



the bars



are ours

Leonardo's

The gay women's liberation group in San Francisco is getting it together and meetings are being held. So, to advertize, a sister volunteered to put up a notice in the city's gay bars. At Leonardo's, 16 Leland and Desmond Sts., this sister was told our notice could not be posted on the premises. When she asked the reason why she was told by the owner, a gay woman, that she didn't want any of "that stuff" in her place. A further explanation was denied.

My involvement began when I discovered this at our meeting and the next week I returned to Leonardo's with the same request. Not only was no explanation offered (I do not consider "she had her own reasons and that ought to stand for itself" to be adequate) but the owner who was present refused even to discuss it. It made me very angry.

Until a future change, I feel that a gay bar, supported by the gay community, ought to be responsive to the needs of that community. Other notices can be posted on the bulletin there and other gay bars put up our notices. Why is this gay sister-owner discriminating against some of her customers and fellow sisters? Why is she refusing to explain? A logical explanation seems to be due, she was given the opportunity and rejected it.

Sisters and Brothers, when will it be your group's turn to be singled out? I question the policy that takes our money but ignores our identity. Perhaps the time has come for the gay community to exert their solidarity in the face of this unfair treatment. I am therefore sug-

farm animals

It's so good living on the farm.

by Mike Merry

"We understand that members of the Gay Liberation Front are planning to hold a "touch-in" at our bar tonight without our prior knowledge or consent. We must inform you that it is a misdemeanor to touch and a felony to CONSPIRE to encourage others to touch." It was "The Farm," a popular hip gay bar in L.A., fifteen minutes before G.L.F.'s "touch-in" -- members of its Radical Caucus holding hands and encouraging the regular customers to do so.

Soon after this announcement came over the P.A. system, Jim Gross, the manager, told Lee Helfin of the Radical caucus, "I am a homosexual, and I find it personally repulsive for two men to touch each other." He must have been referring to public places, but this is debatable. He told Morris Knight of Christopher Street West the Wednesday before that he was straight.

Tuesday, September 8, at 11:00 P.M., the scheduled "touch-in" time, an announcement similar to the first was made but this time interrupted with cries of "GAY LIBERATION NOW!" "OFF LAW; OFF PIGS!", and inter-

gesting and appealing to all Sisters and Brothers patronizing Leonardo's to boycott that establishment until the management offers a reply suitable to the gay community.

We are anxious for the owner to reply to our questions; we invite a meeting with her to discuss the politics behind her decision at her convenience at any time.

The "Time has come today" for gay people to stand up, come out of the closets and assert their rights as citizens and human beings. We must begin to question the system that takes gay money and funnels it into the pockets of a few individuals and police. We need this bread for our own people, our own defense, our own struggle. Any organizations that take from the gay community and offer nothing in return ought to be scrutinized carefully and maybe they should be concerned. We are coming into our own and we will be thousands, and we will be heard.

Help yourselves. Gay power is there to tap and the time has come today!

Sincerely in struggle,
Ann Lisa

jected applause. When various Gay Lib members started to hold hands, they were immediately evicted. Others not touching but merely suspected of being radicals were asked to go to the front. When asked, "Are you with the Liberation Front?", they would proudly shout YES and be kicked out. Soon after all members had left the bar, five pig cars arrived and sent six "tac squad" members into the bar. There was no violence, but various bar staff's minds were blown. The next day, five members tried to negotiate with the bar's owner, Hal Glickman. He told them he knew touching did not really constitute lewd conduct and therefore was not a misdemeanor, but it was against bar policy because if allowed, he thought, it would lead to groping. He went on to refering pig attitudes by saying he had a \$200,000 investment that he "...will not sacrifice for the principle of homosexual freedom." Thus, according to the owner, he announced threats were lies (It is not against the law to touch, but against bar policy).

The following Saturday and Sunday G.L.F. passed out leaflets at several gay bars in L.A., including the one

which had given them all the free publicity over its P.A. system, explaining what happened Tuesday night and what they are trying to do. More action was planned for Saturday September 19: Pickets carrying signs reading, "THE FARM TREATS US LIKE ANIMALS," "FOOTBALL PLAYERS GRAB ASS, WHY CAN'T WE?" and "IN 'THE FARM,' IT'S TOUCH AND GO;" people encouraging customers to hold hands as they enter the bar, guerrilla theatre. More such action may be necessary the night of September 26. In case these actions do not produce results, Herbert E. Selwyn, a well-known lawyer in L.A., will file a civil rights suit for GLF against "The Farm" charging the bar discriminates against homosexuals, since we can't hold hands in the bar while straight couples can. Christopher Street West has informed Gay Lib that they have the support of the entire gay community in the Los Angeles area, and if this suit succeeds, not only will all gay bars with similar policies be threatened, but public places in general! Gay Liberation will have won a victory for its people.

GAY



Ruthie & Joe

The Picket Line--50 people walking, dancing in circles, Lavendar Cowboy riding the White Horse up the middle, Gene on the accordian, others shouting cheers, giving out leaflets to passing cars whose passengers raise their fists in solidarity.

Joe Johanson, White Horse owner-pig (he has a badge to prove it), standing at the door of the bar at 66th and Telegraph in Oakland, saying, "Keep it up, we'll get you yet." He raps with two plainclothes policemen standing with him at the door and throws out insults to passing picketers.

He shouts at a man who has just come up to the door, "If you're going to argue, I'm going to have you arrested." He had two people arrested the first weekend of the picket line, but police let them go, since they had nothing to charge them with.

Joe and co-owner, hostess, wife Ruth have 86'd (thrown out for good) everyone who might be connected with Gay Liberation. They are operating the bar like their private club, not a public place of business.

As girls and boys we were taught to hate the love we felt. As women and men beyond the lie we are ghettoized, cavernized in alcoholic Gay bars hidden away, separated from children. We are lined up against the walls and hustled for drinks.

"Reach out in the darkness,
"Reach out and touch,
"Ain't no mountain high enough to keep me from getting to you"

The bar owners don't hear their own juke boxes, Diana Ross singing GAY IS GOOD. The owner-warden hears only the threats of the Alcoholic Beverage Control (ABC) and the cash register--the pigs and the payoffs. "Don't you want Gay bars?," Ruthie asks when we break the rules against touching, touch in a different way, move away from the wall.

The first night we sold Gay Sunshine she smiled, "Yes, we all want to help Homosexuals but I can't sell the paper from behind the bar. It might offend some of my Straight customers." How about buying an ad? Put some Gay money back into the Gay community. "Well, I'll have to read it first," she smiled.

After she read the paper her line was different: "We've received some complaints. Don't sell the newspapers inside the bar." When I did sell several to customers who asked for it, she called her husband.

WHITE HORSE BARS

WHITE HORSE

PRESERVE DINING AT ITS BEST

Joe grabbed me off the dance floor, dragged me to a back room and shook me. I screamed so the whole bar could hear that he had no right to assault or falsely imprison me. "Don't I? I'll show you what right I have." He opened his wallet to a badge but closed it too quickly for me to see the number or the force. Then he threw me out of the bar. "Don't ever bring those papers back in here again."

Alice and Carol, who had witnessed the shakeup, organized a Gay Sunshine read-in around the bar fire-place that Friday night--eight women and several men.

We came back as vendors the following Friday. Ruthie and Joe threatened to call the police on us if we sold a paper inside. Then Joe 86'd me and five friends standing with me.

Berkeley Gay Liberation Front's first fall meeting voted to picket the bar. A White Horse Action Committee came to the bar to present Gay Liberation demands to the bar-owners. Joe 86'd the whole committee before he would hear the demands and had some friends at the bar help push us out.

Friday, September 11, the Purple Hand appeared on the white wall beside the White Horse family entrance. Friday night Ruthie and Joe closed the bar at midnight, assuring their customers to come back the next night when none of this would be there. We were back Saturday night and again and stronger Friday, Sept. 18, serving donuts and apples on the line and coffee in the People's Alternative Coffeehouse across the street (Nick Benton's apartment, opened 11p.m. to 3 a.m. Fridays and Saturdays).

Percy was inside the bar with his friends. He came out to talk with picketers. He went back to tell Joe he was wrong. Joe told him he could not come back and would be arrested if he did. Said one of Percy's friends, now sitting on the steps to the People's Alternative Coffeehouse, "I was undecided before, but Joe is ruining his own business. He's mad now, and there's no one left in his bar but a few fascists."

At presstime negotiations were scheduled to begin over lunch between owners of the White Horse and a Gay Liberation Front negotiating team. Ruthie and Joe were to serve the lunch at the White Horse.

FLASH! VICTORY!

PRESSTIME, Thursday, Sept. 24--\$2000 potential business lost, and Gay consciousness sets in. Actually, Ruthie assured us in negotiations this afternoon wherein she and her husband Joe agreed to six of eight GLF demands, that she has always run the bar for the Gay community.

The recent rash of 86'ing happened only because she felt under attack.

Negotiations were mediated by Jim Sorrellos, Gay brother and long time White Horse patron.

Joe and Ruthie agreed to sell Gay Sunshine from a stand in the bar, put up a community bulletin board, investigate further into the legal possibilities for slow dancing, rescind all 86's and allow freedom of dress (shoes and shirt required.)

The bar owners said they would welcome minors if the drinking age were lowered, but could not allow minors in now. Joe, however, offered to contribute to the Gay Liberation Community Center fund, beginning with \$50 this afternoon, to provide a place off the streets for Berkeley and Oakland Gays under 21.

Ruthie told several stories of how she had helped Gays in the past, but conceded to helping further in the future. To answer questions she will be at Monday (the 27th) night's Berkeley GLF meeting, 8 p.m., Seventh Seal Coffeehouse, Bowditch between Durant and Bancroft.



WE DEMAND

1. the White Horse be run for the GAY Community
2. free bodily contact-- kissing, hugging, slow dancing
3. No Harrassment physical verbal or mental
4. Right to sell or distribute GAY Sunshine & other publications inside the bar
5. free dress
6. separate, no drinking, section for minors
7. ...
8. No ... retroactive amnesty

gay is the most

by Nick Benton

Recognizing that homosexuals "might be the most oppressed people in the society as well as the most revolutionary," Black Panther leader Huey Newton has come out advocating "a working coalition with the Gay Liberation and Women's Liberation groups."

Huey was honest in expressing his uncertainty about the causes and purposes of homosexuality due to his admitted self-realization that "probably...male homosexuality is a threat to me."

Carl Wittman in his prophetic "A Gay Manifesto" defines homosexuality in this way: "Homosexuality is not a lot of things. It is not a makeshift in the absence of the opposite sex; it is not hatred or rejection of the opposite sex; it is not genetic; it is not the result of broken homes except inasmuch as we could see the sham of American marriage. Homosexuality is the capacity to love someone of the same sex." This definition is the one accepted by the revolutionary homosexual.

A homosexual, a person not with a condition but a capacity is, by his nature, perhaps the most revolutionary person in our society; that is, to the degree that he is awakened to the implications of his capacity in the face of the very presuppositions of Western civilization.

It is not just because the homosexual is the most oppressed that he would be the most revolutionary. He is the most oppressed because his capacity is the most revolutionary, and therefore the most repulsive in the eyes of the Western establishment.

Sex between persons of the same sex is the cultural antithesis to the most fundamental presupposition of the whole Western capitalistic mentality, which is derived from one fundamental act -- "missionary position" (male atop female) sexual intercourse.

The "missionary position," penis in vagina for the explicit purpose of the creation of offspring, is the first presupposition of everything Western culture represents. From it are derived the concepts of purposeful existence, patriarchy, capitalism, nationalism, imperialism, fascism. From it come the thought patterns of active/passive, dominant/submissive, I/you; we/they, top/bottom, greater/lesser, win/lose and on and on and on.....

An absolute antithesis of this presupposition is an orgasmic sexual act between persons of the same sex. And on that level, a most perfect antithesis, it seems to me, is the act of 69-ing involving two persons of the same sex.

As a presupposition for social existence, this act is absolutely mutual, and absolutely pleasure, rather than purpose, oriented. It is an absolute act of mutuality and pleasure, then...or of mutual affection apart from any purposeful motive above and beyond the mutuality shared by the two partners. Any orgasmic sexual act between partners of the same sex can be an expression of this mutuality, but the act of 69-ing seems the most symbolically perfect.

Evidence of its perfection is that the totality of its mutuality creates the condition for the expansion of the act to include more than two persons: without subtracting from anyone's degree of complete involvement: expansion into a community of persons sharing in the same orgasmic act of mutual affection. It is at the point of such an expansion that barriers of age, physical appeal, and ultimately even gender, can be overcome for the participants, and the possibility of a total community of all persons of the human race participating in total mutual affection can be actually experienced.

As such this symbolic model may be the most revolutionary act in which a human being in Western culture can engage.

It is an extension of the equally revolutionary Jesus-concept of "love your enemy" to cover the physical-sexual-orgasmic totality of man. "The enemy" in Western culture is ultimately, every other person of the same sex that one could not use in copulation for the purpose of creating offspring to strengthen one's own position in the world.

The homosexual revolution is the Jesus revolution, and it is total.

