

come out!



\$1.25

selections
from the radical
gay liberation newspaper

Times Change Press has been created to contribute to the American people's accelerating awareness of the capitalist social system that is destroying us and the rest of the world in its efforts to maintain itself past its time; to provide information and ideas with which to topple the American Empire and to help prepare the way for a new consciousness—one based on a collective approach to human survival, an ecological approach to man and nature and a libertarian approach to life in a post-scarcity abundance based on the rational use of technology.

It is time for a world socialist society, free of sexual, racist, ageist and class oppression—free of all forms of domination—in which individuality will develop out of, not in opposition to, the collective whole.

Times change and with them their possibilities;
TIMES CHANGE AND WITH THEM THEIR DEMANDS *

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We need your criticisms, suggestions, manuscripts and graphics, and will relay correspondence to specific authors when requested.

come out!

**selections
from the radical
gay liberation newspaper**

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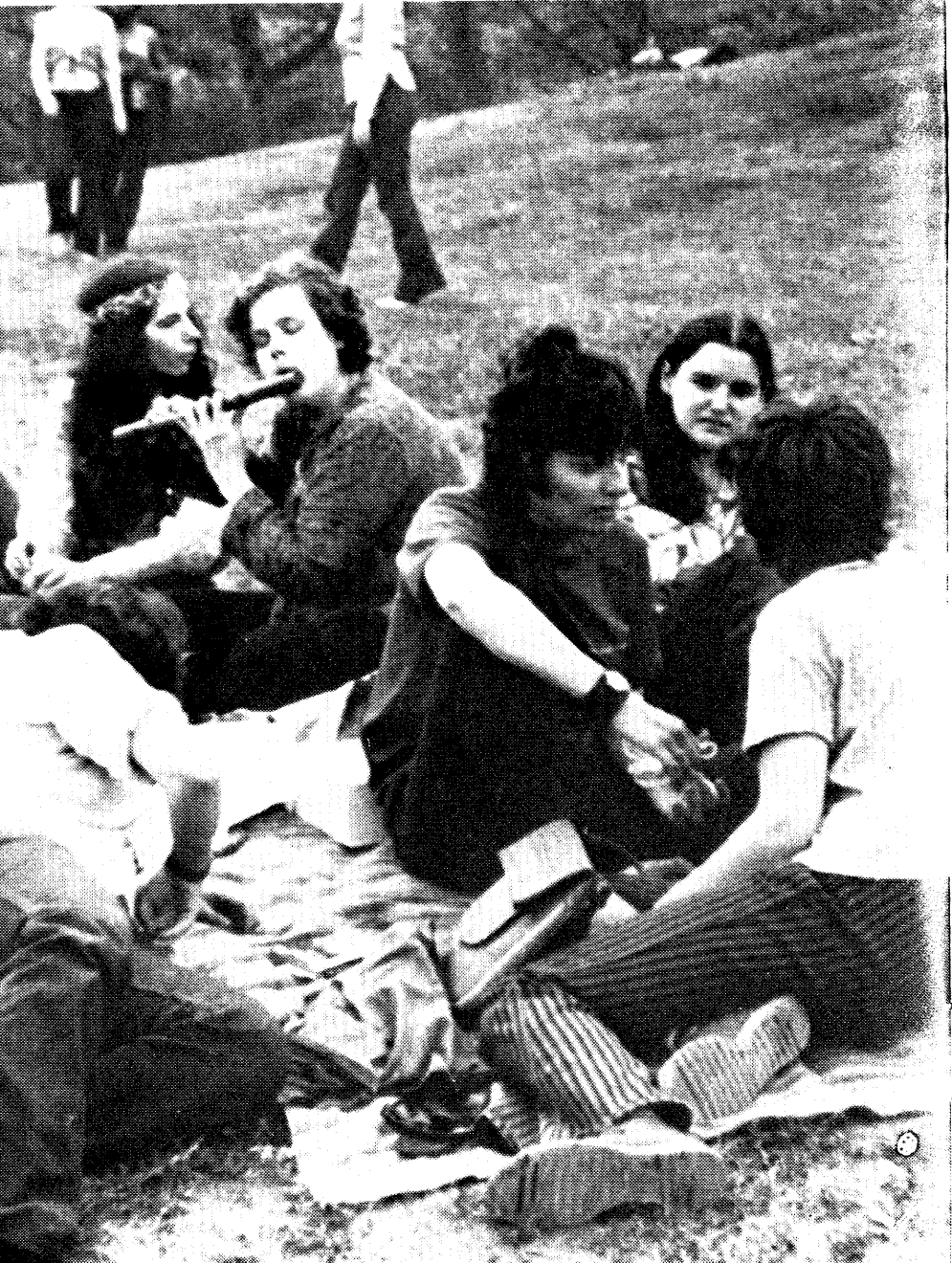
Printed in U.S.A.
First Printing

Times Change Press
1023 Sixth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10018

SBN 87810-009-1

CONTENTS

First GLF Statement	5
Editorial I	6
Bitch: Summer's Not Forever	9
Word Thoughts	16
Take Good Care of My Brother	19
Opera: Operation Oppression	26
Some News and a Whole Lot of Opinion	29
Dialogue	35
Right On	41
2 Poems	46
Woman-Identified Woman	49
Earth Day Leaflet	57
Dear Contributor	59



FIRST GLF STATEMENT

COME OUT! is a newspaper published by an open collective of the GAY LIBERATION FRONT, New York.

