

GAY PRIDE WEEK

In conjunction with the Christopher Street Liberation Day 1971, a united front of gay organizations in Boston have scheduled the following activities:

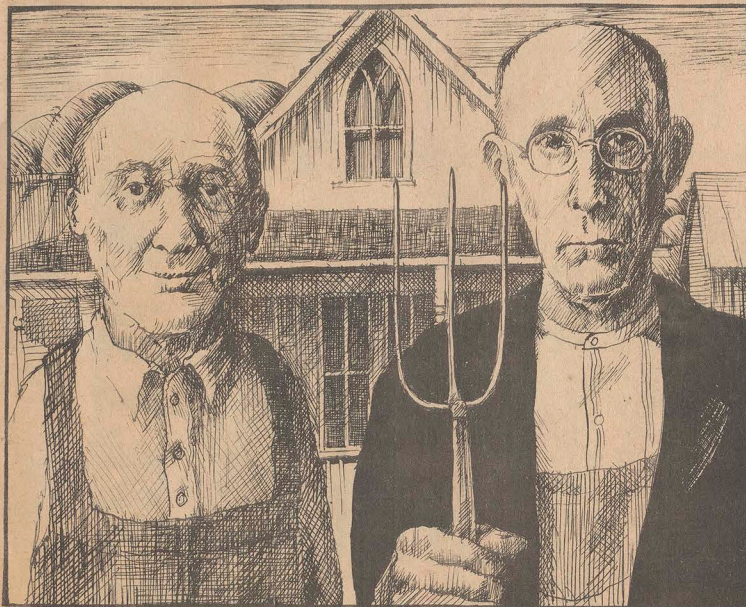
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|---------------------|--------|--|
| June 20 (Sunday) | 9pm | A Gay Celebration of Faith
St. John's Church, 33 Bowdoin St. |
| June 21 (Monday) | 8pm | Gay Relationships: A Workshop
for Lovers, Homophile Community Health Center, 112 Arlington St. |
| June 23 (Wednesday) | 8pm | Sexism: A Workshop, Christ's Church, Cambridge, 0 Garden Street (by Common) |
| June 24 (Thursday) | 7pm | Workshop on Gay Organizations
BU School of Public Communications, 640 Commonwealth Ave. |
| June 25 (Friday) | 8:30pm | Multi-Media Workshop & Teach-In
Old West Church, 131 Cambridge St. (across from Sporter's) |
| June 26 (Saturday) | 10am | Coming Out of the Closet,
Old West Church, 131 Cambridge St. |
| | 1 pm | Demonstration, assemble at
Jacques, march to Police HQ,
State House, St. Paul's Cathedral,
Boston Common to protest
our oppressions. |
| | 8:30 | Gay DANCE!! Gay DANCE!!
Charles Street Meeting House
70 Charles Street |
| June 27 (Sunday) | | Buses leave for New York City,
time and place to be announced
(call 282-9181 for more information.) |
| | 2pm | MARCH from Christopher Street
up 6th Avenue to Central Park |

Christopher Street Liberation Day 1971 is the second birthday celebration of the Gay Liberation Movement which grew out of the Christopher Street Uprisings of 1969. Thousands of Gay women and men then took to the streets in protest against centuries of oppression; when the police attacked, they fought back. Last year tens of thousands took part in the march and celebration; more are expected this year.

ten cents

Fag Rag

GAY MALE NEWSPAPER



June, 1971 Boston, Mass.

FAG RAG WAS PUT TOGETHER BY:

kevin mc girr, lester heumann, steve barru,
charlie, steve mirman, steve lowell, bob,
john miztel, larry martin, allan troxler,
donald, allan terube, john, rebelle,
richard, marcus, craig smith

Dr. Reuben tells us in *Everything You Wanted To Know About Sex But Were Afraid To Ask*:
"Few homosexuals use their real names; they generally choose aliases with sexual connotations, Harry, Peter and Dick are the most favored."

ANY CORRESPONDENCE, INFORMATION
OR DONATIONS FOR THIS PAPER
SHOULD BE SENT TO

FAG RAG
c/o The Red Book Store
91 River Street
Cambridge, Mass. 02139

Or Call
(617) 491-5337 or (617) 262-8959

Dance

SATURDAY JUNE 26th 8:30PM

CHARLES STREET MEETING HOUSE
70 CHARLES ST. BOSTON

COMMUNIVERSITY discussion session on
GAY LIBERATION meets Thursday 7 to
9 pm-June 17, June 24, July 1 and July 8.
School of Public Communications, BU,
640 Commonwealth Avenue.



gaYoga

There are lots of reasons why gay guys should get into hatha yoga.
Here are some of them:

Because we try to live outside of masculine and feminine roles,
we have a special need to find a comfortable balance between
our active and passive sides. Hatha yoga tries to do just this.

Because it's so hard for us to make monogamous relationships
work out, it is easy for us to feel lonely and insecure. Hatha
yoga teaches the body and mind how to use our aloneness crea-
tively and how not to get up tight about the future.

It is easy to feel deep down that because we are gay we are un-
natural and cut off from the flow of life. Hatha yoga makes you
feel related to nature.

Unlike a lot of Eastern spiritual trips, yogis do not consider men
to be like father sky and women to be like mother earth
who realize themselves through each other. Yoga makes you
forget you are a man and remember that you are a person.

We will meet at 10:30 am at St. John the Evangelist Church, 33 Bowdoin
Street on Beacon Hill near Sporter's in Boston. The class is free.
Bring stretch clothes and blanket.

PHONE NUMBERS FOR THE GAY COMMUNITY

Homophile Community Health Service	Homophile Union of Boston
112 Arlington Street Boston	1514 Dorchester Avenue Suite 1
423-6398 or 423-6399	P.O. Box 217
Open M,W, & F 7pm to 9pm	Dorchester Center Station
	Boston, Mass. 02124
Gay Male Liberation	282-4181
Meetings Tuesdays at 8:00 PM at	Gay Women's Liberation
The Red Book Store	492-1915 (Eves.)
91 River Street Cambridge	After July 1, contact Cambridge
491-5337 or 262-8959	Women's Center
Student Homophile League	Daughters of Bilitus
Meetings Fridays at 7:30 PM at	431-7913 or 969-8111
St. John's Church	
33 Bowdoin St. Boston	
491-0128 or 876-9560	

Gay Male Liberation
meets tues. 8PM
Red Book ^{91 River St.}
near Cental Sq.

Call 491-5337 or 262- 8959

WHAT HAVE WE BEEN DOING...

During the past few months Gay Male Liberation has been engaged in many activities, both to help free ourselves and to make others aware that we are growing stronger.

For a few months we had our own community center. A place run by ourselves where we could be free and open without having to use the traditional oppressive cruising institutions. On Saturday nights we ran a coffee house in the center where we could dance and talk without having to enter Mafia and other establishment controlled bars. Unfortunately due to lack of funds we were unable to keep the house, but with enough support the idea of opening a new community center is not that distant in the future.

We have started and continue to start consciousness-raising groups. These are small groups of people who meet regularly and try to overcome the limited ways we deal with each other and experiment with new ways of relating.

We have been busy working on a film about our gay liberation, working on this newspaper, setting up a gay yoga class and a gay guerilla theatre.

We have been speaking at high schools, colleges, and army bases about our oppression, and trying to get people to struggle with their uptightness about homosexuals. These experiences have helped us as well as others.

We have been speaking to administrators of schools and churches in order to be able to hold gay dances. We feel that to have social gatherings outside the bar might be an impetus to the creation of a community amongst gays and a start to breaking the molded patterns of search and despair in the bars. Up to this time we had a few promises and a number of refusals. One church in particular the Unitarian Church in Harvard Square has refused us. The minister there claimed to "accept" gay people but felt they could do their thing elsewhere but not in his church because he's afraid to freak-out his parish.

ish. So it seems that rather than foster Christian understanding of others he prefers to maintain his people in fear and ignorance. We go on searching for a place to hold dances.

We were in Albany marching with 3,000 gay sisters and brothers from New York to demand the legislature to change the sodomy laws. We were in Ann Arbor, Austin and Amherst to form a solidarity with our sisters and brothers throughout the United States.

Sometime during February, three brothers were thrown out of Kens Restaurant. They were asked to leave and never return because they refused to "cool the scene". The "scene" was that the brothers were attracting attention to the fact that they are gay. A large percentage of Kens clientele is gay, but any attempt to identify oneself as such is met with an uptightness by the management. Because of this members of GML staged a picket line in front of the restaurant.

We also picketted in front of Mattapan Hospital after a brother had been fired from his job there for protesting against the use of electric aversion therapy on homosexuals.

And we were very distinctly there marching arm in arm during the protest over the Laotian invasion and to welcome Spiro Agnew to Boston. Seeing both these incidents as an extension of our oppression.

We held a gay picnic on the Boston Common the weekend before Mayday in order to rally support for the Gay Mayday Tribe. Then we went to Washington to join our gay brothers and sisters from around the country to participate in our own gay actions during the anti-war protests. This was the first time that gay people had their own actions apart from straight movement people.

We can do many more things. We can prove to straight America that we will no longer be pushed around, we can show them that GAY IS STRONG and GAY IS PROUD. JOIN US.

Fallen Superstar

The grand finale of the Gay Weekend at U Mass Amherst was a free concert featuring hip counter culture folk rock protest singer, Phil Ochs. So I figured I'd go and listen to Phil, say right on a couple of times and hurry back home to Boston. Well, no sooner do I get inside and settled with a group of my gay sisters and brothers than Phil started tripping out on a "basic straight man" number. He finished a song and then went into a little routine introducing the next song. His concluding line was, "I'm just a regular guy, you know, not some kind of fag."

Now everybody at that concert (Phil included, I'm sure) knew there were alot of gay people in the audience - we weren't exactly going to any great lengths to hide our presence. Apparently Phil just isn't aware of the fact that this is 1971 and that we no longer cower in the face of some man baiting us.

Phil was most surprised when his comment provoked a negative reaction from the gay people in the crowd. I mean really, how could we misunderstand his use of the word fag, he was only using the term in a "theatrical" (his exact word) sense. He just couldn't understand why we were so uptight.