What a sad irony that homosexuals have for so long failed to recognize their true existence in that their very capacity is a perfect wedding of "medium and message" for the sake of humanizing the entire social order of man.

Yes, Huey, we homosexuals are revolutionary, if not "the most revolutionary of all." We are just coming to open our eyes to a sense of self-identity that is calling us to put our minds and creative commitments where our God-given capacity is -- so that ultimately we will be standing on the front lines with our outcast brothers and sisters in the Black Panthers, Women's Liberation, and Third World Liberation Front.



by Jim Rankin

NACHO, the North American Conference of Homophile Organizations, in actuality an alliance of Mattachine, One, and a few others, met in San Francisco in August at S.I.R. Center. NACHO never really met. Dying for years, if ever alive, it met with many of its members and officers determined to bury it, liberating the effective committees it had sponsored to be independent organizations. A confrontation between the homophile movement and the gay liberation movement, quickly developed. By most, it was unexpected. Even the gay lib people, many of whom just went to watch and found themselves called upon to be spokesmen, or just getting angry and fighting. Many of the most effective organizations in the Bay Area (SIB, DOB, CRH) either did not belong or took a very cautious view of NACHO. What happened was three terrible, joyous days of open, honest battle. The conference was not formally con-

vened the first day so gay lib groups could talk. Regular reports got underway, with some argumentation during the question periods, once the gay lib people were done. Then, by plan, seven women from the gay women's organization marched in to celebrate Women's Strike Day by confronting the male-dominated and male-oriented homophile and gay lib movements. Led by Phyllis Lyons and Del Martin, who have been fighting the women's battle in the movement for 15 years, and by women from gay women's liberations, they laid it on the line. They also broke the underlying battle into the open. The radical-conservative conflict became bitter indeed, and when the meeting formally convened and refused entry to the radicals, they just moved in and took over. There were threats of violence (from the establishment, as usual, contrary to popular opinion), and Larry Littlejohn threatened to call the police to throw the gay lib types out. Some of us were hoping he would, to make the lines be-

drawn finally and clearly. It didn't happen, and NACHO surrendered, or was buried. It still isn't clear which. The details aren't really important, nor is it either clear or important just what NACHO will do about all the resolutions passed after radicals took over. (The resolutions included endorsement of the Black Panther ten-point program.) What is important is to note the new things on the scene. This was the battle that ended the homophile movement. It began twenty or more years ago, it produced men and women of great stature, it had its martyrs, it made possible to a large degree everything that a new movement is going to do. It was a noble thing. We respect it. We love those who were a part of it. They were brave and strong when it was difficult. We fear having to match their stature in our own situations. But it is now time to move on, and the ground rules and basic assumptions of that movement are no longer acceptable or effective.

NACHO UPSIDE DOWN

The central conflict was on how to deal with reality. Or perhaps there was some question as to what was reality. The struggle was not over strategy or a question of there being many roads to the truth. It was that there was a deep division as to what the goals ought to be. At every major point of the conflict it could be clearly seen that the two broad groups differed on the most basic level, and tactics had nothing to do with it. Indeed, it was often possible to have both groups espouse the same tactics from their own perspectives. The older group felt it had to justify itself to the world, become part of it, let straights into leadership roles, keep the movement a "one-issue" trip, be wary of dealing with youth, and in general, conform to the reality the heterosexual oppressor imposed. The others replied that the whole thing must be turned upside down, for the values had been inverted. "Don't adjust your mind; reality has a flaw in it." Right on!

DISMISSED

by Cherie Matisse

Three of us were on our way to a party. Apparently, we did a no/no driving and the S.F. pigs stopped us. Driver's license, registration of the car were presented to the pigs (1814, 1911 badge numbers). As flashlights zoomed about the interior of the car, our political literature and banners were suspiciously looked upon. "Where are you going?" asked the pig. To a G.L.F. party answered Sandy. "Open the door!" demanded the pig with his hand on his gun. POW! The pig threw Sandy against the car and frisked him. The other pig told me to get out. "Are you arresting me?!" I asked. "If you keep HARASSING ME, I'll have to" he retorted and pulled me out of the car. I repeated, "Are you

arresting me, and if so, for what?" and he threw me in the pig-car. Davi and Sandy were placed in with me as the pigs searched the car and found a lid of grass in the trunk of our borrowed car. Another case of illegal search and seizure, people! While being booked, Davi and I were attacked with such witty statements as "Are you a girl or a boy? Hey, butch, hey dyke. What do you lesbos really do? I've never talked to a lesbian before," etc. We were all booked with possession, a felony. Convenient for the pigs. Can't have those "lunatic activists" spreading their propaganda among the people, you know. I'm gay, so automatically I'm a criminal. As I yelled POWER TO THE PEOPLE to Sandy when I was being fingerprinted on five 5x7 cards

and mug shots were taken of my profile and full-face, I couldn't help thinking of Arlo Guthrie's song, Alice's Restaurant. Now, I'm distinguished by having my fingerprints and pictures in Sacramento, San Francisco, Washington, D.C. and God knows where else. The first night Davi and I were put in a cell together. We decided the blankets were fucked, so we got it on (you haven't lived until you've made love in prison) and I came all over the fucker. Miss Closet-Dyke Matron, the following morning, saw us sleeping together and said, "We can't have this in our prison! We'll have to put you two in separate cells." Which they did. When I say that hole is a pigsty, I mean it literally. In three days, no one was given

towels or soap (which reaffirms that we're all dirty commie criminals.). The "food" was so bad people vomited. It's impossible to get any deep sleep, so mental and physical fatigue sets in. The second day, after ensuing harassment from the pigs, I was really getting fed up with this shit. One pig said, "You know, you're really sick." I retorted, "You're the one who's sick" and yelled, "You fascist pig!" The third night the case was dismissed. The pigs knew they didn't have a case. The whole thing was simply another instance of further harassment of gays. The harassment, the murders, the social ridicule, the job discrimination, etc. must stop. We must unite and take affirmative action. The time is now. ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!

Willie Brown

California Assemblyman Willie Brown—minority whip and a probable S.F. mayoral candidate—agreed last week to boycott ABC TV and radio. He will also try to persuade other assemblymen not to grant interviews or news to ABC until it drops its discriminatory policy against Gay people. Brown's action was in response to a request from Leo Laurence fired last year by KGO for being an outspoken homosexual. The Black Panthers and other groups will be asked to join the boycott. Brown previously boycotted ABC when KGO editorialized for a round up of prostitutes in the Tenderloin.

EDITORIAL

It has been the frustrating experience for radical homosexuals and others, and Gay Liberationists in particular that in broaching our demands to all political groups from Establishment homosexuals to Radical heteros, we have been denied inclusion in their programs.

This has not been the case with the Peace and Freedom Party. In February 1970 both San Francisco and Los Angeles Gay Liberation were approached and invited to send delegates to the state Convention in Long Beach. Both areas did so.

The result was the first Gay Liberation Plank ever in any U. S. political party's Platform and is reprinted here below:

*****GAY LIBERATION*****

(Statement of information: "GAY" refers to types of non-heterosexual expression including the female and male homosexual, bisexual, transexual, transvestite, etc.)

The Peace and Freedom Party recognizes and affirms that the goals and aims of Gay Liberation are an essential part of the general struggle against oppression. The oppression of Gay People, international in scope, arises from heterosexual chauvinism, religious dogmatism, police persecution, and other forms of discrimination and social intimidation. We recognize and affirm:

- I. The primary right of self-determination to members of the Gay community in the free expression of their true sexual natures;
- II. The necessity to work to abolish all laws and institutional practices of U.S. governments—federal, state and local—that in any way discriminate against any persons because of actions expressive of their sexual natures;
- III. That no person shall be denied any of the rights asserted by the Declaration of Independence, the U.S. Constitution and the Bill of Rights because of her or his sexual nature or preferences;



- IV. That all forms of economic and social exploitation of the Gay community be abolished;
 - V. That all "sex education" programs should accord the same validity to homosexual and other forms of expression as to heterosexual forms;
 - VI. That all persons incarcerated in prisons and in mental institutions on charges of non-victim sexual crimes should be released at once and restored to full participation in society;
 - VII. That as a part of the sanctity of the person, each individual has the right to determine the uses of her or his own body as in sex-change operations and others.
-
- The rest of the platform incorporates a wide range of far reaching social reforms into a libertarian socialist composite which even-ultra-liberal and working class Gays and others should be able to relate to and identify with.

Peace and Freedom offers all those Gay voters who would ordinarily go to the polls only to vote for Willie Brown an out-of-the-closet alternative to the War and Racist politics of the Democratic Party.

Therefore for the foregoing we can only conclude that it is our responsibility in speaking out in the interests of the Gay community to urge you, if you vote, to vote Gay, vote Peace and Freedom; vote for Willie Brown as the only San Francisco Democratic candidate who has spoken for the gay community in the state assembly. The Peace and Freedom Party is the only political party to speak courageously for our rights without being pressured to do so.

There are two rallies being planned in the Gay Bay Area at which the Gay community will have the opportunity to meet the Peace and Freedom candidates and find out how they will implement the Gay and other proposals in the Peace and Freedom Platform. The people will be informed about the times of the rallies by movement radio stations and leafletting. POWER TO THE PEOPLE! GAY POWER TO GAY PEOPLE!

*They those pieces lovers
(or) do that dynamite in
your bag?*

NEW YORK (LNS) -- The centuries--old conflict between American society and homosexuality erupted into fighting between the police and gay men and women on the streets of Greenwich Village Aug 29-30.

We have been used to suffering violence and intimidation from the police, but it is our new militancy, just beginning its second year, that is standing up to the pigs and building alliances with other oppressed peoples who also have begun to fight for their liberation.

When one black man who joined in the street fighting was viciously beaten by police, his blood spilling onto the asphalt several of us smeared his blood on our faces in a symbolic vow of unity and revenge.

Buoyed by an emerging sense of community and militancy, and by the recent pro-gay statement by Huey Newton, leader of the Black Panther Party, gay revolutionaries in New York stepped up plans for more activity this fall.

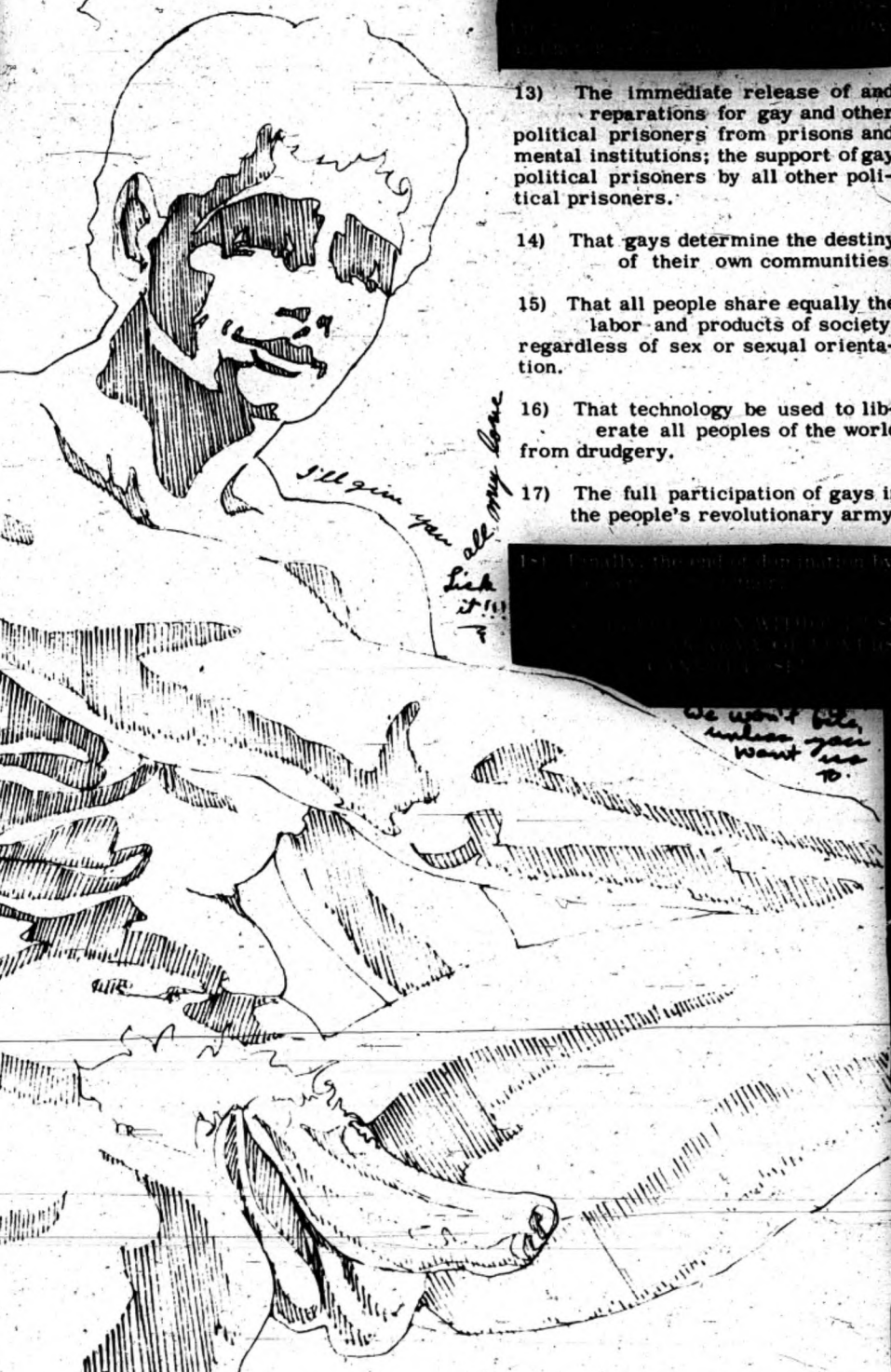
In his statement, Huey spoke about the oppression of gay people and said that there was no excuse for any revolutionary to retain anti-homosexual ideas or to use anti-gay expression. He called for an alliance between the Panthers and the gay liberation and women's liberation movements.

