needless to say, recognition was denied. The denial got a lot of people in motion, however, and S.J.GLF now has about 50 active members. Zelima Williams reports:

Beautiful things are happening in San Jose. We have meetings every Wednesday,

and Thursday we have sensitivity sessions. We have one group of singles and one of couples. The purpose of the sessions is to get ourselves really together and to develop our own true self image, not the stereotype society has so thoughtfully cut out for us. The couples group is a first of its kind.

We work with the Suicide Prevention Hot Line and Teen Crisis. We have spoken in several classrooms. The results have been great.

Right now we have more male members, but that is because

many of the females have moved. However more and more females are joining and I believe it will level out soon. It is very important to keep San Jose GLF a mixed group. We realize how much we need each other. We have gained a lot through sensitivity sessions: touching one another, talking to each other with our eyes and hands. Loving a gay member of the opposite sex is quite a beautiful experience. If a brother and sister happen to meet on the street they have no

qualms about running to each other and hugging one another.

We will open a coffee house in the next two weeks. It will be in the San Jose Cafeteria, between 2nd and 3rd Streets in East San Fernando and will open at 4:30 p.m. We will serve all sorts of unheard of but very good food—also hamburgers, cokes, etc. We will also have poetry readings and other entertainment.

Contact San Jose Gay Liberation at 1771 Ocala Ave., San Jose 95122 or call 415-251-5666.

letter to the playboy forum, may 1970

Excerpts from a symposium on homosexuality arranged for and published by TIME Magazine last fall occasioned comment in your February Playboy forum. In order to clarify my position which was misunderstood by your correspondent, I would like to point out that:

- 1) Overt obligatory (as different from episodic utilitarian homosexual acts of a volitional nature) is a medical problem and is neither due to cultural or social considerations, nor ameliorated by them.
- 2) Obligatory homosexuality, as the term makes clear, is a disorder in which the individual has no choice. It is caused by intrapsychic conflicts engendered in early childhood when the boy or girl is first attempting individuation, a process in which sexual identification is fundamental.
- 3) When deep-seated fears, rage and guilt, unconscious for the most part, impel a person to avoid all meaningful intimate relationships with the opposite sex, a psychoanalyst is scientifically justified in observing (as I did in the TIME panel) that function is, indeed, impaired. Five hundred million years of evolution have established the male-female standard as the functionally healthy pattern of human sexual fulfillment—a pattern promoted and documented by Playboy since its inception. Only the gravest anxiety can pervert the emotional and biological mating congruities between man and women.

Charles W. Socarides

seattle: 'OUR TIME IS NOW'

"We love our Gay brothers and sisters and we are not in the least ashamed we are Gay. We proclaim it on the street, we have argued in favor of it on two radio stations, KUOW and KRAB, and we have marched under a GLF banner. We leafleted the Unitarian Church when they held their recent convention in Seattle and voted favorably on a proposal to legalize homosexual--bisexual

behavior." (from Seattle GLF Newsletter).

Gay Liberation in Seattle is only two months old, but it attracts about sixty people to its weekly meetings and each week a new small discussion group forms.

Most of GLF energy the first month was directed outward--turning on straights. "But I think most of our energies are already turning inward," says

Graig Smith, GLF member. "We put out a newsletter every week. We picketed a private picnic which the guys here pay \$7 to get into so that they can meet without hassle from the pigs. We'll probably have a contingent at the Sky River Rock Festival. A gay commune is already being formed by some of the GLF activists..."

Craig writes: "At one of the last consciousness-raising

gay students

A weekend of "developing mind weapons to go back to school and fight with" is the goal of a Gay Students Liberation Conference planned by Charles P. Thorp. Charles, founder of San Francisco State GLF plans a three day meeting, August 21,22,23 at SIR Center, 83 6th St., San Francisco.

Charles says he is going to give a pro-violence "key-note" speech. "Gay leaders are behind where the people are...Frank Bartley (murdered by Berkeley police last year) is not a martyr, just another senseless victim."

The opening day will include a State of the Gay Nation, reports from participants evaluating their tactics and programs.

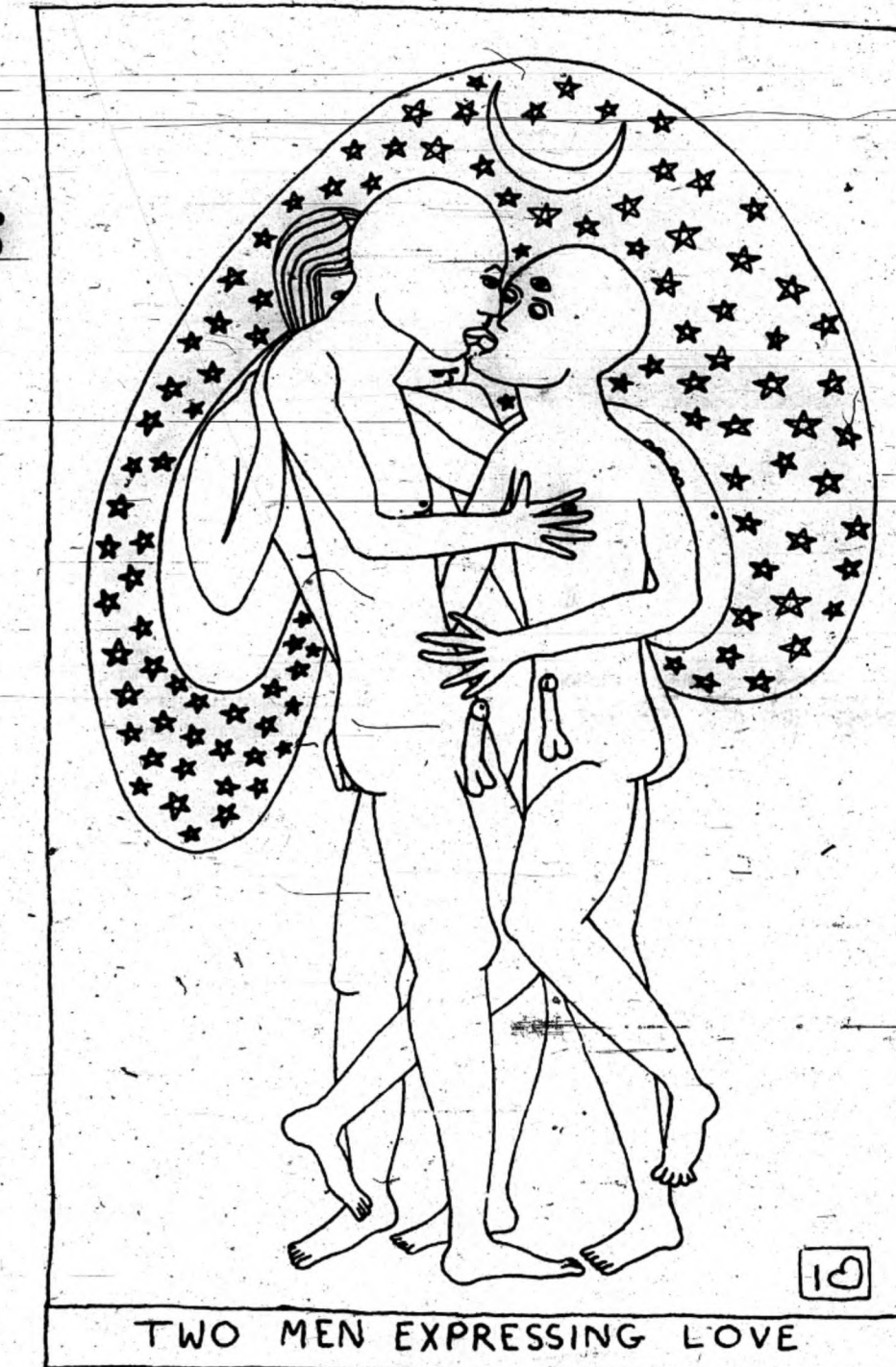
The second day will be workshop day on Gay studies, food conspiracy, communes and other economic programs; on social experiments such as coffeehouses, gay newspapers; on cultural things such as Gay guerilla theatre, camp as an art form and the need for Gay people to handle art created by Gay people; and on political things like "an army of lovers," pickets, sit-ins and firebombs, says Charles.

On the last day, Charles hopes several well-known Gay people will come, no commitments as yet though.

Contact Charles at 2729B California St., San Francisco 94115.

NACHO

The North American Conference of Homophile Organizations (NACHO) meets in San Francisco, August 28, 29, 30, at SIR Center, 83 6th St. Gay Liberationists from New York and Chicago as well as many other groups will attend.



ARE YOU INFECTED WITH MALE CHAUVINIST IDEAS? You may be if you can't solve the following riddle from the Old Mole:

A father and his son were riding in a car. They got into an accident and the father was killed. The son was rushed to the hospital in an ambulance and taken to the operating room. The doctor walked in, looked at the patient, and said, "I can't operate—that's my son."

All facts are true—the father and son in the car are real, not spiritual father and son. The doctor is telling the truth. How can this be?

(Answer: The doctor was a woman.)

WORTH WATCHING

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

Paraphrase of a police report on New York Gay Liberation Front.

groups someone asked a guy why he got into GLF and he said, 'It's hard to say. There's so much repression now that we could probably be smashed by the state in one afternoon. But I just have the feeling that this is right, that's all, that our time is now. The only thing that matters is that we get together...' Those group meetings are such highs that we all just float out of them, love overflowing and rolling down the streets." GLF meets every Tuesday, 7:30 p.m., at Helix House, 1242-15th Ave. E., Seattle. Call 206-MA-3-5671.

COME OUT!

COME OUT! is a newspaper published about every two months by the Come Out collective of New York Gay Liberation Front. It's a good looking 20 to 25 page tabloid. Order 12 issues for \$6 from P.O. Box 92, Village Station, 150 Christopher Street, New York, N.Y. 10014.

PARADE

Henry LeLieu has organized a Gay Parade on Folsom St., for 6 p.m., August 16th. It is nonpolitical, that was one condition in getting the permit. Various bars are expected to participate.

OLDER GAYS

While it is commonly understood that "Gay" life is a lonely one, it is difficult to realize the extreme loneliness of the old Gays. I know quite a few (my contemporaries) and this is certainly true as in many cases they are without family or friends and frequently are hard pressed for funds, often living in less than pleasant surroundings and suppressed in their lack of places to contact others of their way of life.

In some respects I am fortunate in that I have a comfortable home of my own and sufficient funds to "get by" without too many worries on that score but being confined to it because of physical disability I know quite well that feeling of loneliness and lack of affection which comes from spending the long days and often sleepless nights alone and wishing for companionship and understanding.