When this jive failed to stop our chanting, failed to stop our protest, Phil changed his tactics. He said he had the right to use any word he wanted, after all, it was *his* performance and we had no right to impinge on *his* right by interrupting *his* performance. He went on to say that it was most unfortunate that the Movement's good name could be slurred by such a "scatter brained" element (i.e. us), that we were exercising "the tyranny of the minority over the majority" by depriving all the decent (i.e. straight) people in the crowd of their afternoon of entertainment. The audience (composed mainly of straight white middle class student types) heartily agreed with Phil - they didn't want to be shaken from their academic slumber long enough to consider the fact that the use of the word faggot just might be oppressive and dehumanizing to a gay person - they came to hear music - they just weren't in the mood to be bothered by a bunch of uppity queers.

It became rapidly clear that yelling from the audience wasn't very effective, that Phil had the microphone and the stage and wasn't about to let us present our side. So about thirty of us decided that we wouldn't wait for someone to give us the "right" to speak, we walked up on stage, told Phil to step aside for a moment and took the right. A brother recited a poem and another brother spoke about two gay brothers who were beaten up in one of the U Mass dorms the night before (earlier the people running the concert had denied us the right to use the stage to make this announcement, they said no one would be interested.) As we spoke the audience quieted down - maybe because they wanted to hear us - maybe because they figured if they gave us five minutes of their precious time, we would shut up and let Phil lull them back to sleep with his nice songs about peace now.

We left the stage and most of us left the concert. Phil resumed his performance to the hearty applause of the audience. After we left Phil couldn't resist one last slur. I am told he said that being from the old school, he didn't think people as uncouth and impolite as us had the right to live. Another day, another concert, another folk hero would be revolutionary bites the dust.



WE TRIED COMMUNITY CENTER

The Gay Community Center Collective was Gay Male Liberation's great leap forward. After months of talk and frustration about what to do, many of us felt the need to actualize the new life forms we had been talking about and there was a wide consensus about the need for certain kinds of gay community services. Particularly, a newspaper that would serve as a forum and a physical space that we could control more continuously than our weekly meeting places and in a more meaningful way than we did the bars. So when the collective failed to get it together and the center collapsed, shudders went through us all and put the future of GML in doubt.

At the very beginning we faced the problem of living in a capitalist economy. The economic situation of the house will always be somewhat obscure for those not intimately involved in its details, and I who did not live there can only speak as an outside observer. But this much is clear: no landlord however enlightened can be free from the system. The economic problem of the house was very simple: the property had been allowed to decay to such a point that it was largely beyond repair. The house had a vastly inflated market price and consequently bore an unreasonable mortgage with disproportionately high taxes. Both landlord and tenant had to pay dearly to the bankers and politicians.

The economy of the collective and management of its finances were never worked out. A basic problem was that those with jobs and resources were hesitant to entrust everything to the community. And those without jobs often criticized those working for their "selling out." Those living in the house did not always agree with the person who signed the lease and did not live in. Generally, a system of allotting responsibilities and resources failed to develop.

With inadequately coordinated finances, the collective suffered. At the very beginning, a gay brother ripped off hundreds of dollars

from the community funds. At one coffee house, most of the money was taken from the contribution jar. In the outside world, gay males prey constantly upon one another - robbing, stealing, hustling, even killing; to find thieves (perhaps saboteurs) within the house showed that the capitalist world and its values had not been shaken.

The economic problem may have been insuperable, but even if it had been solved, the problems inside our minds would not have been eliminated. Essentially, relations around the house showed that gay males can be as competitive and chauvinistic as any other group. Our bourgeois training makes us uncooperative individualists, who can not easily struggle in a collective effort. Being gay did not create enough of a bond to overcome capitalism.

It seems impossible to adequately describe what went on in the collective. One was either too intimately involved or not enough. But neither does it seem useful to just chalk it up to "capitalism," "sexism," "racism," or some other abstraction. To do so would be to ignore that the people who formed the collective spent a lot of themselves and their resources in it and took some real chances with their lives in the hope of change. More useful would be hypotheses about the kinds of needs people felt and how they tried to use the collective to meet those needs and how those needs conflicted - the kinds of changes people would allow and the ones they wouldn't and why we don't seem to be strong enough to engage the realities of the situation - why and how we learn to care enough, to trust enough, to love enough. Then we can begin to face the realities of our oppression, to engage the difficult, to begin to work collectively towards an objective vision of justice, to break the circle of our degradation, to break the system.

continued pg 15

To Be 19 and Gay

Before entering the courtroom I had 15 minutes to talk with my lawyer whom I found had just graduated from Law School. He briefed me on what the reasons for committal were: "has had homosexual activities in New York City and was rude to his mother..." If telling my mother on Christmas Eve that I had learned to love another man was rude, then I figured so be it. Naturally, I was angry that what I had confidentially conveyed to my parents was in a matter of moments to be used against me. But I was sure I could beat the rap if everyone would just be reasonable.

No shit. I was barely 19 and had returned home for the holidays. And before I could say Mae West, I was sitting facing a fat, jowly, old judge. After the charges were read, the doctor who was the State's Witness asked quite simply if the allegations were true. Yeah!, I replied. What else was there to say? Especially, as I felt the presence of one of my old lover's hands slipping gently over my shoulders. Sure I could have denied the truth but I felt a sense of duty that seemed to haunt me; besides, Dad wanted me locked up. I was underage and that was that.

Well, the court committed me indefinitely to the North Dakota State Hospital which was a couple of miles away. I was immediately taken there and put in the Receiving Ward. Upon my arrival, several doctors interviewed me over the period of a few days. The obvious questions surrounding my homosexuality were asked. About all I could do was talk to them about homosexuality and how it existed in Ancient Greece with men like Socrates and Plato. About all they could do was to warn me time and time again that I was not to engage in any homosexual activities while I was in the hospital.

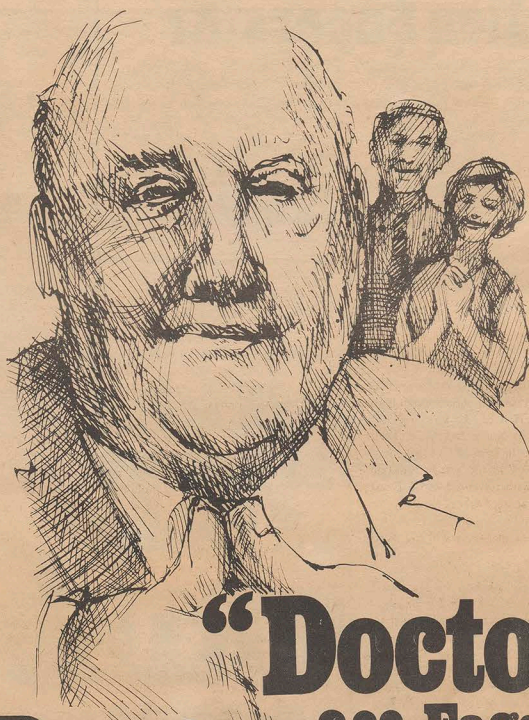
Ironically, I met this guy named Geno who was on the Receiving Unit with me and who played cards with me alot. He and I became very close friends. And, after wrestling on the floor with me one day, he told me that he loved me. As for sex, neither Geno or I were quite up to it what with the goony attendants following us around all the time. I guess they had been told to keep an eye on us once it had been observed that he and I had become friendly.

One day, Geno came storming out of his doctor's office. His doctor had just called him a fruit and promised to make sure that he and I would be permanently separated!! Within an hour's time, Geno was taken to a different locked ward, which seemed to end that for the time being, with the exception of love notes that were smuggled through the underground.

After about a month's time, I was finally transferred to an open ward where I was granted ground privileges. One day, while practicing the organ in the Hospital Church, I met one of the attendants from Geno's ward who had been instrumental in getting some of the notes to me. We struck up a conversation and after discussing my interest in music, he said that he wanted me to meet a friend of his named Eugene Anderson who was supposed to be a terrific concert pianist. He suggested that if I could get a Day Pass into the city he would take me to meet Eugene.

Joy of joys! I got my Day Pass and the very next Saturday I was taken to meet Eugene, and the world became just a little bit brighter. It was true! Not only did he turn out to be a terrific pianist but he also turned out to be really

(Continued on Pg. 13)



"Doctor, Doctor!" Fags vs. Shrinks

Psychiatrists
Homosexuals
therapy
listen
analyze
pathological illness

"I loved my mother
I was afraid of other boys
I liked to play with dolls
Twenty five dollars an hour...
"Your sexual tendencies are fine... if that's
what you want."

But doctor, doctor, help me, I don't want this

In the year B.C. (before the couch) gay people did not have the gracious understanding of the Freudian Gods to explain their "problem". But in the civilized nations of the West amidst the twentieth century machines, we have psychiatrists, psychologists, sociologists, anthropologists and other representatives of academia to explain, criticize, analyze and speculate about homosexual phenomena.

We have been existent since the birth of human kind and on all parts of the globe, and still they are trying to figure us out. They're perplexed as to how we can deviate from what culture has taught us. We've been observed, classified, and categorized. They've attempted to alter, modify and reverse our sexuality; but still we are here and still they find us strange.

Corporate civilization via Madison Ave. advertising... Psychiatric hospitals and Private Practice... the institutionalization of intellectualism with application to society i.e. therapy for gay people.

We've made visits or at least thought about making a visit to the 'man' to have our head analyzed. For What? Psychiatrists are there so we use them they use us we've felt a need for them as our sexual preference has often caused a tremendous personal dilemma.

They help us analyze ourselves... tell us our sexual preference is ok... we pay them a fee ... but we're not satisfied... some of us don't want to be gay; so they give us electrical shocks and we pay them more money...

Our education about sex (formal and informal) has either precluded discussion about gayness or more likely derogated it as a disease which no one we know ever gets.

Regardless of how you feel about your gayness you go to a psychiatrist with an unconsciously conditioned feeling that heterosexuality is the norm, preferred. You've gone to libraries and bookstores scanning through literature searching for material about homosexuality, and you find abstract, clinical and impersonal commentary. Few intellectuals have spoken of homosexuality as a part of human nature or of their own personal experience but as a category of human failing.

And still I have never come across literature that questions the nature of heterosexuality. In most of human cultures, heterosexuality is the given; necessary for the continuation of the species; implying that every sexual act is a prelude to the conception of a child. Culture has made implanted in individual mind: heterosexuality and child bearing the pinnacle

(Continued on Pg. 13)

Q. How is declaring my gayness going to keep me out of the Army?



A. Because the Department of Defense has laws against homosexuals being inducted, and all branches of the military have laws prohibiting them from serving.