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

This is COME OUT's first editorial and essentially a declaration of G.L.F. goals at the outset of the movement. Progress toward realization of those goals should be apparent in the articles that follow.

Subscription information can be obtained from:

COME OUT!
338 East 6th St.
New York, N.Y. 10003

September '69 —

EDITORIAL: I

Come out for freedom! Come out now! Power to the people! Gay power to gay people! Come out of the closet before the door is nailed shut!

COME OUT a newspaper for the homosexual community, dedicates itself to the joy, the humor, and the dignity of the homosexual female and male. Come-out has COME OUT to fight for the freedom of the homosexual; to give voice to the rapidly growing militancy within our community; to provide a public forum for the discussion and clarification of methods and actions necessary to end our oppression. COME-OUT has COME OUT indeed for "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

Make no mistake about our oppression: it is real, it is visible, it is demonstrable. In New York a homosexual is legitimate as an individual but illegitimate as a participant in a homosexual act. Hell, every homosexual and lesbian in this country survives solely by sufferance, not by law or even that cold state of grace known as tolerance. Our humanity is questioned, our choice of housing is circumscribed, our employment is tenuous, our friendly neighborhood tavern is a mafioso-on-the-job training school for dum-dum hoods. It is just such grievances as these which have sparked the revolutionary movements of history.

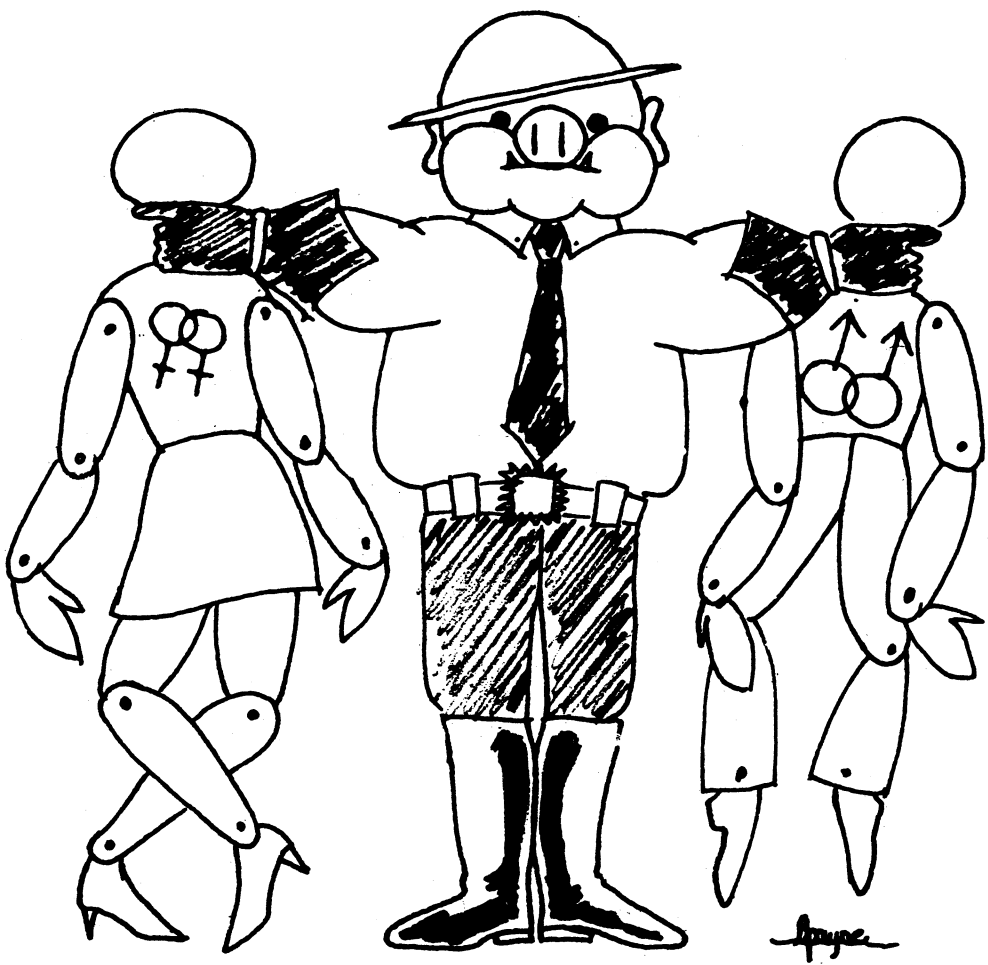
Through mutual respect, action, and education COME-OUT hopes to help unify both the homosexual community and other

oppressed groups into a cohesive body of people who do not find the enemy in each other.

We will not be gay bourgeoisie, searching for the sterile “American Dream” of the ivy-covered cottage and the good corporation job, but neither will we tolerate the exclusion of homosexuals from any area of American life.

Because our oppression is based on sex and the sex roles which oppress us from infancy, we must explore these roles and their meanings. We must recognize and make others recognize that being homosexual says only one thing: emotionally you prefer your own sex. It says nothing about your worth, your value as a human being. Does society make a place for us . . . as a man? A woman? A homosexual or lesbian? How does the family structure effect us? What is sex? What does it mean? What is love? As homosexuals, we are in a unique position to examine these questions from a fresh point of view. You'd better believe we are going to do so—that we are going to transform the society at large through the open realization of our own consciousness.

