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

ALL POINTS BULLETIN!

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

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

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

ALTERNATE U. CALENDAR MARCH

Friday, March 13: film "Triumph of the Will" Hitler's major propaganda piece (made by Fruaun Riefenstahl) 8:00

Sat. March 14: GLF DANCE!
Sun. March 15: Women's Films (call Ellen Bellow 877-0725, work 873-0725)
Fri. March 20: IATSE Union Local Benefit/Films... 8:30
Sat. March 21: Media Workshop, Judy Brown, People Against Racism, 222-9190
Sun. March 22: Women's Films
Mon. March 23-Wed. March 25, Mailing Catalogue
Fri. March 27: Forum on the City "Master Plan" from Urban Underground
Sat. March 28: GLF DANCE!
Fri. April 3: GLF ALL WOMEN'S DANCE!

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

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

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

COME OUT

Ellen Begoz
Suzanne Beiler
Barry Bragg
Cathy Braun
Ellen crane
Rana Darvies
Sandy DeLaine
Mark E. Bases
Hanna Huthbalph
Loris Hart
Jim Jordan

"The Staff"

Collegetive

Vol 1, #3, page 2
SOME NEW AND UNIQUE (FRAUD) OPINION

LOIS HART

Last Sunday Women's Lib ideology went to a new and unique level of self-examination for the first time on the West Coast. The organizers of the event were Women's Lib and "liberal" organizations, and they announced that they were disrupting a lot of audiences -- "men and women" -- that were not interested in women's issues. The event was held at a conference center and was attended by several hundred people, including some who were not present because they were busy with other activities. The event featured a panel discussion on ways to continue the movement, with women and men participating. The discussion was moderated by a woman, and it focused on strategies to engage new members and increase participation. The audience was encouraged to ask questions and participate in the debate. Overall, the event was well-attended and provided an opportunity for women to share their ideas and experiences.
NEW YORK (LNS) — A young man impaled on the spikes of an iron fence outside a New York City Police Station at the edge of Greenwich Village recently became a macabre but powerful symbol of the oppression of the city's homosexuals.

The young man, Diego Vinuales, jumped from a second-story window of the police station after he and five other persons were trapped by police in an attempt to jump off a door. Cops moved at a speeded-up rate on March 3, herding the persons into vans and then to the Chelsea Street police station, where they were arrested for disorderly conduct.

Later that night, several hundred gay radicals, men and women, led an angry march against the Chelsea Street precinct house, the march was joined by other village radicals. Police blocked off the street, creating a brief confrontation in which the protesters showed for revenge. The demonstrators yelled "Say it loud, gay and proud!" and also "Power to the People, Off the Pig!" One trilogy of chants went: "Who pays the pig-off?" "You take the pig-off!" The chants referred to the fact that virtually all of New York's gay bars are Mafia-run. When the Mafia bar owners fail to pay off sufficiently, the pigs get unslapped and move in. The homosexual, it is forced by the same heterosexual society into the Mafia bar in the first place, it is caught in the crunch.

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

Deaths and arrests are nothing, it is the fear of exposure and ostracism in society which has condemned any but a heterosexual form of love. Casual sexual expressions. It was the fear of gay activists moved to a basement, which drove the young man to step into the police station window. It is a similar fear motivated by the hatred straight people feel toward homosexuals, which has driven most gay people into the glue to life with the gay bar as the main institution of their lives.

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

Monday afternoon — I have just called St. Vincent's Hospital. I ask the condition of Diego Vinuales and am told to hold on. The call is being switched. "Hollywood Italian," a new voice intones.

"I am again. "Still critical," I am told. "No change." "What else do I want to say, I think. Finally, "can be visitors."

"No." The newest verse answer.

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

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

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

It is a Sunday. 1 P.M. Arlene calls and woke me up. She says there was a raid at the Snake Pit last night. I have heard of the place. It is an after hours gay bar that has been around for years. Of people of years. A hundred were taken to the police precinct. One guy was pushed or jumped fetus. I realize this does not matter — HE WAS PULLED FROM A WINDOW of the piggish and in the hospital as pretty bad shape. GFL and GAA are meeting together to plan an action — WII I COME?

"No. I go. I am tired and the others will do it," I think somewhat guiltily.

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

Disorders.

I go over to Ellen who is on the floor making a sign. "GAYS ARE GETTING ANGRY," it says. I begin to feel an anger I had not felt before. The anger of having to pay exorbitant prices for the freedom of dancing with someone of my own sex. The anger of having to stand in a prison house as I have broken a law because an arrangement he made with the Mafia has been broken — a pay-off has not been made. An anger at the slinking, rotten, corrupt system that defines, fosters and promotes my "criminal" status.