Q. But is anyone paying attention to those laws?

A. Every year, in every branch of the service, men are dishonorably discharged and imprisoned because their homosexuality has been revealed. If it can be proven that they were homosexuals before induction and lied about it, they're in for a lot of trouble. The maximum penalty in the army is dishonorable discharge with forfeiture of all benefits plus five years at hard labor.

Q. What kind of questions will the psychiatrist ask me?

A. He'll probably ask how long you've been gay, when was your first experience, if you're the "passive" or "active" partner (or the "top man" or "bottom man"), and other questions of that nature. You can either refuse to answer on the grounds that you have stated in writing that you are a homosexual and his questions are an invasion of your privacy, or you can feed his fantasies by answering truthfully. Refuse to give names or details.

Q. What about letters from doctors and other proof?

A. Submit no letters from anyone and do not write any yourself to send to the draft board ahead of time. There is nothing about homosexuality which can be proven by testing. Others can only repeat what you have told them. Professionals draw conclusions from tests; they do not claim to be able to prove anything. Your word, frankly stated to the psychiatrist at the examination and induction center, is the only proof the army has a right to request (and even that right is questionable).

Q. What if I am not believed, and I get classified 1-A anyway?

A. That often happens, especially in the larger cities where increasing numbers of men are using any means necessary to resist the war machine. The remedy is simple. Write an appeal to the Surgeon of the Command, or we'll do it for you free. He has no legal grounds to do anything but reclassify you IV-F. His address is: Surgeon of the Command, HQ US Army Recruiting Cmd., Hampton, VA. 23369.

Q. What if I'm there for my induction physical, the psychiatrist doesn't believe me, and they proceed to administer the oath of induction?

A. REFUSE INDUCTION!!!

Q. Won't they arrest me?

A. It is likely that they'll threaten you, "reason" with you and plead with you. But they can't arrest you. They will release you with the warning that you will be reported to the Justice Department. That usually takes close to a year.

Q. What if the psychiatrist says he'll give me a temporary deferment?

A. When it is expired, you would be subject to another physical and possibly reclassification as 1-A. Temporary classifications don't apply, and we would suggest an appeal.

Q. What if I'm there for my induction (final) physical and I didn't tell them that I am gay when I went for the pre-induction (first) physical?

A. That's easily explained. No one can be expected to choose to be a second class or inferior citizen. But it's against the law for you to go into the military, and at that point you have little choice in the matter.

Q. Is the information I give on the Medical History Questionnaire and to the psychiatrist confidential?

A. The army claims that information is given only to "authorized persons." Translated that certainly means other government agencies, government contractors, and of course anyone who has a signed release from you.

Q. Just what are the drawbacks?

A. Until present social attitudes change, you will probably not be able to get a job working for the government, a government agency, such as teaching, real estate sales, even hair-dressing. Certain private employers, when they see IV-F on an employment application, require a release to obtain the records.

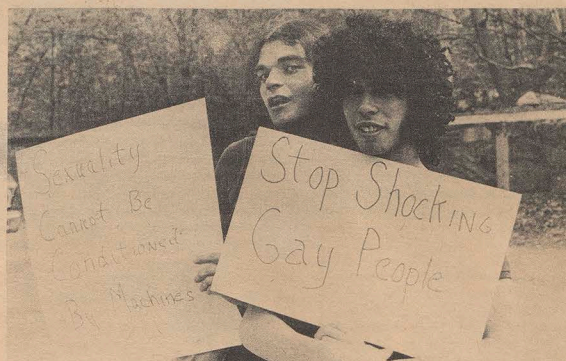
Draft counseling as well as military resistance counseling for gay people leading to the securing of an Honorable Discharge from the armed forces is available through the Gay Liberation Front, Los Angeles. The GLF in LA also publishes a pamphlet entitled Military Resistance for Gays. The pamphlet and further information can be obtained by contacting

*Peter Sorgen, Advocate
Chairman of Military Affairs
Gay Liberation Front, Los Angeles
4400 Melrose Avenue
Los Angeles, California 90024*



On May 12, about fifty gay brothers and sisters demonstrated in front of Mattapan Chronic Disease Hospital protesting the use of electrical shocks (aversion therapy) for homosexuality. A few weeks before, a brother was fired from his job at the hospital for questioning this treatment for a gay person.

We came to celebrate our openness, our love for each other, and to demonstrate the face of converting people's sexual drive to conform to social norms.



COMING OUT

Friday night was the most horrible night in the week, just horrible, it was date night and I never had a date. . . they were always talking about sex: cunts, tits and legs and getting their hands down some girl's pants; a girl was never a person, she was identified as some part of the body. . . I just mostly sat and listened. . .

I always liked to wrestle, with my brother or some close friend, it was one way of touching another boy without being thought of as a fairy. . . and when I played soft ball I was always chosen last and placed in right field. . . I never knew what bumping and grinding was, I never went to the high school dances. . .

When I was 15 I used to sit in class and constantly fantasize about sex and how it would be when I would get married, having sex all the time, in the morning, before lunch, after supper, while watching t.v., oh I wanted sex so bad but not until I choose the right girl and got married. . . I went to Catholic school so I really believed this. . . Gym class was simply humiliating, but thank God I had pubic hair, that would have been the ultimate in emasculation. . . many a world history class was spent with an erection fantasizing different scenarios, the most gratifying sexual experiences; running through the woods naked going to drive-in movies. We'd always be fucking and we'd be so happy because we were heterosexual and holy before the lord, married by the Church. . .

I used to watch Michael out of the corner of my eye while he was walking out of the room, he was tall and slender, his hair was long (when everyone else's was short), his walk was most unmasculine, I particularly remember the bored expression on his face like so many that I've seen in gay bars. . .

I remember my own birthday party when I first entered the room I was so excited to see so many of the people whom I loved, all in one room. I ran over and one by one I hugged and kissed all of the women and very cautiously touched each of the men on the shoulder. . .

Riding the subway can be such a game with oneself: staring at some boy and quickly turning away so that he doesn't think that. . .



During the age of the 'turned on' I kept hearing,

"gotta get a chick
needa chick
hava chick at your side
a chick to fuck
a hip chick to fuck. . . outa sight
a groovy dude and a hip chick
right on right on
hey man, far out
far fuckin out
hey man where ja pick her up
real fine, gettin it on, alright
catch yer later."

Do you like to grab women?

What do you mean do I like to grab women, any man in his right mind likes to grab women, dig it.
I kept listening, quietly, while the fire burns within. . .

"You know Judy?"

"What Susan?"

I need a man, you know, a real man
I'm hip, Susan

I've watched boys and girls together, run down the street holding hands, giggling over their love for each other; a repeated manifestation of the heterosexual reality, I've seen it in t.v. and radio and newspapers, on advertisements and in program serials, in the parks, on the beaches, in literature; it's been preached about, written about, celebrated in the Churches and Temples for ages and all over the globe but in my own limited experience I've yet to see this manifestation, not even in Greenwich Village or Provincetown.

Them in Provincetown and Greenwich Village
who watch and stare at that other reality
with smug indifference, as if it were just
an archetypal artifact of childish humanity
so hostile and envious
so denied
that you've forgotten the childish innocence
of exhibiting your joy
with a lover

So full with the feeling that I was only an object, a new contender in the arena, entering a gay bar for the first time.

I was in the market place and I was for sale, judged and rejudged as each new pair of eyes came across my body; this was demarcated territory for licentious barter; this was the place for it to happen for outside was an entirely different world.

For me the Gay Bar was overwhelmingly significant, it was not really me, to admit that I was a part of a scene, implicating a certain alliance with a vague and sordid sub-culture very separate and apart from the daily celebration of heterosexual life style. The gay subculture, supposedly not a part of the white middle class, working class nor the rebellious youth culture which was critical of the previous generation but had not differentiated much in their attitude towards gayness. . . While not identified with the bar I felt very excluded from the heterosexual games and their strange joys. . . always feeling ambivalent of my trust in friends who accepted my bisexuality, knowing in my self that my homosexual feelings were a part of me that should not be emphasized and expressed with reservation.

I guess my sexuality has always made me anxious so I've fled to different cities and of course, I found myself, unknowingly, in the homosexual haven on the West Coast where gay boys abound with good vibes and measured Karma all of which surrounded me like a thick fog slowly choking my unrefined sensitivities.

Prostituting my sexual impulses feeling more free, thinking that this is what it meant to be free, feeling that I was unleashing my repressions, I slept with many, it was exciting but I still felt very divided between the bedroom and the outside reality. . . outside, a new view of ourselves and the American culture was enveloping a whole generation which I identified with strongly, my sensitivities directed towards and with those who were greatly disinterested with the

continued pg 15

LET THERE BE A VIETNAM IN EACH OF OUR HEARTS

As we gently/fiercely
dance/fight
celebrate
on the ashes of Babylon
dying, wheezing prick america
we join hands
bodies
hearts
with our Vietnamese sisters and brothers

Six days at the Peace City -- I was walking on the campsite and somebody yelled out, "Faggot!" It made me feel tightness inside. Like the way I feel a lot outside on Babylon's streets -- accosted and threatened. Angry. So much during that week was feeling defined by that ugliness -- white straight male sexism. At night those same men would ask for spare "chicks."

So we had come together against the war and yet the campsite was beset by contradictions -- drugs, freakouts, rapes, fighting.

We're May Day, We're May Day
We're flowers, we're spring
Gay May Day, Gay May Day
Smashing the gov't is our thing
-- sung in high beautiful voices

LET VIETNAM INVADE US

Walking along at night--lots of different music--air filled with smoke and eerie half light from hundreds of fires. Us walking along--sort of lost--hard to find our way through all the sleeping/ dancing/ talking/ loving/ hating/ hurting people--walking along holding hands stopping at times to kiss and warm ourselves together/ stopping to look at each other.

that was Mayday, too.

So much of our time spent combatting this shit--defending ourselves against the sexism in the camp.

"straight(?)" men coming up to us--trying to get blow jobs

"Faggot! Queer!"

people gawking and peeking into our tent where two gay brothers were making love, so that the only thing we were able to communicate to people was how we felt oppressed.

I was tripping at the rock concert--late and tired out--and I met four queens who had come down after the bars had closed. They offered warm hands and cigarettes and--we were everywhere--breathing and surfacing and living.