September '69



Spencer

BITCH: SUMMER'S NOT FOREVER

Marty Stephan

So I'm sitting in this crummy park in Queens on a muggy, overcast Sunday afternoon—the kind of turf you always see in Grade B movies as the wrong side of the tracks—and I'm listening to our peerless fearless leaders rapping about how Gay people are a two thousand year old minority group. I'm sitting there grass stained ass-wet, wondering if this is what I waited fifteen years to be a part of and if so, why did I feel so bad about it? Maybe it was the uninspired circular picketing which felt like prison yard exercises or the abortive attempt to sing "We Shall Overcome" or the request to have two obviously embarrassed guys dance in our circle. I knew it wasn't the straights watching us—I'm a drag butch; I've been on exhibition all my life. So what was bothering me? I remembered the Washington Square rally where I was so goddam proud I stood right up front; I was so close the speakers almost stepped on me getting up and down from the fountain rim. And when we started to march to the Stonewall I wanted to be up front again but I lost my buddy who was looking for his buddy and when we found each other we were near the back and I was pissed off until we reached the triangle of streets just before Sheridan Square Park. There I was a line of gay people stretched out and pouring into the park. It was a beautiful thing to see, 500 of us marching, chanting, clapping in cadence—us dammit, after all these dead years. We went to the park so we could be opposite the

Stonewall and after some clapping and cheering we sang "We Shall Overcome" and I looked at us and at that dumpy bar and a little of the elation wore off. The song turned me off, I've sung it before joyfully. But here it seemed inappropriate, like I was doing somebody else's thing.

I left feeling a little down, not knowing why. I knew why here in Queens—the bastards cut down the trees and in the city the fuzz and the politicians raided the bar, but the turned off feeling wouldn't leave until the reason hit me. I didn't want to protest only in hiding places—I wanted more—I wanted to picket City Hall and Ma Bell and Con Ed and exploitative movies and the Village Voice if necessary and all those imperious autocratic places where we are screwed—sometimes without any special malice—just shit on like everybody else. And why do we only COME OUT in times of trouble. Like a vast army of relatives who are strangers to each other, who only see each other at the funerals of places; why don't we come out simply to enjoy the freedom of being together, to rejoice in each other, to get our heads together?

When I turned back into the speeches, Martha Shelley was congratulating us on our courage for showing up because maybe some of us could be fired for some general reason. So we couldn't make a civil rights case out of it. "We're not economically oppressed as a group" she said, "What we really want is social acceptance." Now there is a heavy thought. If a man is bypassed for a promotion because he isn't married, he may not be economically oppressed on a poverty scale, but he is earning less than he should earn—which may result in the kind of oppression you feel when your human resources are not being fully realized. And if your earnings are not equal to your abilities, aren't you economically oppressed? Isn't social acceptance currently geared to your salary—the more bread you make the more socially acceptable you are?

Suppose lots of us did lose our jobs—dig it—50,000-100,000,

500,000, 750,000 of us unemployed—then we would be an economically oppressed minority. Imagine 1,000 homosexuals and lesbians a day—coming out, declaring themselves Gay, being fired or just quitting as a protest and demanding welfare. Wow—think how mad the straight taxpayers would be when they discovered they couldn't have new schools built because we took their school money in welfare payments. We could get into those poverty programs with all that poverty tax money and all that good poverty political clout. Think of those politicians coming to our community control centers promising us legal reforms if we would all please just go back to work. The thought blew my mind.

*the
head
buddy*

What the hell is social acceptance anyway? Does it just mean not being hassled and not being stared at anymore? Does it mean being dug by people who didn't dig you before, just because you were gay? Or does it mean courteous treatment from the places and people where you spread your bread? Sure, I'm sick of morons doing their shitty put downs, but is this what I'm fighting for? What the hell is social acceptance anyway?

Five years ago my buddy came up to me in a gay bar and told me about the 4th of July picketing in Philadelphia. "But," she said, "you can't wear pants. They have a committee that checks you and they're strong on the straight look—dresses and skirts for women, jackets and ties for men."

"Suppose I stood across the street in drag with a picket sign that read ME TOO, how about that?" I was glad the line got a laugh because you can't cry in a diesel dyke bar. It isn't socially acceptable.

I remember years ago, when I had a suit and a tie job, being buddies with a straight guy—we were hired the same day—and he was an ex-numbers runner who had a cool head a nicely-developed sense of justice. We ate lunch together and enjoyed each other's company, and I kept dropping my butch facade without any visible reaction from him. One day when we were in the head he noticed

that I was quiet and preoccupied, and he asked why.

"I've got this new job offer—it pays \$22 more a week."

"What are you waiting for? Take it."

"Yeah, but I have to put on a skirt and that's a nowhere scene."

"Why do you have to wear a skirt?"

"Because it's a straight office job and I have to get out of drag and go back to being a broad again."

He looked amazed, glanced wildly around the room at the toilets, urinals and wash basins and ran out of the men's room with his fly open—which shook up some of the secretaries. I think I had social acceptance and didn't know it—but not for myself.

Just the other day one of my co-workers laughed over some small joke. His face radiated friendship and I could feel the good vibrations as he socked me on the arm and slammed me on the back and said, "Marty, you are an all right butch—you're worth 10 guys."

"Thanks, Tony. How old is your daughter now?"

"She's 12."