GAYS ARE GETTING ANGRY. An anger that came alive at the Stonewall last June. An anger that led to a movement seeking an identity, grasping for a consciousness. An anger that has taken form in the body of a brother who this fucking system with its taboos, enforced guilt, fears and repressive laws.pushed FROM BAD WINDOW.

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

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

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

We quietly file around the block. We are silent but we are searching. The demonstration cannot end here. We march down Greenwich Avenue past the Women's House of Detention where some Women's Lib sisters were arrested the day before. How can we divorce issues any longer? Gay oppression, Black women locked up in that stickhouse, women clubbed on the street demanding their freedom. "Hey, hey, ho, ho, House of D has got to go," we scream out. We are cheered inside and move back to the part. The demonstration ends. Many to Alternate U which has stayed open all night in case the scene got heavy and we needed a place to regroup. I go home with some friends to watch the news on TV.

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

Then Channel 4 — Some demonstrators chanted "Gay Power!" How did that ever slip through? Sapiro, you're right. Those liberal bullshit newspapers distort, omit and outright lie. But, it is foolish to expect more of them.

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

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

GAYS ARE ANGRY.

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

Bob Kohler

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

COME TOGETHER: As a homosexual involved in liberation, I was asked to confront a group of High School students. The meeting was held in a small room, there was no introduction, no lead-in -- just an average, even a somewhat eerie encounter between Twenty-Six and Me! The kids were right out of Central Casting: the cute little blonde with ponytail tis, the big ballerina-eyed, soft-sounding boy who seemed to be pressing to some god that I wouldn't look at him; the fat girl with the permanently-created forehead who saw me in another cross to carry on her qualities as she nodded, almost spaciously, in total agreement with every and any thing I said; the open-faced kid with the big grin who sat with his arm around a pretty string-haired gal with a paralyzed but receptive countenance: the eternal Stud, whose legs were spread a little too wide for comfort (mine, that is!) and right on down the line. For reasons indigenous to those particular, one-time-only, moment-of-truth, kind of happenings, everything fell into place immediately and we were off and running from the start. Without exception, the questions were sincere, honest, searching, and totally without malice. We rapped for about an hour and a half. They weren't interested in statistics and I didn't have any; we talked about feelings, oppressions, relationships, drugs, politics, and sexual liberation. My most persistent flashback from the experience is that we laughed a helluva lot with each other. A few days ago I was walking down 5th Street and I was hailed loudly and warmly by three of the kids who had spotted me from across the street. The warmth, the laughter, and the honesty was so lively and so fresh in some instances, it's going to be a little easier than we think.

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

PHYSICIAN HEAL THYSELF: The Gay Manifesto -- a statement by Carl Wittman in San Francisco -- suggests that male homosexuals are not the men of true homosexuals, that our eggs are not built on putting women down, and that this is not one of our more pressing problems in Gay Lib. I suggest that it sound pummeling, as is one of our more pressing problems that has separated each of us from the other. Male homosexuals and created the greatest single barrier between Male and Female homosexuals. For opening, consider our terms of division: Queer, Miss, Auntie, Girl, She, Nellie, etc. What about our physical extremes? The Drag Queen -- a caricature of the exploited woman; The Leather Fag -- a travesty of the He-man. Take a good look at those of us in the middle: our pants carefully chosen to display our body as properly as possible, the bigger the basket, the He- man the more! Sexually, our chauvinism is boundless. Anal intercourse equals Active and Passive equals Top and Bottom equals Masculine and Feminine; to take it up the ass is to "be used like a woman." These are only modicum samplings, immediate thoughts that came to mind as I read Wittman’s statements. Male supremacy is not something we can shock off only heterosexually -- it is too much too alive and disgusting well in all of us. This is why we can’t put down Wittman’s and the Gay Manifesto (reprinted in the Berkeley tribe and other West Coast movement papers). He says a helluva lot and he says most of it well. I can dig it.

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

Organic foods (fruits, vegetables, grains, meats grown without artificial fertilizers, insecticides, harmful chemicals) can be ordered at Altemate U, 530 Sixth Avenue. If combined orders total at least $100 a week, the distributor will deliver food to Altemate U. Prices are $6 to $20 per pound lower than at health food stores. For more information, phone 643-1080 or 643-0709.

From the past

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

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

Things happened today, but
none of them concerned
me.
I must to lose these
shredded remnants of
rental being — become
Touchable.