All the definitions coming down on us saying basically "gay is bad!" objectifying us into this box-- be forced to strike out yelling "we're good, we're beautiful" always yelling--making it hard to not yell and not be defensive with each other

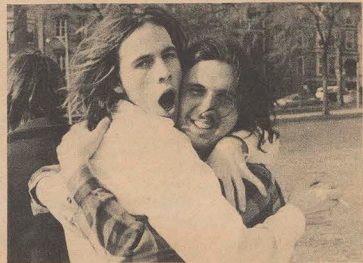
coming down as self-hate and apologies to straight people--how could they love us, if we don't love them.

so little time to talk together--gay sisters and brothers--about the sexism and racism among ourselves keeping us apart ways gay brothers hurt women

in little things like interrupting a sister when she was talking--

big things like talking about love & togetherness--talking about "we"--all of us.

but thinking--because of fuckups & narrowness--we brothers(men) saying our love is real and forgetting about the strong and beauty in the love and fight of our sisters.



in the jails
pow's all 13,000 of us
15 in a one person cell.
"hi, we're gay (gulp)"

two loving sisters
isolated because they were kissing

maced and starved because we wouldn't
stop being free and loving it.

and feeling boxed in defences up. i became me
as gay, as thing--separate so vietnam seven
thousand miles away became a reality so
present because our oppression is so sharp that
the struggle centers around survival



We were able to act with sisters -- not with the old attitude that they were right on despite the fact they were women but because they were women and had gotten a strength from their beauty and oppression together. We didn't come together out of deep understanding and love but out of a need -- willing to accept contradictions, willing to hope we could work together.

The feeling of desperation and need affected a lot of our attitudes about gay mayday and mayday in general -- why we wanted it to happen and worked on it, why we didn't leave in the face of all the sexism at the campsite, why we went into the streets and why we were good and strong. We knew we had to be there -- everything depended on it -- the lives of Vietnamese and third world sisters and brothers and our lives threatened by the same america trying to stop our love.

thers and our lives threatened by the same america trying to stop our love.

In Washington women and gay people came together in new and sometimes comfortable ways. We were all feeling bad about rapes, about male-dominated decision making, about faggot-baiting, propositioning, macho rock music, on and on. All feeling bad about the same fuckups. We met together to talk about it, moving from sadness and defensiveness to an openness and trust that was uncommon at the campsite. We talked about the importance of Mayday -- for the Vietnamese and us -- and how we didn't want sexism to destroy Mayday's possibilities as an aid to ending the war and an aid to bringing us closer together. As the meeting ended people felt good and just sat around the fire talking and singing.

GAY

I rode down to Washington on the charter bus with my friend Larry and two straight friends -- Larry and I the only gay people on the bus. I was wishing I had stayed home -- I hate demonstrations--sure, this one was supposed to be different -- but that's what we always tell ourselves -- kept thinking it was all bullshit -- farce on a grand scale.

A long night through the wasteland of New Jersey. Dawn came in the woods and fields of Delaware -- brief rest from megalopolis tomb. The sun rose at our backs -- a brilliant red orange ball framed by spring green trees and a clear sky -- May 1, 1971 -- May Day -- a new dawn.

We arrive at the campsite, concert early Saturday morning. The atmosphere is tense, hyper. The whole place is wrong -- where is all the love and celebration. Potomac Park is anything but a festival of life -- people poisoned with bad acid, a sister is raped, straight men baiting women -- "hey baby, wanna ball" -- baiting gay people. The gay campsite is hardly better, lots of bickering and quarreling division, not much feeling of togetherness. I got very depressed, wondering what we had to offer as a "revolutionary" group. To me the festival of life in Potomac Park was hardly different than the day to day American "festival of life".

Sunday morning we are booted out of the park. I leave with four brothers -- we are an affinity group -- and we slowly meander our way across the city to Georgetown University for a late afternoon meeting. There are policemen on every corner. We get thrown out of a small park. In a downtown drugstore, the boy behind the counter asks how things are going, wishes me luck on Monday. Other May Day people are wandering around the city -- it is a sunny warm day -- the hyper tension of the campsite is gone -- people are friendly -- "Are you staying for Monday?" "Yep." "Right on!" The weekend concert bad acid crowd seems to have gone home. We go to Rock Creek Parkway, the gay contingent's target for the Monday actions. It runs by the creek in a narrow gully with steep banks on both sides -- a trap.

Finally we arrive at Georgetown. Mass confusion prevails, everybody is looking for a meeting or their regional group or their lost friends. We hear about the Women's march downtown -- sisters beaten up, gassed, arrested. Rumors are flying -- George Washington and American U. have been closed to us, Georgetown is the only place left we can go, but maybe the pigs are going to move in and gas us out of Georgetown. Nobody knows for sure. The plans for Monday are unclear. It is impossible to tell how many people were discouraged or scared off by the pigs and split for home. The whole action seems so tenuous. It starts to rain.

The gay contingent moved off to a church a few blocks away late Sunday afternoon -- we were given a place to stay for the night. It wasn't far from our target. By about 5:30 pretty much everyone was there, about 200 of us -- mostly men -- the gay women related to the women's contingent for the most part.

That afternoon was the first time that we were together as a group away from the mass of straight May Day people. This isolation was a good thing -- it gave us a chance to begin developing some group consciousness as a Gay May Day tribe, some sense of being and working together as gay people. It was

the first time since arriving that I felt relaxed enough to really open up and smile at the people I was with, talk to them; faces became familiar, we laughed and hugged each other. We began to feel like a community -- a feeling which the hassles, sexism and general bad vibes of the campsite had never allowed to develop. As we worked together for the next three days that feeling continued to grow.

We talked late Sunday night despite the fact that most of us were already exhausted. We discussed our tactics for Monday, blocking Rock Creek Parkway. We discussed what little information we had about other regional contingents and their plans for Monday. Mostly we talked because we were scared and needed the comfort of each other's voices. Washington was a very heavy city Sunday night -- pigs lined many of the main streets. Lone lines of jeeps filled with MP's moved up and down the streets. Rumours were circulating about heavy fines and jail sentences for those arrested.

Monday morning we got up early -- it was still dark and damp and cold. And then we moved onto the streets in small affinity groups -- we planned to assemble near the target area after half an hour and from there move out onto the Parkway. From here everything becomes a blur in my mind -- the Monday actions were chaos.

The gay contingent was never able to assemble as a group and move onto Rock Creek Parkway. The pigs were everywhere, patrolling the streets, suddenly roaring up to a group of people, jumping out of the car five or six of them, chasing and clubbing us, trying to scatter us. The citizens of Georgetown stood on their porches drinking coffee watching the action -- many were friendly, some weren't, mostly they appeared to be rather confused by the whole thing. I ran with five other gay brothers in an affinity group. The streets were full of small affinity groups moving back and forth. A number of small groups would assemble briefly, do an action and then scatter off again in affinity groups. We blocked the side streets of Georgetown with litter, trash cans and parked cars to help protect the people on the main streets and ourselves from surprise attack by the fast-moving roving pig cars. A group of about seventy-five people, gay and straight, gathered and we charged down onto Rock Creek Parkway, stalling the inbound traffic. The pigs arrived soon, clubbing those who sat down, chasing us off the street. We moved off to Wisc. Ave. (one of Georgetown's main streets) which was blocked by large groups of people in two places when we arrived. We moved onto the streets and did a "can can" chorus line for the benefit of the stalled motorists. Twice drivers ploughed through the crowd with their cars, luckily, no one was badly hurt.

I moved off Wisc. Ave. with three gay brothers and a gay sister -- my affinity group had split up because one of the brothers had been clubbed and had to get medical attention. As we moved toward Georgetown U., the tear gas suddenly became very heavy. Much to our surprise a middle-aged woman invited us into her house to escape the gas. She let us wash up, gave us food and coffee, and was generally very wonderful. Finally we left and slowly made our way back to the church. The streets were quiet -- pigs lined the curbs and the intersections -- traffic was flowing.

The street outside of the church was a staging area



THE GAY M

THE GOVERNMENT STRIKES BACK

Three gay brothers -- Colin Niburger from Boston and Ken Kelly and Terry Taube from Michigan have been subpoenaed to appear before a Federal Grand Jury in Detroit. This grand jury is one of six investigating the U.S. Capitol bombing in March, the Harrisburg, Berrigan "conspiracy" and the May Day actions in Washington. Several other people have been subpoenaed and some indicted from the same investigation. Because the government can't find the people who really

AN ARMY OF FOURERS WILL NOT ROSE
BELIEVE IT OR NOT

MAK



for National Guard troops. We stopped and talked to them - most of them were very friendly, wishing us luck, giving us C rations. The basement of the church was a "field hospital" - it is incredible - people lying everywhere who were maced and clubbed by the pigs.

Only one of our people was arrested Monday. The pigs concentrated on mace, gas, and clubs in the Georgetown area. We seem to have been successful in keeping the streets too clogged to permit the big police buses used for the mass arrests from getting into the area. Also the police were probably more concerned with clearing the streets in the government part of the city downtown.

We were asked to leave the church in the afternoon. Some people have left us but there were still 150 of us and we had no place to stay. Finally, we moved to a Gay Liberation collective on S St. The Washington people found us places to stay for the night in private homes and apartments. All of us were incredibly exhausted - I remember more than once, sitting down and suddenly waking up half an hour later, not recalling falling asleep. We had to stay inside as much as possible Monday night, the pigs were patrolling the streets and it wasn't safe for anyone who vaguely resembled a demonstrator to be out.

That night about 80 people skulked out into the night and went to the annual convention of the American Psychiatric Association which was being held in Washington at the time. They briefly took over the stage. Basically they demanded that shrinks wake up to the fact that we are human beings, not a sickness to be exploited and "cured" with the feudal methods employed by most so called doctors of psychiatry.

Tuesday we returned to the streets in the morning, there were 10 pigs for everyone of us - there was lots of milling around, some arrests, but little happened. In the afternoon the tribes gathered and we marched as a mass on the Justice Dept. Even though 7,000 people had been arrested on Monday, there were still another 7,000 of us to march on Tuesday. It was so incredible, after the gas and clubs and arrests of Monday, we were back on the streets again letting them know they couldn't beat us into silence. The demonstration itself was like lots of other demonstrations, but the feeling was different - we were together and we felt our power.

About 80 gay people from our contingent were arrested on Tuesday, some in the morning, most at the Justice Department. There was only a small group of us left at S St. that afternoon. We spent our time trying to find out who was in jail, who had gone home, raising money, going down to the jails trying to locate our people, helping the legal people with their work. By late Wednesday afternoon most of the people were either out of jail or were awaiting release so I left Washington with three other brothers and returned to Boston.

I have a lot of random thoughts about what happened while we were there.

