COMMUNITY BULLETIN BOARD

Meetings:
- Gay Liberation Front - Sunday 8:30 PM
  (through December)
- Church of the Holy Apostles
  9th Ave. & 28th St.
  (in January)
- Washington Square Methodist Church
  305 West 4th Street
- Daughters of Bilitis - Thursday 8:00 PM
- Corduroy Club
  240 West 38th Street
- Gay Liberation Workshop - Sat. 3–5 PM
  Alternate University
  530 Sixth Avenue at 14 Street

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

Demonstrations:
- Every Saturday, 2 PM — to free the N.Y. newsletter 21 — also a week long vigil protecting Christmas at Women’s House of Repentance, Christopher St. & Greenwich Avenue.
- Remember — no business as usual this Christmas, boycott the War Economy, give love.

COME OUT, 12 issues, $6.50
in U.S., $8.00 elsewhere.
#1 subscription order to:
COME OUT
P.O. Box 92
Village Station
New York, N.Y. 10014

COME OUT can be purchased at:
- Oscar Wilde Bookshop
- Eighth Street Bookshop
- The Studio Bookshop
- Christopher’s End
- The small newstand at Sheridan Sq.
- Newsstand on the Streets of the Village.

CHRISTOPHER STREET LIBERATION DAY
SATURDAY JUNE 29, 1970

COME OUT has no single editor or publisher. It is edited published and financed collectively by its staff of gay people. It is a newspaper which is intended to function as a community forum. Inclusion is not based on the professional background of the writer or political direction of his or her article and no article will be edited without the specific consent of the writer.

Content is determined on the basis of interest and timeliness. The philosophy of the newspaper is to encourage dialogue and stimulate the growth of new ideas. We believe that this policy will contribute to the liberation of our individual and collective potential as homosexuals.

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

A newspaper contributor’s meeting for the third issue will be held at 8:00 PM, Monday, December 29 at 1036 Sixth Avenue (near 38th St.), third floor.

COMMUNITY CENTER BENEFIT DANCE
SPONSORED BY THE
GAY LIBERATION FRONT
FRIDAY, 9 PM  ALTERNATE U. 69 W. 14 ST.
CONTRIBUTIONS: $1.50 (SING. $2.00 (COUPLE)
A PLEA TO THE COMMUNITY
Anyone owning or having access to photographs of the Christopher Street Stonewall Riots of last summer please call 477-4875 as soon as possible.

Cover photo by Diana Davies

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

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WASHINGTON MORATORIUM: 3 VIEWS

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

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

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

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

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

IN FRONT OF THE WHITE HOUSE 12:30 AM
NOV 15. With the arc lights blazing across the lawns, one of the "marching against death" steps up, turns toward Dick Nixon inside the building, raises a clenched fist and screams the name of a South Vietnamese hamlet destroyed in the war. Those kids who are on the other side of Pennsylvania Avenue watching the building, raise a clenched fist and screams the name of a South Vietnamese hamlet destroyed in the war. Those kids who are on the other side of Pennsylvania Avenue watching the building, raise a clenched fist and screams the name of a South Vietnamese hamlet destroyed in the war.

The leaders could not see that the friendly hands of the police around their shoulders were meant to keep the Moratorium as quiet as and UNHEARD as any club that Agnew could use on newsmen: They can't see that if it. Don't get me wrong: I can't get me wrong: I am afraid we don't always respond in kind. A handsome acquaintance hasn't seen some time came one of the crowd and kissed me during a dispute we had with a MOBEV, unashamed in front of the Department of Labor. I began to smile. We had been instructed to smile.