—Arlene Kiser

Action

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

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

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

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

—Mark Shield

What I like to do in bed
I like to suck pussy.
I like to have my pussy
licked.
I like to be fucked hard
and soft.
I like to be
caressed
also.
I like to
kiss
also.
I like to
love
also.
I like to
sing
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I like to
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OPERATION
OPPRESSION

B. Payne

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

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

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

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

I am oppressed in an ecology that is altered drastically

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

That suffocates me in an air of filtered tars and nicotine
carbon monoxide and sulphur dioxide
and calls it breathable

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

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

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

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

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

Oppressing herself worshipping “masculinity”
Obliterating sensitivity
Crushing sentimentality.

Oppressing us.
homosexuals...

Pat: The first question I would like to ask you to discuss is what is your concept of the movement?
Kay: People are always asking me what the movement means, I am always asking other people what the movement means, and I don't quite know myself. For 5 or 10 years, the movement has meant to me personally the peace movement.

Bernard: Kay, the movement means something a little bit wider than you have expressed. Movements have developed all over the world, and the movement has meant to me— I've been in the movement over 50 years— any attempt to bring about that change is political change, social change, economic change, and as I understand it, means that people organize or even work privately and individually to make changes. There are times you work individually, and there are times when you work in big groups or even whole organizations. All the student organizations. Also the John Reed Club. At times we would be moved more involved but always from a political end because I was convinced that nothing but a change in the system could change the oppressions against blacks, against women, against children who were being unfairly employed at the time. Also against homosexuals. Now I'm working with homosexuals in the movement because I'm convinced that only in getting our rightful place in the movement and demanding an end to our own oppression can we ever really make changes for homosexuals.

Bob: I was in forming it in forming the 7 Arts chapter of CORE. Most of my past work has been with nonviolent methods. In this chapter we demanded rights for black people in show business. The first thing we did was break down the industrial shop. No non-citizen had ever been hired. We threw a picket line around 8th Ave. and 57th St., where most of the Auto show rooms are. We also got off to the World's Fair — that was one of the times I was busted.

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

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

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

Bob: I went south after the civil rights bill was signed. We went to a public swimming pool in one demonstration myself, a very big black girl, and a black boy. We had a big hand getting in; but finally we were demanded in, and we got in. We joined hands and jumped into the water. There were about 50 people when we got there at one and one second there were three.
Liberation to me is seeing 35 or 40 homosexuals marching as homosexuals in a vigil to free political prisoners. We have been political prisoners, and we will be political prisoners. Homosexuals are beginning to see themselves as an oppressed minority. I don't think homosexuality is a magic tie that binds us all but in a sense there is something. It's being proud of ourselves. And I think that's what liberation will help us find -- a pride that we can just stand up and be proud of ourselves as human beings.

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

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

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

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

Bob: I've been in the Village a long time, and I'm well known. There's a bunch room restaurant owned by a homosexual -- not an open or public homosexual -- but open to homosexuals. Since I've been in GLF, when I've walked into the restaurant, he announces in a very loud voice, "Well, here comes the Gay Liberation Front." I feel wonderful and heads turn. There I stood: Capt. Dum Dum, the Gay Liberation Front. I said something like, "Right on!", and sat down and ate. Nothing happened. Nothing at all. Much of our own oppression is in our own minds.

Pat: Well, it seems that as homosexuals in the movement, we have realized that just backing other causes won't liberate us in our particular oppression. Now we have a strange situation setting up where we find oppression in and out of the movement. In terms of homosexuality, the awareness of that oppression isn't anywhere except as that awareness develops in us. I must say to you your parents about your homosexuality, and what was your parents attitude about it. My mother was Irish, and my father was German. One day after I had been discharged from the navy, I went home and visited my parents, and my mother said she was upset about some-thing. She asked me why I didn't sing in the shower anymore. Anybody who's heard me sing never would ask that question; only a mother. I said that I had a lot of things on my mind, and I guess I just didn't feel like singing. She asked if I wanted to talk about them, and I figured I might as well be like the present. So we sat down in the kitchen. We always had the coffee pot on. And I told her I was gay. There was little reaction, so I went further. I said I would try to live as decent a life as possible as a gay person -- but that was it. I wasn't going to play games with myself. I was going to face up to it. I had no -- what is referred to as an emotional trauma. One day I was straight, and the next I was gay. I can't remember my mother's exact remark, but it was something like, "Oh, well, that's why you don't sing in the shower, and I want another cup of coffee. She allowed that we shouldn't tell my father for a couple of days. And he just kind of came to know. I never really had the full discussion with him because he was a very close man anyway. I think my parents accepted this because I presented it to them without throwing it in their faces. Some people present it to their parents as if their parents did something wrong and caused their homosexuality.