Militarily (despite the bad implications of that word, the Monday actions were a military action) we were smashed pretty badly. We left too early in the morning - many of us had been dispersed by the time the heavy traffic started. The pigs were superbly organized and disciplined; we weren't, we were just learning. The pigs had radios, helicopters, clubs, mace, and tear gas; we had nothing but our bodies.

- It is impossible to tell how many people actually made it to work on Monday. The government tells us that more people than average reported. Other sources (like government workers) say that many offices were almost empty and that a lot of people just stayed home, never even trying to make it into work on Monday.

- Despite lies by the government and the pig media, the D.C. community actively supported us in many cases. When we were thrown out of Potomac Park on Sunday the residents of the city opened their homes and their churches for us to stay in. The Black community especially, provided us with space in their churches and gave us food. Police and National Guard, guarding prisoners in the D.C. Coliseum, raised \$600 among themselves for our bail fund. On the streets of Georgetown, the residents sometimes suggested that we let the air out of tires or slash them in order to make the cars harder to move off the street. The woman who lent her living room when the gas was heavy, was not an isolated eccentric. Most people were willing to look at us as sincere people even though most of them didn't feel that they could personally participate in the kind of disruptive action we were doing. There was a very real attempt by a large segment of the D.C. community to understand why we were there and where we were coming from.

I am generally very cynical of the Movement's rhetoric about how "the people will come together and show our love for each other and our solidarity with the oppressed people of the world and so on and on and on". My experience has usually been that the reality has little resemblance to the rhetoric. Washington was very different. As I worked with my gay sisters and brothers, a very powerful sense that we were *together* developed - we felt the energy that being together generated. This feeling didn't express itself verbally - words weren't needed to describe something that was real and beautiful. We felt our power as human beings, our power to dig our way out of the hole Amerika has put us in.

I wore my Gay May Day tee shirt most of the time I was in Washington. More than once straight brothers would come and talk to me, obviously because I was wearing that tee shirt. From most of these brothers I sensed a real attempt to deal with their attitudes about gay people, a real attempt on their part to come to terms with me as a human being, a gay human being. In more general terms, the straight movement was very aware of our presence in Washington. For the first time, I think many people were forced to deal with us as real, as a real part of the movement, not just some scatterbrained lunatic fringe of queers which has nothing to do with "real" politics.

- None of this is to say that everything was perfect - people aren't perfect. There was lots of sexism in both the gay contingent and the straight movement. But Washington was a first - the first time many straight people had worked with and done actions with openly gay people, the first time we came to the movement as a Gay May Day tribe, part of May Day, but separate too, with our own style and our own way of relating to the actions - a way which we defined ourselves and didn't have given to us by the straight movement. May Day was just a beginning; there is still much to be done.

- The most powerful thing I am left with is the feeling that we have the ability to work through our problems in some kind of collective fashion, as gay people, as people.

We were/are an army of gay lovers
Part of a people's army.

Believe it or not,
AN ARMY OF LOVERS WILL NOT LOSE!

blew up the Capitol - the Weather underground - it's trying to pin the "crime" on innocent people and also attempting to create another "conspiracy" by producing "evidence" to link the May Day actions with the Capitol bombing. Leslie Bacon is now in jail as a result of the Seattle grand jury and it looks like the government is planning to use the grand juries as a means of putting other sisters and brothers in jail. These people need our help. Defense money can be sent to the Red Book, 91 River St., Cambridge, Mass.

'Revolutionary' Sexism

The division between Eldridge Cleaver and the Black Panther Party involves many factors, most of which are not the concern of those outside the party. Even if it were my prerogative to judge, I could not be unprejudiced, barraged as I am with media attacks and distortions, some of the lies do get through. And not being Black myself, I have to acknowledge that my culture has implanted racial prejudices in me that distort and inhibit my life. Nonetheless, as a gay male, I do need to relate to the question of sexism.

The manifest reason for Eldridge Cleaver's expulsion from the party has been on this issue so important to gay people. According to Elaine Brown, he was brutally mistreated Kathleen Cleaver, and "In an act exemplifying the true nature of a chauvinist, a combination of cowardly terror and an inferiority complex, Eldridge... killed his brother Rahim." (Whether these charges are true or not, certainly the inability of men to love one another has too often been the root of their having to kill other men to prove their masculinity.)

I cannot verify or refute the accusations against Cleaver; nor can I judge whether they are the only reason for Cleaver's expulsion. But his attacks on gay love have been too long passed over by gay people and are worth reviewing.

Of gay women, Cleaver says, "If a lesbian is anything she is a frigid woman, a frozen cunt, with a warp and a crack in the wall of her ice." His response to gay males is to quote the super-sexist Norman Mailer "that many homosexuals go in the direction of assuming that there is something intrinsically superior in homosexuality..." Cleaver adds to Mailer by stating flatly, "I, for one, do not think homosexuality is the latest advanced over heterosexual on the scale of human evolution. Homosexuality is a sickness, just as are baby-rape or wanting to become the head of General Motors."

Uniformed MACHO

I walk into department stores and smile as,

I have always smiled, Marc's smile

And yet the old ladies just don't seem to dig me anymore. I find it more comfortable now to touch men in a tender way—a more natural way, than the accepted fraternity handshake. I had a dream that men killed each other, hard, for their woman. O God. Millions died for your sins, thou must protect and stand with weapons over the woman back home standing guard over the kids and the kitchen. O God, stand still.

If you asked a cop why he stood so solid by the Kennedy building last Thursday, he seemed to be thinking of his wife and [three kids back home.] How can we reach him? My motives, were truly, not altogether honorable, nor simple, for also being at the Kennedy Building, sitting. The night before, I had pained to find out that my psyche was so confused with personal afflictions, shortcomings and des-

tinies, that I too was presenting myself in a political way, without the righteous motivations. Now, I imagine, that when I sighted oppression in America, I shut my eyes to my own oppression. Not only, for sure, that all white people are necessarily, innately racists, that I could say with the probable delight in being partially diminished by admittance; but I was also becoming aware of my daily oppression of all the men and women around me. Norman Mailer seems to feel comfortable in giving a favorable review to a feminist's book, but we still know he's a pig, and yes, I'm a pig, and yes, I'm a pig. I think some people wanted to die on Thursday last, under Kennedy and the cops and Urizen, under guilt. I might have.

The day had barely begun on Thursday, three thousand people moved towards government, and it was truly righteous. Television cameras were set, to film the Aquarian

Our awe for Cleaver and his work has not been wrong? his writings and speeches have helped us all. What has been wrong is our silence in not attacking the sexist aspects of his works. However much we might admire anyone, we should not be silent to their flaws. The revolution will advance only if we can criticize others and receive criticism ourselves. Charismatic leaders beyond criticism are a block to the revolution; though they may be correct in their analysis, in distancing themselves from the people they impede the people's liberation.

Confusing as the dispute might be, I hope it is not a cynical move by the party to exploit feelings against sexism but in fact another step in the movement against male chauvinism. Bobby Seale has argued that "The fight against male chauvinism is a class struggle.... Male chauvinism is directly related to male domination and it is perpetuated as such by the ruling class in America." Capitalism and male chauvinism reinforce racism. Seale writes that "A good part of racism is the absurd psychological fears on the part of people who think that the black man has a bigger penis than the white."

Huey Newton welcomed gay liberation to the Revolutionary People's Convention in Philadelphia and Washington last year. In a quite honest and forthright manner, he faced up to one of the most difficult issues for males unable to physically love other males: "Whatever your personal opinions and your insecurities about homosexuality and the various liberation movements among homosexuals and women (and I speak of homosexuals and women as oppressed groups), we should try to unite with them in a revolutionary fashion. I say, 'whatever your insecurities are' because, as we very well know, sometimes our first instinct is to want to hit a homosexual in the mouth because we're afraid we might be homosexual.... I have hangups myself about male homosexuality."

Newton's signing such a statement is very important because sexual hangups are an obstacle in the organization of the people's liberation. Our oppressors have divided us, and if we fall into their divisions—men, women, gay, straight; black, white; American, foreign; old, young, etc.—then we are weakened. Erika Huggins says, "We need whole families of people, young, old, black, brown, red, yellow, beige, whatever, male, female, gay—everybody, because everybody is faced with American oppression."

OFF PRICK POWER!!!
POWER TO THE PEOPLE!!!!



postcard of demonstrators and cops beating on each other for their job that scene had to be created, to their fulfillment.

My anguish from the night before had tucked itself under my covers, and I was called up for duty. We maneuvered our way from the annex door, around the side, to the support of the front door—vanguard, and we were committed. We didn't feel strong in a corrupt way, but more like the courage and energy of the children in the fields, small, meager, protective of each other, from the dark, from the "tigers of wrath." The policemen were there, I guess they are representative of the other side, they stood over us, and we were children—I found an enemy in a polliwog

How strange
He spit on me
I spit on him
I sneezed and he cried
Oh how sad I was that day

My eyes could only express to him what I felt behind

them. He told us that he had a job to do, his wife and kids and all that shit, but he looked so goddam tender, so sincere, young, loving. His eyes were sensitive and I think mine were. I felt tender towards him, I wished to put my arms around him, and tell him how good it was that we were friends. But we weren't friends, he didn't hate me, but thought more directly to the female next to me: even the enemy's women were all right to fuck, the Great American Penis finding its course throughout the Pacific and European Snatch Operations. All those crying babies—and only 'cause misses McDonnell had told her daughter that if anybody even thought about what was between her legs, it would certainly fall off. And Jimmie's father simultaneously told him that Mussolini pulled his weenie and now it doesn't work.