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

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We are all the products of an oppressive society. Society is institutions which should operate in the interests of the people instead perpetuate the privileges of a few. These institutions, our legal system, our educational system, the family, among others reinforce the inequities of the economic system. The institution of the nuclear family socializes us to meet the inhuman needs of the system. It defines our roles and pressures its members into fulfilling them. These roles no longer serve the needs of the individual. When we need love we are given domination. His need for individual expression is not fostered; it is frustrated in the needs of the system for automations to blandly carry out its operations. Conformism is rewarded by competition. Diversity is tolerated. Diversity is labeled "sick", "deviate", "unhealthy", "abnormal" by the very sick system. Some who function as the system's official enforcers can be killed. It is a system of guilt and shame. They establish arbitrary norms so that those who dare be can be made to feel "abnormal". Societies thus provide themselves with scapegoats upon whom the frustration of the true victims of the system (the people) can be vented. The scapegoats have traditionally been those who wear their differences on their skin (eg, the Black, the bearded Jew, the obvious homosexual). These are the most accessible targets for society's frustrations.

Thus the pressure for "deviations" to camouflage their differences to avoid scorn, condemnation, bigotry and persecution; the Black passing as white, the class shamed Jew with an Anglicized name, the homosexual who leads a double life. These people have sacrificed their youth for the sake of acceptance. They have victimized themselves.

This is the nature of our oppression as homosexuals. We have been trained into fragmenting our lives. We imagine a well-integrated life where our sexuality need not be a burden. An existence in which our social and sexual lives, our work and family functions do not go on a daily basis. Thus we are able to enjoy our full potential. For many it is hard to conceive of this. The overwhelming shame, fear and guilt, the "sickness" of our sexual nature resulting from internalized societal condemnation has proved a self-sustaining prophecy. By hiding, denying, and camouflage we have accepted society's definition of ourselves as "sick" people.

However, there are those of us who no longer accept that definition. We have been belittled it to the extent system which we expected and permitted these destroying myths to feed its insatiable

unjust need. We will no longer mutilate our true self-potential in an attempt to please it and feel "normal". In liberating ourselves from our shame we make our first attack on the system. We will no longer serve an auto-mutilating structure by functioning in its scrapes or, worse, its self-created values.

The Gay Liberation front was formed by homosexuals with a radical vision, to serve as a vehicle for social change. We began with a consciousness of ourselves as an oppressed minority within an oppressive society. Through direct action (such as the vigil in front of the Stonewall Inn protest) we will also try to reach our gay sisters and brothers who have accepted the values of a society in whose embrace they can never rest with both dignity and honesty; in realizing then our numbers and power will grow. At the same time we will explore alternative life styles, ways of relating to each other and interacting with the world using our full being. By reaching into ourselves with such forms as encounter groups, experiments in communal living, leadership and fluid organizational structure, we are seeking the foundations of a society. Seeking harmony not competition, autonomy not subordination.

This is the beginning of our liberation. But it becomes clear that homosexual liberation cannot occur if it holds his peace, and does not agitate for a new seat, is oligarchy; he is a traitor.
severely curtail the emotional development of men. It is for reasons like these that we must now join forces with our sisters and brothers in the Movement so that we can begin the struggle for real human liberation.

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

Gay Liberation Front's contribution to the Movement must now be dealt with. Our participation in Movement actions (e.g., the Moratorium, Panther rallies) is a beginning. Each time we appear at a Movement function identified as GLF we reinforce the bonds between us. An opportunity for further exchange exists in radical settings and we will take place between GLF and Movement people at Alternate University. This is our work! Power to all our people is our power to be ourselves.

Red Butterfly Continues destroyed—Capitalism.

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

As homosexuals, we do not see our struggle as one of grasping special privileges or taking reforms. We consider this to be revisionist. We have seen, too many times, how the class can use cooperation to repress and pacify struggles against the State.

Our goal is not better bars, recognized marriage, entry into the military, etc.

It is, however, a recognition of rights as we see them formulated by the ruling class, not by the party of imperialist war fought against the colored peoples of the Third World. Against an economic system which makes 65 million Americans live in poverty, raises the planet's resources in the interests of private capital, and plays nuclear roulette to maintain this obsolescent system.

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

Freedom.