STOP AND THINK--some day you may be old too! Does the younger person realize that one's desires and dreams do not lessen with age, they just become less attainable, so do not forget the "old Gays" in your plans as it is a form of self-insurance for the day that you are old too.

--Just One of Many

FIVE YEARS IN SOLEDAD

I have been locked in prison for over five years now so you can see that I am way behind as far as what's happening. Probably the main reason that I have not been paroled yet is that I know no one in California, and that is my main reason for writing to you. I have been following the gay liberation very closely in your paper and I think it is beautiful. Since I fit in that category I was in hopes of maybe getting some contacts that may be able to help me get out of here and get a job. Below you will find a light resume of myself and if you know anyone that may be able to help me out please let them read it.

I am a 28 year old caucasian and am in prison for the crime of Robbery and Escape. I graduated from high school in 1959 and since then have worked at many jobs. I have Electrocardiograph Technician Certificate and some training in hospital attendant work. At present I have learned quite a bit of accounting through the job I am working. I am working in the canteen at North Facility and will be going to the board in January of next year. As I say I have a very good chance of getting a parole but a little help from the outside would cinch it. I also have quite a bit of experience in clerical work and feel that I could handle any job in that area.

I am going to explain a little about how these pigs are holding me in here because I am gay and proud of it: A person normally does 3 and 1/2 years for the crime I am in here on and so far I have done 5 and 1/2. I have a perfect work record and have broken no rules for over three years. When I went to the parole board last January they denied me another year for two reasons. The first reason was because I tried to commit suicide last year and the other was because of what they called homosexual activity. I have tried many times to write to the Gay Liberation and every time they shot my letter down because they said I could not write to a gay organization. The letter you got from me slipped by them because it was addressed to the Tribe instead of you. I guess I am kind of fighting a battle of my own in here because I refuse to change for them. They think I can turn straight anytime I want but what they don't know is I don't want to. I hate the life in prison because for a person like myself I have to get a Daddy and this Daddy is usually a straight guy who takes advantage of you but will not give anything in return. I am a very emotional person but cannot live on one way emotions and sex. I am not weak by no means but I am very versatile and enjoy sex all ways. The life in prison for the gay stinks and I hope that I will get out of here soon.

With Love,
Your Brother,

Tommie

welcome home, huey

KPFA Pacifica Interview August 12, 1970

Question: There are many groups of women today categorized as Women's Liberation, and yet they represent a variety of groups, only some of whom politically conscious. And there are other groups like the Homosexual groups. I would like your thinking of their relationship to what you are talking about.

Huey P. Newton: They definitely have a place in the revolutionary movement. Some of the Women's Liberation Front groups are politically conscious. Those groups which are politically conscious, we would like to unite with them, and we would like to also have unity with the Homosexual groups who are also politically conscious. We've had meetings with representatives of the Homosexual groups and also the Women's Liberation Front. Now the Homosexual groups have been oppressed so much and so badly till it was hard to convince them that the Black Panther Party is relating to them. But we see that Homosexuals are human beings and they are oppressed because of the bourgeois mentality and the bourgeois treachery that exists in this country that tries to legislate sexual activities. Most of the laws are not laws to promote freedom. I believe that one of the most essential things that man universally strives after whether its internal freedom or external freedom--in other

words, freedom from compulsions and obsessions. Man is not happy when he feels forced. These are the internal things, when he's oppressed and feels compelled, whether its through religious reasons or backwards value reasoning, even if he carries those values, he's unhappy. When we start legislating from the outside, there's force on the outside also, and this is on the laws on the lawbooks saying that adult people can't have any kind of sexual relationships they want to. I don't think that the Homosexuals should be harassed and badgered and brutalized because of their desire to have a sexual relationship that is not popular--at this time. So we plan in the future to make sure that we have solidarity with all oppressed people.

Gay Liberation Front of Berkeley sends greetings to the Black Panther Party Minister of Defense Huey P. Newton on the occasion of his release from prison--a victory for Black people. We also warmly acknowledge his support for Homosexual liberation in his recent speech. The oppressor of Homosexual women and men is also the oppressor of Black people everywhere: the racist, sexist capitalist U.S. empire. Ours is a common struggle. Victory to the Black peoples struggle for liberation! All power to the people!

Suicide—Jim Wagner, age 20 or 21, died last month, Gay brother.

Entrapped—David Dickson and another Drag Queen, taking a cab to get a bottle after hours. Said the cab driver, "I know a closer place," and he drove them into the basement of the Hall of Injustice and busted them for sex-

r.i.p. offs

ual soliciting. When David pleaded innocent, Judge O'Kaine said, "Alright, come back and be convicted." Jury trial August 19.

Police fill up the Queen Tank every weekend. Watch out for policemen posing as cab drivers.

Beaten and Busted—Pat Brown and Gary Alinder, singing in the Saturday morning sunshine in front of a party at Sacramento and Stockton Sts. Witnesses from the party said police pushed the brothers up against the wall, pretended to search for ID's and announced loudly, "No ID, no ID," to which Gary responded, "The sun's my ID." The pigs then beat our brothers with clubs. Other sisters and brothers from the party came down to plead with the cops to stop, but they continued while threatening to bust everyone. "One day they'll be beating our brothers and we'll be ready. Right on with the revolution," said Lai Lani Adona, one witness who scattered. Gary was charged with resisting arrest and being under the influence of dangerous drugs. Pat was charged with being under the influence of dangerous drugs, resisting arrest and possession of narcotics, a felony.

Pat, because he wore a Gay is Good button and beautiful blonde hair down to his waist, was illegally searched and busted at Lands End last summer for possession. Charges were later dropped. In November he served two days for contempt when he affirmed "Power to the People" when defendants from the Gay Liberation Examiner protest came before the judge. At the KGO-ABC protest Pat was busted with Steve Mattews for chanting "Suck Cock, Beat the Draft." Pat handled his own defense, explaining to the straight jury that sucking cock was a beautiful part of Gay lifestyle. He asked the arresting officer on the witness stand if "Violating Section 288a of the California Penal Code, Beat the Draft" would have disturbed the peace. The judge ruled that and many other questions irrelevant, and the jury found both brothers guilty. Their conviction is on appeal.

Suicide—Dale Switzer, age 32, treasurer of SIR 1968-69, died last month Gay brother.

Hassled—Konstantin Berlandt, hitchhiking home at 5 a.m. from San Francisco Gay Liberation dance, taken into police station for ID check. "What crime am I suspected of?" Officer: "I think you might be an escapee from a mental hospital. I'd suspect anyone who has a beard and is wearing a dress."

Busted—Four brothers, in one night in Buena Vista Park. Suspicion of oral copulation.

Other Busts—100s of brothers and sisters busted in Golden Gate Park and Lands End by Honda Hog Golden Gate Gestapo. 300 "runaways"--tourists who don't spend money--in Berkeley.

HELP! Bail fund raising, property owners willing to sign as references, attorneys willing to make at least initial defense free. Coordinate through Gay Switchboard, 843-6982. Let's get our sisters and brothers out of jail. Organize now in your own defense.

Beaten and Busted—Tom Mitchell, marching in Macy's picket line, attacked and slugged by a straight couple. Stunned, he fell out of line, walked to the corner where he was jumped by a plainclothesman who arrested him on two counts of battery. Co-chairman of the picket line Bill Plath, owner of the Orpheum Circus bar, insisted Mitchell was not busted on the line but for cussing out straights. Did SIR try to bail him out? "SIR (a \$86,000/year organization for the defense of the Gay community) has no bail fund," said Plath righteously.

I don't want to set the world on fire
I just want to set a flame

TO THE MEMORY OF FRANK BARTLEY (murdered April 17, 1969 by the Berkeley Pigs)

i don't hear the cry of a dead man the dead don't cry out that is left for the living

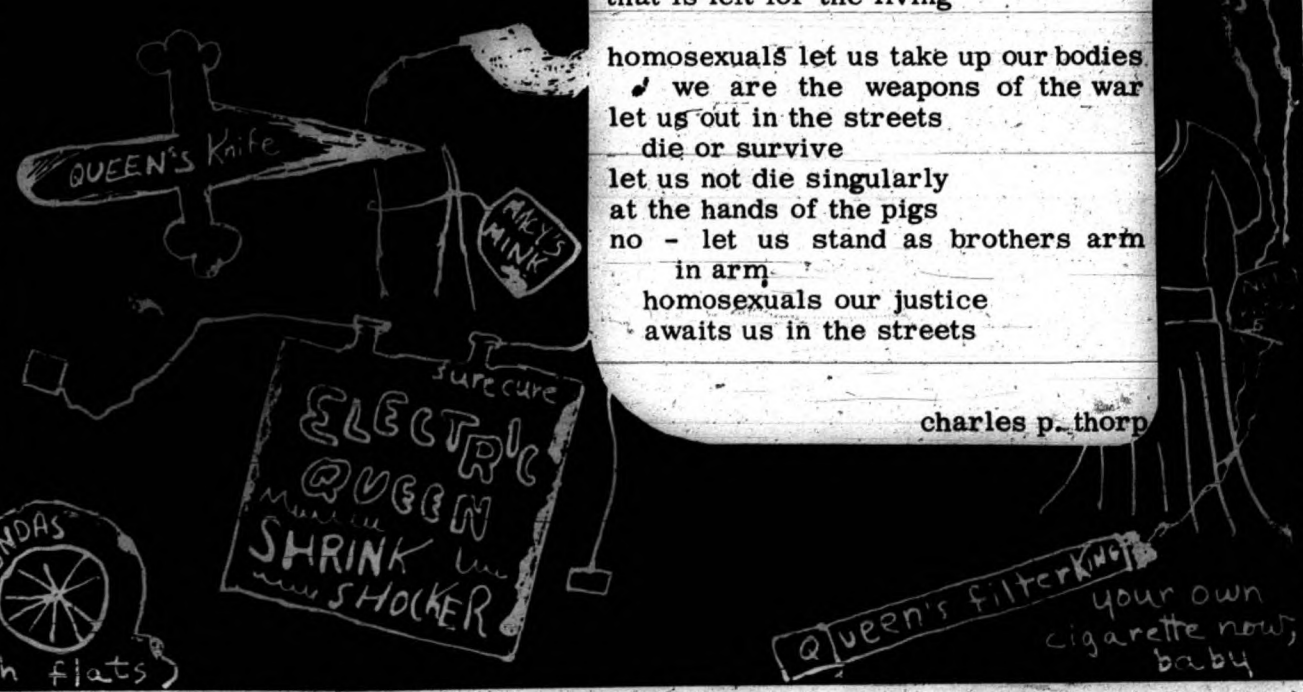
Brother Bartley was murdered by a Berkeley Pig and his murder was sanctioned it could have been you or me brother

we who live must cry out about this injustice and find its justice in the streets

no - you won't hear that dead man cry out that is left for the living

homosexuals let us take up our bodies we are the weapons of the war let us out in the streets die or survive let us not die singularly at the hands of the pigs no - let us stand as brothers arm in arm homosexuals our justice awaits us in the streets

charles p. thorpe





Oakland — Golden Dirty Straight City Suburb on the East Bay.