"When she's older can I get in line with the other 10 guys, ring your doorbell and take her out?"

Tony really did like me, he grabbed his right arm to keep from busting me in the mouth. What the hell is social acceptance anyway?

Suppose a family friend telephones you, makes sure that you still have your job and pad and then invites you to dinner to meet her niece—the one who bounces from resort to relatives and never has a second date. Perhaps on that day you can say "Shove the dinner, put your niece on a leash and forget it. I don't need you—you called me. Now I have social acceptance." Is social acceptance having things and people dumped on you whether you want them or not?

After a GLF meeting, five people sit in a pad, four of them rapping about the dreams of the beautiful life styles they want for

themselves. I sit there wishing them well, hoping they make it. Then a leading GLF political theorist routinely says of two good people not present, "They're old line homosexuals." Not, "They're in GLF and they do good work and their heads are into costume/transvestism/drag or whatever you want to call it." Three people nod in common understanding—a stereotype has been added to the GLF lexicon; by implication I'M an old line lesbian and I don't bother to argue.

Although every GLF member does not dig the term "old line homosexual" at this time, you can damn well bet that as encounter groups evolve into life style and political action groups, the term will progress from being a stereotype to a cliché to a shrug, which always precludes both potentiality and argument, and requires a whole new civil rights organization to fight it—like maybe the Drag Queen and Drag Butch Anti-Defamation and Liberation League. Knowing that the Gay use of "old line homosexual" zaps your life style, defines you as having a rigid immutable mind and destroys your validity and worth as a person (see COME OUT editorial and disregard if you are into drag) you might yearn for the simpler "drag queen" which only meant cross-dressing and carrying on in public, but the "drag queen" label is a straight put down; Gay radicals try to eliminate straight thinking wherever they find it. Apparently the Aquarian Age and doing your own thing doesn't protect you from either your liberators or your oppressors. Should you discover a common point of agreement between straight and Gay thinking, and should you feel like a third class member in a minority group of second class citizens, and if that homosexual's foot on your neck hurts much more than the straight's foot up your ass—tough luck, buddy, you just don't live right.

Sure I know I have to decide what my life style really is and what is merely reaction to straight thinking, but those decisions require some hard work and thought, so while I and other drag types are thinking or maybe not thinking, just enjoying our lives

and so what?—stop shitting on our life style—we're not shitting on yours.

In fairness to both GLF and COME OUT, both groups will let you take as much responsibility as you can handle and will sincerely compliment you for a good job and no other homosexual civil rights group will allow drag types to do meaningful work. But just being allowed to work is not enough. You will always meet some GLF head who will say "I've heard a lot about you" and you will know in part exactly what he means.

I think Martha Shelley was right after all—social acceptance is where it's at. Perhaps the best definition of social acceptance is just to have your own life style without comment from anyone—straight or gay.

September '69



WORD THOUGHTS

Jim Foratt

HOMOSEXUAL

I find the word hard to relate to because it puts me in a category which limits my potential. It also prescribes a whole system of behavior to which I'm supposed to conform which has nothing to do with the reality of my day to day living. I feel the same way about the word heterosexual. Our culture has created these artificial categories defining human sexuality, to protect and perpetuate the institutions and systems in power whose end result is only to dehumanize life. I reject the word homosexual. I reject a category that defines my central life thrust in limiting terms. I am a human being. I look, touch, feel and love just like any other human being. What I do with my cock should not determine who or what I am. Judge me by all my actions as only they make the complete person. I refuse to carry a burden of guilt which will castrate me and render me incomplete as a person. I am a human being vitally interested in bringing about fundamental changes in this society, changes that will allow all people to experience to the fullest their human, sexual, spiritual, and economic potential. So, off the word homosexual!

COMMUNITY

Somehow we have to stop relating as if we are alone. Some of us are hoping to be noticed, being nice, silent, being out of sight, wishing They would give us permission to live and to love. It is absolutely masochistic of us to ask permission for basic human rights. No one has the right to tell another what to do with his or her own body. This goes for sex, for drugs, for birth control, for abortion, etc. Communication and education will enlighten us to what are positive, loving acts, and what are negative, killing acts. We must be free, we must stand up and look at each other as equals. We must rid ourselves of all societally reinforced guilt. We must be proud, we must like ourselves, we must love ourselves. We must show our beauty to all, and be prepared to defend our beauty by all means possible from all those who try to take it from us.

January '70

ERATION



TAKE GOOD CARE OF MY BROTHER

Monday afternoon—I have just called St. Vincent’s Hospital. I ask the condition of Diego Vineles and am told to hold on. The call is being switched.

“Public relations,” a new voice intones.

I ask again.

“Still critical,” I am told.

My mind jumps, slides; “What else do I want to say,” I think. Finally, “can he have visitors.”

“No.” The now harder voice answers.

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

“Take good care of my brother” I say and hang up.

I begin to feel again last night’s anger and try to recreate the day.

It is Sunday 1 P.M. Arlene calls and wakes me up. She says there was a raid at the Snake Pit last night. I have heard of the place. It is an after hours Gay bar that has been open for a couple of years. She says that 167 people were taken to the police precinct. One guy was pushed or jumped (later I realize this does not matter—HE WAS PUSHED) from a window of the pighthouse and is in the hospital in pretty bad shape. GLF and Gay Activists’ Alliance are meeting together to plan an action—Will I come?