Ride on the Red Butterfly 15 November 1969 Washington

New Jersey Landscape: October 12, 1969

Sunflowers, oaks and maples hail autumn

The whole world is on fire, red; yellow
And red run red the earth, are mostly green, brown
Fall to ground
Tall proud weeds shadow the sun
Green grass is hidden, hide forbidden
To us; fenced-off we see
The snake grow from ground:
Burled wire blocks beauty.
We cannot enter
And cables cross
Like a cage in the sky, smash us leaf-flat
We are ants,
The sea—blue sky becomes white cloud.
A rise from earth; less gas, once air,
Now becomes our prison
A river is a big club, a lancet and
Holstered gun, its foliage a gas mask.
Rock rises the forest-scream:
"Keep the crowd in order; they do not appreciate usery!"

The prisoners are free— but are we?

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

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

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

This article is being written both for the benefit of the Real Radicals and for the conservatives, though I happen to believe that the former is more important. The Real Radicals groups could detect a real Communist if they woke up in bed with one. I don't want to get all gang, Known homosexuals, SDS members, Panthers, GLF members, long hair—people like us — are light years away from an armed political revolution. We make good copy for the establishment press (we're very photogenic in our odd clothes and long hair), and we help cops get their rocks off by busting us on drug charges or property charges. (Do you know that conspiracy to commit a misdemeanor, say walking on the broad sidewalks, is a federal felony?) We get our rocks off by screaming "Off the pig!" in demonstrations or by spouting revolution in teetotum in underground papers.

Even SDS New Left Note? The paper is full of arrangements with "sicko hippies with the Third World brothers" and the "correct analyst" of some-body's actions or thinking. And nobody reads that shit except other Real Radicals. It's a kind of mutual mental masturbation—the Real Radicals talk to each other and the rest of the country, which they are supposed to be "revolutionizing," doesn't give a goddamn.

I don't have much patience, either. But at least I have a free-breakfast-for-children program. Now some people say that fighting for a small benefit here, a court case there, or a change in one oppressive law, is simply "reforming the system," that it doesn't do anything to conditions a little bit easier for the people, thus keeping them content with the system and retarding the progress of the movement.

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

I am not going on about letting people suffer now—in order to advance the cause of some distant revolution—if you, in effect, say that your glorious end justifies any means: what makes you any better or more worthy of these than others? Bof, Bien Tre, "We had to destroy the city in order to save it."

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

Recently, the Gay Liberation Front came under__MORE RADICAL THAN THOU

martha shelley

I'd like to discuss three forces at work in this country—forces which have been categorized as "capitalist imperialism." This has been analyzed down to the ground as a philosophy which contains the exploitation of the people by the rich. The corruption of the American legal system; American support for fascist dictatorships in Spain, Haiti, South Africa and South Vietnam; the oppression of blacks, migrant workers and Indians are a direct result of this philosophy.

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

1) the members of minority groups who have realized that their oppression will not be alleviated by working within the system;
2) drop-outs who prefer a free lifestyle to the economic benefits available to Company Man;
3) those people (religious or otherwise) who find their expression and satisfaction in devotion to a humanist cause;
4) the guilty offspring of the middleclass—who have discovered that the comforts provided for them were obtained by the exploitation of other people—and who have discovered that, though well-off economically, they are politically powerless.

These groups overlap. Some people in the Movement, whom I have labeled the Real Radicals, have infiltrated the so-called revolutionary forces of the Third World. In identifying with their oppressed brothers and sisters, they have swallowed whole the dogma, rhetoric and tactics of different cultures in different economic conditions. This is bad because it is — and has been — their idea of thrusting their ideas on middleclass America.

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

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

Bic Rabbis is a threat to conservatism and also to Communism. Life is short, and he wants to live as fully as possible. He can, without impairing to other people's right to do the same. He is a terrible, seductive threat. The conservatives hate him because he represents, by his life style, an alternative to the pinstripe suit. He doesn't owe his soul to the Company. The Communists hate him because he doesn't owe his soul to the Party. Wherever he goes, he is a living example of the Third Alternative.