It is hoped that a gay community center, self defense classes, more publications, and perhaps a national gay liberation conference will be produced by the gay liberation activists within the next few months.

The main target in the Village was the Women's House of Detention, most of whose inmates are like all gay men and women, victims of a sexist society. Many of the inmates are lesbians -- black, Puerto Rican and white -- who have been forced into a life of prostitution.

Chanting, "Hey, hey, ho, ho, House of D has got to go," we swarmed around the House of Detention, located at the corner of Sixth Avenue and Christopher Street, which is, for New York's gay people, like the corner of Telegraph and Haste for Berkeley's street people.

*...the main target in the Village was the Women's House of Detention...
Chanting, "Hey, hey, ho, ho, House of D has got to go..."
...the main target in the Village was the Women's House of Detention...
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*...the main target in the Village was the Women's House of Detention...
Chanting, "Hey, hey, ho, ho, House of D has got to go..."*

WE DEMAND:

- 1) The right to be gay anytime, anywhere.
- 2) The right to free physiological change and modification of sex upon demand.
- 3) The right of free dress and adornment.
- 4) That all modes of human sexual self-expression deserve protection of the law, and social sanction.
- 5) Every child's right to develop in a non-sexist, non-possessive atmosphere, which is the responsibility of all people to create.
- 6) That a free educational system present the entire range of human sexuality without advocating any one



PLENARY SESSION

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE

The revolution will not be complete until all men are free to express their love for one another sexually. We affirm the sexuality of our love. The social institution which prevents us from expressing our total revolutionary love, we believe, is sexism.

Sexism is a belief or practice that the sex or sexual orientation of human beings gives to some the right to

- 13) The immediate release of and reparations for gay and other political prisoners from prisons and mental institutions; the support of gay political prisoners by all other political prisoners.
- 14) That gays determine the destiny of their own communities.
- 15) That all people share equally the labor and products of society, regardless of sex or sexual orientation.
- 16) That technology be used to liberate all peoples of the world from drudgery.
- 17) The full participation of gays in the people's revolutionary army.

We recognize as a vanguard revolutionary action, the Huey P. Newton statement on Gay Liberation. We recognize the Black Panther Party as being the vanguard of the people's revolution in amerikkka.

The gay people at the plenary session...
The revolutionary people's...
...the gay people at the plenary session...

Strike! And be free! "It's a marriage of dope and dynamite, of flowers and flames," as Attorney Mike Kennedy says. It "portends more destruction to the American government than anything in history." It's Dr. Timothy Leary, in the Weatherman Underground!

Incredible, but true. Our hero-flower is no longer the non-violent pacifist flashing the peace sign to everybody. "He's a 'hard-core' revolutionary," who says: "Listen Americans. Your government is an instrument of total lethal evil." It shakes my soul.

"Listen," Brother Tim tells us. "It is a comfortable, self-indulgent cop-out to look for conventional, economic-political solutions."

"Brothers and Sisters, this is a war for survival..." he writes to us. And I think. About Macy's. The White House. And ABC Radio-TV.

Suddenly pickets seem passe. I realize now that we must "resist actively" and "trash every lethal machine in the land."

It shakes my soul. It hurts. It's almost unbelievable that this "wild beautiful beast" we call Timothy Leary (who turned us on to life and love) now says "...at this time, let us have no more talk of peace."

Speaking of another beautiful bouquet, Joan Baez and David Harris, Brother Tim says: "If David Harris has ten friends in the world, I say to you, get off your pious, non-violent asses and break him out!"

"Listen," Brother Tim tells us. "There is no choice but to defend life by all and every means possible against the genocidal machine."

"...World War III is now being waged by short-haired robots whose deliberate aim is to destroy the complex web of free wild life by the imposition of mechanical order." (To confirm, call IBM.)

I flashed on the 40 Gay brothers being burned by Macy's when I read in Timothy's letter: "Do not be deceived. It is an elastic strategem of genocide to camouflage their wars as law and order police actions."

Tim Leary turns me on, people. He's turned me on ever since I walked in Golden Gate Park with him as a budding flower-child. He turns me on now with his determination to live, to love, and to be free.

I vividly recall the fantastic experience Don (Burton, my lover) and I had the day we met, hugged, and mixed with Rosemary Leary. It was in the library of Mike Kennedy's law offices. We are all represented by Kennedy and Rhine.

We were like two little giddy puppies at first. I had never experienced such a heavy dose of Karma, love, or whatever hit us. We were turned on to a new high.

Somehow, I feel that high again when I re-read Timothy's letter from the Weathermen Underground.

"We knew that flowers in your gun-barrels were risky," Tim tells Nixon in the letter. "We too remembered Munich and Auschwitz-all too well as we chanted love and raised our Woodstock fingers in gentle signs of peace."

"We begged you (Nixon) to live and let live, to love and let love, but you have chosen to kill and get killed," Timothy writes. "May God have mercy on your lost soul," he says compassionately.

"Timothy has traditionally operated within the law," Mike Kennedy told me last week. "His whole approach...to drug laws was reformist in nature."

*off the career...
...the career...
...the career...*

I thought of the reformists in the "homophile" movement...even the so-called militant Gay Liberation Front... I wondered about myself. Am I ready to "stay high and wage the revolutionary WAR!" as our beloved Brother and Sister, Timothy and Rosemary Leary?

We cannot escape truth. "The conflict which we sought to avoid is upon us," Tim tells us. It is a "world-wide ecological, religious warfare." It is "life vs. death."

Marching in circles in front of the White Horse bar won't close the bar. Marching round and round at Macy's won't save our 40 brothers. Marching against ABC Radio-TV won't stop their lies.

Love + REVOLUTION

We must "disarm, disable, and disconnect" the enemy, as Brother Tim writes. "Arm yourselves, and shoot to live, for life is never violent," he tells us.

It took a long, grueling struggle for Timothy to hit his new high. "Timothy exhausted every legal means available to him before resorting to this," Michael Kennedy told me. That reminded me of some Black Panther Party advice I received the other day.

"Exhaust every legal means...then, by any means necessary!"

But "legal" means the courts, and in Amerikkka, "every court acts in typical lawlessness and corruption," Brother Kennedy declared.

We must adjust our consciousness to reality. As Black Panther Brother Eldridge Cleaver wrote years ago (Soul on Ice) that homosexuality is a "sickness," just like "wanting to become the head of General Motors."

Black Panther Huey P. Newton writes today: "...maybe a homosexual can be the most revolutionary... (people in) the Gay Liberation Front are our friends."

In the Panthers and Timothy Leary, we see revolutionary change and action. We see a new high.

I feel it is necessary now that the Gay Liberation Front issue a warning to the world: "We should be considered dangerous to anyone who threatens our life or our freedom."

Freedom will live!

Leo



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

Whatever your personal opinions and your insecurities about homosexuality and the various liberation movements among homosexuals and women (and I speak of the homosexuals and women as oppressed groups), we should try to unite with them in a revolutionary fashion. I say "whatever your insecurities are" because, as we very well know sometimes our first instinct is to want to hit a homosexual in the mouth and want a woman to be quiet. We want to hit the homosexual in the mouth because we're afraid we might be homosexual; and we want to hit the woman or shut her up because we're afraid that she might castrate us, or take the nuts that we might not have to start with.

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

Remember, we haven't established a revolutionary value system; we're only in the process of establishing it. I don't remember us ever constituting any value that said that a revolutionary must say offensive things towards homosexuals, or that a revolutionary should make sure that women do not speak out about their own particular kind of oppression. Matter of fact it's just the opposite: we say that we recognize the women's right to be free. We haven't said much about the homosexual at all, and we must relate to the homosexual movement because it's a real thing. And I know through reading and through my life experience, my observations, that homosexuals are not given freedom and liberty by anyone in the society. Maybe they might be the most oppressed people in the society.

And what made them homosexual? Perhaps it's a whole phenomena that I don't understand entirely. Some people say that it's the decadence of capitalism. I don't know whether this is the case; I rather doubt it. But whatever the case is, we know that homo-



HUEY TALKS ABOUT GAY AND WOMEN'S LIBERATION

sexuality is a fact that exists, and we must understand it in its purest form: That is, a person should have freedom to use his body in whatever way he wants to. That's not endorsing things in homosexuality that we wouldn't view as revolutionary. But there's nothing to say that a homosexual cannot also be a revolutionary.

And maybe I'm now injecting some of my prejudice by saying that "even a homosexual can be a revolutionary." Quite on the contrary, maybe a homosexual could be the most revolutionary.

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

We should deal with the factions just as we deal with any other group

or party that claims to be revolutionary. We should try to judge somehow, whether they're operating sincerely, in a revolutionary fashion, from a really oppressed situation. (And we'll grant that if they're women, they're probably oppressed.) If they do things that are un-revolutionary or counter-revolutionary, then criticize that action. If we feel that the group in spirit means to be revolutionary in practice, but they make mistakes in interpretation of the revolutionary philosophy, or they don't understand the dialectics of the social forces in operation, we should criticize that and not criticize them because they're women trying to be free. And the same is true for homosexuals. We should never say a whole movement is dishonest, when in fact they're trying to be honest, they're just making honest mistakes. Friends are allowed to make mistakes. The enemy is not allowed to make mistakes because his whole existence is a mistake, and we suffer from it. But the women's liberation front and gay liberation front are our friends, they are potential allies, and we need as many allies as possible.

We should be willing to discuss the insecurities that many people have about homosexuality. When I say "insecurities", I mean the fear that they're some kind of threat to our manhood. I can understand this fear. Because of the long conditioning process which builds insecurity in the American male, homosexuality might produce certain hangups in us. I have hangups myself about male homosexuality. Where, on the other hand, I have no hangup about female homosexuality. And that's phenomena in itself. I think it's probably because male homosexuality is a threat to me, maybe and the females are no threat.

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

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

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!

Huey P. Newton,
SUPREME COMMANDER,
Black Panther Party

I
Today I went to a dentist because I heard he was cheap. He hasn't many patients--it was easy to see why. He was so nervous he talked at twice normal speed and repeated everything he said three times. His gestures were like a movie running at the wrong speed. He was fifty years old, maybe more, and he stuttered like a little boy. He asked me how I came to call him. He looked surprised when I said someone I knew had recommended him. He asked me what was wrong. I told him, but I said I'd have to know how much it

would cost. He said nine dollars, but seven would be o.k. Even the vets around here charge ten a visit. I wanted to hug him. I wanted to assure him that I didn't hate him--that even though he was nervous and felt inadequate I trusted him to work on my teeth. I wanted to hug him and tell him he was a nice person. Funny feeling coming in me. I just don't hate all men. The other day I was getting my motorcycle fixed. Usual tremors in my stomach--tension up to cope with macho motorcycle types. Turned

HATE

MACHO
out my tension was useful for coping with the macho lady who owns the place and drives her husband and her son around like dogs. "Fix this, do that, don't look at me like that." After her son said they wouldn't be able to work on a particular thing that day she said: "Yes, they'll fix it. I don't give a damn what they said. God damn it I own this place don't I. Does that make a difference or doesn't it?" I wanted to kill her and release the men she had enslaved. No, I guess I don't love all women. I hate macho wherever I find it.

it. I'm not going to say my sisters right or wrong--that's reverse sexism equivalent to the reasoning of the John Birch Society. Nor will I arbitrarily hate all men--most yes--but I'm tired of useful rhetoric--organizing tools, simplification, ends justifying the means, etc. That's a man's way of coping with a complex reality--simplifying it into two opposing myths--black and white. I'm a woman. I know there are shades of pain and love, good and evil--I hate macho wherever I find it.
Laurel
From "It Ain't Me Babe"

Oh, how I love that saying! The Age of Blatantness is up on/in us Brothers and Sisters. Take a stand and show your Fairy Wings or Construction Helmets!
Straight society is really down on Blatant Gays, and that affects and oppresses all Gay people, because Gays won't be treated as beautiful human beings until even the most 'Flaming Faggots' and 'Diesel Dykes' are respected in Our community, as well as in Straight society.