Kay: One other way I differ from you. Far from feeling that my parents reflected this on me. My feeling was that I had done this to them. I had inflicted this disgrace upon the household. Bernard: I find a much healthier attitude among young people now. My parents died when I was still comparatively young. But I regret that I never told them. Their attitude toward homosexuality was an accepting one. My father always went out scientifically to protect and defend them, and my mother went out of her way to help both men live as decent a life as possible as a gay person -- but that was it. I wasn't going to play games with myself. I was going to face up to it. I had no -- what is referred to as an emotional trauma. One day I was straight, and the next I was gay. I can't remember my mother's exact remark, but it was something like, "Oh, well, that's why you don't sing in the shower, and I want another cup of coffee. She allowed that we shouldn't tell my father for a couple of days. And he just kind of came to know. I never really had the full discussion with him because he was a very close man anyway. I think my parents accepted this because I presented it to them without throwing it in their faces. Some people present it to their parents as if their parents did something wrong and caused their homosexuality.

Pat: How old were you when your parents died?

Bernard: I was 25. I didn't tell them. On the other hand, all the friends I knew, who were gay, because I'd just to bringing friends home, were accepted with love and affection. Kay: My experience is entirely different. My parents you going to settle down and get married?" It's an easy problem to deal with.

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

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

Next issue -- A discussion of the problems homosexuals are having getting together in the movement.
The first question I would like to ask you to discuss in what is your concept of the movement?

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

The first thing we did was break down the industrial system. We non-violent had ever been there have been times when the movement catches up with people as it did in Russia before the revolution. Now the movement includes people who want to make changes without the Panthers who are changing the system for black people, or Wom's Liberation who are concerned with changes for women, or socialists who are concerned with changes in the system. Or whether it is an organization like the Gay Liberation Front concerned with fighting against the oppression of homosexuals, but fighting within the framework of the wider movement. These problems are not isolated, but within the context of the oppression of the system against all.

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

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

Well, my first activity was when I was 5 years old. My parents had organized the first Students for the Russian Revolution. I had a tray of tea and I put them on people and got money from them. When I was about 13, lots of us were arrested for picketing and hanging up the laws and demonstrating. We were helping the workers who were locked out, we were picketing the war budget, we were demonstrating. At college, I joined the new N.S.L. - The National Student League, which is the granddaddy of all student organizations. Also the John Reed Club. As we went on it got more and more involved, but always from a political point of view, because I was convinced that nothing but a change in the system would change the situation, and it was always from an economic position, and I was against the system. Against all that, I was against the war. Also against homosexuals. Now I'm working with homosexuals in the movement because I'm convinced that in order to get our rightful place in the movement and demanding an end to our oppression, we can really make changes for homosexuals.

I was instrumental in forming the 7 Arts chapter of CORE. Most of my past work has been with non-violent. In this chapter we demanded rights for Black people in this country. The first thing we did was break down the industrial system. We non-violent had ever been brought a stronger commitment to us. And brought more and more people to the movement. I wonder if the powers that be are aware that they build the movement themselves with their actions.

I often hear people talk about your own experiences with some of the incidents and feelings which have come to you from those experiences. We're getting a feeling of the movement. And soon we might be up here by saying the movement is making changes in the establishment which it opposes. On your experiences, what have you been radicalized. If you are in a situation where you see the existence of the establishment, then you see the actual physical effects on people - you become radicalized. Like you were saying, Bernard - about...

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

I see the Gay Liberation Movement as a process which will help liberate gay people by making them feel fully part of the liberation movement. The movement for change, in the system that will eventually eliminate any form of oppression. Before G.L.M. I was active in these movements, but anonymously - nobody was conscious of the fact that I was homosexual. I think the only way we can gain respect for ourselves and our cause is by overcoming the stereotype. Even though they don't understand why we participate, I think we are among a lot of our own people we fight for the right to participate as homosexuals.

I have always been active as a homosexual. Openly, but never publicly. In the last few months, I have suddenly found myself living the life of a public homosexual. I find resentment in many parts of the movement because they find it, they confront it. This is very healthy for me; it's very healthy for the movement. We can't hold the movement any better or any worse than the rest of us.
THE YOUNG LORDS

Martha Shelley

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

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

I was searching before being allowed to enter the church. Jon, a GLFer who had been spending quite a bit of time with the Lords, had explained this to me. "They're trying to keep the place clean of drugs and weapons - so as not to give the police an excuse for a raid - you know, plant a little dope and raid the place and get the Young Lords written up in the papers at an innocent date." Jon had also explained to me why they had taken over this particular church. There are only three large churches in the neighborhood. The others are small pentecostal storefronts, inadequate for a breakfast program. Of the three large churches, two already had programs going on during the week, and the Lords did not want to interfere with these programs. The First Spanish Methodist Church, however, was closed all during the week, except for a few hours on Sunday. The parishioners, having gotten hotter jobs, moved up in the social ladder and out of El Barrio, no longer have much to do with the local residents. They do maintain the church there, and come in for services on Sundays.