These ideas are part of the Communist Party. The idea of equality of economic opportunity has been most forcefully advocated by the C.P. The tactics of modern revolution have been developed—mass, Base, strategy, class, etc. Equality of economic opportunity, an end to economic exploitation— is beautiful. I dig it. The method of gorilla war—waging guerilla warfare is the only way to fight against the power of personal power (the gun you see all over the posters) and the dream of glory.

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

I'd like to change one name for another. Well, maybe it is used in the sense of feudal Russia, or China, or as a change from a corrupt dictatorship or colonial exploitation. It doesn't make sense to me, not in the context of the Third Alternative. We've all transformed this society—but I don't want to see it become an imitation of Red China, with thousands of people carrying around in a mass of an arm and a leg, for the purpose of chasing a new dogma through the streets. A 20th century American revolution must spring from new ideas—because we have a new situation here, a post-industrial society, different from the old thing that the conservative always fear.

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

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

Bullshit. Give us real, fulfilling human jobs and we'll put in more productive man-hours than you ever could think as a bunch of a slave drivers. Who built the People's Park in Berkeley? The American Revolution didn't. And you can't build or run a gay community center. Or a free hospital. Bosses in both systems have assumed that the way to get people to work is to give them a (profit) and a stick (the threat of jail or starvation). The real way to work is to make a job for yourself, a job that you love.

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

What are you going to do me, and what have you done for me lately? What's in it for you? The answer to the last question had better be, I'm trying to meet my own needs, too. I want to get power to build a future Utopia. Power once achieved is never voluntarily surrendered.

Advice to people who wish to join the Honorable Bic Rabbi Socialist Revolution. Do not take orders. Seek out people who like good food, warm blankets, and need love. Watch out for people who want Power—they will take away your carrots and put you both in a stewing pot. Another good piece of advice—come visit me. I, too, need love.
...it is in the darkness of their eyes that men get lost.

...the people ran here and there, for each one seemed to have his own little vision that he followed and his own rules, and all over the universe I could hear the winds as they blew like wild hearts lighten.

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

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

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

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

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

Behold a good nation walking in a sacred manner in a good land.
That summer, my father told me, the Wasatch (Americans) wanted him (Crazy Horse) to go to Washington ... to see the Great Father there, but he would not go. He told them he did not need to go looking for his Great Father. He said, "My father is with me, and there is no Great Father between me and the Great Spirit."

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

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

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

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

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

It is a good day to die.

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

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

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

In a sacred manner you shall walk!
Your nation shall behold you!
Father paint the earth on me
A Nation I will make ever.
If woobledown nation shall make holy.
Father, paint the earth on me.
they are appearing, may you behold!
The thunder nation is appearing, behold!
The white peese nation is appearing, behold!
A horse races all over the universe, nothing they come!
Prancing, they come!
May you behold them!
THE N.Y. BOMBINGS: ANOTHER VIEW

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

In 1879, Grandad got the contract to sell munitions and ships to Peru in her war with Chile. Peru lost, but Grace turned defeat into victory (for his self). The war left Peru with $250 million in foreign debts, which Grandad graciously assumed. To secure a virtual mortgage on the nation and receive tremendous concessions in return, Peru for her part, had been forced to get back. In August of that year, the Peruvian government paid $25 million worth of W.R. Grace & Co. sugar lands as part of its

sweeping land reform.

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

But to inject a personal note into the impersonality of corporate life, we should look at J. Peter Grace himself. His 281,384 shares of W.R. Grace stock alone is enough to make him a rich man. So is he. He is also a fervent Catholic. (Grandfather Grace was New York City’s first Catholic mayor. One of J. Peter’s best friends is Father Patrick Peyton who prays for personally persuading seven million Latin Americans to the rosary. If there are people didn’t have the rosary, they’d have nothing.) He is also a fervent anti-Communist. (When asked by the Catholic Reporter he said Russionia generally with murderers and criminals, he replied, “Yes, yes, very definitely, I don’t see any difference.” He is also chief fund-raiser for the American Institute for Free Labor Development, which financed by U.S. Big Business and some CIA dollars. organizes anti-Communist labor unions in Latin America on the principle of cooperation with management.)