I can view the events of last week and Amerika and Emerson and Cops in such sexual images because these images seem to

Continued, page 11 show + talk + act

NIGHTMARE AWAY FROM MY LOVER

This moment one black man holds purple flowers
Under water where I swim--The scream
Of calling for a rain in dryness, needing
Food once eaten sweeping out for feeling
Seeing. Three white birds to left and high
Sweep down and change the color of the
Grass first green then yellow brown--
And as the earth cracks--Open--
Comes a yellow dog and needing you.
Marching soldiers in shabby uniform were
Next to one another and alone, more
Lonely than the flowers on the wall. First
There was life broken, fate accepted
And six weeks of training to be hard.
The shit he cleaned swept to his head.
Then axes followed one another, dull ones
Hack crevices, rips, bruises, more surface
To absorb the eager vaccines, acids,
Antiseptic culture bearing fluids eager
For more prey--He prayed he screamed
They let him scream until his creative spark
In calling morphine down surprised them
Into sensate life and eagerly, gracefully
Delivered him white powder in slightly used
Distilled water with--the practiced gestures
Of trained doctors--and his scream
Become a gasp--a sigh--contentment--
Well this morphine dulls the fighting spirit
Makes an army of the dead, useless here
As useful on the other side of town--
So there remains that other addictive
Institution--Sex
As conceived by Cotton Mather, and
Dedicated worshipfully to proposition
God in our chains--so pitiful his
Soldier's stare--the eyes split--each
Half of sight roams freely in its ap-
pointed labor--find the gook woman--
Then and only then has he integration
Two eyes focused for the other side
Of his useful slavery--in this act
He has the chance to pass it on
Enraging only chained gook dogs--
The focus--and the time of laugh--
The soldier's snicker whinnying up--
To bash his heart against the rubberized
No cry line--The shame--of wanting to
Will feed his bitterness--tonight--tomorrow--
In the field--He will remember only kill--
The admirable exercise--his only outward
Move not making him a maggot in the
Ax-handler's eyes--On discharge
(Silence is presumed before--sensuality
The crime, while in) On discharge
He feels worth--The narrow exit now
The door to jail--Enraging all the people
Until the yellow dog has a chance
To slip into the earth--I reappear
As me in broken body screaming



Trained to silence for the mercy of my ears
So it can hear the footfalls
Of one who approaches shaking walls
Till flowers dance and plaster falls
And the birds swim up treading air
Until my silent voices learn to speak
Themselves
Until our conflicts learn to dance
And contradiction is accepted as my way to life
Will be in sure unpremeditated steps
Known and happy in the moment's
Coming out.

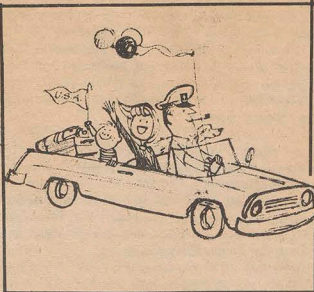
Continued from page 10

have credence. The cancerous tissues eating away at themselves must have another outlet. Hate must have another outlet, in Love.

When I got dragged away on Thursday, I expected a quick exit, instead I was taken inside the Kennedy Building and pushed in an elevator with others also being busted; we were then subjected to beatings. The energy, the force of the police, the diseased billyclub running loose on bodies, faceless, so much screaming and heavy breathing. They fling us, one upon another and started swinging, always feeling control, always fucking from the top. We poured forth "ruby tears," as a substitute for those con-spitated bursts of wedding night energies. Could this have been avoided? momentarily, by a busload of Spanish whores? Could the police of the day have relieved their sexist pleasures by masturbating in the back of their paddy wagons? But they were taught that idle hands heed the devil's work.

The police reached their second climax in the basement of the Kennedy Building. We were now however, not completely alone. The FBI and some Record American reporters although present, never interfered with the passions that were felt in that damp garage. We were on our knees being clubbed, we were up against the wall being manhandled and clubbed, my eyes caught, already dried blood on one of the 'baseball bats.' And I realized at that moment that I was crying. I had been crying since the first cop grabbed at me, sending a shock throughout my body. I was paralyzed and weeping. I was looking through a keyhole at my father beating my mother or sister or me, but I was looking through a keyhole.

When we were in the paddy-wagon, I was still on the ground in the garage, in the burning hut in Viet Nam, in my own room alone, and I was ordered to stop weeping, because I had to take it if I was



a man. I stopped crying. We drove on, leaving me and my buddies lying on the floor of the garage. We tried collecting ourselves and sat around listening to the policemen telling stories about their wives who had probably grown new membranes by now, and how it would take a drill to poke a hole again, while Eric, stuffed a bunch of freshly pulled out hair into his pocket, and sighed that he was already going bald; and then looked and saw he had no pocket anymore.



(A minor)
I walked into the sunset
(B minor)
My brothers' hands in mine.
(A minor)
Talkin an of the child taught ways,
(B minor)
We've tried to hide our tears, our lives
(F)
From one another
(E)
From one another.

(A minor)
They say a man ain't half a man
(B minor)
Without a woman to fill his heart
(A minor)
They've branded me a thousand nan.
(B minor)
'Cause I'd rather have my brothers' love
(F)
Then play the master's part
(E)
They've set aside for me.

(A minor)
Oh Lord I want to be free
(E)
To love just who I wanna love.
(A minor)
Gentle and sweet.
(E)
Give what I gotta give
(A minor)
Not lay your rules on me
(E)
Want to live how I want to live
(A minor)
Gay as I can be
(E)
Sing the songs I want to sing
(A minor)
Gay as I can be
(E)
Dance the way I want to dance
Gay as I can be
Talk the way I want to talk
Gay as I can be
Walk the way I want to walk
Gay as I can be
Love the way I want to love
Gay as I can be
Be just who I want to be
Gay as I can be
(A minor)
They burned us at the witch's feet
(B minor)
Human tinder to prove their manliness
(A minor)
You know the name has stuck around
(B minor)
Flaming Faggots catch the blaze from sisters
(F)
We're gonna burn it down
(E)
We're gonna burn it down

CHORUS

We, as gay north-americans who have identified with and supported the Cuban Revolution and our gay sisters and brothers in Cuba through our participation in the Venceremos Brigade, denounce the anti-homosexual policy formulated at the recent conference on education and culture and endorsed by the Cuban government.

We have seen the struggle of all Cuban people and gay people all over the world as a common struggle; we have supported the progressive economic policies of the revolution and have been excited and encouraged at the indications of a developing cultural revolution toward the liberation of women and the end of alienation in all areas of life.

Inherent to socialism and socialist practice is the equalization of power among all people. People cannot seize control of their own lives unless they see themselves historically and analyze critically the culture and institutions which have formulated them. Centuries of sexist attitudes inculcated by all the institutions of "Western civilization" especially the church, have served to solidify today's sexist superstructure which places straight men at the top -- defining their masculinity by the amount of power they have over gay people, women, and other men. It is each person's revolutionary responsibility

to be critical of the racist and sexist institutions which perpetuate divisions among us. There can be no real revolution, no truly socialist society until we remove the walls of self-hatred that separate us from ourselves and other people.

Gay people owe allegiance to no nation. The anti-homosexual policy of the Cuban government does not simply fail to include gay people in the revolutionary process -- it specifically excludes them from participation in that process and the right to self-determination. We have been told that it is reactionary for us to criticize and condemn our oppressors when they call themselves *revolutionary or socialist*. A policy of ruthlessness and incessant persecution of gay people is contradictory to the needs of all people, and such a policy is reactionary and fascist. All sexist policies and practices are counterrevolutionary and evidence the efforts of a ruling class to crush the people's cultural revolution when it threatens the ruling class (or caste) position of privilege.

Also, we denounce the national committee of the Venceremos Brigade as agents of a sexist hierarchy. They, in their liberalism, have not engaged in critical relationship with either the Cuban people or with revolutionaries here.

We call upon all progressive people to join in our protests against this reactionary policy and to make their feelings known by writing to the Cuban Prime Minister and First Secretary of the Communist Party in Havana.

Turn it out!

Venceremos!

GAY COMMITTEE OF RETURNED
BRIGADISTAS

CUBA SI?

Gayness & the Cuban Revolution

BELOW IS THE STATEMENT OF THE FIRST NATIONAL CONFERENCE ON EDUCATION AND CULTURE DENOUNCING HOMOSEXUALITY. ON EITHER SIDE ARE THE REACTIONS OF SOME GAY SISTERS AND BROTHERS FROM THIS COUNTRY.

The social pathological character of homosexual deviations was recognized. It was resolved that all manifestations of homosexual deviations are to be firmly rejected and prevented from spreading. It was pointed out, however, that a study, investigation, and analysis of this complex problem should always determine the measures to be adopted.

It was decided that homosexuality should not be considered a central problem or a fundamental one in our society, but rather its attention and solution are necessary.

A study was made of the origin and evolution of this phenomenon and of its present-day scope and antisocial character. An in-depth analysis was made of the preventive and educational measures that are to be put into effect against existing focuses, including the control and relocation of isolated cases, always with an educational and preventive purpose. It was agreed to differentiate between the various cases, their stages of deterioration and the necessarily different approaches to the different cases and degrees of deterioration.

On the basis of these considerations, it was resolved that it would be convenient to adopt the following measures:

- a) Extension of the coeducational system: recognition of its importance in the formation of children and the young.*
- b) Appropriate sexual education for parents, teachers and pupils. This work must not be treated as a special subject but as one falling into the general teaching syllabus, such as biology, physiology, etc. A campaign of information on sex matters should be carried out among teachers and parents to help them answer, in a proper and scientific way, the questions asked by children and young people.*
- c) Stimulation of a proper approach to sex. A campaign of information should be put into effect among adolescents and young people which would contribute to the acquisition of a scientific knowledge of sex and the eradication of prejudices and doubts which in some cases result in the placing of too much importance on sex.*
- d) Promotion of discussion among the youth in those cases where it becomes necessary to delve into the human aspect of sex relations. It was resolved that it is not to be tolerated for notorious homosexuals to have influence in the formation of our youth on the basis of their "artistic merits."*

Consequently, a study is called for to determine how best to tackle the problems of the presence of homosexuals in the various institutions of our cultural sector

It was proposed that a study should be made to find a way of applying measures with a view to transferring to other organizations those who, as homosexuals, should not have any direct influence on our youth through artistic and cultural activities.

It was resolved that those whose morals do not correspond to the prestige of our Revolution should be barred from any group of performers representing our country abroad.

Finally, it was agreed to demand that severe penalties be applied to those who corrupt the morals of minors, depraved repeat offenders and irredeemable anti-social elements.

Cultural institutions cannot serve as a platform for false intellectuals who try to make snobbery, extravagant conduct, homosexuality and other social aberrations into expressions of revolutionary spirit and art, isolated from the masses and the spirit of the Revolution.

Excerpted from GRAMMA (Cuba's Communist Party Newspaper)

The statement on homosexuality issued in Cuba by the First National Congress on Education and Culture, which was attended and endorsed by the leaders of the Cuban government, is openly reactionary. It is a threat to the lives and freedom of gay people because of the "severe penalties" demanded for "repeat offenders" and also because it encourages individual physical violence against homosexuals. It is also a threat because of Cuba's reputation as a revolutionary nation.

We, the Gay Revolutionary Party, condemn the statement of the First National Conference on Education and Culture. We demand of revolutionaries everywhere that they join with us initially in this move by the printing of this statement and their own comments.