Everything is defined in terms of San Francisco. Do they ever say "West Bay?" San Francisco—Gay City of the Universe.

East Bay Gay commuters. Last month Gary and I visited the Oakland Gay bars:

Grandma's House, 12th St. near the museum—bar restaurant. The manager told us to stop distributing our leaflets for the dance. We gave them out quickly and left.

At Berry's, 352-14th St. down town, pseudo-dirty-old-men bought us drinks. "I admire what you hippies are doing, but don't use violence, please," said one man in a suit. I also talked about organizing with a young hospital worker who said he would come to the Gay Liberation dance in Berkeley.

Only a few people at the In-Between, 2325 E. 14th St.—black queens and a drag. Soul music juke box and slow dancing.

Slow dancing also at the Manhole, 6534 Foothill Blvd., to a live band. Women and men. Small, crowded. A black woman said, "Right on, brother, I'll be there," when she saw the raised fist on the dance leaflet.

Almost no one at Lou and Al's, 23rd and Telegraph, and a Gay Woman's bar, Carnation, 1260 13th St., was just closing. The two women who shut the doors we saw again at the Exit, 3333

Lakeshore, Oakland's biggest Gay bar, Rendezvous reflections. Straight Gay crowd. A freak from the band said hello on his break. "Nice to see some real people here," he related to our hair. "We're all real," we said.

And don't forget the White Horse, 6547 Telegraph, Berkeley's only Gay bar and located on the edge of Oakland. Gay freak center. Juke box

new black light posters on the walls.

85 cents for drinks, hassles with Ruthie, the bar's chic hostess, if you touch or kick your shoes off. She doesn't like freaks and complains the dancers don't buy enough drinks.

I met Russian History Professor Martin Malia in there one night—an old friend who as a Publishers Board member appointed by the administration had opposed my promotion to City Editor of the Daily Californian. I had a bad reputation since my series on homosexuality.

"Hello," I said to him in the bar. He stared at me blankly. "My name is Konstantin." "Konstantin, who?" "Konstantin Berlandt." He shrugged and turned away. What have you written about the oppression of homosexuals in Russia, Martin? Your own people are dying and you're chronicling the kings.

'Y' NOT

The YMCA is a typical bourgeois institution, "respectable" up front, "indecent" and "amoral" at the core. The "worst" of things go on inside, the "best" of the local citizenry sit on the Board of Trustees, live outside the institution, control its finances and policy, intervening on the inside activities only when the Public gets wind of dirty linen.

The YMCA, like the military, like boarding schools and dormitories, like juvenile hall and the prison system, like competitive athletics, is built around a bourgeois sexism called repressive homosexuality. Heterosexuality reigns like a Queen, as all men go down before Her. (Or is it Him?) We men, queered by the inhuman way of American life, queer ourselves in the YMCA, making ourselves into sexual objects for our own self-exploitation or the exploitation of others. The mental tortures the YMCA represents to the sexual rebel of America are blatant and omnipresent. If that is what sex among men is all about, then count me out.

Every city, every town, every man's mind is filled to the brim with scenes of YMCA corridors, YMCA showers, YMCA men's rooms. Life is silent, eyes averted, a giggle is heard. Heterosexual or homosexual, you're queer in the YMCA; you're damned if you do, damned if you don't.

Every man who walks into the YMCA has admitted the failure of the American dream. Every young man in America soon learns his fate's the YMCA forever, in one guise or another, OR ELSE A HATEFUL MARRIAGE, A HATEFUL JOB, EVERY MAN ANOTHER MAN'S SLAVE. Repressive heterosexuality is the obverse of the YMCA.

From the Board of Trustees on down, the men dominating the YMCA are afraid of any human, non-contractual, relationship between men or between women and men. All true human relationships are libidinal in nature. Alienated sexuality, inside marriage or on the YMCA shower room floor, is never, and never could be, at the heart of man's desire to be with a man or with a woman.

Gay Men's Liberation must liberate the many men caught in the YMCA. Pull heterosexuality down off the pedestal. Admit it, baby, the YMCA is queer; top or bottom, straight or Gay, we're queer. We must begin to relate to each other as real human beings, one to another, men and men, women and men.

Break down the walls the YMCA's have created in our heads, in our very bodies. We queers know what's on the other side of the partition: I am. Let's take a good look, brothers, maybe some day we'll see someone else, someone we like, another human being working his way out into a world he too can create. Let's take what we inherited and make it into a more decent, a more real way of life.

—Smedley



The Gay Switchboard now exists in Berkeley. Its main number is 843-6982. It promises to be open at least 3-9 p.m., but usually is open much more than that. The Free Church Switchboard may be used as a back-up number if we are closed, and can usually get hold of one of the Switchboard workers in a crisis, or handle the crisis itself. Their number is: 549-0649.

The mailing address is: P.O. Box 4089, Berkeley 94704... and the street address is 2490 Channing, Room 214. Call ahead if you are dropping by after hours, since the building is locked after 7 p.m.

The Switchboard came out of the last year's experience of gay liberation, when it became obvious that the needs of the gay community were not being met, mainly because there was no way for that community to voice its needs. Further, it was evident that the precise people for whose benefit many of our actions were undertaken—the hidden or undeclared Gay—was not able to effectively relate to existing situations or

projects, and was still out in the cold. When, in March of this year, I talked with Phyllis Lyons on forming a Committee of Concern for Homosexuals and mentioned the various kinds of projects such a committee could undertake, the one project she felt most needed was a switchboard. As a result of that conversation, work

was immediately begun on the project.

The Regional Young Adult Project and the Council on Religion both gave one month's expenses, and I managed for a while to contribute a good deal of my salary. That is no longer going to be possible, however, and alternative means of financing will have to be found.

—Jim Rankin

GOMSYNDICATE

Some people in the Bay Area are trying to form a communications network modeled on the Underground Press Syndicate.

The way it works is this: a mailing will be sent out in August to all known Gay Liberation groups (all groups we know about). A form to be returned to the GLCS will be enclosed. Four check off questions will be on the form: 1) Would you like to receive further mailings? 2) May we list your group in

our mailing list? 3) Will you put all groups on your mailing list who agree to do the same? 4) May all groups listed who receive your mailings reprint articles for their own publications?

If your group does not get a mailing or if you would like more information on this project, write to GAY LIBERATION COMMUNICATIONS SYNDICATE P.O. Box 4089 Berkeley, CA 94704

camp out?

I think it is wrong to say that camp is Gay culture. Gay people camp most of the time for the amusement of straights and when gay people laugh at camp, it is most often the laughter of self-hatred. I can laugh at a camp joke and appreciate it just as much as the next one. In Central Park, after our beautiful Gay Liberation march June 28, one person camped, pointing to a gay man with a flag, "Look at that bitch, she thinks she just discovered

America." I laughed. But I don't think camp is humor I can feel comfortable with, ever, not because I am not proud of being Gay, but because it is straight society which tells us that to be Gay is to be womanly (read, inferior). Our fight to reject sex roles, and to reject heterosexual male chauvinism is to reject terminology and humor which reinforces, ultimately, those same straight roles.

Allen Young—New York GLF

5² 4²

An informal Gay Coffeehouse opened last month in Berkeley. People who live in a storefront apartment open their roomy and comfortable living room every Friday from 7-11 p.m. and Sundays from 2-7 p.m. The coffeehouse attracts thirty or forty people an evening to a room decorated with art donated by people who visit it. Coffee, tea, hot chocolate are available for free or a donation if you have it.

The coffeehouse, called Five-squared, Four-squared, is at 2516 Regent St., Berkeley.

With the eviction of Gay Liberation from Sherwood Forest, Gay people in Berkeley have no place which is specifically

ours. The coffeehouse partially fills that need. A fulltime coffeehouse and community center is one of Gay Liberation's goals.

Dunbar, the tall, bearded Moses figure of Berkeley Gay Liberation is coordinating the coffeehouse and a Free Particle project to make a catalog of skills, services, tools, needs, and energy of Gay People. The idea is to keep a file and whenever anybody needs something he will look in the file to find someone who has the particular article or information needed. The file is like the Labor Gift Plan which started in certain parts of Berkeley last year.



GAY-IN, GOLDEN GATE PARK, JUNE 28. BY TERRY DEKLOTZ

KLYPTIC #73

You say my greatest asset,
as a lover,
is when I thrill
you with the poetry
of my tongue.



You left me with the taste of
dried semen on my lips.
I am not ashamed of the taste
for it is yours,
though you would not kiss the
semen off,
be my lips wet or dry.

poetry by —Paul Mariah

Definition of a One-Sided-Texas-Faerie

“Three-Strikes-&-I’ve-Come” Tomboy
who doesn't even know how
to lick his thumb afterwards.

—Paul M

The only reason you want
me to sleep with you
is so that you can dream
more easily and I will have
to stay awake and record
the very kicks of them.

KLYPTIC #85

I still like you
whether the ring
you gave me
turns my finger
green or not.

When I was seven
there was a neighbor boy
who used to suck
off his dog.
then he started on boys,
me included.

Your hands
say
the things
you forget
to say
the things
your hands
say.

to
get
them
all
the
way
down
my
throat
those
throbbing
things
thrill
me

whitely

my Gay soul

A few weeks ago a Gay brother and I interviewed B.J. Beckwith, a lawyer who is sort of the Terrence Hallinan for the Gay community in San Francisco—when homosexuals are busted a lot of people hire him to defend them. I asked Beckwith if he is Gay (he obviously is, but that's just my slanderous opinion—I can't prove it). He said, "If you're trying to get me to say I'm queer, I won't do it. What I do in bed is nobody's business." I wanted to scream, "Honey, I don't care what you do in bed, I just asked if you are Gay."

A few days later I was in a rap with some women who are heavy into Women's Liberation. "You zero in on sex, you always zero in on sex," they said.