BLATANT IS

During the National Students Gay Liberation Front Conference, Charles P. Thorp gave a keynote speech entitled, 'I.D., LEADERSHIP AND VIOLENCE'. One of the main points of his speech dealt with Blatantness. His whole speech was right-on, but his 'Blatant is Beautiful' line really hit me hard home. I looked around me and noticed that many of the 'heavy Gay Lib.' people could easily pass for straight. Only a few Gay people were Blatant-on-Sight. Straight society has so oppressed our people that some Gay people still try to blend in with Straights.

dress 'butch' or 'fem', as a way of attracting on sight what might be their desire or needs later in the encounter. When I speak of coping out, I mean that it is inexcusable to dress 'butch' in the male-case, and 'fem' in the female-case just to pass. It is also inexcusable to dress in these ways to play straight or that you are made more desirable by appearing Straight. That is like saying Straight is Good and Gay is bad. Being Blatant isn't all 'dress style' either. It's also your personality, which (as I see it) is either Gay or Closety. It is very important to the Gay movement, as well as being good for your Gay-Soul, to show affection in Public.

Recently, Michael, a Gay friend, and I were discussing lovers, and what turned them on, and he remarked that I was becoming too 'nellie' and that gay guys just aren't turned on by 'flaming faggots'. He used to be a very campy 'flaming faggot', but now he dresses very 'Hip' and isn't blatantly gay on sight. I think it's very sad that he changed, because he seemed so much 'freer' when he was Blatant. It's really sad that our people cop-out on us in their dress style even. There are other things involved in being blatant in the clothes you wear. There is the factor that in cruising, some Gays

BEAUTIFUL!

KLYPTIC #86
I, too, can go to the icebox of poetry and come back with fish smelling of onions.
-Paul Mariah

(left) Rusty Elliot





OUR BODIES say Yes

Gay is good! Gay is proud! Have I really been saying these things, not just saying them but chanting them in the streets? Do I really mean it? I think I can honestly say that I really do mean it, finally, or at the very least I'm beginning to develop a sense of pride in my homosexuality, a sense that gay is good. The very fact that I must go through this awesome process is the essence of gay oppression. While our bodies tell us "yes," the world around us shouts (or whispers), "No, no, no; a thousand times, no."

When did I first hear that "no"? I can't really remember, but I think it is something I first felt at a very early age. Recently at a gay men's consciousness-raising session, I recalled an incident which proved to me that my awareness of the taboo against homosexuality was deeply ingrained in me at least by the age of 13.

I was 12 or 13 when I first discovered the joys of masturbation. And even though I was never subjected to some of the worst lies about masturbation ("it'll give you warts"... "it weakens your heart"), I did have some sense of its being wrong--hardly something to rap to my parents about over dinner, even though it was one of my most important activities at the time. Back then, I remember clearly masturbating to a dual set of fantasies. I had found some pictures of naked women in a tool chest at home. I hid them away in my room, bringing them out to use for masturbation. But that wasn't all. Much of the masturbation, perhaps most of it (I really don't remember), was based upon locker room fantasies from gym class, visions of boys and their cocks to look at and to suck. I began to feel overcome with guilt and fear. One day, I tore up the pictures of the naked women and flushed them down the toilet. (If I could have done the same with those locker room visions, I would have, but they were to stay with me forever, in one form or another.) A short time afterwards, I

broke out with tears and sobs in my bedroom. I called my father, ready to confess my sins to him. I didn't even tell him about the masturbation, however, only hinting at it, and I blurted out something about "dirty pictures" of naked women. As for my homosexual feelings--expressed in those pleasurable thoughts of boys and their cocks--I knew I could never tell my father about them. A small measure of guilt subsided, but most of it stayed with me for another ten years, at least.

It was gay oppression and heterosexual chauvinism that enabled me to tell my father about the pictures of women, but not about my attraction for other boys. I know now--as I didn't know then--that this was not a personal problem, nor a sickness, nor even a hang-up. It was the result of a system of oppression, of a society which will not accept and which actively condemns the love I feel for other men. Right now, there are 13-year-old boys going through the same thing I went through then. Even now, I feel their pain.

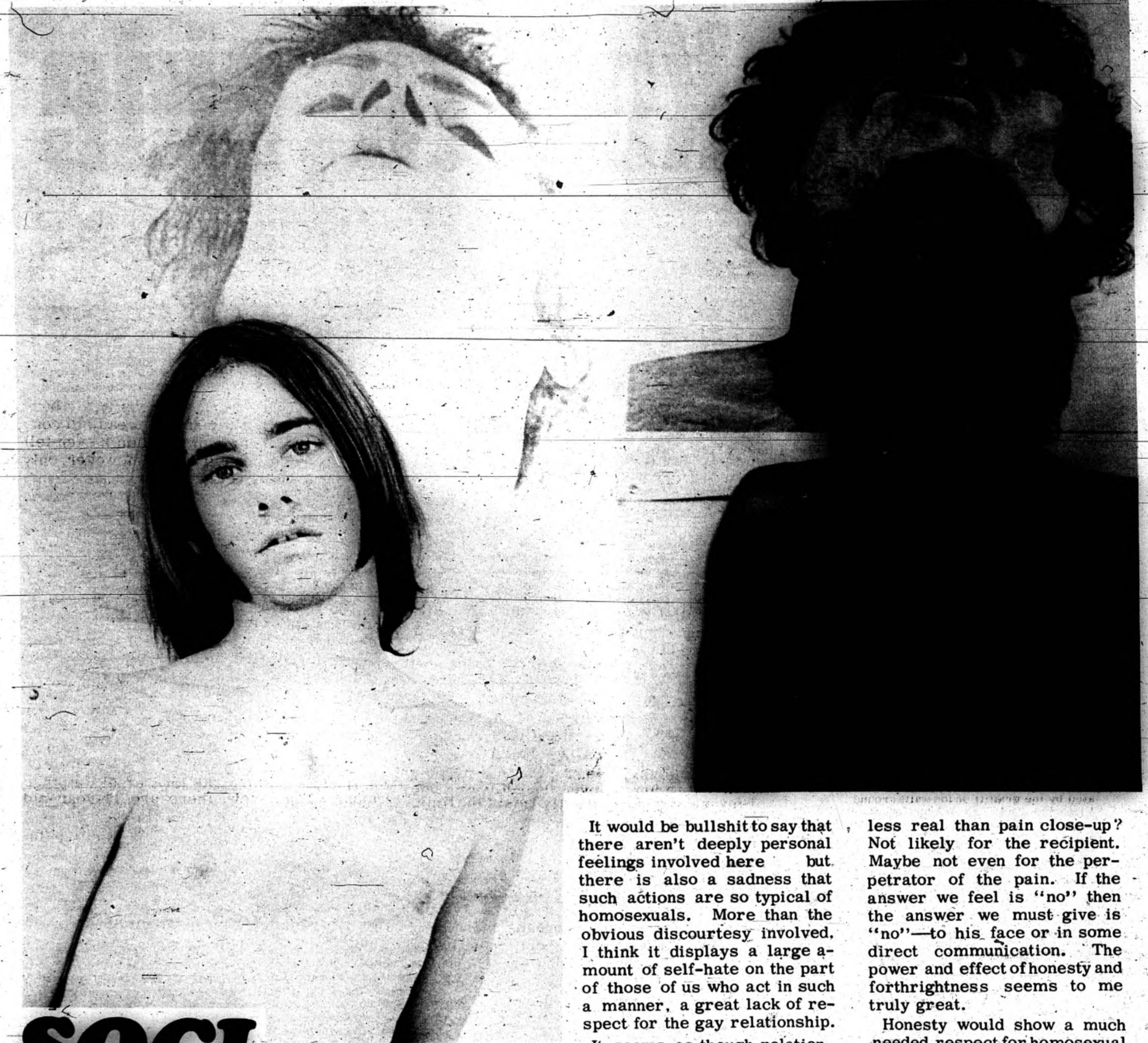
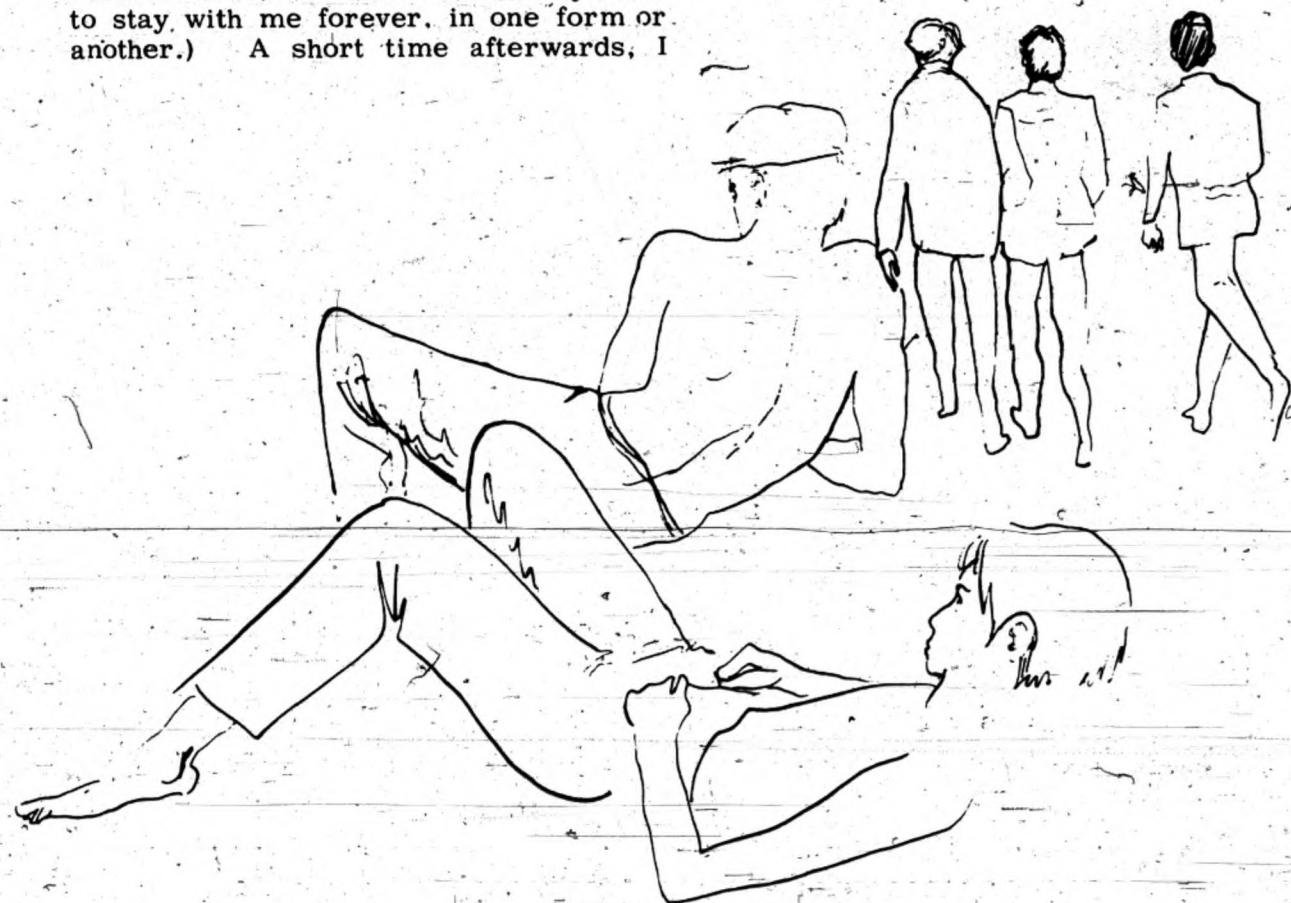
Gay liberation means a lot of things to me, including socialist revolution. But the revolution I am fighting for, if it is to be complete, means that the feelings and love of people, whether they are 9 or 13 or 20 or 30 or 50 years old, can be expressed in all their depth and beauty. —from GAY Flames, published by a Gay Men's collective in New York

Story From 1960 to 1970

My first views of London were when my parents and I would go over for a fortnight holiday in August every year. I used to be fascinated by the graffiti on loo walls around Victoria and I soon found out that there were really guys who went with guys. I used to read them for hours and picture up beatnik type of cats actually doing it together. Well 1964 came and so did long hair. I grew mine and had to suffer (and enjoy) the jeering on the streets -- "Is it a girl?" When I arrived back in London in 1967, aged 17 with gay "friends" from Dublin, people naturally categorized us as being gay because of our hair and the way we were dressed. We went to the gay pubs and in two there were all these old queens trying to look like dockers wives and dancing to Al Jolson's hits and Petula Clark. It was fun at first, no sex though, and then we went to a bar in Hampstead where all straight upper middle class queens assemble around trying to maintain their B.B.C. pose. Then the novelty wore off and I thought "What the fuck am I keeping on for when I hate these plastic straight aunts," and yet there were no fucking alternatives. In the States you have an alternative to straight gayshit.