The fight of the Cubans and other Third World peoples against the imperialism of the U.S. and its lackeys cannot be won by maintaining the attitudes of cultural and socio-economic systems which support and are nurtured by sexism, male individualism, capitalism, and imperialism. It is necessary that cultural as well as economic and political revolution occur, and that this revolution destroy the sexist roots of exploitation.

As long as anti-gay attitudes persist, not only will gay people suffer, but the exploitation of women by man will be normal, competition among males will be the rule, and true communism will be impossible. We are socialists. We have come to understand that the destruction of straight social patterns (i.e. those molded on power based role playing heterosexuality) and the creation of gayness (i.e. mutuality and equality of human relationships based on the model of free homosexuality) are inherent to the development of a true socialist society. Thus, the only way to assure a straight Cuba is to re-establish capitalism. A people struggling toward socialism can, due to an incorrect ideological superstructure, kill, relocate, or isolate individual gay people, but they cannot help but create conditions favorable to

Gay people are not one more group struggling for liberation. We are and have always been considered the scum of the earth, but we are you, we are everyone. The Gay Revolution is basic because it will destroy the sexual and social roles which are at the bottom of all exploitation, establishing mutuality of relationship between all people.

We do not call upon straight male government to change its policy or reform its laws, whether it is in Cuba, the United States, of the Soviet Union. We call instead upon all people who seek freedom and an end to domination, to examine straight relationships and to realize with us that it is the roles and attitudes inherent to the maintenance of these relationships that prevent revolutionary change.

Cuba's reactionary policy cannot defeat us. It will only strengthen our resolution to fight collectively until the Gay Liberation of all people.

turn it out
gay revolutionary party



HOMOSEXUALITY AND PSYCHIATRY (CONTINUED)

of erotic love. Thus other expressions of love i.e. pre-marital heterosexual relations, are less important and immature. Love between persons of the same sex is made obscure, anonymous or non-existent; if it hasn't been explicitly preached against it has been at least, effectively left out of the everyday experience and mental constructs of human relations.

Male and Female
on t.v., radio, magazine advertisements, literature, and entertainment.
Male identification... sports and competition
Female identification... soap operas and bars

Gender role identification may not be as simplified as hard and soft, but we've all learned that we have a role and to cross over is to question unconscious authority upon which we exist daily. It is obedience to this authority that defines a healthy mental adjustment.

Go to a psychiatrist who supports homosexuality but what does he do to allay the cultural bias against you... one psychiatrist is not going to change all of society in their value for homosexuals.

So you adjust; rather you hide. A psychiatrist will probably not encourage you to integrate your life with your sexual preference, he knows that a public manifestation and daily celebration of your sexuality is not comfortable amidst social condemnation. To my knowledge, the psychiatric establishment has not made a strong or serious challenge to social attitudes regarding gayness. And then I don't expect this to occur, for how many psychiatrists experience the daily oppression of society in its cultural and institutional preclusion of gay life style.

Gay people, seeking aid from 'professionals', cannot expect a great deal. We go to therapy somewhat aware of the social inequality and cultural condemnation thus we are forced to adjust to the heterosexual reality. Perhaps we feel a little more secure because some 'authority' on human psychology says it is alright.

But is it alright? When we must continue to hide from friends and strangers that our sexual preference is not the same as theirs. Is it alright when psychiatrists who profess a validity of choice for homosexuals are still willing to eradicate their sexual drive with electrical shocks because an individual feels too overwhelmed and stigmatized by social attitude?

Heterosexuals do not go to psychiatrists and ask not to be heterosexual.

Psychiatrists, who have been instrumental in charting mental health for gay people, have not shown that they are aware of the numerous factors in one's environment that drive gay people to them for some explanation for their unverbized anxiety in daily living.

TO BE 19 AND GAY (CONT'D)

concerned about my being in the insane asylum. He promised to visit me there as often as possible and he did! One day while I was sitting in the lobby visiting with Eugene, the nurse from the ward informed us that orders had just come from my doctor that I was not allowed to have any visitors except for my immediate family and that Eugene was to leave. Furious, I ran upstairs and stormed into the doctor's office demanding an explanation. The doctor grabbed the phone and called for some attendants who forcibly escorted me back to the Receiving Unit. There I was held until it could be decided what would be done with me for screaming at the doctor.

In the meantime, I found out through the grapevine that information had leaked out that the reason I was not allowed to see Eugene anymore was that he was suspected of being a homosexual because he had long hair and played the piano, and that since I was at the hospital to be cured, it was not in my best interest to have me seeing any queers who would just fuck my head up. After all, given enough time, I would see the error of my ways. If nothing else, I would outgrow them.

Well, they gave me time alright! I was shipped to one of the maximum security back wards on an indefinite basis. Once I was transferred I was given a new doctor who informed me of what I was supposed to do. I was to cut my hair which was in an early Beatle haircut, stop wearing tight pants, and stop acting effeminate. He said that if I didn't at least try to look straight, I'd never get off that ward -let alone the hospital.

The new ward was not exactly a young person's cup of tea, as it were...most of the patients were old and senile. There was no recreation and for me there simply was no one to talk to. We were awakened at the crack of dawn and hurled into a dayroom where I occupied my time watching this old fart push a bench up and down the ward all day or listening to another old fart talk to the radiator. Nights were something else again! Guys pissed on the walls thinking they were in the bathroom. Others just shit in their beds. The stench was unbearable! If that wasn't enough, I'd swear that every guy in that dormitory snored.

Anyway, to make a long story short, I proceeded to cut my hair and eventually got out of the hospital with the condition that I was going to go to hairdressing school. Looking back, that seems sort of funny knowing that there are a lot of gay hairdressers.

Actually it was during that hospital stay that I began to realize that it was a political system, in this case in the form of a State Hospital, that was oppressing me not just my parents or church or something like that. It was something like giving birth to the political animal that had been wandering in the jungle of my Soul.



G.P.P. FROM TRANSYLVANIA JAIL

encased in dead phallic power
concretized a hundred times over
and stamped in everyman's mind
as a price of survival

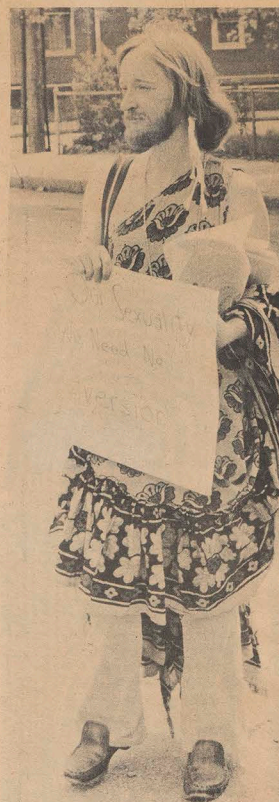
i miss my loves
guilty, insecure, too many times
overchecked, now i feel
a substance we created

here love misses all the time,
defined as outside and without,
but without will never fill
the within and inbetween

in abeyance i slide and slither
passively play in the macho mock-up
not even can i proclaim the space
brothers gave for their each other

Sport is to pry some jest or gift
or shred from the outmates
they are entrapped too, some allow
they are just men while others play men.

i can outwait these months, my loves
or the flow you loosed inside me
for what we have to live for is
so much greater than what we did from



COCKSUCKER

Writing about cocksucking can't help but emphasize cocks and in that sense be sexist -- the objectification concentrated not just on, but on one small percentage part of the male body. We should be beyond cocksucking -- into ear, nose, mouth, toe, tongue, knee, ass, back, arm, finger, nipple, loin, groin, and other part sucking.

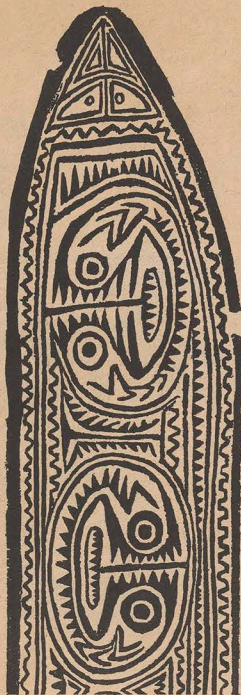
We should be *Eating each other's seed/ eating/ ah, each other./ Kissing the lover in the mouth of bread/ lip to lip.* (gary Snyder, Song of Taste)

In the meantime, some misconceptions need to be overcome about cocksucking among males. Cocksucking is a specialized technique mastered even in an amateur way by probably not more than half the male population, and everyone knows what the word means.

Yet the allegedly "straight" male has an incredible taboo about sucking cock, or for that matter having his own cock sucked. Some want it, but they pretend they are drunk or asleep before they'll let another male touch them sexually or themselves touch another male. And there is another game -- sometimes played in fraternities, prisons, and other male groups -- of forcing someone to commit this fearsome act of love.

Generally cocksucking is considered an act of debasement and subjugation even more than anal or vulva-vaginal sex, and among gay males an implicit acceptance of this oppressive idea is surprisingly widespread.

Teenagers will play the game (and some continue it through their life) of *you do me and I'll do you.*



The unrecognized premise being that the doing is a nasty, unpleasant, undesirable act. This trading off idea debases sex, reduces it from an act of love and passion to something calculated and marketed. Some gay males, who enjoy cocksucking and are often proud of their pleasure, will still retain this prejudice. How many gay males take the attitude they *don't want to do anyone who does me?* The hidden premise being that a cocksucker is an unworthy person.

Even presumably liberated gay males retain prejudices about cocksucking. Someone who had kissed every male in the room would be considered very liberated and right on; someone who had sucked the cock of every male in the room would be considered at best promiscuous at worst a perverted "dirty old man." Certainly on the Dow-Jones sex rating (that every gay male group maintains for every member) a liberated cocksucker would rate very low. Who would want to suck the cock of someone who had sucked the cock of every male in the room? the city? the nation? the universe?

One astonishing prejudice among males is the lack of interest in technique. There is an incredible amount of sloppy cocksucking, done without feeling, almost done without wanting to know what's being done. With training someone can swallow swords. Why is it then that people choke on cocks? If cocksucking were an act of relaxation, pleasure and ecstasy, none should ever choke.

Perhaps this absence of technique comes from most gay people's starting so late. It's not uncommon for someone to wait into their twenties to "come out." I sucked my first cock when I was four years old (and have enjoyed doing it ever since). That early experience has been very liberating and I think its one of the greatest oppressions that gay people are channeled and caged in an allegedly "straight" world through their most formative years.