The Young Lords had written Dr. Humberto Carranza, minister of the church, asking for permission to use the church during the week. They were turned down.

When these negotiations proved fruitless, they came by church services and spoke with the congregation. Dr. Carranza then called in the police, and 13 Young Lords, men and women, were beaten and arrested on charges of "loitering to rock." On December 30th, the Young Lords took over the church, and began running their programs. As Jon said, "We are trying to show that radicals are not just people who go around with black berets and guns." When I had passed inspection and was allowed to enter the church, I asked to see Yoruba, Minister of Information. He was in a meeting. The Young Lords advised me to wait and have dinner with them, but I was hungry. I wandered around the church for a while.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Ain't it two people here who look like they could be Lords?"

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

We waited some more. Someone went out for cigarettes. I was getting hungry. The receptionist gave me some pork loin from the back room. A sign over the sink read, "We have no beer or liquor for your own dishes."

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

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

After being searched again, I waited for a while, watching people bring milk and medical supplies to the church. Then I went down into the basement, which was being used as the kitchen and dining hall. Jon was there again. So were some women from Women's Liberation, a representative of the grape workers, and some people from Newcomb who were filming the occupation. I was able to interview Robles, Minister of Defense, at length. He said that the Young Lords had been in existence for a year, and that they had taken over a similar church in Chicago. He described their programs, and added the anyone could sleep in the church - that wimps and jeejuks were being housed for the night. Remembering my own customary search, I asked how they managed to keep junk out of the church. He said that the junks were searched more thoroughly, and that he could tell a junkie from a "straight" person - since he had been heroin addict for 15 years before he joined the Young Lords. Robles appeared to be in his early thirties.

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

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

A woman asked him how the programs operated. He said the food and medical supplies were contributed by local grocers, by the Spanish Market, by radical doctor and sympathetic people in general. A radical doctor's group, including medical students, was running the clinic.

"How did one get to be a Young Lord?" I asked. "How does one become a Young Lord?" He said that one could become a Young Lord by attending meetings, in the organization, and meetings with the community. "We have meetings with us in a Young Lord, whoever works with us and serves the people."

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

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

P.S. The Young Lords offered no resistance when they were evicted from the church however, 106 demonstrator were arrested. Currently the Young Lords are negotiating with the church. Their demands include a free day care program, medical services, a breakfast program, education school, amnesty for all those arrested in an indigenous community board to govern the programs.
Erotic poets must create, in our lives and arts, the models of love, including sexual love, which transcend sexual repulsion and suppression.

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Dear COME OUT Staff,

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

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

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

Right on
in love and peace
—and all power to the people
literally —your brother in love,
Jim Wengen
—and my lover, Peter

Dear Sirs,

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

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

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

Sincerely yours,
Arthur Steincliff,
President,
Personal Rights Organization of Toledo

Dear Come Out:

None of the papers (above or underground) saw fit to carry news of the January 11th demonstration.

Perhaps the ankle-length gown worn by this woman I wore too much for them. Anyway, the Free Press (LA) may run an article I submitted to them next week — better late than never and all that — and perhaps some San Fran papers as well.

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

Let the New York Gay's know there is at least 300 of us in Los Angeles that will get out into the streets.

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

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

Spread the news around.

Love and peace
Douglas Key
Gay Power to Gay People
Lift the chains of Orion

COMMUNITY CENTER

The Gay Liberation Front is in dire need of a Community Center. In five short months we have accomplished more than dedicated possible. We have confronted the Mayoral Candidates, participated under our banner in the Moratorium, funded a Newspaper, published periodic Newsletters, successfully picketing Village Voice, and clothed needy people, formed Encounter groups and given the militant Homosexual a voice in the Community Center. We have no dues and no membership fees. Our only source of income is a monthly Dance. We do not even have regular meeting place. Our dream is a Community Center to serve the needs of the Homosexual. Reality could be a basement, a loft, a studio, any place we could set up an office, telephone, hold dances, and conduct meetings. Can anyone help us? The life you FIND may be your own.

Gay Liberation Front

SUPPORT CONSTRUCTIONS 50% ROB KOHLER 35 CHARLES ST NYC 10014

page 12

Vol 1, #3, pg 12.
Dear sisters and brothers,

We have seriously considered your letter of January 13 and we recognize that you have written out of your own deep concern and this we profoundly respect. In your points you were relevant & justified, the one also includes, which we try to pass off as fact. For some of us, your letter served as a nucleus around which to crystallize our thoughts on homosexuals and freedom.