Over here, the straight gays are on this trip: if you dress in "skinhead" clothes you're a man and if you have long hair and wear head clothes you are classed as a queen. My friend and I have both been through the camp stage -- makeup and camp clothes; speed--speeding at the west end gay clubs; and straight--trying to look normal and in other words not being oneself. Now that we turned on to acid last March we can't accept (me more than him) the straight crap and noncommunication between everyone. The underground papers over here talk sometimes about "gay is good," but if we can't see it that way then how in fuck's name can a bisexual head find it. I'm sure they couldn't accept the straight bars. Love and peace, drop acid, not bombs, Dave Burke, c/o 31 Jackson Road Holloway N.7, England

*skinheads are guys from 12 to 19 who have hair 1/4th inch, wear dark straight clothes and hate heads.



SOCIETY says No

He was to be here at 7:00 p.m. But even now at 8:30 his car has not come into view as I sit looking out the window. Nor has he called. John was different. Oh, not the exquisitely beautiful man of my fantasies, but very nice to be with. We exchanged phone numbers, just as everyone does, after that first tricking. And he promised to call, just as seemingly thousands have done before. But he was different—he did call—and we did get together once after that first meeting in the bar. But tonight he is proving to be quite typical of homosexual

partners. He isn't showing up as promised and he has not had the simple courtesy to call. At this point I don't plan to call him. Pride, I suppose. But I probably will call him, once I begin to imagine the thousands of possible legitimate reasons for his "no show /no call."

It would be bullshit to say that there aren't deeply personal feelings involved here but there is also a sadness that such actions are so typical of homosexuals. More than the obvious discourtesy involved, I think it displays a large amount of self-hate on the part of those of us who act in such a manner, a great lack of respect for the gay relationship.

It seems as though relationships with other homosexuals are held in such low regard as to be handled completely frivolously. "I think I'm tired of him." "I met a really sharp 'number' on the way home and I prefer him." Whatever the reason, how much further ahead we would be as a community if we could simply say what we feel, simply honor commitments made—simply be honest!

Instead there is a real incapacity to say "no" when asked for another date or a phone call. Perhaps the hurt we have known too well ourselves makes us reluctant to see anyone else visibly upset with a rejection from us. It's probably too painful to see someone hurt as we reject him to his face. It is far easier to let the pain come, when we're not around, when the call isn't made, when the date is broken.

But is pain at a distance any

less real than pain close-up? Not likely for the recipient. Maybe not even for the perpetrator of the pain. If the answer we feel is "no" then the answer we must give is "no"—to his face or in some direct communication. The power and effect of honesty and forthrightness seems to me truly great.

Honesty would show a much needed respect for homosexual relationships. It would show that we do indeed hold them in high esteem—high enough to honestly state our feelings and high enough to keep our commitments when made. Any other practice only serves to continue the humanly destructive myths that gay sex is only for quick tricks, for a couple of hours, that another man is but a cock to suck and then discard like a banana peel once the immediate pleasure is extracted.

It strikes me that such frivolous attitudes only reinforce our own self-hate about our form of sexuality which the system has taught us. And all the political awareness and "gettin' it together" rap sessions are absurd among a group of people who in reality hate themselves. If "gay is good" we should act more as if it were.

Morgan Pinney

She called last night and said she wasn't coming. She's going to stay back East and live in a health collective with her friends. "It's the first real family I've ever had," she told me; "anyway I don't want to live by myself in that huge apartment in San Francisco."

We met last November. I had gonorrheal proctitis (V Dup the ass) and needed treatment. Every doctor knows that a guy with proctitis is homosexual. Since I was still hiding the fact that I am homosexual and since I knew people in most of the city's medical clinics (I was in medical school), I needed treatment from someone I could confide my sexual endeavors in. I knew she was a movement doctor and would probably be understanding. She was. She gave me 4.8 million units of penicillin and a piece of blueberry pie.

We started doing things together after that. Talking a lot on the telephone, going to meetings together, smoking a lot of dope at her place. I gave her some flowers for Christmas because she had been a great friend and because she was on duty at the hospital during the holidays. She really appreciated those flowers. It surprised me.

ticket to ride

Especially when we ended up in bed together. I still had on my jockey shorts and she had on a thin nightgown. I got around to fondling her breasts but when I started playing around her groin I was scared to touch it. I was excited, had a hard on, wanted to fuck her. But she didn't want to that night—there was too much uncertainty on her part, she later told me. "What if Bill doesn't stay excited? That would mean that I couldn't excite him. It would be my fault." She had been divorced in June and had had several relationships with guys since then. But I guess she still had a lot of doubts about her own adequacy—at least enough doubts to feel inhibited about experimenting around with me in bed.

In late January there was to be a meeting of radical health workers in New Orleans. She helped me get selected as a delegate. During the flight down, we bared our souls to each

head. It didn't take long for me to feel overwhelmed by the whole situation, but particularly by her.

I really needed to get away from everybody. The second night I decided to go cruising. Since we were crashing together across town, I had to tell her I was "going out" and that I would make it back to the house by myself. It was the beginning of Mardi Gras and so I didn't have to wait long to get fucked. Afterwards I took a cab to our pad. She had already gone to bed. I felt dirty and took a shower before crawling in bed with her. Even then I felt dirty. And I felt bad because I had gone out and left her alone.

The next morning I "confessed" to her where I had been, what I'd done, how I felt about being in New Orleans. She understood. She had known what I was up to. But she hadn't known how much I cared for her.

his girl wouldn't let him sleep with her. He was mad at her but afraid to let her know just how mad he was. We told him it was important to let her know his feelings; how else could he get over his depression and could she know the real effect her action had on him? He was persuaded—he decided to look up his girl that night and let her know how he felt. That left us alone. I was stoned and felt sensual and really wanted to sleep with my chick. I told her. She said no. This hit me hard. I was pissed, just like my friend. I knew I had to tell her my feelings. Never before had I been that angry at a chick and let her know. But I did. A first for me. Still she said no. I split for my pad and cried that night. I was hurt and angry, but proud of myself for standing up to a chick.

In March we went to Texas to help out in a health survey of migrant workers. There were several guys taking part in the survey who really turned me on. There was a lot of uncertainty in my head as to whether I should hang around her or the guys. I wanted to be with the guys but felt guilty about leaving her for them—much the same feeling I had in New Orleans when I left her to go cruising. I began to realize that I was relating to her in many ways as my mother. I felt I had to stay with her, protect and entertain her; that I would betray her if I left her to be with the guys. I went with the guys.

From that January night when I got fucked in New Orleans, until the end of March I didn't have sex with anybody—I just didn't feel like going after it. I was trying to convince myself that I was too good to engage in the cheap games homosexuals play to get their sex. If the man of my dreams appeared, if my knight rode up on his white horse, well I would make love to him and strike up a "real" relationship. But none of that superficial stuff like gay bars and cruising the night spots. Of course I had strong sexual desires that needed gratification but I was rationalizing these away to avoid facing the reality of my sexuality. And she was part of my rationalization. Here I was, carrying on this intense relationship with a chick which to the outside world was a typical heterosexual affair. I wasn't a homosexual after all; I was straight like I was supposed to be. I say all of this in retrospect. During this period we truly grooved on being with each other. We were as open with each other about our feelings as we knew how to be.

The Texas trip helped me to see the subconscious games I was playing in relating to her as my mother. By the end of March I knew I had to have sex with guys. She couldn't offer me everything I needed. So partly out of desperation I went to a gay bar for the first time in my life. Before long I was a regular customer, digging it more and more, having more and more sex. She and I continued to see each other, sleeping together sometimes but never having sex (she didn't

turn me on anymore), working together in movement activities, consoling the other when one of us was low, congratulating the other when something good happened.

A new dimension entered into our relationship. I began to accuse her of acting like a mother to me, trying to possess and manipulate me, of liking me more than I liked her. She admitted some of what I said, especially about being motherly. She also admitted liking me and wanting to have sex with me if I really wanted it. But I used these "confessions" against her to make new accusations of the same kind. Whenever I confronted her with these charges, I always experienced the same aftereffect: I felt bad about what I had said, that I really loved her but had just stabbed her in the back, that I had unjustly accused her of things which were actually my own hangups. This confusion characterized the way I related to her until I came West in June. Thinking over it now, I know I really wanted her to tell me to fuck myself whenever I launched into one of my attacks. But she didn't. She usually didn't say much of anything in these moments.

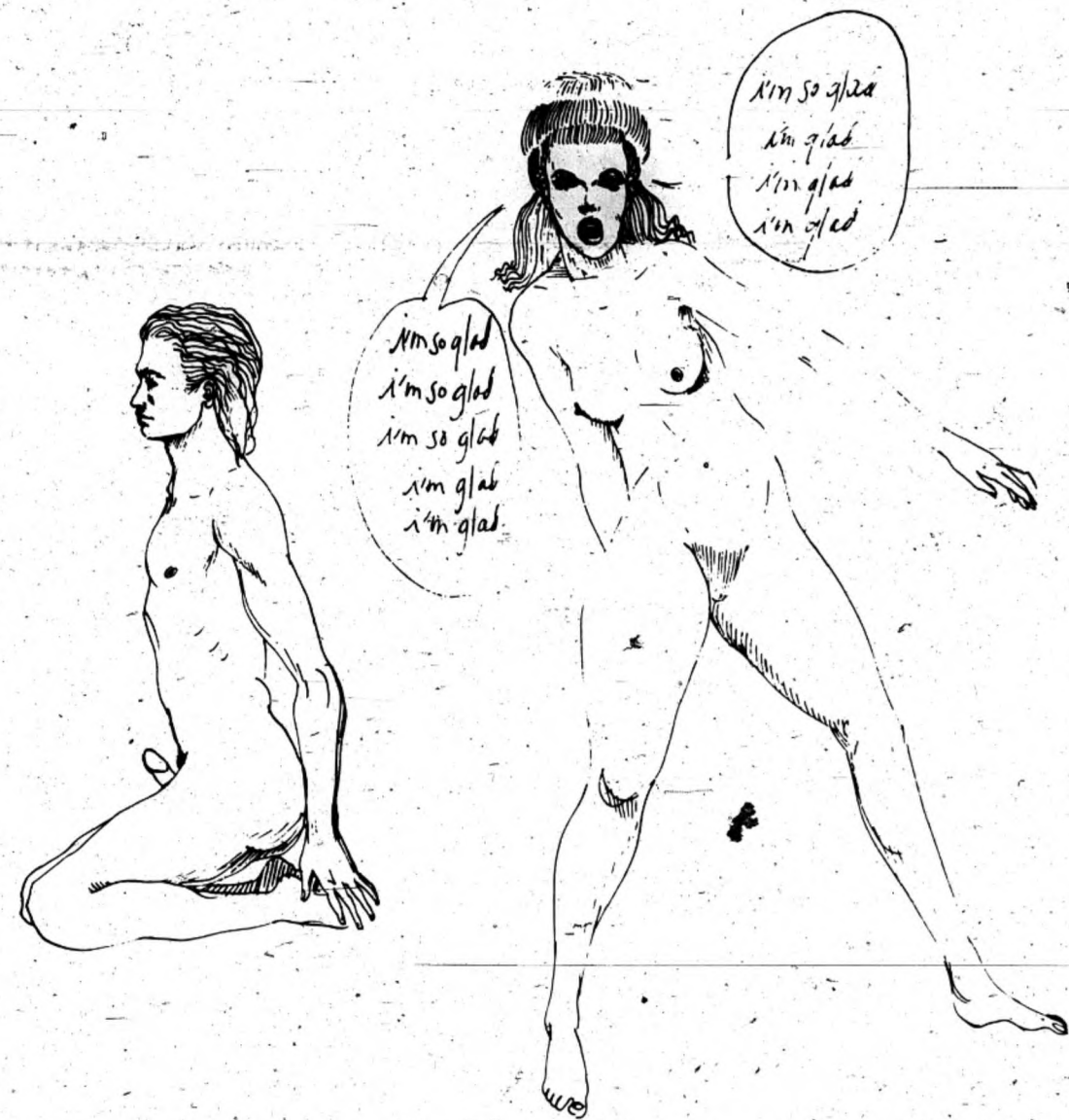
In April I decided to split from school for a year and come to San Francisco to discover what it is to be gay. I knew she was planning to move to San Francisco to live and suggested that we share an apartment. She was enthusiastic. We found a big apartment. What a perfect set-up. I could do my thing and she, hers. I could have the best of both the gay and straight worlds.

I arrived a month before she was to come West and started discovering my gayness. I realized I felt more comfortable around gay guys than straight chicks and their friends. Other gay guys would probably feel the same way. I reasoned. I began to see that trying to mix gay life with straight life in one apartment would end up in conflict. I called her and said I had doubts about living with her. She seemed to understand. We decided not to live together.

I was happy. I was going to move in with a gay friend. She was coming to San Francisco and we would see a lot of each other.

Then last night she called. It really hit me hard when she said she's staying back East. I didn't realize how hard until I went to bed. I started crying. I cried myself to sleep and woke up crying. I dreamed about leaving my home in North Carolina and how lonely and hurt my mother was to see me go; about how I had betrayed my mother by leaving home. This morning I have been crying as I write this.

I really do love you; but I fear you. I miss you and want you; but sometimes I chase you away from me. I need you; but you're not enough for me. I cry over you; but sometimes I curse you.