“No, I can’t.” I say. “I am tired and the others will do it,” I think somewhat guiltily.

I show up early at the church that evening to see what is happening. Something is happening—a demonstration has been

called at Sheridan Square for 9 P.M. People are busy making signs. The 167 were issued summonses; Diego is fighting for his life.

I go over to Ellen who is on the floor making a sign "GAYS ARE GETTING ANGRY," it says. I begin to feel an anger welling up inside of me. The anger of having to pay exorbitant prices for the freedom of dancing with someone of my own sex. The anger of having some pig take me to a precinct house as if I have broken a law because an arrangement he has made with the Mafia has been broken—a pay off has not been made. An anger at the stinking, rotten corrupt system that defines, fosters and promotes my "criminal" status.

GAYS ARE GETTING ANGRY

An anger that came alive at the Stonewall last June. An anger that led to a movement seeking an identity, grappling for a consciousness. An anger that has taken form tonight in the body of a brother who this fucking system with its taboos, enforced guilts, fears and repressive laws PUSHED FROM THAT WINDOW.

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

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

We begin to move and we chant: "Say it loud, Gay is proud"—and we mean it—and we are getting angrier each minute. Then Charles Street. Pigs following us all the way, but here we confront them on the other side of the barricades. We yell at them

we shake our fists. We let them know we are peaceful tonight, but make no guarantees about the next time. We will not be pushed around again . . . and we mean it. But we know that tonight we must go to the hospital to stand outside of the building where Diego lays and hope somehow that he knows that his brothers and sisters are here to comfort him—to let him know that we suffer with him.

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

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

Then Channel 4—Some demonstrators chanted "Gay Power"—How did that ever slip through?

Spiro, you're right. Those liberal bullshit networks distort, omit and outright lie. But, it is foolish to expect more of them.

And the press. The News ran a front cover picture of Diego, a story replete with the gore and bloodthirsty shit that has made them the leading morning paper in Amerika and devoted the full centerfold to shots of Diego impaled on the fence. The Times ran one paragraph buried deep in its bowels. The Post—nothing. As if several hundred people did not demonstrate, as if nothing happened. We know the reason for the lack of coverage is because

this was a Gay demonstration, and “perverts” don’t deserve the dignity of having their oppression recognized. But, again, we can expect no better, and my feeling is let them write nothing rather than the twisted shit they print anyway. Their silence, their twisting and lying are part of my anger.

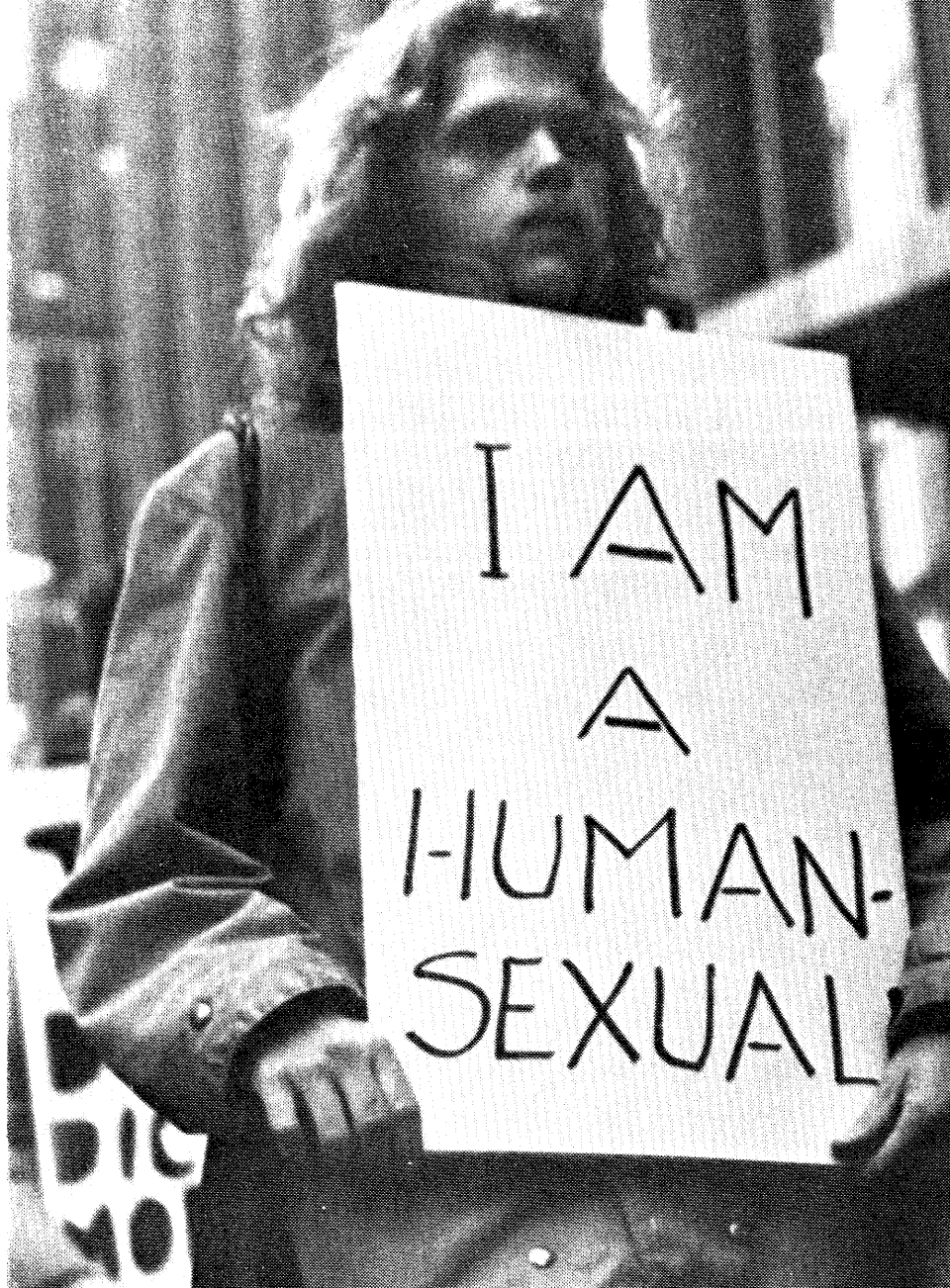
I think again of the march, the pig barricades, the chanting of my brothers and sisters, the silence at the hospital, of Diego I think about the next time, when we may not be carrying signs.