For the moment it seems that you are clear that human freedom and capitalism are compatible, and that communism is the protector of the homosexual minority. You praise the free market system for separating efficiency from "other human characteristics". We ask that you step outside of a society defined by capital in order to examine what it has done to your humanity. From such a perspective you will see that communism creates minority groups. In a competitive class society some group must be on the bottom. Hence we are all insecure about losing our position of relative privilege, even if our freedom comes near and blind prejudice and the creation of scapegoat groups. That is why this society is so hung up on its minorities—its need is to be of some capital groups. "But" it is a society that is so clear that human freedom in all our manifold richness. A system which gives primary value to efficiency, fragments and destroys that which we essay. It shocks us that you embrace a system which eliminates our freedom. It is an end to the whole humanity. Our ideal society is one in which sexuality and love are not divided from one another. We believe that there is an interwoven, complex, mutually enriching relationship. We feel that we can only realize this ideal within a cooperative rather than competitive framework.

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

We hope eventually out of our own dialogues, actions, and readings to work out an analysis of how we in Gay Liberation Front can relate to Cuba through both criticism and emulation. On the other hand, you overstep the bounds of truth, justice and honesty by presenting material on the draft of Cuban workers before the Cuban government. You discuss it as if there were an official order for women workers that presents a choice between work and existence. This is completely untrue. Yes, there are complaints to the government concerning the role and the position of women in Cuba. A very immediate thorough and comprehensive analysis of women's liberation in Cuba is in order and this we hope to accomplish also — not just through a revolution; revolution was a success, only to indicate where the struggle must still be won. It's quite true that 100 or 200 of every 100 workers in factories, and to other economic enterprises are homosexuals. Gay sugar cane along with government employees, soldiers, students, and even Premier Fidel Castro, women, who now share to a great extent Cuba's decision to be included in the revolution. The hope of the country is a 10,000,000 ton sugar crop this year (2 million tons have already been harvested). There are also many foreign volunteers cutting cane, including several hundred American women and men of all ages in the Venceremos Brigade. Among them are some homosexuals.

We point out some of the contradictions in Cuba we want to mention the Cuban writer Jose Lezama Lima who defended the Soviet Union as an important position in the Cuban Ministry of Education (he is in his mid-30's) and the well-known novel on a homosexual theme Paradiso (1969), and who himself is known as a homosexual. Have there been any top level government administrators in the U.S. who were known homosexuals? It would seem that the relation between the homosexual and the Cuban revolution is yet been thought through and is currently dictated by a reaction against the pre-revolution homosexual scene in Cuba (prostitution & exploitation), pre-judice, provincial morality, and the social blindness of machismo. As you certainly must realize, conditions vary greatly from one social-culture country to another. In the Soviet Union and other "communist countries, (i.e., 1970 they are all still really socialist) the laws on homosexuality are truly unenforced, however, the situation is not destroyed but though it incomparably harms the positive aspects of those developing societies. Czechoslovakia and the German Democratic Republic, however, have no "homosexual laws" and the small country, gay radical, communal, homosexual acts between adults are legal. The only other country is the Soviet Union plus the vote affair. And Poland as of January 1 of this year, has removed all legislation on homosexuals from their legal code, on the strange basis that they have no homosexual problem in their country.

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

We have been deeply committed to the struggle for freedom, human rights, and social equality for the gay male and female in America within the context of the liberation of all. We recognize that only by deepening the consciousness that only a social change can in this way make it come to the consciousness that only a social change can in the long run bring the liberation of all, can we all ensure our own freedom. Of course in this light, we expect that the consciousness, that work must be made both at home and abroad in the movement of the gay community in American homophile movement. But this does not invalidate the movement. Change must come but it will not come of itself, it will come only if we work, an work all of us together for the change.

Sincerely,

Ian Young
Charles C Hill
Richard Leonard
Wayne Bryant
Richard Stonestreet
Paul Bruce
Nemesis Corrigan
Al Spaulding
Marianne Kubbe
Jaspal Corrigan
Bill MCLennan

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

Mark, a GLF woman, charged down the street with nine or ten other women. They ran a block, thought better of it, and stopped—but Mark was out front and, at the end of the second block, found herself facing the men alone. She yelled to the other women for help, but they didn't hear her. She ran up the street.

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

At the next Soup Kitchen, we talked about what we thought was the worst aspect of that night. It was that the fact there was no protection for people in the bar, or that the women didn't do anything in the first place, or that the guys left their sisters in the street.

Well, we decided that we couldn't do much about the straights who were there that Friday, because we didn't know who they were. But we did decide that whether or not the strippers were ready to defend themselves, they had the right to defend themselves. Those are our sisters, and this includes in Mafia bars. And so, though several people thought it was irrelevant to confront Gianni's, a large group of us decided to do something about it. Forty of us went over there, walked in the door, threw our coats on the table, refused to buy drinks and began to dance. When one of the three bouncers came to the back room and told us to behave like good ladies and gentlemen, we ignored him. In fact, we ignored him so well that I wasn't even aware that he was there.