One night in January she had me and a few others over for dinner. Everybody but me left. I didn't know whether I should stay or leave. I wanted to stay and sleep with her, but hell, I was gay, she knew I was gay, wouldn't she think I was stupid for wanting to stay and sleep with her? I stayed. We started making out. When I make out with guys, I don't hesitate to make the next move. Making out with her that night, I didn't know what to do next. Every step was wrought with uncertainty and fear of rejection.

For the first time she told me about her marriage and talked very personally about herself. When we arrived I was much impressed with the people attending—several Panther doctors and other articulate, together health workers. But she impressed me as much as anyone else. We would be in the thick of debate on some complicated issue, getting nowhere, and at the right moment, she would speak up and offer a revolutionary solution. Just like that. Everybody knew she had a good

When we returned from the meeting we continued to see a lot of each other. I know many of her friends. No one could understand how we got along so well. Our friends thought of each of us as aggressive and compulsive. How could we make it? Of course most people didn't know I am gay and that we weren't fucking.

I remember one cold night. I was at her place. A friend came over and the three of us got stoned. He was low because

OUT OF YOUR CLOSETS

—Morgan Pinney

A young gay lib activist recently showed me a notice he had written to send to other gay organizations to encourage communications among them. A fine project. It was full of appropriate revolutionary rhetoric and ended with "Out of Your Closets" and three (count em) exclamation marks. But then it was signed with a pseudonym.

"Well, everyone else in the gay lib movement seems to be using a 'pen name,'" he explained. I asked him whether "closet name" might be a better term. "Well, everyone has to proceed at his own speed and I'm just not ready to use my own name yet."

It is true that we each must proceed in liberation at our own particular pace. But it is also true that we must live the things we say and not just mouth revolutionary cliches. Anyone who shouts "Out of Your Closets" had damn well

better be speaking from a "de-closeted" position.

It will do none of us any service to act as provocateur urging others to actions we are not committed to take. The revolution of which gay liberation is a part is not a game. If we are titillated by revolutionary rhetoric, like the latest fad—and not personally committed to action we become only provocateurs.

CLOSETRY

It seems especially unfortunate that "out of your closets" may have become just another cliché mouthed by closeted homosexuals, for there is nothing more basic to anyone's

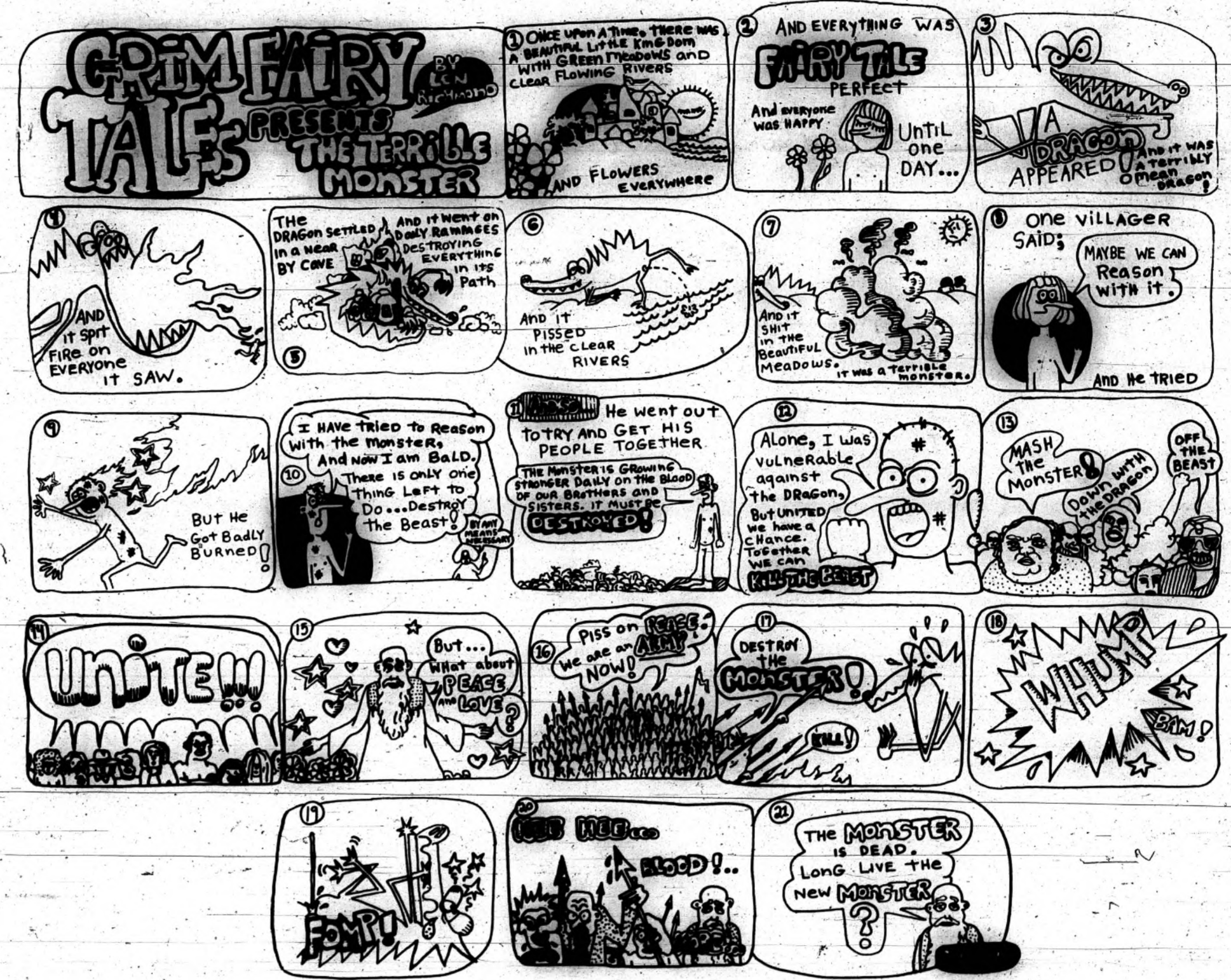
liberation. We could never say de-closetation would be a pre-requisite for participation in gay liberation—if for no other reason than the fact that "closet" is so really hard to define.

The closets to which we casually refer have an infinite number of doors. There are always new plateaus to reach, new ways in which to express our liberation. I have found that it is one thing to state my homosexuality to supposedly straight friends and yet quite another to openly cruise another man in their presence. How often do we suppress a very human desire to embrace a friend of the same sex—and settle for the socially acceptable handshake?

But there are some pretty basic concepts. For instance isn't it basic to never allow a situation to pass where our homosexuality is denied? Sometimes our mere silence when "those homosexuals" are mentioned (even in the most favorable terms) constitutes such a denial and defines our closet. It's not really possible, it seems to me, to expect the conditions of our system as relates to homosexuals to be changed by some unseen, anonymous gay lib army. Any homosexual organization which boasts a secret membership or any gay publication which allows pseudonyms is guaranteeing its own failure.

Imagine receiving an anonymous phone call urging you to a militant protest of civil disobedience in which the caller has no intention of participating. We can't say "Out of your closets—and I'll follow you later, maybe."

—(signed) Anonymous



women together

I enjoy the meetings. They're exciting. A few years ago the idea of meeting with a group of women, gay or straight, would have turned me off. I'd have sneered it off (the typical self-hating superiority syndrome) because immediately the stereotype of a group of tittering gossipy women, alternating between cattiness and sentimentality, would have come to mind. I didn't want to identify with that. Strange to remember now. Strange also to remember that I, a woman, helped perpetuate that stereotype by my acceptance of it. My friends and women I admired were always exceptions: exceptional women.

I always liked these "exceptional women" far more than any men I knew. For their strength, a mixture of sureness and warmth, call it honesty, depth. They had more feeling; they had more soul. Strange then that I could never imagine women in general together: working together, creating together, talking together. Stranger still that I never questioned the strangeness of this. Maybe it was because most of my get-togethers with "women in general" were confined to the ten minute coffee break. Timed perfectly to prevent us all from absolutely freaking out over the stupid monotony of our senseless jobs. (Ahhh Metropolitan. It's eleven years later and I hate you to this day. I'd be buried in hell before I'd spend a penny on your rotten policy that insures after death at the expense of the living women who maintain your deadly files and are buried daily by your Standard Procedure.) FREE THE "PILL HILL" THOUSANDS!

Strange too that I saw all the parts but could never put them together. I remember listening to a Social Work Supervisor talking about something she was deeply concerned about. (Years later, a higher paying job, more status, a college education, but it's still during the same old coffee break, now 15 minutes instead of 10. One of the more tangible benefits of a diploma.) She was an intelligent and humane woman. A man joined our table and in seconds she changed from a thoughtful human being to a coy, giggling 36 year old girl. (Mother of 4 at that!) She'd learned her role as American woman well. The blame could not fairly be placed on the man. He never knew what he

had missed. It's hard to question stereotypes.

Strange too that I a lesbian could think that a mixture of men and women would make a more wholesomely balanced group than a group of women alone. I don't recall ever thinking that about a group of men. Five months ago I went to a woman's dance for the first time. I was a little leery about it thinking we needed a few gay men around to liven things up. What a surprise I was in for. That was the best dance I've ever seen. Everyone seemed to agree.

It's hard to break through stereotypes particularly when we think we already have. What an immense wall of banal unquestioning assumptions stands between most of us and life. Think of the reasons some women, both gay and straight, give for not at least investigating Gay Women's Liberation or Women's Liberation:

- "I don't like women."
- "I don't want to picket."
- "I'm not the organization type."
- "I don't like groups." (Who does until they know the members?)
- "I like having men open doors

for me."
"They're just a bunch of ——" (Fill it in yourself since any label seems to work if you want it to.)

Look into the mirror of another woman's eyes and confront yourself. Then perhaps you will find the strength to confront The Man outside, to see the woman trapped in him as well as the man trapped in you.

We meet every Friday night at 8:00 at 2620 Buchanan St. in S.F. That's the house on the southeast corner of Buchanan and Broadway. The meeting is open to all gay women and all interested straight women. We do not all have similar political views or common life styles. About the only thing we have in common is a desire to do something about our oppression as women and specifically as lesbians.

The meetings are democratic in structure and spirit. A chairwoman is drawn by lot at the beginning of each meeting. In an effort to destroy stereotyped concepts of leaders and followers, we try to limit the chairwoman to calling on speakers and main-

taining order. In other words she voices no opinions as chairwoman. It's a hard almost unnatural rule to follow but it seems to be working. An agenda is decided on at the beginning of each meeting. Anyone may add a topic for discussion though the length of discussion time is decided on by consensus.

Although we've only met four times and are still in the formative stages, several small groups have formed for consciousness raising. We also form committees around specific interests or to get jobs done. Workshops between gay and straight women have been set up at the Women's Center on Sanchez St. in S.F.

If you're interested in any of this or if you have some different ideas of what we should be about, come to our Friday night meeting and get it on. That's what the Friday night meeting is all about: communication between various small groups, the chance to learn and grow through discussion, to get together with other gay women over something besides a beer bottle.

Pasha



Triops by George NEWMAN

The time is ripe and now well advanced To embark on that rendezvous in the west For already the great bird is preparing to soar To that long yearned for land beyond the sunset To the greatest goal of all--

TRIOPS

Once there were two parents who had a son. They loved him because he was their own, except for one thing. By some mysterious mutation process, during the embryonic stage he had developed a third eye, between and slightly above the normal two, in his lower forehead.

For Triops this had some few advantages because it seemed the middle eye was not only functional but it had developed muscle system independent of that of the normal two eyes, so that he could look in one direction with his normal eyes and in another direction with the third, though obviously he could not perceive three dimensions with the third. This independent third eye, though, had the liability of making Triops physically clumsy and inept. Because he had three eyes the other kids at school, the "normal" ones, would always make fun of him and call him queer. He had no friends among them. He was the only boy in school to ever be given three black eyes. (The boy who did it bragged about beating up the queer.) This physical abuse and advantage-taking wasn't bad enough. Worse yet, no one wanted to give Triops a job. He was yelled at by his parents because he heaped shame upon them. He was very upset by being rejected and by not having the normal two-eyed people listen to his descriptions of the things he could see when he focused his third eye on the same thing the other two were focused on.

You see, Triops could see and experience things because of his extra eye, that the others could not. He would at first talk about glimpses into a fourth dimension, but he soon learned not to—especially after some "concerned" two-eyed people forced him into an ophthalmological ward so that he could undergo treatment for his delusions of a

fourth spatial dimension. The doctors tried to remove, or at least sew shut, Triops' third eye. However, the optic nerve from his third eye, which was in his mutation a branch off from the second cranial nerve, was intimately seated within a sulcus of his right frontal lobe, the good doctors could not perform the operation due to possible danger to his brain: They did, however, sew the eye shut, despite the extreme pain involved. Triops managed to get the thread out and open his third eye again, though from being closed for that time, it had started to atrophy. You see, he could also open and close the third eye independently of the other two. He kept it closed when his parents and "concerned" two-eyed people were around. Sometimes, though, he would go out by himself and open the eye and start experiencing again the world of the fourth dimension.