GAYS ARE ANGRY.

Allen, Warshawsky

April/May '70

Demonstration protesting Time magazine article on
homosexuality; Ellen Bedoz

A black and white photograph of a person with long, light-colored hair, wearing a dark jacket, holding a large white sign. The sign has the text "I AM A HUMAN-SEXUAL" written on it in a simple, hand-drawn font. The person is looking slightly to the right of the camera. The background is out of focus, showing what appears to be an outdoor setting with some structures.

I AM
A
HUMAN-
SEXUAL



**OPERA:
OPERATION
OPPRESSION**

B. Payne

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

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

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

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

I am oppressed in an ecology that is altered drastically

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

That suffocates me in an air of filtered tars and nicotines
carbon monoxides and sulphur dioxides
and calls it breatheable

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

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

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

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

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

Oppressing herself worshipping "masculinity"
Obliterating sensitivity
Crushing sentimentality.

Oppressing us.

April/May '70



TIME
IS NOT
DICTATING
REALITY

TIME
IS NOT
DICTATING
REALITY

TIME
IS NOT
DICTATING
REALITY

SOME NEWS AND A WHOLE LOT OF OPINION

by The Frumious Bandersnatch

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

The Sunday Night meeting from the beginning was GLF's substitute Community Center. A place where activists could meet and conduct business, discuss issues, actions, problems; and where new interested people could begin their own involvement and participation. In the knowledge that growth and change occur within individuals and that individuals develop only through active

involvement in projects and goals of their own choosing. GLFers chose the rocky road of fluid cellular organization rather than perpetuate older, oppressive structures of Follow the Leader and passive participation by voting. Old habits are hard to break and many misunderstandings have occurred. But one would not expect to try something new without a great deal of difficulty. At first things went not smoothly, but well. Issues were discussed and everyone knew that they were free to take action according to their own convictions.

Disagreement did not mean division. GLF was to be a multifaced movement. Weeks went by and GLF became "successful." We began attracting large numbers of interested people: some staunch conservatives who came to criticize and disrupt; leftists with preconceptions about change and revolution who came to scorn and repudiate rather than work for the development of GLF; well-meaning establishment types who could not conceive of something democratic that did not involve everyone being controlled by the consensus of a voting membership. For them GLF was the Sunday Night Meeting, not groups of activists for homosexual liberation. They did not realize that we are a movement, not a static organization. The Sunday Night Meeting moved into a new low. Meaningless hassles developed over what was GLF's official policy, what was an official GLF action, whether or not GLF would support the Black Panthers, for Gods sake! Some nights it sounded like Kill-A-Commie-for-Christers inveighing against the More-Radical-than-Thous. Bedlam! The question of non-voting and the reasons behind it were again raised. Our experience spoke for itself and again the voting habit was kicked. Once more discussion is possible now that there is nothing to win. Questions like what does sexual liberation really mean and how do we feel and what are the effects of labels like "homosexual" and "heterosexual" can be examined. Current ongoing projects got attention and support, like Nixon's welcome

at the Waldorf, the Mayoral Inaugural zaps, the December 13th dance at Alternate U. Groups of women and men are meeting to discuss chauvinism and the problem that exists between the sexes, encountering both each other and movement "straights", forming workshops to awaken the gay community to its own oppression.