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

well for Grace. According to the AID publication “The Task of Development” (July 1967), in fiscal year 1966, AID economic programs financed more than $3.2 billion in private support sales for American firms. Among other items, AID financed the export of $105 million in fertilizer, $150 million in chemicals... In addition, a billion dollars in AID dollars for carrying those products to their destination in the less developed countries.

The last four corporate sites of bombings—Standard Oil (of New Jersey), RCA, GM and Chase Manhattan—involve industries which are so mouth they defy easy description. United Fruit and Marine Midland could be described somewhat nearly as discernible corporate entities. The last four guests aren’t so easily contained—their directors slip and slide from corporate positions and back again, in the cases of Chase Manhattan

Continued on next page
CUBA: THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION, A BEGINNING

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

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

from THE YOUNGEST REVOLUTION
by Elizabeth Sutherland
WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE
by Bob Kohler

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

It happened quickly and with little warning: enter a gay couple who is a loud mouthed and extravagant about the Queens and before you could say “Get back, Beast!” our Girls were on their way to the 6th Precinct. Fond farewells, garbled instructions, and a few unprintable epithets echoed through the Park. Causes of action were considered. These included desecrating the Park, fire-bombing the Precinct, and setting Christopher Street ablaze. As the first drops of rain began to fall it was suddenly and unanimously agreed that Mitzi and Sal were going to be a lot better off than-met, they would have a roof over their heads. The race was on for doorways and alleys.

100 Centre Street, Criminal Court Building, Room 4A Monday morning, mitzi and Sal sat in “the docket” sandwiched between a motley assortment of junkies, whores, punks, hookers, finks, and two score-looking Hippies. Mitzi was flaring outrageously with the hand-somer of the two. Case after case came before the Judge. Suddenly a Wino fell to the floor and throbbed about a Daily. The judge’s face turned a color of the Hippie’s muddled, “Far out, Man!” Both were removed and the Theatre of the Ridiculous resumed. The night had not involved to Mitzi and Sal. Mitzi’s face had surrendered to some ugly red blatches and I changed, “Seventeen, my ass! She’s nineteen if she’s a day!” Sal’s face had cracked in a hundred places and a full stubble of beard had forced its way through the Kem-some.

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

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

We parted at Sheridan Square. The sun had come out. So had the people. Mitzi rewarded me with a kiss, a quarter for bobby pins, a quarter for a colar, a quarter for nail polish, a quarter for Ex-Lax to relieve the effects of too much macaronni salad. I made countless trips to St. Vincent’s, the VO Clinic, the 0th Precinct, and 100 Center Street. I also logged a lot. I begged individual homosexuals and homophile organizations for clothing, for money, for help. With few, but notable exceptions, I got a lot of bullshit. I tried to cooperate with a Do- Good Committee of Homosexuals who depended upon the Street like a band of Vigilantes in search of a cause. A few of the kids died last Summer, a few made it into the Big-Time (translated: a job and a roof over their heads), others, beaten down, went home. But most of them stayed, they stayed to hang in and to prove that the riots were not solely the product of hysteria, boredom, or drugs. They had claimed their right to exist and had proven they were willing to fight for it. I learned a helluva lot from those kids. I have lived in the Village for a long time as a nice, quiet, “law-abiding” citizen. I know that I wouldn’t be able to live that way any longer.