Martha Shelley strode up to the owner and said, "We're the Gay Liberation Front and we don't want to look like the things we are going here." And she presented our list of complaints: lack of protection, drinks shoveled at the custom, and the central tendency you like to get and let it, 'cause this is the only place to go.

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

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

We stomped up front and opened the door, but one of the straights, a man, said, "You can't be here. It was your last place in the Mafia bars. And we took the other two guards and put them against the wall.

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

About a month ago, I received a letter from my kill sister, telling me that she had been arrested and chassised for avoiding my family, and asked me if I was staying. Because I was ashamed of my homosexsuality (I did tell her about my/GL relationship), I gave her a note. I was happy about this, and phoned home to defend her. If she was to be put in jail, too, come to think of it, to find out who she was marrying.

My father answered. After some casual conversation, I succeeded to:

"Dad, I have something to tell you.

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

"No, it's not that sort of thing."

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

"Dad, I'm a homosexual."

I was expecting shock, silence, and anything but what followed:

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

"Yes, we knew about you and your new friend."

"Yes, we knew about you and your new friend."

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

"I told him you made me a homosexual and I love it. Thank you very much!"

More, after seven years, the prodigal daughter accepted an invitation to stay with them. We were the most comfortable evening in the world— but it wasn't a hassle, either. My parents are still unhappy that I'm not married and that I have a name that I was ashamed of. On the other hand, they didn't try to impress their ideas on me. They felt it necessary to challenge every word out of their mouths.

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

I spoke to an old friend of mine, a gay named Bill, who helped me in the process of leaving home and getting my head clear of the hangups my family had imposed on me. "I guess even people over 50 can change," he said.

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

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

Kathy Braun

When I was 13 I got a job at the Hudson Guild Settlement House in Chelsea, doing part-time group work with children. I met Howard Deutch who was Jewish, adorably short, neat, and a bartender, completely out of my mind like me. Needless to say (so why am I saying it) we became friends.

I babysat his son and on one occasion he just came home with two girls from his day job. See if that's a girls' night out. Forty of us went over there, walked in the door, threw our coats on the table, refused to buy drinks and began to dance.

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

Martha Shelley strode up to the owner and said, "We're the Gay Liberation Front and we don't want to look like the things we are going here." And she presented our list of complaints: lack of protection, drinks shoveled at the custom, and the central tendency you like to get and let it, 'cause this is the only place to go.

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

Several women did.

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

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

This Friday a GLFer interviewed the owner. He offered us free drinks. I guess this was an attempt to buy us off. We didn't sell out, but we took the free drinks.

I'm going to get going on what's taken on you. See that the oppressor has gotten into our heads as well as put goons at the door.

Dan Smith

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I'm going to get going on what's taken on you. See that the oppressor has gotten into our heads as well as put goons at the door.
I was sitting in a well-known gay bar, having a brandy before leaving for a GLF meeting, when I met a very nice guy — gay — who started rapping about being in the publishing business. He seemed to have some background in this field, and I am presently getting by on a very small salary as a proofreading supervisor, I immediately asked him if he had any openings.

It turned out that he was a manager for one of the largest publishing houses in New York City, and he offered me an assistant. It seemed like a great opportunity, but I was apprehensive about the office atmosphere. Would I have to dress “straightsly”? He assured me that the only problem, as all the girls were slacks anyway, and he was pretty far-out-looking himself. Not only that, but his box was gay, too.

It seemed too good to be true, but I went for the interview with the enormous talent she possessed, and the ability to which began to make me uneasy. I didn’t know why — I’d worked in several “prestige” office jobs before. Then I remembered... The national television magazine in HOLLYWOOD I’d worked at for two-and-a-half years of my life (dressing straight — but everyone knew anyway).

I was so reassured then and the young editor to be in charge of two editions. The reason was simple: I worked harder than anyone else there. I had to, because they were all seeking for reasons to fire me. I was a disgrace to the company because I was different, and very possibly, with girls! (I think I should exercise some discretion here.) Most of the girls I worked with were future old maids from Indiana or Ohio who were terrified — or perhaps instilled — by the possibility that I might make a pass at them in the LADIES’ ROOM. They would titter & gossip behind my back.

For several years, I worked in the nightclub business, managing clubs, traveling, & spending lavishly on the girls I dated. I figured if I had to prostitute myself, I might as well get something out of it. Of course, all of my earnings went towards this goal.