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

WJ 7-1879

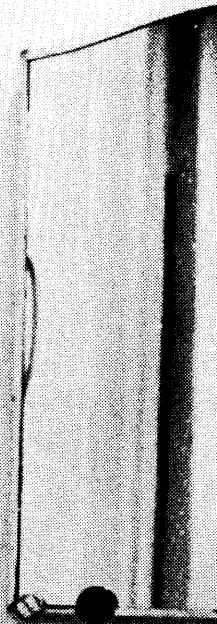
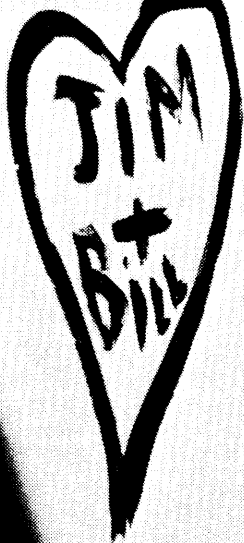
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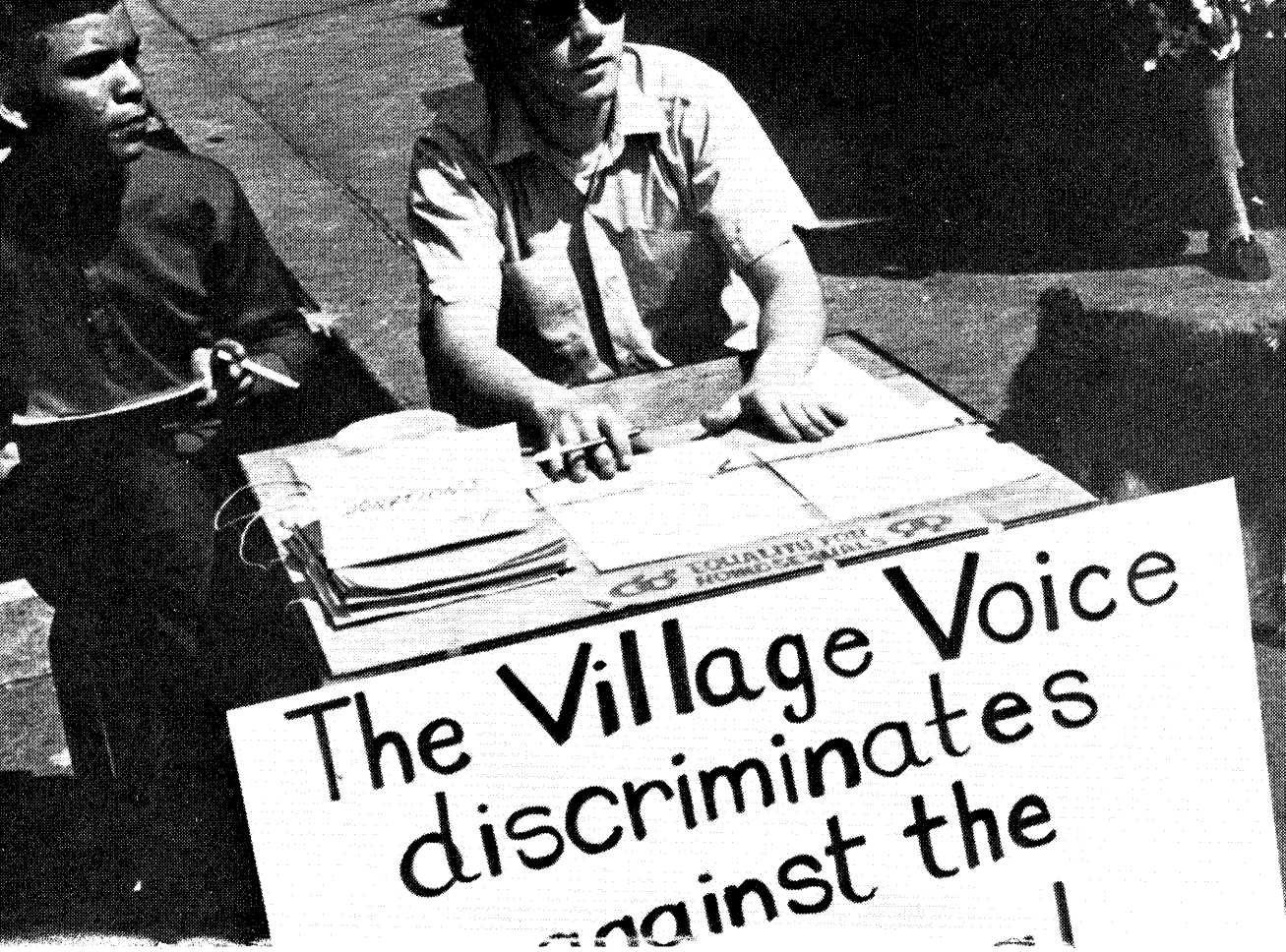
Last Sunday Women's Lib came to the Sunday night meeting to organize Lesbians and right on time, too. "Women's Lib" and "male chauvinism" are terms that are fruminously bandered about among GLFers. It is a source of a lot of tension between the women and the men. We know that we are better off than the straights because we can accord each other a certain independence unavailable to a woman and a man entangled sexually, emotionally, and financially. Still the ego-interplay goes on at other levels and if we see that our liberation lies in the direction of ending alienation among people then we have to deal with it. We have to end the class distinctions called male and female. To do this women must become conscious of their oppression as women, and men must be aware of how their egos and social advantages have been built on women's assumption of submissive, supportive and secondary roles. Awareness isn't enough. Each of us must create for ourselves an alternative self free of these restrictions and necessarily women's self-development is a different kind of task than the one that men face. We are in a really tough situation. We want to be able to call each other brother and sister, yet we are still in some ways in the roles of oppressor and oppressed. Women are going to feel anger and men will feel fear and resentment. Manhood has always meant domination and superiority over women, so if a "man" gives way to a woman, his "manhood" is threatened. A Gay man's virility

and humanity have been denied by the heterosexual world and Gay Liberation exists to defeat that lie—so now is this another threat from a supposed ally? If Women's Liberation, the development of the female ego and the abdication of privilege feel like a threat, then that can be only an indication to the particular man how much of his sense of self is bound up in that heterosexual social role called "Masculine". It was beautiful to see how many realized the need to work at this level last Saturday night. Not only women's groups were formed, but also male and coed groups. If we succeed in working through this one, we will have accomplished what no other movement group has accomplished (or any group that I've heard of). We just might find ourselves a truly nuclear community of the New World we want so much to bring about.