I've been told the same thing by liberal homosexuals and straights alike, "what you do in bed is your business; do your thing." They are saying that Gay means SEX, nothing but sex.

Well, I am tired to the bone of being told what I am. I am Gay. Yes, yes my cock, my mouth and my asshole is Gay. So is my fingernail, my big toe, my nose and my brain. I am not Gay because of where I put my cock or who I sleep with. I am Gay because everything about me is Gay, because I am part of a Gay community.

I was Gay long before I admitted my homosexuality to myself, long before I ever had sex, long before I knew what sex was.

When I was 10, I played paper dolls with the girls and dug it; when I had to, I played baseball with the guys and didn't dig it.

When I was 13 a gang of four or five guys tormented me—all through junior high school. They called me a cocksucker. I didn't know what it meant, but I knew it was the worst thing a guy could call another guy. They called me MRS. Alinder. They probably had homosexual fantasies and wanted to relate to me physically and the only way they could sense to do it was to provoke me to fight them. But I didn't. I was scared shitless. There were five of them and I was alone.

I grew up on a farm in southern Minnesota and there you proved your masculinity in competitive athletics. I had too much self doubt to be any good in that. In high school I earned a bit of respect through journalism, theatre and art. But I was never the man I was supposed to be.

Don't get me wrong. I was not

exactly a flaming faggot. I drove a tractor, plowed the fields, tossed bales of hay into the hay loft and joined the Future Farmers of America.

I went to a small liberal arts college near my home for two years. It was a parochial, superstraight middle class place, everything based on a social pecking order of fraternities and sororities. Even the lowest fraternity—a bunch of creeps—didn't want me. Did I have B.O.? Bad breath? No. I was hipper and in some ways more together than they were. But I couldn't censor myself enough. My Gay self was showing through. And my Gay self was me. And every response I got from the world told me my Gay self was despicable. So I censored myself more, built higher and thicker walls around my soul and retreated deeper into my closet.

I had friends, other guys at the bottom. I was afraid to be seen on campus with them. I thought I would slip even lower. We were all Gay, but that could never be talked about, never be acted out. We were the outcasts but we were not together.

Two years later a good friend came out. At first I played straight; finally I admitted that I was Gay too. We had been friends since we were seven years old. But it was not until we were 22 or 23 that we could deal with what brought us together. Since then—although we live far apart—I've felt very close to that friend. We've been through a lot.

What separates me from the straight boy is not just the things we do in bed, but what our lives have been. When I meet an upfront Gay brother, I make a connection. I already know a lot about him.

I need to be together with other Gay men. We have not been together—we've not had enough self respect for that. Isolated sex and then look for another partner. Enough of that, that's where we've been. Let's go somewhere else. Let's go somewhere where we value each other as more than just a hunk of meat. We need to recognize one another wherever we are, start talking to each other. We need to say "Hi, Brother" when we see each other on the street. We need consciousness raising groups and communes.

Our Gay souls have nearly been stomped to death in that desert called America. If we are to bloom, we can only do it together.

I need you brother, because brother you are all I have.

Gary Alinder

Dad, I'm a Homosexual

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Dad, I have something to tell you."
"You're not in trouble, are you?"
"No, it's something personal."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I called an old friend of mine, a guy named Bill, who has helped me in the process of leaving home and getting my head clear of the hangups my family had imposed on me. "I guess even people over 30 can change," he said. Last week, I saw them again. Dad was reading the TIME article on homosexuality. He showed it to me and said, "This is the first time I realized that homosexuals are an oppressed minority—that people have been telling lies about you."

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

by Martha Shelley

from COME OUT!, New York GLF newspaper



Arch Williams

BORN BLIND

WE WERE BORN BLIND AND UN-IMAGINED, CONT.

We are shadows in search of their bodies. Like angels from the future we seek a habit of flesh that is not merely the old concealing itself as new or the new as reaction to the old. The undiscovered "human nature" stands untouched (the one thing the users have never gotten around to using) just behind our thin disguises. Shall we, the gay, seek the approval of the Establishment which binds its children's feet at birth with the Law? Shall we, the gay, seek the approval of desperadoes? Have we not had enough of despair?

To find its body a shadow need only follow the simple thread: be true to your self. If you believe a self is there to be true to it will soon emerge, the flower drawn from the seed by a warm sun, the sublime statue delivered from its blank marble block of the future by the sculptor's hand. Neither the law-bound nor the law-less have the benefit of this vision. The bodying forth of your being is the birth of your power, and your power is your body emerging from the eclipse of its shadow, like a flower bursting from its seed.

We, the gay, have hung suspended in space, waiting for a just earth to finally be established beneath our feet, a just heaven thrown over our heads. Yet the earth, like us, never belonged to anyone but itself, and it was our brother all the centuries that it was property to conquerors. And who was closer to heaven, to visionary sight? And isn't this the answer to the next question: how shall we proceed with our existence?—How can we exist but

by coming from our exile in space, rather than trying to make whole new truth out of old lies, figs out of thistles? Since we, if we are true to ourselves, can only come from agape into eros, from love into sex, how can we ever have conflicts between sex and morality? The forms of our sexual practices are practically without restriction, but this freedom is won by means of the most stringent restriction: that we not be old-world materialists, mere objects colliding with objects, collecting objects, reproducing the alienation, estrangement, and isolation of objects.

For haven't the gay been strangers enough as they hung suspended between an old earth and an old heaven. We have been left out of all the definitions. We are the unnamed creatures of the Creation. And the old earth and the old heaven are ruled over by dead men. It's a graveyard, and we should consider our millenium of shadowy exile a blessing. It becomes the worst curse of all, however, when your fellow exiles abuse you. Shall we cooperate with our oppressor? Shall we join him in his contempt for us? When your own stomps on you, that's Billie's Blues and Bessie's Blues. When the Ceasars persecute you, that's hard trouble to endure, but when your own co-operate in creating a limbo of despair among the desperate and alienation among the alienated, that's the deepest blue of the ocean and the highest blue of the heavens; and after that there's no place to go but out of that world, but of its narrow view of things. We're too full for that. There's no limit to how high the heaven of our spirits can fly, how deep the ocean of

our humanity can feel. The outsiders are nearest to home.

So isn't the choice a simple one? To remain a shadow in a dead world, a stranger breeding estrangements, or to leave that hell by rejecting divisions and embracing unities. A simple feeling for a guide: does this hurt or heal my brothers? Does this divide the living from the dead or does this sow division among the living brothers whom I love. Is this the tunnel-vision of a mole burrowing its way, man by man, through its buried life? Or is this the new sun bursting in the face of each awakened man, mind, spirit and flesh, like three planets, aligned in the single glance of men born out of the spacious freedom of the future. Create your new world under this light, and let the wolves devour the wolves and the dead bury the dead in the old world that is passing away.

A simple guide based on a difficult knowledge: love. But if it were not for these treacherous nets and webs—the lies of manunkind and his barbaric history, like severed heads held up as exalted banners, and the bloody evidence of unforgiving and unforgivable crimes waving from every flagpole—if not for this maze of delusion, both love and your own true nature are only an arm's length away, and simple to reach. The 'Kingdom of Heaven' is at hand, yours to reach out and touch if only you shake from your hand the history which never, in any case, admitted or even conceived that you existed and have always existed as much as the earth itself which few men have ever named by its proper name.

Jim Eilers



photo by Nacio Brown

FEAR OF SELF

by Bill Miller

It's really hard for me to cut through all the bullshit drilled into my head throughout life and dig out what I, Bill Miller, feel about the moment. It's important that I get to my feelings now because I'm trying to express what gay liberation is to me. I've never tried to spell this out so precisely; my ideas are confused.

In the last two months I have begun to realize that my liberation is gay liberation. I am beginning to realize the tyranny which my conscious, thinking mind holds over the rest of my existence, and that the one thing which dominates my thoughts and dreams is the fact that I am gay. If I am to break down this tyranny of mind over feelings I will have to confront the things which fill my mind. For me this means confronting my gay identity, expressing my gay thoughts, digging out my gay feelings.

I am high in the Sierras, lying nude in the sun, writing. Yesterday a gay friend and I backpacked in to this isolated wilderness where we will camp for a few days. Last night we finished cooking and getting our campsite together just as a full moon began to rise over the mountains. We climbed to the top of a rocky ridge, got stoned, and let ourselves absorb the miracles taking place around us. Everything was love and peace until, WHAM! All of a sudden I was afraid. I wasn't afraid of bears or rain or pigs busting our campsite. I was afraid of myself, of the fact that in my head I was alone even though in my arms was a beautiful guy and in my world was the beauty of moon and stars and trees silhouetted against a black night and stream formed by millions of ripples joining into a mighty chorus. I was afraid of relating to the beauty around me with nothing but my own feelings. I knew that if my feelings got heavy I couldn't split to see a flick or go to a gay bar or call a friend. I couldn't change the world around me last night—I was stuck there, afraid.

The same thing happened this morning when I woke up to a beautiful sunrise. I thought that this and the coming days lay before me to be filled with my experiences, that I would seek out, that I would feel. There would be no schedule to follow, no crowd of people to distract me from myself. Everything would be my own doing. And I was afraid because of the demands placed on me by the wilderness to be myself.

When I was a kid, I was taught to feel inferior, humble, and inadequate. Part of this training stems from the Puritan Ethic which says that God is good, Man is a sinner. Having been raised in a conservative Southern Baptist family, I got a heavy dose of this medicine. Whatever the source, as I hit adolescence I had strong doubts about the worth of my intellect, my physical appearance and strength, my sexual desires, my ability to relate to people—in short, about myself. I usually felt that I couldn't relate to what's going on around me. Whether or not I was relating, I always told myself that I wasn't and next time maybe I will do better.

These feelings of inadequacy are still dominant. They are closely connected with feelings of fear because when I am afraid—like last night and this morning—I am inadequate to handle what's going on without, but also I feel threatened by what's going on without. Things are going on which pose a danger to my peace of mind or the safety of my body and there's nothing I can do about it. I feel trapped and incapable of escaping. I am afraid.