Triops had heard that there were other people with three eyes—that it was a rather common surgical procedure, which they tried to force on him, whereby the undesirable third eye is removed and silicone filling is put into the socket and skin is grafted from a buttock or thigh to cover it over. He suspected that certain persons he knew had had this operation....

Triops had also heard that in a certain faraway land, called Occidelvia, groups of people with the same mutation he had come together and in some instances even lived together. This thought captivated Triops. At last a possible chance to share his lifelong experiences with people like himself. But alas, this was about the extent of Triops' meeting of people of his own kind: thinking about it—and yearning. For in Triops' native land, Middelvia, three-eyed people were regarded as evil, even by some as emissaries of the devil. The only way the devil could be exorcised was to remove the supernumerary eye.

Despite this, Triops voraciously read anything about trioptical people—or Occidelvia—that he could get hold of. He had serious second and third thoughts about Occidelvia, but thoughts of the place kept fascinating him. He had heard and was hearing that there were many three-eyed people there. But where? How could he

find them? Most important of all, if he made the long journey there, would he be accepted by his trioptical brothers and sisters? Would Triops find the love and acceptance and companionship he had been craving but had been deprived of all his life? At length, Triops decided to make the journey to Occidelvia. He was not inside Occidelvia one day when he found them: Eureka. Would you believe a group of dozens of three-eyed people? All three-eyed. (He thought he was dreaming.)

It seemed that people from a certain three-eyed people's organization and from all over Occidelvia were converging on the Occidelvian capital for four days of learning about themselves. For Triops this was the find of a lifetime. Finally he would meet and experience fellowship with his own kind. For awhile Triops experienced much happiness. Then one of the self-styled leaders, Sniktia by name, noted something odd (even among three-eyed people) about Triops. He did have three eyes; no doubt about that. But twice now his third eye had been sewn shut for a period. When an eye is cut off from photostimulation for a certain minimal period certain observable changes occur, though the function of the eye is not affected, once the night-blindness had worn off.

Well, Sniktia decided that Triops should be separated from other three-eyed people because he was thus different from them. It seemed that Sniktia had some kind of subliminal attractive powers, but only to people who had not had their third eyes sewn shut. He could not attract Triops as he could most of the others in order to dominate them. For this reason also he wanted Triops away from the others. What do you think happened? Most of the other three-eyed people didn't want to have anything to do with Triops either. One three-eyed person though, (he may have had a fourth eye sewn shut) was very persistent in his loyalty to Triops. Sniktia could not influence him, this suggesting he may have had an eye sewn shut at one time. Finally, though, even he joined the others in abandoning Triops.

This allegorical story is a study of a minority member being rejected by non-minority members and then by his own minority. Put yourself in Triops' place. What would you do?



The Metropolitan Community Church began in the fall of 1968 with a handful of people at an evening meeting. It has grown tremendously, in response to some need in the community and now has allied church bodies in San Francisco, and other cities, as well as the "mother church" in Los Angeles. It is making moves to "go national."

The religion of MCC is basic christianity, and the style is the religion-of-the-oppressed highly sentimental fundamentalism of the Bible Belt. I am patronizing here, and I know I will again be soundly trounced by MCC people for calling them fundamentalist. But the facts are as they are. What I want to do here is to talk about the radicalness of MCC.

It is radical because it came out of the people it serves. It attempts to involve a community in recognizing itself and taking care of its own. It adheres to the concept of celebration and service critical to the followers of the Christ. Faith is shown in works, within and without the community.

I had the opportunity to pray with the SF branch recently, and was deeply touched by several things: the closeness of the people most involved; their sincere work to serve the gay community; respecting where the heads of their people are now, while pointing to the future; serving the people, which

jesus is gay

is a deeply radical thing. There are some things I do not like about MCC, and I will probably enter into open conflict with them on some of them in time, but these are the things that are very good. I have seen Christ in the faces of my brothers.

As a gay church, it is forced into a much different perspective on many matters, sexual, religious, interpretation of scripture, and all the rest. Gay people can never be quite the kind of christian as all the rest. Our special perspective on oppression, assimilation, sexuality (and that not just in regard to same-sex relationships), marriage, non-procreative orientation and the like will be a constant challenge for the churches once our legitimacy as gay people with a gay religion or theology is finally affirmed by people of faith, as it must be. (You note that I say people of faith and not the church or churches.)

With some exceptions, the people attending MCC-SF were older. People old enough to be my fathers. They were all the

kind of men that my generation could have honored and much respected, had they been visible to us. That they were not was—and is—their tragedy and ours. Watching them during the service, I felt like crying for them and for myself, wondering where they had been when I (and many others like myself) needed their guidance. I wonder that even now they remain far from us, who are their natural children, and still need them... though not in the same roles as before. Too, I think we must be determined as gay people that our children cannot and must not be left fatherless and motherless... that never again will our community be forced in hiding and that never again will we allow ourselves to be so slandered that our youth die before they are old, while we cry in silence, dismayed by the lies that are told. Young and old, we must work to build a world that people can be gay in, in which gay people can find their own beauty and show it to the world. And teach the world about itself.

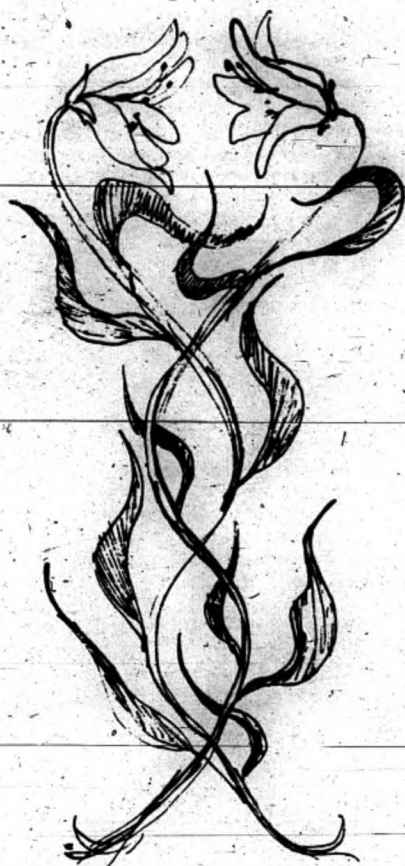
Jim Rankin



TO David

Joy at finding another like myself was too much I was filled with joy for days to feel your body by mine filled me with wonder is this real or just another dream so warm so smooth and hard to go on forever was all I wanted but you left and I was alone again

Mike Podhasky



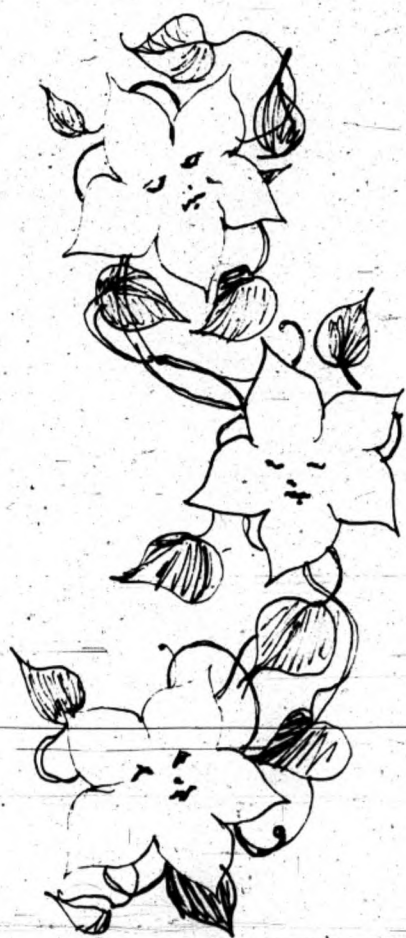
A risk I'm facing now is talking about sisters we love becoming our lovers. For several months I've known that celibacy was not the final answer. I've known all my life that I am attracted to women. I was ready--I waited to find a sister with whom I could find a high level of affinity. I searched for the eyes which would respond with readiness to explore --to go adventuring in our dreams.

More and more of the sisters I love who I've known in the women's movement in Berkeley are understanding that love for a sister cannot stop short of her body. We are beginning to feel related to our gay sisters--digging their poetry, their dances and ability to have fun and their courage. Some of us are hanging back--knowing in our minds that "gay is o.k." but not quite "ready" yet. Just a week ago I found release from this plateau. A sister and I. We are lovers now. Our risk now is showing our love for each other. Never entering the closet of the closet queens. Our trust is not to yield to any of the pressures to hold the inside back from the outside. We are seeking perfect congruity between the core of ourselves and our actions. It is hard to hold hands across the table in restaurants --to walk with our arms around each other down Telegraph--We're not doing it to blow minds. It isn't a joke. We slap each other's wrists when we yield to pressures to be less than what we are feeling.

And yes-- we are still open--we are not lovers in the sense of excluding others. It's only that we are on a frontier where few women are willing to venture.

from an article by Laurel in IT AIN'T ME BABE

Nancy... a continuation of what another mother was afraid to finish an opening a closing petal-like easy warm and old enough to enter to crawl into and stay the night and in the morning another birth to claim the world of her large giggling breasts



POEMS FOR CAVAFY #2

I was in the middle of this Greek Milky Way and knew a gamester when I saw this pool game so I lined up my balls one behind the other

and shot the poem over my head even on my pillow

all over my hands all over my tongue you left me without counting the yield.

Utter impossibility to tell you in what amount

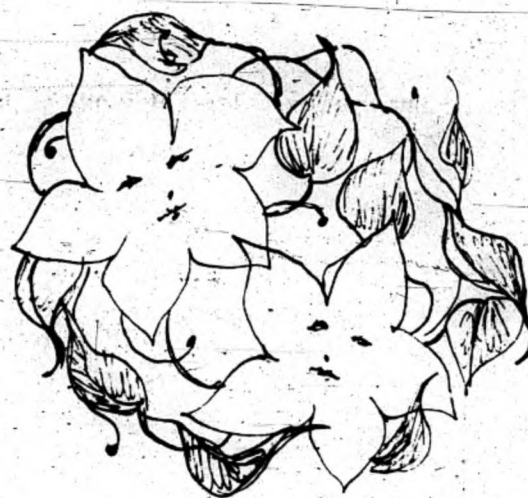
without a witness.

Cavafy Cavafy, Where are you? O MountOlive, Justine! What a stig

mata on my hands on my tongue: the licking plague.

the immaculate whey.

—Paul Mariah



A HELL'S ANGEL'S LOVE FOR ALLEN GINSBERG

"For it was at Ken Kesey's pad that I first saw the long hair that hung with a full beard on Allen Ginsberg. And for the first time I quickly remembered a word I had heard once--Bohemian. There he set upon the rug in the middle of the living room floor. I did not know what his name was. But I was on LSD for the first time and there for the first time. As I walked through the door and saw him sitting on the floor--legs crossed--I felt what I would now term deep love for this man with these little bells. He made everything sparkle. He was chiming tiny finger bells that made everything glitter and sparkle in the dusty-like beauty of all the color in everything. His eyes were real. His voice chanted a Buddhist--I am told, I did not know what it was at the time--chant. But I felt wanted without him raising his head and looking towards me....The same night, outside the house, I heard someone say, "Allen Ginsberg is a fruit..." Sending vibrations, meaning stone homosexual, as if he were trying to warn all to stay away from this man. I was so shocked by the deprived-sounding man who said this that I wanted to go immediately and love Allen sexually, to show how great and real it is to be. How could a mind forever go on thinking that? I know that squeaking voice will someday see a light. How could he be forever deprived of natural realness?"

Frank Reynolds as told to Michael McClure)

THE ACCUSED

THE ACCUSED (IT DOESN'T MATTER WHO THEY GET JUST SO THEY GET SOMEBODY)

What do you think your sentence is gonna be?

I'm innocent

That don't matter. You'll see. This here judge wants an example.

Well, it's not gonna be me!

What do you think you're gonna do about it?

God Damn it. I'm innocent.

It won't do no good to shout about it.

No one's gonna hear that matters any. How many witnesses you got?

Not very many.

And money?

None.

This should be fun. You got a lawyer?

The State. . .

That's a laugh--you're the example, baby. is gonna give you one?