For a while, I worked at a night club that I had开设ed myself at — but not quite another to “feel it”. Particularly our lives of the “gay-life”.

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

I had the pleasure and meaningful experience of talking to both Don and Leo (though I don’t look forward to receiving this month’s phone bill!) and have learned of Don’s oppression by the “media” agents who believe he is “too controversial”, and by the nite clubs who believe he is “too political”. Surprising but true, Don has experienced the indifference and sparsity of homosexuals in gay bars such as the “Opera Club”, who perhaps do not wish to discover the truth about themselves and their lives. This is apathy of the same type that Nina Simone has experienced from a portion of the black audience (to say nothing of massive white apathy), who are not able to respond to their own oppression and needs to liberate themselves. Don told me that, for the most part, straight audiences do listen, and listen attentively, responding enthusiastically. I wish I had been there to be able to relate to all of this experience personally. To my knowledge there is no one on the East Coast doing this type of thing. (If there is, please let your voices be heard.) In the meantime, Don is certain of the direction in which he must continue. His current repertoire of songs will be shown. He will continue to sing of our “lives, our oppression, and mostly about love, to affirm” as he states “that love, all love, is beautiful and that all people must be free to love”. This writer hopes most sincerely that he will meet and hear him soon, and that the music of you and the people of the “we” brothers united with our “sisters” to “liberate all people”, with the hope that one day we will say, “I Wish I Knew How It Would Feel To Be Free”.

Random Notes: MUSIC
Jim Jordan

I wish I knew how it would feel to be free
I wish I could break all the chains holding me
I wish I could say all the things that I should say
Tell them loud, say them clear
For the whole damn world to hear
I wish I could share all the love that’s in my heart
Remove all the walls that keep us apart
I wish I could talk to you and you would be me
Then you’d say and agree that everyone should be free
I wish I could give all I’m longing to give
I wish I could live like I’m longing to live...

The above song was written by Billy Taylor (jazz musician) and recorded on the album of the same name. It has become a pleaing plea of the mixed feelings of pain, frustration, and hope voiced by the oppressed blacks for freedom — freedom to live.

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

I have seen Nina perform over a hundred times during a period of several years and I have watched her grow into a woman of fierce pride, and a creative, passionate artist. For she is free.

Having hopefully paid, in small part, a debt of gratitude to Nina Simone for being, I will try to carry further the idea I am trying to articulate here. Again, please read the opening lyrics, but this time try to relate it to both on a universal level, and in the personal scene of what this type of freedom to live would mean to you. At no point does this song address itself to the idea of black freedom only. There is a newly recorded version of this song by a San Francisco based group called “Cold Blood” (San Francisco SD2000), which is quite moving due largely to the straightforward singing of the group’s lead singer, Lydia Pete who is white. I can remember singing this song (and still do) many times, at times for myself, at times for others, but never without experiencing an emotional upheaval as a result of the lyric and the particular mood I’ve been in at the time. I suppose it may be easy to speak of freedom but quite another matter to “feel it”. Particularly our lives are filled with so many time-consuming activities conflicting with such freedom. However, I personally feel that each of us must strive to create for ourselves a sense of “personal freedom” to enable us to experience that we are “living” in the most “complete” meaning of the word, even under the most adverse, conflicting and oppressive conditions.

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

He began to find an outlet for his feelings by writing songs which reflected his experiences. He decided one evening, 5 minutes before the concert, he was going to replace the Elks Club, that he could no longer continue to live his life as a lie. Taking the stage, he quietly announced that he was a homosexual and would like to sing some songs of the “gay-life.” After singing his first completely honest performance, this audience, which gaped at his announcement, gave him a standing ovation. At the signing of her lover, Leo Laurenzo (who started the Homosexual Liberation Movement in San Francisco, Don started singing his own songs to straight audiences as well as gay audiences. It is through their love for each other that Don has found growing within himself conviction about what he is doing, the expression of Don’s own words, “Leo has made me feel the only way to freedom is honesty.”

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Co-promotes?

Well, you knock — .

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

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

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

Well, look. I’ve been able to make it at all this time.

And I really carry on — swishing & all — at the office. Of course, I kind of like the line — I don’t overstep the boundaries. But I figure one day, when I’m boss, in about 20 or 30 years, then NO-ONE will be able to tell me what to do, & I’ll be able to hire anybody I like.

That’s GREAT. But that’s TOO LATE for me. I’ll BE 55 by then, & I’ll have to hire all Queers.

I want to live my life & enjoy it NOW. I’m not going to wait for them. Already, the blacks are — or ANY of the oppressed people.

Well, I’m doing what I can. ... ARE YOU?

This is a NEW YEAR of your life.

Stop apologizing for what you are.

Come together.

COME OUT!!