A central part of the sexist brainwashing is the conception of sex as dirty. One reason we are sexists is that very early we learn to hide parts of our body because they are "private," "personal," "dirty," "unmentionable," or "unclean." To break this circuit takes a tremendous effort for everyone; for gay people, a greater effort because cock-ass-vulva-sucking-licking cannot be done without some sense of contact with those parts of the body.

Overlying this puritanism, there are other forms of anti-gay channelling. At home, at school, where ever we go, the word is Dick, Jane, Spot, Puff, Mother and Father. We never see or hear of gay people -- not to mention cocksucking. Sex education, even the most progressive, does not include us (except in the categories of disease and deformity). Everywhere the nuclear family is the model. An essential part of any program for those who cherish freedom must be to trash the nuclear family. Gay male liberation is at the heart of this revolution, and so conceived, every cock sucked is an act of liberation.

Why not teach first graders, not only about cocksucking, but about how to do it? Why should they have to wait to be twenty-one and become a "consenting adult" before they can love? before they can struggle for freedom? Twenty-one may be too late, the child grown to adult might be deformed, unable even to learn to love.

If we are proud of being gay males, we should be proud of being cocksuckers. If cocksucking is good, if it is an act of love, if it is a passionate pleasure, we need to celebrate and cherish it. Cherish it until the "private," "personal" disappear and with them sexist objectification of the cock.

SUCK TO BE FREE!!!



WORDS IN ORIGIN

I love the feel
of words from lips
I love to taste
the feel where
words come from
tongue and socket total
tongued ear and lips
handle
the folded flesh
(with its pits,
dents, fissures, tissues)
extended beautifully
opening an antelope
slipping boundaries
an ass rimmed ear
a sinking rising
broken earth jointed
totalling tongue, socket and genitals
in one textured
apocalyptic coming.

I'm gay, yes I am, its true, accept it, there's nothing wrong with it -- is there? What do I do -- it doesn't matter I can hide my feelings from others, its all right as long as those feelings are there. What about my parents -- they don't have to know either, anyway they won't mind as long as I'm happy. I saw all those men with each other, I knew then I was the same way -- if I'd only known before that there were so many others. Where do people meet each other, in those bars -- it seemed so exciting. Do you think I could go there by myself? But what if someone I know sees me, I'll die of shame. How do all those people manage to lead a double life? Do they all pretend to be straight during the day and then be themselves in the bar at night? I can do that too, just watch out for those effeminate mannerisms, they will give me away. I'll have to start making myself more attractive so that people will notice me. I saw how it is done, if you like someone you stare at them, that's easy enough. I feel like superman, a disguise during the day and then the real me at night -- its exciting. I'll have to start lying and making excuses to my friends, I can't let them know, they wouldn't want to associate with me anymore.

COMMUNITY CENTER (continued)

But the failures can't be blamed on the building alone. Anxieties reinforced a tendency to form cliques, which made new people and visitors feel uncomfortable. Many people came to the weekly meeting or the coffee house or just to visit, and they were never seen again. Our coffee house and relations were neither as exciting as the bars and parks nor that much different from them—at least to those looking in from the outside.

Weaknesses within the collective provided a shaky foundation for the community center which was intended to reach out with an alternative life system to the whole gay world in Boston. Instead we suffered from some of the same tendencies/voices general to that community. Of course, the physical facilities were inadequate to our needs. The building didn't provide adequate space for the weekly meetings and coffee-house on Saturday night. Provisions were little better for smaller meetings such as or Consciousness Raising groups.

Because the living situation didn't grow/flow naturally/organically out of working and playing with each other/ building genuine feeling, liking relationships—the basis for the collective was political and because people had different political priorities, divisions appeared—feelings became alienated from action—in other words, another oppressive institution.

We must develop a relevant position for our own people, instead of just borrowing from the Women's Movement or the New Left in general. We owe them the perspective of our position, and with a genuinely gay political perspective, we may have a firmer ground for building the future. While relating within our own community, we must make it clear to the wider movement where we are at so that it is always possible for them to work with us when they are ready.

We need to be more thoughtful and willing to deal with what is difficult, painful, ambiguous, and even humiliating in our position without being merely defensive.

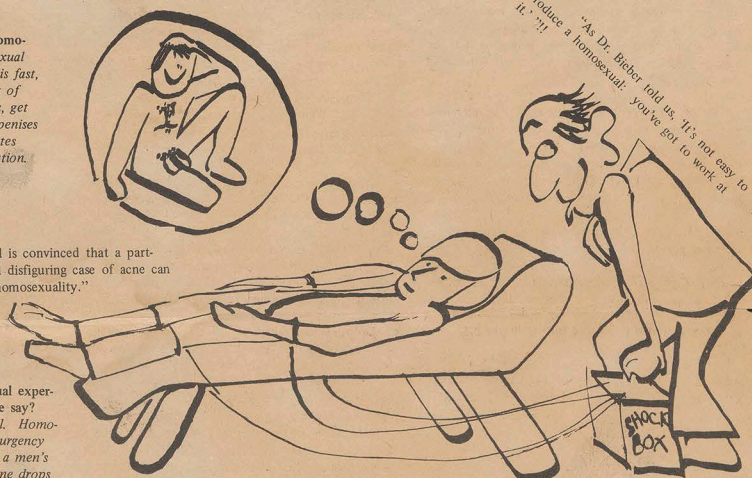
I dwell on these difficulties not to exacerbate any bad feelings or to judge who was right or wrong but in order to help build toward other collective efforts. We are not free, our experience shows that. We are not yet an army? we are not yet lovers.

AN ARMY OF LOVERS CAN NOT LOSE!

Dear Dr. Reubin, Describe to me a homosexual experience? The usual homosexual experience is mutual masturbation. It is fast, easy, and requires a minimum amount of equipment. The chaps simply undress, get into bed and manipulate each others penises to the point of orgasm. 3 to 5 minutes should be enough for the entire operation.

"Dr. Gebhard is convinced that a particularly prolonged and disfiguring case of acne can also help precipitate homosexuality."

Dear Dr. Reubin, Are all homosexual experiences as impersonal as some people say? No, most are much more impersonal. Homosexuals seem to have a compelling urgency about it. A homosexual walks into a men's room, spots another homosexual; one drops to his knees, the other unzips his pants and a few minutes later it's all over, no names, no faces, no emotions. A masturbation machine might do it better.



Aside from 'curing' homosexuals of their 'problem' psychiatrists often take out time to write incisive characterizations about gay people to feed the curiosity of an eager public. We've taken the time to reprint a few of their brilliant witticisms.

COMING OUT (continued)

"straight" life. At the same time I was still alienated from youth culturists, they said yes to heterosexuality everywhere, morning noon and night; homosexuality, only with those who did that thing and only at night in your bedroom.

Sexuality, homosexuality, heterosexuality somehow sexuality seems to be apart of all of us but for those who desire their own gender a stigma of being strange, different, can't make it with the chicks.

I am a boy and with other boys there is no tender emotion or silly giggling, or sharing day to day sentiments and thoughts. . . about all of this I intellectualized, with myself and with others. . . wondering whether relationships with other males were possible, with me some speculated, most doubted and I fantasized but felt very destined to finding emotional satisfaction only with women

and this I did and it was good, we shared much, joy and pain we got inside of each other and within myself there is a part of her that I hope will never leave;

Still discontent, I knew that I was strongly attracted to other males but was fighting for fear, that I would have to commit myself to homosexuality instead of homosexuality being a part of me, I felt that this commitment would separate me from my friends due to my mistrust of their potential to understand and feel the validity of my needs. I saw the cultural manifestations of gay people in only a superficial light. . . I saw only the hip homosexual as camp, personified objects of the avant-gard. . .

I felt that I would become camp, my life would be camp. . . me and my gay friends camping together and not really imposing ourselves on society but only scorning and becoming engulfed with embitterment by the domination of heterosexual culture.

Struggling with friends, who saw how I was torn between gay and straight, definitions and role play.

Visceral conflict and self hate began to dull my consciousness. Why must I decide, what does it mean to be gay and is it really important for me to express myself to other males, is all the attempt at verbalizing the thoughts and feelings to keep contact with friends worth the changes I was making for myself? Once again I wished it all to go away.

It's become much less of a contrived novelty. I'm finding it easier to feel and be with my brothers; touching and kissing without fear, a naturalness that has become a part of my being with others. Knowing now that I can really share the pain and joy of coming out from the fear of another self.

Much love to Herbert and Les

Fag Rag



An open letter to Gay Brothers:

It's taken a few months to get this newspaper together. We've worked hard writing articles -- informational and opinionated, taking photographs, laying out the paper. It's been especially difficult deciding what format, information, and opinion is most relevant to the Gay Community. We realize that it is very easy for any group of people to become elitist and cut off from the very people who they claim to speak for and about. We feel that the future of this paper will depend very much on your feelings and interest.

It may be naive of us to expect that people will take the time to verbalize their criticisms, but the movement for the liberation of Gay People should not belong to a small group of people with exclusive ideas. It is up to you to broaden the scope of a newspaper and the range of activities of Gay Male Liberation with your criticisms and ideas. It's not easy to accept criticism, but this is the only way we can grow, and relate to a wider range of people.

We spend lots of time in Gay Male Liberation talking about the seperation we feel from the larger Gay Community. This seperation seems to come in part from a whole set of political beliefs (and rhetoric we use to express those beliefs) which aren't shared by many Gay People. But there seems to be a more fundamental reason for this seperation -- there seems to be an unspoken sentiment among Gay People not in Gay

Liberation, that coming to Gay Male Liberation means making a commitment to a certain set of political beliefs, to a certain kind of life style, most particularly a commitment to being open about Gayness all the time. This is not true -- all of us live with pressure all the time, though most of us believe in theory that we should be open at all times, we often aren't -- for fear of losing a job, a home, a straight friend, just for plain fear. The fact that we are in Gay Liberation does not mean we are liberated, it means instead, that we are working towards liberation.

It has been a lot of fun doing the newspaper together, sharing ideas, gaining insight into each other's experience in "coming out" and discovering the perspective of the American academic and public attitude toward Gays. We are coming closer together, overcoming fears about being Gay and attempting to create more of a communal feeling among people.

On the following page is an address and some telephone numbers which can be used to direct any comment or criticisms about the newspaper and Gay Liberation activities. Of course, this does not preclude personal contact with members of Gay Male Liberation as a means for criticism.

GAY LOVE TO ALL