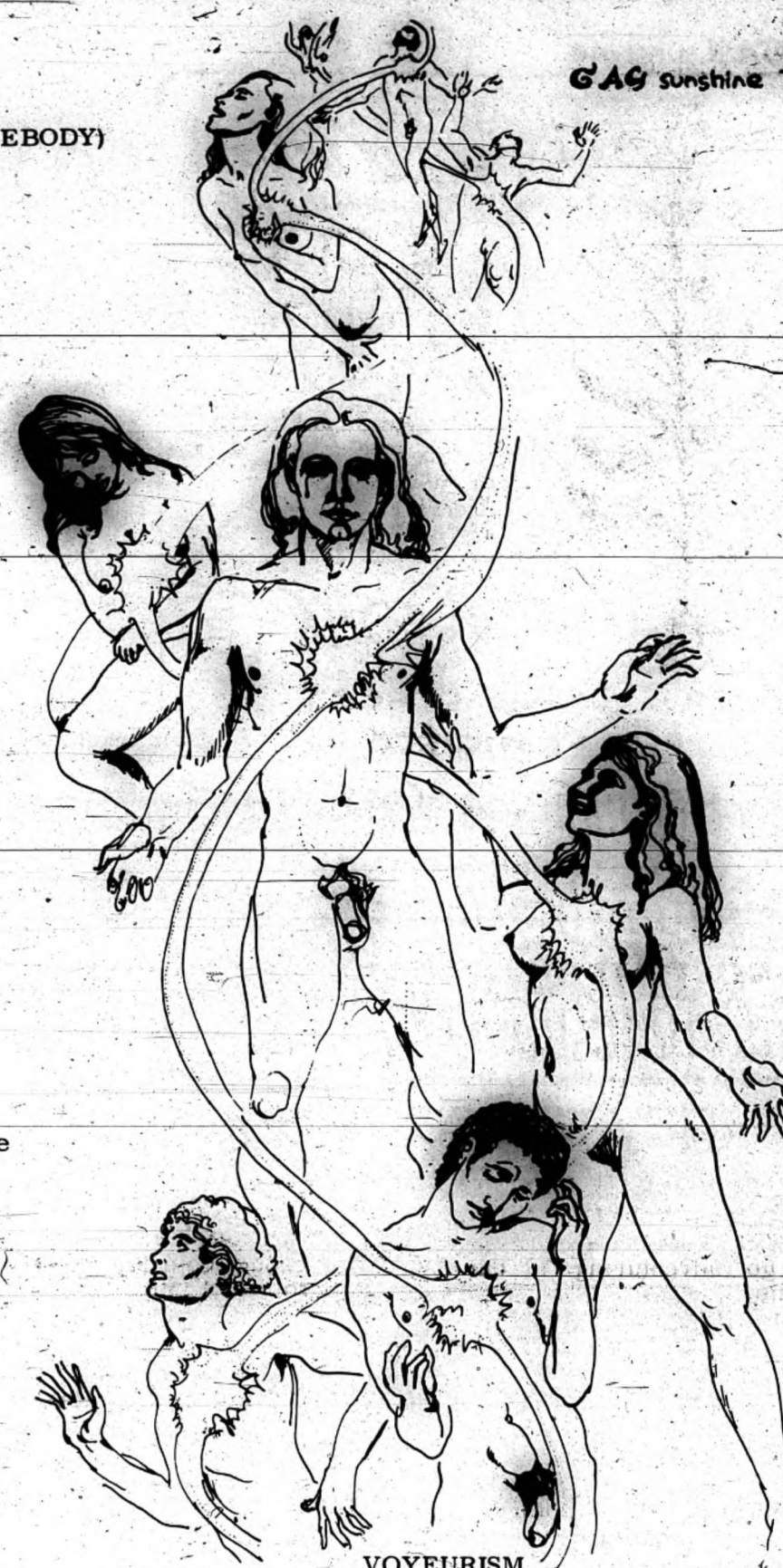
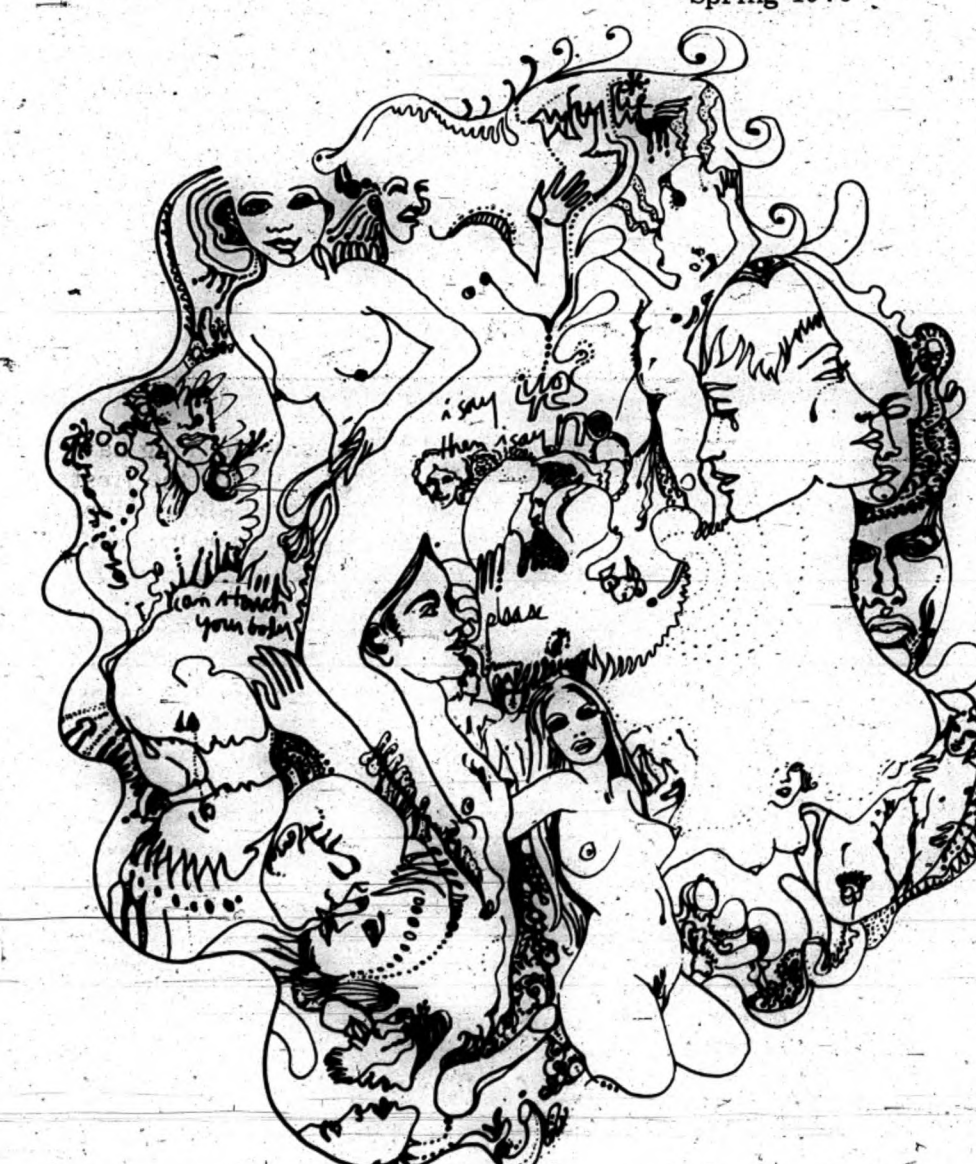
Well, I'm innocent. There is justice, you know. Maybe. . .

There ain't no maybes in this game. You've got no money, no lawyer, no name. And your sentence is gonna give the lawyer and the State the fame That it's been craving. They'll give you the shaft!

But I'm innocent!

I know baby. Isn't it funny? Isn't it a laugh?

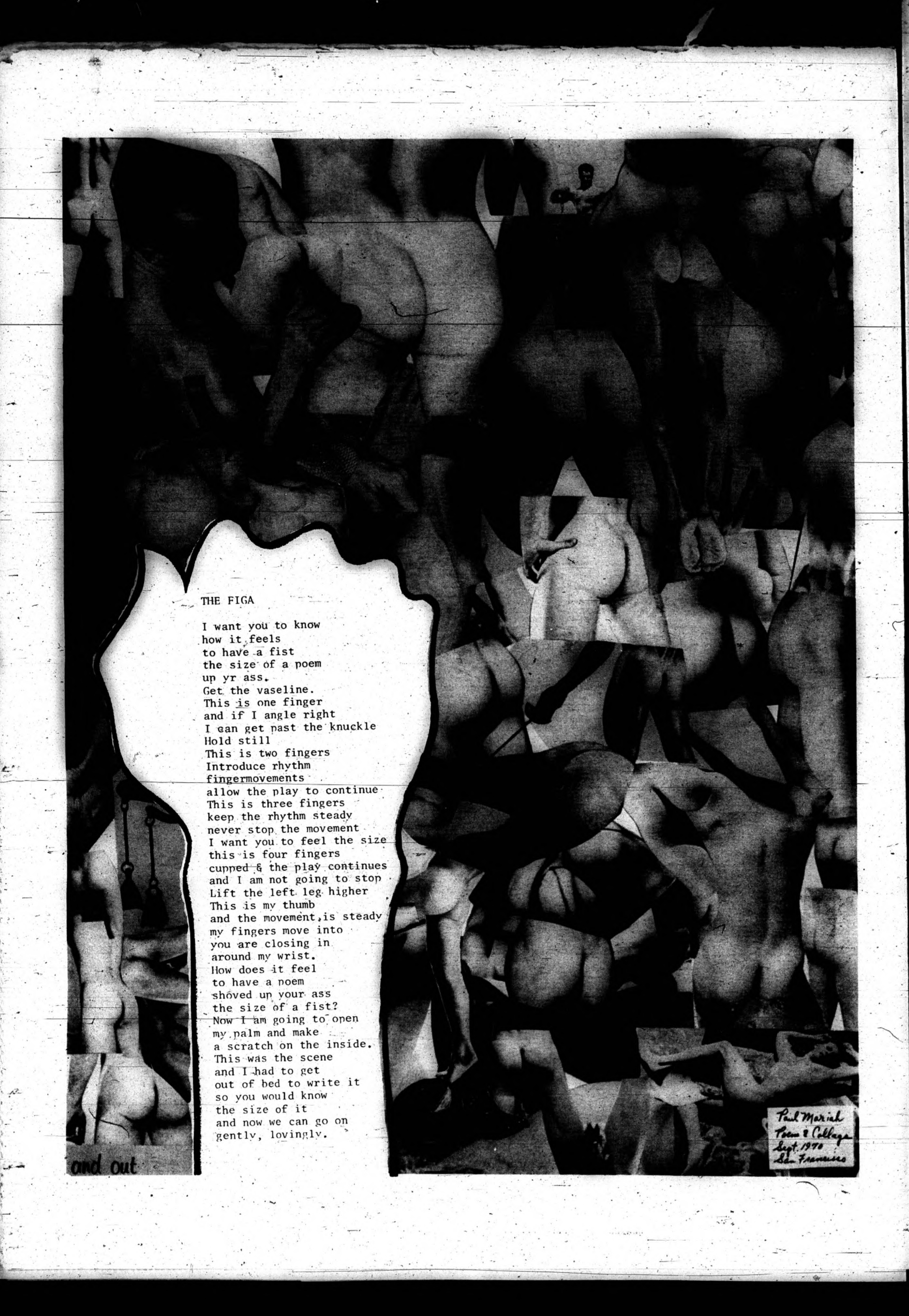
--by Raji Spring 1970



VOYEURISM

"One of my only regrets was the transparent mirror. You get into a dark booth and pull aside a curtain. Now you are looking through a fine metallic screen. Your view commands a small bathroom. On the other side, the screen was a mirror so highly polished and so smooth that no one could possibly suspect that it was honeycombed with spy holes. When my budget could afford it, I'd pass entire Sundays at my post. There were twelve bathrooms, and of the twelve mirrors there was only one of this kind. It had cost a lot of money, and the proprietor had had to import it from Germany. His personnel didn't know about the observatory. Young members of the working class provided the show."

"They all followed the same program. They undressed and carefully hung up their new suits. Rid of their finery, charming vocational deformations allowed you to guess the sort of work they were employed in. Standing in the tub, they would gaze at their reflection (at me) pensively and start with a Parisian grin which exposes the gums. Next, they'd scratch a shoulder, pick up the soap and, handling it slowly, make it bubble into lather. Then they'd soap themselves. The soaping would gradually turn into a caressing. All of a sudden, their eyes would wander out of this world, their heads would tilt back and their bodies would spit like furious animals. Some exhausted, would subside into the steaming bathwater; others would box a second round; the youngest distinguished themselves by climbing out of the tub and, in a corner, wiping the tiles clean of the sap their careless stems had shot blindly towards love. Once, a Narcissus who pleased himself approached his mouth to the mirror, pressed his lips to it, and pressed his adventure with himself all the way through to the end. Invisible like the Greek gods, I put my lips to his and imitated his gestures. Never was he to know that instead of reflecting him, the mirror had acted, had lived and loved him." (WHITE PAPER, attributed to Anjre Gide)



THE FIGA

I want you to know
how it feels
to have a fist
the size of a poem
up yr ass.
Get the vaseline.
This is one finger
and if I angle right
I can get past the knuckle
Hold still
This is two fingers
Introduce rhythm
fingermovements
allow the play to continue
This is three fingers
keep the rhythm steady
never stop the movement
I want you to feel the size
this is four fingers
cupped & the play continues
and I am not going to stop
Lift the left leg higher
This is my thumb
and the movement, is steady
my fingers move into
you are closing in
around my wrist.
How does it feel
to have a poem
shoved up your ass
the size of a fist?
Now I am going to open
my palm and make
a scratch on the inside.
This was the scene
and I had to get
out of bed to write it
so you would know
the size of it
and now we can go on
gently, lovingly.

and out

Paul Mariah
Poem & Collage
Sept. 1970
San Francisco