My fears are feelings which detract from what's going on around me and take my head on trips. They are barriers between the moment and my enjoyment of it. They grow out of goals and expectations drilled into my mind which put conditions on the way I relate to the present and force me to define the present in terms of the future. It's a real drag to have great expectations because they are rarely fulfilled—just by my nature and by their nature I cannot fulfill them. Some of my expectations are thinking I should be heterosexual, thinking I should fall romantically in love with someone and that any relationship short of this isn't worth my time, that I should achieve success, that I should be "productive", never



After becoming aware of the concept of liberation as it applies to me, I have undergone different stages of liberation. I think I have changed from being homosexual to being gay. When I was homosexual I felt my need to relate to men could be fulfilled only in the secrecy of a gay bar or cruising in the dark of the night. Never did I see these needs as something which could be talked about or actualized—in the straight world. So when in straight circles—which was most of the time—I felt inadequate, never able to relate to people in the way I wanted. There seemed no hope of changing either the external situation to the point where it accepted homosexuality, or the internal situation so that I was no longer homosexual. I was often afraid, anxious, neurotic—the whole scene—especially when homosexuality was discussed. I felt I was a queer, that I'd always be a queer, that everything—when I got to the bottom of things—was hopeless. I was an unhappy queer.

Then things started to change. I started having sex with guys and enjoying it instead of feeling what I had just done was wrong. I discovered anger within myself and started to express it, before I was very much afraid of doing things with gay guys other than going to bed. In short, I discovered feeling in my life that wasn't completely associated with an intellectual trip or with my expectations, but which came from the sensuality of my body and from the new way of relating.

And so I became gay. I began to dig guys sexually, to dig doing things openly with gay guys, to dig being open about homosexuality in the straight world, to dig myself, to dig life. Now I feel this way most of the time, but not always—there are still inadequacies and fears which cripple me, like last night and this morning. When I'm closest in touch with these feelings, I feel able to write about gay liberation; to me gay liberation in large part means coming to terms with my inadequacies and fears.

What do I most fear? Is it suffering the rebuke of the straight world for being "homosexual"? or the fear of never finding the right person to fall in love with? or the fear of not reaching orgasm without fantasizing? When I really dig out my fears I think I most fear becoming a woman. On a deep level I feel that a woman is the most inadequate of human beings. She is sentimental, physically weak, dependent upon men to get things done, unreliable when the going gets rough. I fear that if I allow myself to get close to a woman I will become like her because she will dominate me and make me over in her image. This would be disgusting.

I tell myself I have to be butch; my body has to look and feel strong; my clothes have to be masculine; my mannerisms cannot be feminine; I can't cry in front of people—only women do that; I can't associate with feminine guys—especially queens—because there is something "wrong" with them.

My fears of becoming a woman are a sickness within me that I want to shake off. This sickness is not unique to me; it is a sickness which permeates all levels of our culture, like racism. I call it sexism. It means that our culture has defined sex roles so rigidly and unnaturally that anyone unable or unwilling to adjust to these roles is taboo. Whether or not anyone else knows it, a taboo person knows he is taboo—his head always reminds him.

The sex roles are easy to label: the masculine role for males and the feminine role for females. The masculine role is to be physically strong, clear and rational-thinking, unemotional, in subordinate, competitive, totally adequate. It is also fucking females or at least talking a lot about fucking fe-

males—never admitting any personal difficulty in consummating the sex act to its "natural" conclusion—the orgasm. The feminine role is to be subordinate and supportive of the masculine role. A female's role is to make the masculine role work; thus a female should not challenge the concept of masculinity by being physically strong, intellectual, competitive, or "together".

I have been brought up in a sexist culture. At some point my fear of becoming a woman was firmly established in my head. This fear probably developed because I frequently associated with men and women who were insecure in their sex roles—to be expected in a sexist culture. As a result I developed insecurities which expressed themselves primarily as a fear of becoming a woman. This fear contributed to the development of my sexuality in a pattern which until recently I felt to be exclusively homosexual.

When I began to feel my homosexual tendencies, I suppressed them because I knew they were incompatible with the sexist culture which I was trapped in. When my homosexual tendencies became so obsessive that I had to act them out, I knew I was a disgusting and taboo person. My inadequacies and fears extended to everything I did, because it wasn't as if a part of me was bad and could be avoided; it was as if everything about me was bad and could not be avoided, unless I committed suicide. Only when I began to view myself outside the context of the sexist culture did I begin to develop a different opinion of myself—a human way of looking at myself.

I have begun to liberate myself from my inadequacies and fears. But there are many hang-ups from the past which are heavy. For one, I am a male chauvinist. I used to think I got along well with chicks—in a superficial way I did. But often I found myself in situations which demanded intimacy, care, and concern and I just didn't come through with these responses. I turned off to a chick in those situations, especially if a guy was around. Most straight guys turn off to chicks emotionally at times, just as I do; but a straight guy at least is interested in a chick as a sexual object—which I am not—so he will come around to her—which I may not unless she confronts me with my male chauvinism and demands a change in attitude.

Other hang-ups have to do with my relations with gay guys. Sexually I am turned off by queens; intellectually I am beginning to see how beautiful they are in the way they relate their sexuality to our culture. I hope my barriers against femininity and especially queens can be broken down so I can relate to them and be more natural in my own mannerisms, speech, and mode of dress. Maybe one way to break down these barriers is to go in drag occasionally—something I've never done and which would freak me.

I still have barriers toward feeling gay guys are my brothers in the struggle. In gay liberation meetings I sometimes feel "better" than the other guys. I look on them as being homosexual and therefore bad, while in my head I am straight and good. Part of this feeling comes from my lack of adequate images of myself as a gay person. My mind's eye still views me as straight much of the time. I need to feed it new material to help change its outlook—say through pictures of myself making love to a guy or through gay lib demonstrations when the side I'm on is very obvious to my head.

When I began writing yesterday, I felt afraid of camping in the Sierras. Now I feel there is no place I would rather be. Everything seems beautiful, especially the fuck I just got. Writing has really helped me change my internal being so that I can enjoy the external world. Writing has helped me sort out and discard the intellectual barriers between me and this wilderness experience.



the case for Casement

by Mike Silverstein

This society denies us our gay heroes. Growing up, the young Gay boy or girl needs people like himself he can look up to, people whom he can see as strong, courageous, moral, and exemplary. Instead he has only dirty stories and fag jokes to identify himself by. There are numerous Gay figures in history he might identify with, yet the straight culture systematically keeps him from knowing that there were individuals like himself he could admire. If these homosexuals are too important to be excluded, their homosexuality is either ignored or heatedly denied. This is true of figures ranging from Michelangelo, Frederick the Great, and Queen Christina to Hans Christian Andersen, Walt Whitman, and Gertrude Stein. In other cases Gays whose homosexuality cannot be denied, and who played important roles in the life of their times, have simply been expunged from the historical record. This is the case with such people as Edmund Carpenter, Friedrich Caspar Ulrichs, and the subject of this article, Roger Casement.

I discovered the story of Roger Casement when I was in school, searching desperately through the official culture for someone like myself of whom I didn't have to be ashamed. The first thing I read was a review of a book about Casement in TIME Magazine. The tone of the review was condescending with an undertone of titillation, part psychiatric case history, part dirty story. The book was THE BLACK DIARIES OF ROGER CASEMENT by Peter Singleton-Gates and Maurice Girodias. The book is probably the most accurate and satisfactory work on Casement. It is now out of print.

Reading this book made me eager to read more about Casement. I read everything I could get my hands on, and the more I read, the more admirable I felt Casement to be. He was far ahead of his time in his opposition to imperialism and dehumanizing colonialism. He was executed by a leading imperialist and colonialist power, Great Britain; more than this he was killed because of his homosexuality. Had he not been a homosexual, the necessities of public relations would have forbidden the execution of such a universally admired humanitarian. However by revealing that he was a "degenerate" the British government succeeded in redefining Casement as a monster of depravity, whose accomplishments counted for naught, his friends and admirers deserted him, what he had done was forgotten, and he could be hanged without outcry.

Let's look at Casement's story. He was born into an upper-class Irish family that had long supported British rule in Ireland. He had the standard upper-class education, and was launched upon a typically upper-class career in the British civil service, administering the empire. In his career, background and position, nothing except his homosexuality distinguished him from any other Anglo-Irish member of the ruling class.

His career proceeded uneventfully and he was promoted to the rank of British Consul to the Congo. (The Congo was the personal property-plantation of the King of the Belgians, Leopold II. The cartel of European businessmen headed by Leopold ran the Congo as a particularly brutal slave plantation. In typically Victorian fashion, this fiefdom was known as the Congo Free State.) Casement, arriving as British Consul looked around—not a common practice for such officials—

and was appalled by what he saw. On his own he set about to investigate and expose the brutal exploitation of the Congolese by Leopold's syndicate. Casement's report on the Congo was the origin and major weapon of an international campaign against the brutality of the Congo Free State. Leopold was forced to surrender the Congo to the Belgian government, which continued to exploit and ravage it, but in a somewhat more humane and decorous manner.

Casement achieved fame and was promoted to Consul to Rio de Janeiro where he heard of similar exploitation of the Indians of the upper Amazon in Peru, and was off again in investigate. Again his investigation exposed brutal treatment of non-Westerners, and again it led to this exploitation being somewhat mitigated. Casement's fame was now at its peak. He returned home and was knighted for his service to humanity. By now, however, something had happened to Casement that is dangerous for any high-ranking civil servant. He had lost his ability not to see exploitation and repression where ever it existed. So returning home he could no longer fail to see that his own people, the Irish, were also exploited and repressed by the same English government he had served so long.

Now Casement showed the courage behind his humanitarianism that made him heroic. Turning his back on the British government that had been the source of his prestige and fortune, he became an Irish nationalist. World War I had begun and Casement was sent by the Irish rebels as ambassador to the German government to see if an alliance was possible. It was not, and his mission was a failure. Casement returned to Ireland and on his arrival was arrested by the English and charged with high treason.

At this point something unexpected happened. Dark rumors were spread that in his private life Casement was some kind of degenerate monster. It was said that the British government had seized his private diaries which revealed a life of degeneracy and perversion—that is, he was a homosexual. Copies of these diaries, "The Black Diaries" as they came to be known, were evidently shown to leaders of the various humanitarian groups that had rallied to Casement's defense, because they soon ceased to defend him, and he could be hanged without further ado.

At his trial Casement was eloquent in his defense of the right of Irishmen, and all men, to be free. He established himself as one of the heroes and martyrs of the Irish rebellion. When he was sentenced to be hanged, there was an international outcry from those who remembered his accomplishments in Africa and South America. It seemed certain that his sentence would be commuted by the Crown.