I remembered a Black woman who, many years ago, got on a bus in the deep South and sat down in the first available seat, and for Rosa Parks and every other human being, the world would never be the same again. I don’t know if the Stonewall riots will ever be recorded in history books but I do know that my world -- my safe, smug, little world has not been the same since. I learned something this past Summer, something I can’t put into words yet, but whatever it is, it helped me to stand in front of the Village Voice on a gay picket line and say Fuck You To The Closer Cause and straightened my head at me against standing up to be counted. BUNCHES, WHERE ARE YOU? It helped me to walk through Wall Street with Mitzi and Sal and say Up Yours To the Gaying crowd. It helped me to realize that Drag Queens are more than a part of my culture -- they are a part of me. Some one once said: No one is free until everyone is free. Well, man, I want to be free! I know a lot of shit is going to go down before that happens but, for the first time in my life, I’m ready. And you know what? It’s a Goddamn good feeling!
HOMOSEXUALITY:
I find the word hard to relate to because it puts me in a category which limits my potential. It also prescribes a whole system of behavior to which I'm supposed to conform, which has nothing to do with the reality of my day to day living. I feel the same way about the word heterosexual. Our culture has created these artificial categories defining human sexuality, to protect and perpetuate the institutions and system in power whose card rule is only to homogenize life. I reject the word heterosexual. I reject a category that defines my central life thrust in liminal terms. I am a human being. I look, see, touch, feel and love just like any other human being. What I do with my cock should not determine who I am or who I am. Judge me by all my actions as only they make the complete person. I refuse to carry a burden of guilt which will certificate me and render me incomplete as a person. I am a human being vitally interested in bringing about fundamental changes in this society, changes that will allow all people to experience to the fullest: their human, spiritual, and economic potential. So, off the word homosexual!

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

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

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

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

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

GRAPEs:
Simply, I love grapes. Green grapes, blue grapes, black grapes, red grapes, any kind of grapes.

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

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

Remember January 24 is FREE JOHN SINCLAIR DAY. RELEASE 0 ST MARYS CHURCH.

FREE THEATER
You are cordially invited to three days or so of
FREE THEATER to be held in Boston on or about January 16, courtesy of the United States of America.
R.S.V.P. Jim Hayes Defense Committee 330 Lafayette Street New York, New York 10012
U.S. District Court Judge Caffrey Federal Building Post Office Square Boston, Massachusetts
For release to “Come Out!”

The Aquarius cell is hanging in but is really hurting due to a lack of dedication, militancy, and active participation. We punk-based on Thanksgiving but have definite plans for a combination Christmas dance and party. One of our main problems is: when is it?: definite: Saturday, December 13th, at Alternate U., 33rd and 2nd Ave, 9:00 p.m. We got good feedback on our March on Washington leaflet and we also put out the second leaflet for the Time deconstruction. Most of us made it to Washington and back with no problems and we managed to survive the Time nap in spite of the rain and some well-fed omelets. A few of us showed up at 100 Centre Street on Nov. 17th for the demonstration to free the Panther 21 and the Aquarian women joined the Women’s Lib action to free the Panther women in New Haven on the 22nd while the guys set up a day care center to watch over the kids for the day! (whatever happened to male childcare?). We still have plans for a weekly newsletter and hope to have it on the streets before too long. We owe a fat “Thank you” to Craig and Fred at the Oscar Wilde Bookstore for all of their help and cooperation.

The time lapse of G.L.F. (the group) is committed to raising funds for a community service center to serve the needs of the gay community but is also dedicated to the fact that no man is free until every man in the free (looking for male childcare, etc.) is free. And still support all oppressed people in their struggles for freedom. For information on any of our activities call: 243-3247 or write: G.L.F.-Aquarius, 35 Charles Street, New York, New York, 10014.

Bob Kohler

DRAWINGS: SUZANNE REVI

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

The Sunday Night Meeting from the beginning was G.L.F.’s substitute Community Center. A place where activists could meet and conduct business, discuss issues, actions, programs; and where new interested people could become aware of and participate in the movement. In the knowledge that growth and change occur within individuals and that individuals develop only through active involvement in projects and goals of their own choosing, G.L.F. can become the rocky road of fluid cellular organization rather than perpetually older, oppressive structures of Follow the Leader and passive participation by voting. Old habits are hard to break and many misundertandings have occurred. But one would not expect to try something new without a great deal of difficulty. At first things went not so well, but issues were discussed and everyone had a right to be free to take action according to their own convictions.

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

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