For the last decade, however, Casement's diaries have been published and only the most die-hard of Casement's "defenders" denies their authenticity. So Casement's present biographers must acknowledge his homosexuality, and in this more enlightened age are willing to forgive him for it, or at least admit that even if he was a pervert he did have some redeeming qualities. To quote his most recent biographer, Rene MacColl, "But although I feel certain that Casement was homosexual, I do not see how this fact has any direct relevance to his public life and achieve-



ment... although I am certain that Roger Casement was a pervert it makes little difference to me, in assessing his place in history as if he had possessed a clubfoot."

Perhaps we owe Mr. MacColl a vote of thanks for this condescending toleration, but if we look at the "Black Diaries" on which MacColl bases his conclusions, we are more likely to see him as a fool, a blind bigot, and as one who oppresses us by denying us our history.

Since then Casement has been pretty much forgotten. The Irish still count him among their national martyrs, and part of their memory of him is that the diaries are a wicked forgery of the British government. Casement was engaged to be married to some particularly shy, cool, and was a fine upstanding Irish heterosexual. Only on this basis can the Irish accept him as a hero.

For no homosexual can read Casement's diaries without being delighted and inspired by what they reveal about Roger Casement. His first impression, if he knows the diaries' reputation, is to conclude that heterosexuals must be obsessed by sex, if that's the only thing they see there, for Casement's descriptions of his sex life are a fairly minor part of the diaries. The bulk of them, and their most interesting part is a lively account of his investigations in Africa and South America, and what he found there. I cannot believe any thinking, moral human being can read these without feeling a tremendous admiration for their author. Yet it was just on the basis of these "Black Diaries" that Casement was characterized as a monster.

The diaries do contain descriptions of Casement's sexual involvements in Africa and South America. Roger Casement made love to the men of the Congo and Peru, and because he was a good man, his affection for individual Africans and Indians led to a sympathy

for their enslavement. It was his sexuality that led him to encounter "natives" as sex partners and people, and his compassion required that he then attempt to end their oppression. His homosexuality was not irrelevant to his accomplishments, it occasioned them, it was what made him different from other British colonial officials, and ultimately his love led him to take the side of the oppressed, the Congolese, the Indians, the Irish, against the oppressor class from which he sprang. Generally in colonial situations, the colonialists exploit the natives sexually, and this is unfortunately as true of homosexuals as of heterosexuals. Anyone who knows the Gay scene in Puerto Rico, Jamaica, or Tijuana knows this to be the case. But for Casement, his sexuality, his homosexuality, was so tied to his human feelings that he could not but identify with his lovers. Nor is he unique in this. Jean Genet, in "The Thieves Journal" says his love of Algerian boys led him to identify with the Algerian revolution, just as his love of Black men has led to his active part in the fight against Black oppression.

Casement's homosexuality was connected with his accomplishments in another way as well. To all outward appearances Sir Roger Casement was an exemplary member of the ruling class, and reaped all the benefits of fortune, power, and honor with which this class rewards its members. But he could turn his back on these rewards because he knew that for him they were false and meaningless. The honor and prestige he was given belonged to a mask he wore. He knew, as we shall see, that as a homosexual the way his peers would regard him was as a monster, he knew this long before the fact was brought home to him and he saw himself publically discredited. He knew who he was, and he never forgot, as we must not forget, that whatever role he played, whatever mask he wore, he truly belonged among the ranks of the despised and disinherited. His courage and heroism was the honesty with which he faced his identity and took his place among the oppressed. He is a hero for us because knowing of him, can teach us to act heroically.

a question written in blood

by Most Rev. Mikhail Itkin

Three Sundays ago, two young men from Alaska, Russian Orthodox in San Francisco on pilgrimage for the canonization of Fr Herman, attended the Divine Liturgy for Homosexual Liberation and Peace celebrated every Sunday according to the rite of St. Serapion at 1149 Hyde St., San Francisco, at 5:30 p.m. During the Nazi occupation of Czechoslovakia,

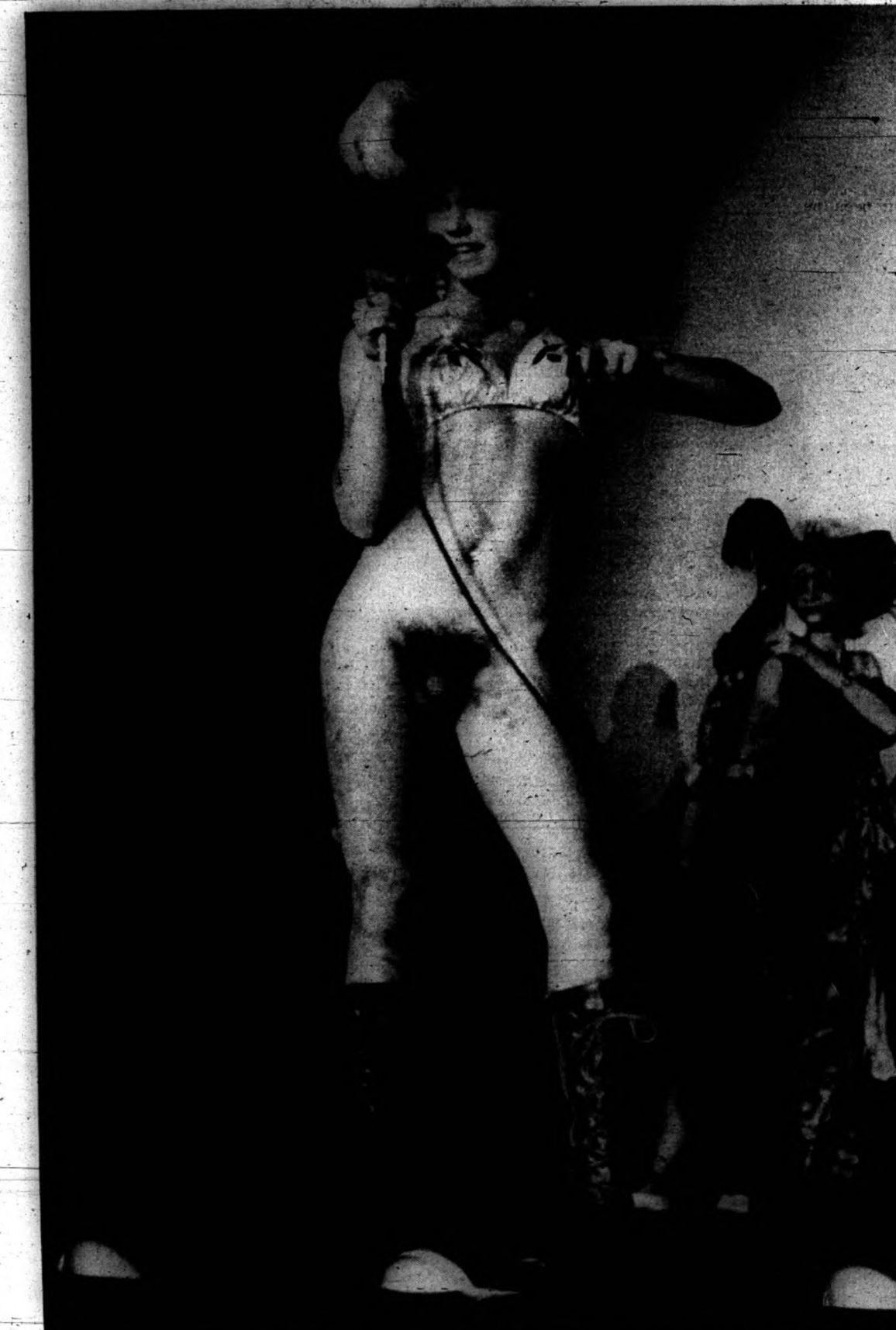
these (at that time young boys, lovers then and still lovers) were prisoners at the Dachau concentration camp. Among the oppressed peoples imprisoned and murdered by the Nazis were Jews, Slovaks, Orthodox, Catholics, Gypsies, political "undesirables" and our Homosexual brothers and sisters. Each of these groups was forced to wear an armband of distinctive color: the best-known of these being the yellow armband of the Jewish people.

After the liberation the prisoners, of course, were freed; those that survived, that is. Besides the six million Jewish dead, there were millions of dead of all these other groups, including the Homosexuals. Some years later, the government of West Germany, in an effort to make symbolic "retribution", and with the aid of the conquering allied powers, built outside the gates of the infamous death camp, Dachau, a monument to the people who

died there. Included in that monument were the colors of all of the armbands... except the color of the armbands of the Homosexuals who died in Dachau. The young men, who had just returned from Germany, had visited the scene of their former suffering and had seen this monument. They bring to us one question only: Does the entire "civilized" world acquiesce in the murder of our people?

COCKETTES

The wildest show in town—when the Cockettes are at the Palace Theatre on Friday and Saturday nights—most recent performance, "Hollywood Babylon," August 14 and 15. The audience is almost as heavy as the Cockettes—everybody hoots and hollers. It begins at midnight after the Chinese movies and goes on till 4 or 5 a.m.



June 29, 1970 Christopher Street First Anniversary

they were there - the pigs in New York in L.A. in S.F. they didn't bring food - they didn't bring dicks (they brought riot sticks again) we didn't celebrate the riot we celebrated the casual reach for freedom (it was all too apparent we were still oppressed) we were the most well guarded people that day - guarded from liberty on this day we celebrated riot (because there was no freedom, there was no life) so there was only fire to see to—celebrate Prometheus still bound bound to see the chains untied freed to eat the heart and soul of his oppressors and bringing heat he brought life but for one short period only - the heat of life must remain but the heat of oppression on the streets must be put out i told you to hold bricks and hands - as time goes... guns and bricks come as time goes... only hands and organs will come revolution now means community now Christopher Street meant we shall survive we live on but "the others" live on stronger their oppressive souls must die no more Christopher Streets - riots will not do only revolution can satisfy the hunger we all feel in our souls til victory - we are only water and blood then and then only are we the bodies and souls we claim

charles p. thorp

gay is unitarian

by Jim Stoll

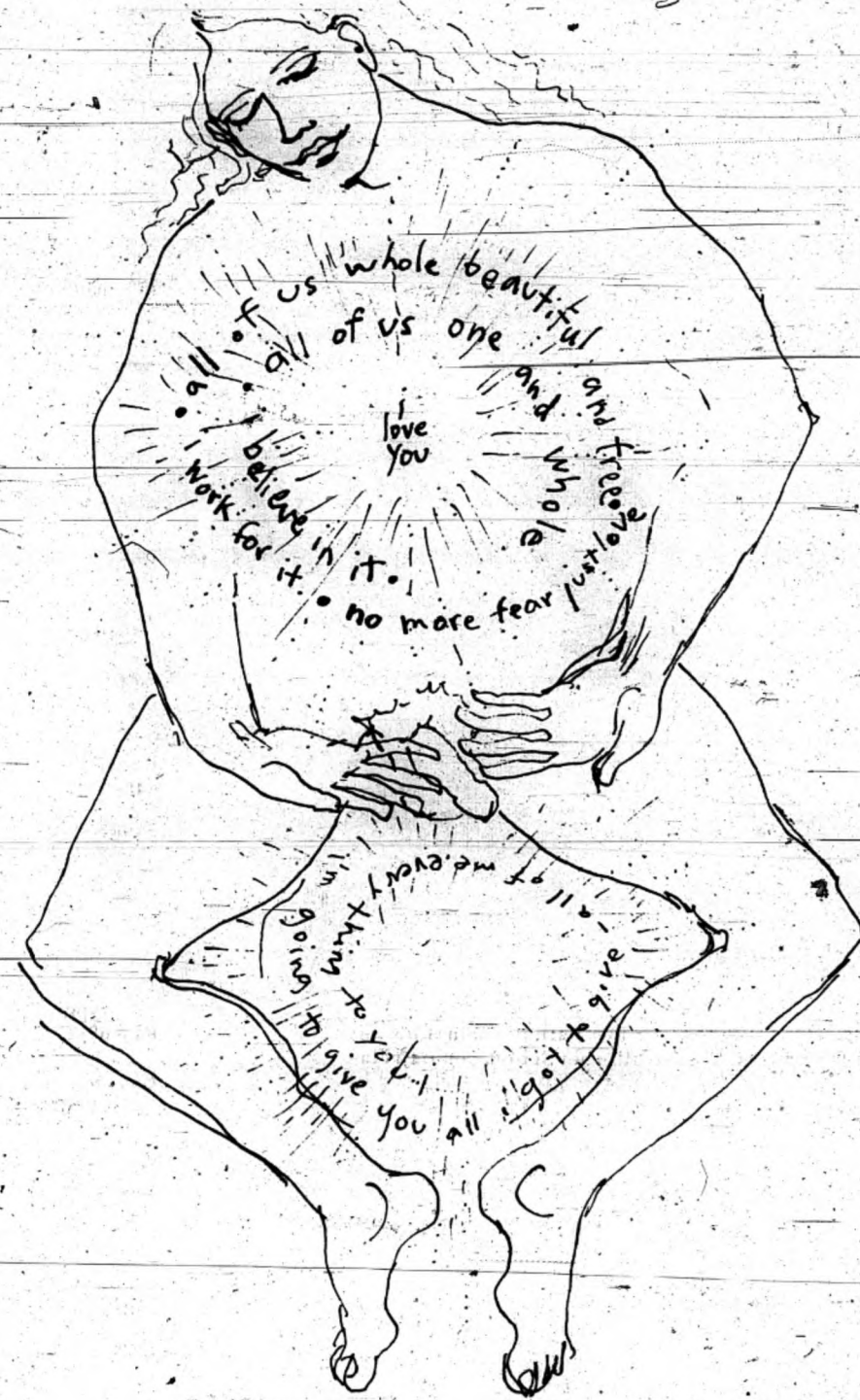
Feeling strongly that the problem of homosexuality in this society would be solved if individuals—particularly those in professional positions—“came out” and were up-front about their homosexuality, I spoke out about my own homosexuality. As a Unitarian minister with full ministerial standing, I delivered a talk at the Unitarian Continental College Conference in Colorado last September, discussing my homosexuality openly. It was a good experience; the people there were very receptive and supportive.

However, on 1 October 1969, I received a letter from a denominational official advising me that, since I had chosen to speak of my homosexuality openly, it would be impossible for me to find any church which would accept me as a minister. He further stated that the denomination would prefer if I sought other employment. Despite my attempts at communication on the subject, no further correspondence was forthcoming from the denomination until April, when I received a letter stating that I was being dropped from full ministerial status because of my failure to seek a church. I had been seeking a church, because I had resigned my previous ministry of seven years and had a six months sabbatical leave which ended just prior to my talk in Colorado. I did wish to have a church and was following all usual procedures to obtain one again.

In December, I and a number of friends decided to present a resolution to the Unitarian Universalist Association, calling for an end to discrimination against homosexuals and bisexuals, both in the society generally and in the Unitarian church in particular. Enough Unitarian groups across the country affirmed this resolution so that it was submitted for voting to all Unitarian congregations in the spring; twelve other resolutions were submitted at the same time covering all sorts of issues. The congregations were to select the six resolutions important enough for discussion and voting by the General Assembly of the UUA to be held in Seattle in June. Our resolution came in last and was eliminated from consideration.

Meanwhile, it became a “cause celebre”. The Unitarian high school and college organizations across the country had taken this resolution and one calling for legalization of marijuana as “their” resolutions. Also, I had become widely known for my stand and had done considerable public speaking across the country.

About 300 “freaks” showed up at the Unitarian General Assembly in Seattle and involved themselves in dialogue with the 1200 delegates from all over the continent. It was an exciting event with considerable publicity. We were looked upon, and were, the radicals; most of our group were under 23 years of age, and maybe 50 of us older freaks. We were involved in many events of the week-long assembly including sponsoring a really fine rock concert with Big Brother and the Holding Company.



On the last day of the assembly, I was allowed to speak to the delegates—the first non-delegate ever allowed to do so. I was not a delegate by choice. I wish to identify myself with the many, many people who are not only disenfranchised in this society, but in our churches as well. The result of my talk was that the two resolutions were voted onto the floor of the assembly for consideration (which required a 2/3 positive vote). When the resolutions were discussed, I was allowed to speak once more and received a strong ovation from the delegates. We had done our job well, and both resolutions passed; the homosexuality resolution won by about 70% and the marijuana resolution won by about 68% of those voting.

My personal situation is less clear. Our resolution specifically calls for special effort on the part of the UUA to help homosexuals and particularly to help them to find employment if they are Unitarian ministers or other denominational workers. As you might imagine, I have not been overwhelmed with offers of churches or help by the UUA and am consequently working again in behavioral research. I do intend to exert pressure on the UUA to see to it that the provisions of the resolution are met in some way... that they DO something NOW!

Anyone reading this article who is both Unitarian and homosexual or bi-sexual could address a letter to me at 207 Corbett Ave., San Francisco. We do need to get it together now to pursue the work we have started.

EVERYTHING YOU SAY WE ARE WE ARE.

If you are Gay, this is your paper. Feel free to write us. Tell us what you think, about yourself, this paper, the world. Submit articles, news, announcements, photographs, art, poems. We are poor and need money to grow and blossom. If you can spare some of that, that would be good too. This paper is run by an editorial collective. You are welcome to become a part of that collective. Make this paper your paper. Call us at (415) 843-6982. Write us at Box 4089, Berkeley, CA 94704.

organizations

JAY LIBERATION OF SAN FRANCISCO meets Sundays, 8:30 p.m., 330 Grove St., San Francisco. Call 626-9557.

GAY WOMENS LIBERATION meets both in San Francisco and Berkeley. Call 843-3502 in Berkeley, 285-2314 in San Francisco.

BERKELEY GAY LIBERATION meets on Mondays, 8 p.m. Call 843-6982 for place.

GAY STUDENTS UNION meets during school year at University of California Berkeley, call 653-9350.

SAN JOSE GAY LIBERATION meets Wednesday, 7:30 p.m., San Jose Cafeteria. Call 251-5666.

S.F. STATE GLF meets during school year. Contact Charles Thorp, 2729B California St., San Francisco.

S.I.R. (Society for Individual Rights) has closed business meetings as well as forums and meetings open to the public at S.I.R. Center, 83-6th St., San Francisco. Call 781-1570.

COUNCIL ON RELIGION AND THE HOMOSEXUAL Call 776-6300.

GAY SWITCHBOARD

A column for things not involving money, things free, and announcements. Gay Switchboard: (415) 843-6982.

jobs

Gay and straight communities are encouraged to create, make known to us, make available jobs for Gays who lose jobs through job discrimination, for Gays into the gay liberation movement who need work to carry on with their work of liberation or who cannot get work for being too out front, and for Gays on the streets, who need occasional or non-establishment work.

Metropolitan Community Church in S.F. had some listings.

Mailing address: P.O. Box 4089, Berkeley 94704. Street address: 2490 Channing Room 214, Berkeley 94704.

events

KANADU THEATER (Street theater) will be at University Lutheran Chapel at College and Haste in Berkeley, at 8 p.m., 14 August. Everyone welcome, it's free. Will include a skit on entrapment at Macy's... a trip.

Radical Christians including Committee of Concern for Homosexuals monthly meal, rap and celebration on Friday 28 August at 6:30 p.m. University Lutheran Chapel. Bring food, Gays and other radicals. Bring your lover (but don't fuck on the altar).

Bake Sale at Glide Memorial Church, 13 September, Gay Switchboard Benefit. Contact Gay Switchboard.

Roger Green gives self-defense classes on Mondays at 7:30 p.m. at 330 Grove St., San Francisco.

Gay Lib dance at 330 Grove St., San Francisco, on August 29.

Nude rock dance at 330 Grove St., San Francisco on August 22.

needs

19-year old Gay boy needs full time clerical job. H.S. grad. Type 50 wpm, 10-key adding machine. Brian Chavez, 2729B California, SF. 94115. Also wants inexpensive upright grand piano.

Typewriter, filing cabinets, office supplies. National Student GLF Conference, Chairman, Charles Thorp, 2729B California, San Francisco.

Gay Coffeehouse in Berkeley needs everything from soup to nuts; esp. office supplies, tools, cooking utensils, food and money for rent. Gay Coffeehouse, 2516 Regent, Berkeley, 845-9017

People. Energy to convert space at 330 Grove St. to a Coffeehouse. Lots of space, but needs work. Stop by or come to meetings there Sunday nights at 8 p.m.

This newspaper needs office supplies, especially an IBM executive or electric typewriter or use of same. Call 843-6982.

Gay commune needs mattresses. Call 525-7024.

Sell this newspaper. Vendors pay 10¢ a copy, sell it for 25¢. Call 843-6982.

Needed: 8 lbs. of coffee, people to man tables, cakes, pies, and large quantities of any food which can be sold. Call Switchboard at 843-6982.

announcements

Gays and straights wanting to start a radical Christian collective for mutual support, celebration and direct action to shake the churches till they fall—incl. guerrilla theater on Sundays—should contact Jim Rankin at 843-6982 or 841-3557.

GLF-Community Center Project is underway. Planning & long-range fund-raising is beginning. To contribute time, talent, money, furniture, equipment, contact Gene Kettner at Switchboard.

survival

A. WHEN THE POLICE CONFRONT YOU:

1. STAY CALM. Think before you speak.
2. NEVER RESIST PHYSICALLY. Say it in words.
3. DON'T TALK. Except to give your name, address and age, and if you happen to be in an unusual place at an unusual hour, you should explain your presence. Say you will answer no more questions until your attorney arrives, or if you can't afford one, until you are provided a free attorney. You are not required to provide your occupation or place of employment. YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO REMAIN SILENT AT ALL TIMES.
4. NOTE THE NAMES AND BADGE NUMBERS OF THE OFFICERS. Remember them and write them down as soon as possible.
5. If the officer is not in uniform, you are entitled to see his identification.

B. IF THEY WANT TO SEARCH YOU:

1. Tell them you want to know the charge, as required by Penal Code section 841.
2. Yell your name and age to bystanders and tell them to contact the Gay Switchboard or Gay Liberation Front immediately.
3. You have the right to make two completed telephone calls at your own expense at the station within 3 hours of your arrest, one to your attorney, employer or relative, and the other to a bail bondsman as required by Penal Code section 851.5. Always carry two dimes with you.
4. If you are booked on misdemeanor charges, bail is automatically set and may be posted at the station. If it is a felony charge, bail will not be set until your arraignment in court (unless your bondsman or attorney runs a writ to set bail).
5. If you are not released on bail, the police must take you to court for arraignment within 48 hours of your arrest (not including holidays or weekends) as required by Penal Code section 825. Don't get lusted on Friday night.
6. While in jail, do not discuss your case with anyone other than your attorney, including other prisoners, or take "friendly" advice from officers. Pay no attention to promises and threats if you are questioned; the police will say anything to get your confession.
7. Contact the Gay Switchboard or Gay Liberation Front as soon as possible.

C. IF THEY ARREST YOU:

1. Tell the arrested person to give you his name and age, note the badge number and names of the arresting officers, time of arrest, and remember exactly what you saw.
2. Get names, addresses, and phone numbers of other witnesses, and report immediately to the Gay Switchboard or Gay Liberation Front.
3. Be careful that you do not physically interfere with the arrest; keep at least 25 feet away. If the police threaten you for obstructing an officer, tell them only physical interference is unlawful. But don't argue; the police might arrest you anyway.

D. IF YOU WITNESS THE BUST OF A GAY SISTER OR BROTHER:

1. Section C does not apply to you, except for the right to remain silent. You should say you will not answer any questions about your case until you have an attorney.
2. After you are arrested and taken to the station, the police may release you, usually to your parents, or send you to a juvenile hall (not an adult jail), depending on your record and the seriousness of the charge.
3. If you are not released, the police must notify your parents or guardians, as required by Welfare and Institutions Code section 627.
4. You do not have the right to phone calls or bail.
5. A petition must be filed against you in juvenile court within 48 hours of your arrest (not including holidays or weekends) or you must be released, as required by W & I Code section 631.
6. You must be taken before a juvenile court for a detention hearing the next day after the petition is filed (not including holidays or weekends) or you must be released, as required by W & I Code section 632.

E. IF YOU ARE A JUVENILE (under 18):

1. Section C does not apply to you, except for the right to remain silent. You should say you will not answer any questions about your case until you have an attorney.
2. After you are arrested and taken to the station, the police may release you, usually to your parents, or send you to a juvenile hall (not an adult jail), depending on your record and the seriousness of the charge.
3. If you are not released, the police must notify your parents or guardians, as required by Welfare and Institutions Code section 627.
4. You do not have the right to phone calls or bail.
5. A petition must be filed against you in juvenile court within 48 hours of your arrest (not including holidays or weekends) or you must be released, as required by W & I Code section 631.
6. You must be taken before a juvenile court for a detention hearing the next day after the petition is filed (not including holidays or weekends) or you must be released, as required by W & I Code section 632.

The Gay Switchboard and the Gay Liberation Front CANNOT provide you with an attorney. We can offer our brothers and sisters legal information, help to co-ordinate your legal defense, and stand by you when necessary.

A LETTER FROM MARY

TO MY SISTERS:

We have all said it in our leaflets, to our friends, in our screams in the night: what we want is equal, open, loving relationships where each person can see the other as an individual human being not a member of some mythic group, where each person loves and wants the other instead of needing her for some quality he does not himself possess. So why when I affirm all this, do you see me with strange eyes? Why when I love my sisters wholly do I make you uneasy? Why, if I talk of my feelings, do you look away or, if you listen, at the end relax as if to say: "Well, I guess you had to do that...it's probably very healthy that you brought your secret out into the open...but now that's over and we don't, thank God, have to talk about it anymore." And after that, every remark I make is filtered through the label "lesbian".

We all realize how terrible it is to be fragmented as women are in this society, split into roles, having secret identities, split mind from body. I know this. I could not stand being torn to pieces trying to love with my body men who could not even hear my voice. And now you tell me that I must do this? Now you tell me my body is to be an organizing tool, winning men away from their contempt of me, a reward for understanding an obscure point in our literature? I may love my sisters with my mind and heart, but my body belongs still to men or to no one? Or you say it belongs to me, but the love I express with it must be limited, by tacit command. "You may 'love' your sister...you may not make love with her. If it really can't be helped, we won't totally shut you out, but of course you understand we can't have you speaking for women's liberation anymore...your feelings are too uniquely your own, too personal. In short, you are the second-class citizens we need to keep us from hitting bottom, to keep us from completely losing men's approval...you are our women, every movement needs some so that it can be political."

The irony of it all is that I probably would never have discovered my homosexuality without women's liberation. You have helped to create what you now despise or fear, the incarnation of the sisterhood which was to be a lovely ideal, a sentiment of pure girlhood. Why does my body, which you claim should not be alienated from me, make my love for my sisters suddenly something furtive, something lower, something which is somehow wrong? Would that be too much of a separation from straight society, from men? But weren't these the questions we asked ourselves when we first thought of a woman's movement and we were afraid of taking ourselves, our feelings, our oppression seriously? Or do you think that I will attack or seduce you, that loving other women somehow makes me a man or one of those "oversexed niggers and queers"?

The accusation of being a movement of lesbians will always be powerful if we cannot say, "Being a lesbian is good." Nothing short of that will

that they only wanted a particular one of my roles. But I had learned: Men are people too. If you wish them to be honest, love them as friends. Wow, had I learned. I was honest and loving and I was rapidly being torn into shreds.

After a couple of months of this I was beginning to believe that celibacy forever was the only thing that would save whatever was left of me, which was not much. And then I found myself loving another woman. And I was scared, so scared that I might have said nothing if she had not let me know she loved me. What I was afraid of was not social ostracism or the power of the name lesbian, because I already thought homosexuality was necessary to our liberation. I was simply afraid to find out that this too was a fraud and be left with nothing. But somehow my love was greater than my fear. I was clumsy and ignorant of how to make love to another woman, but the first time we slept together I did not mind being these things. I had never felt so completely joyous. I was one individual whole person and she was a different individual whole person and we were loving without trying to obliterate that integrity through possession or control. I was no longer an outside observer watching my body go through the motions. My mind was with my body was with my heart.

I've learned so many things from my loving. I've learned that mutual

suffice as an answer:

This wasn't meant to be totally bitter, because at least some of how you feel, after all, I was brought up to be a heterosexual too. My mother never even mentioned homosexuals until the other day, when she spoke of them the way the Sunday sermons used to speak of lepers. I didn't even know they were possible until I was in college. I remember the terrible desperation I felt when I began to realize that I wasn't going to be able to communicate with men. My immediate reaction was to go out and get screwed by the first guy that came along. I worked terribly hard on that relationship; I guess I felt it was my last chance. I explained myself hour after hour, sometimes articulately, sometimes incoherently, but always with kindness and sweet reason. I was driving myself crazy trying to love someone who wanted a Woman, not me. I began to avoid him, not to be home after I had told him to come over, to sleep with him to shut him up, to be silent out of exhaustion, to take tranquilizers and do yoga for hours to relax. And I couldn't even see how much more I hated him for making me hate another person. And all this was after I had been in Women's Liberation for 9 or 10 months. Before Women's Liberation, I had always conveniently disappeared after a relatively short time with a guy, as soon as I realized that they couldn't even see through the games I was playing or

tenderness and sensitivity are not myths. I've learned to be more easily affectionate and open with myself. I don't have to hate myself for the fact of being a woman, for being the opposite of all I was taught to love and for being unable to communicate with the people I'm supposed to love. Because I love another person, and many other people who are women. I love these people for who they are and I can love them because they can see me and hear me, as I can see them and hear them. I don't have to fight to keep from hating men, because I don't hate them. I no longer have to resent them for my need of them and I am much freer to see them as people instead of tormentors/lovers, and most of all, judges of my validity. Not having that particular resentment gives me more strength to fight against male supremacy as an institution. A desperate need is hostile, resentful. It drains our energy and keeps us from knowing what we want. To want another person as a whole individual whom one likes rather than to need someone as the representative of a valuable group or the possessor of things one wishes one had, is to affirm self love and to begin to really love other people. It also means that as men learn they are not needed for their maleness, but instead wanted if and only if they are nice people, they might have to learn to be nice people. If we swear undying loyalty and heterosexuality, they may never learn. Power is not given up unless it is obviously hollow and self-destructive. As long as women do not accept as a real alternative, as a real personal possibility, the end of sexual relationships with men, that power is strengthened and we are trapped into negativism. Affirmation of a new reality is making that kind of power irrelevant. . . it is speaking in new voices, new words; it is liberation from the categories and myths we

It's really hard to write process, because you end up speaking of ends as well as means and you can sound really visionary. I know homosexual relationships can get messed up by the dominant culture, by being repressed, by playing man-and-woman. I have a thousand million hang ups left, but the important thing is that I would have even more than that if I weren't a lesbian. Women's Liberation needs lesbianism. Lesbians need women's liberation. We are all sisters.

My love for my sister, for my sisters, was and is good and beautiful. I don't see how it can be ignored if women are to talk about liberation. This does not mean we all have to leap into bed with each other, now or ever. It does mean we can't make homosexuality the one thing we won't talk about honestly. It means we must really accept such love as a positive good, which I think we can do by dealing honestly with our feelings about it and each other. We can't afford to be afraid of these feelings or of our sisters.

Love,

Mary

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