Lois Hart

April/May '70





The Village Voice
discriminates
against the
...l

EQUALITY FOR
HOMOSEXUALS

DONATIONS

DIALOGUE

Dear sisters and brothers:

We have seriously considered your letter of January 13 since we recognize that you have written out of your own deep concern and this we profoundly respect. In parts your points were relevant and justified, though you also include distortion and error which you try to pass off as fact. For some of us your letter served as a nucleus around which to crystalize our thoughts about homosexual liberation.

From your letter it seems you believe that human freedom and capitalism are compatible. You laud the capitalist as the protector of the homosexual minority: you praise the free market system for separating efficiency from "other human characteristics." We ask that you step outside a society defined by capitalism to examine what it has done to your humanity. From such a perspective we think you will see that capitalism creates minority groups. In a competitive class structure some group must be on the bottom. Hence we are all insecure about losing our position of relative privilege; out of this insecurity comes fear and blind prejudice and the creation of scapegoat groups. That is why this society is so hung up on its minorities. It needs them! Our vantage point outside of capitalist conceived society further reveals that it is precisely the schism between efficiency and "other human characteristics" that has rendered us dehumanized efficiency machines. To be human is to function in all our manifold richness. A system which gives primary value to efficiency, fragments and dessicates our lives. It shocks us that you embrace a system which

cuts you off from realizing your full humanity. Our ideal society is one in which sexuality and love are not divorced from our work functions but are an interwoven, complex, mutually enriching totality. We feel that we can only realize this idea within a cooperative rather than competitive framework.

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

We hope eventually, out of our own dialogues, actions and readings to work out an analysis of how we in Gay Liberation Front can relate to Cuba through both criticism and emulation.

On the other hand, you overstep the bounds of truth, justice and honesty by presenting material on the draft of Cuban workers for cutting sugar cane. You discuss it as if there were an official order for women workers that presents a choice between work and execution. This is completely untrue. Yes, there are criticisms to be made concerning the role and the position of women in Cuba. A very immediate thorough and compelling analysis of women's liberation in Cuba is in order and this we hope to accomplish also—not to deny that the revolution was a success, only to indicate where the struggle must still be waged. As you must know, 20 out of every 100 workers in plants, factories and other enterprises are drafted to cut sugar cane along with the government employees, soldiers, students and even Premier Fidel Castro.

Women, who now share to a great extent in Cuba's decisive effort, are included in all these categories. The hope of the country is a 10,000,000 ton sugar crop this year (2 million tons have already been harvested). There are also many foreign volunteers cutting cane, including several hundred American women and men of all ages in the Venceremos Brigade. Among them are some American homosexuals.

To point up some of the contradictions in Cuba we want to mention the Cuban writer Jose Lezama Lima who holds an important position in the Cuban Ministry of Education (he is about 45 years old), is the author of a very well-known novel on a homosexual theme *Paradiso* (1969), and who himself is known as a homosexual. (Have there been any top level government administrators in the U.S. who were known homosexuals?) It would seem that the relation between the homosexual and the Cuban revolution has not yet been thought through and is currently dictated by a reaction against the pre-revolution homosexual scene in Cuba (prostitution & exploitation), prejudice, provincial morality, and the social blindness of machismo.

As you certainly must realize, conditions vary greatly from one socialist country to another. In the Soviet Union and other "communist" countries (in 1970 they are all still really socialist) the laws on homosexuality are truly harsh. However, this does not destroy, though it immeasurably harms the positive aspects of those developing societies. Czechoslovakia and the German Democratic Republic, however, have no anti-homosexual laws. In these two countries, homosexual acts between consenting adults are considered a private affair. And Poland as of January 1 of this year, has removed all legislation on homosexuals from their legal code, on the strange basis that they have no homosexual problem in their country.

We are also painfully aware of the anti-homosexual allusions in Eldridge Cleaver's *Soul on Ice*, concepts we know to be found

among some Black Panthers. Here again, we say that what leads us to support them and work with them is the understanding of the justice of the cause for which they are fighting. For a homosexual group (which has probably been fighting the use of crippling descriptive adjectives "deviate," "pervert," etc. applied to homosexuals) to thoughtlessly apply the word "terrorists" to the Panthers as you did, indicates you know little of their work in the black communities. Moreover, it demonstrates an inability to generalize, from the fact that the slanderous journalistic techniques of the establishment media are not focused on one, but on all oppressed groups with a radical voice (homosexual, black, brown, students, women). It may interest you to know that we have found individual Black Panthers to embrace us and our cause after we worked, demonstrated and picketed with them. And it is in just this way, through working together with others on common causes that we can bring our cause to a realization of the wider support it must have to be successful.

We have been deeply committed to the struggle for liberation of the homosexual female and male in America within the context of the liberation of all oppressed people Collectively we have come to the consciousness that only a social change that involves the liberation of all, can also guarantee our own freedom. Of course in this fight, we try not to overlook the many mistakes made both at home and abroad in the revolutionary movement and in the American homophile movement. But this does not invalidate the movement. Change must come, but it will not come of itself; it will come only if we work, and work all of us together for the change.

Ellen Bedoz
Bernard Lewis
Allan Warshawsky



GLF

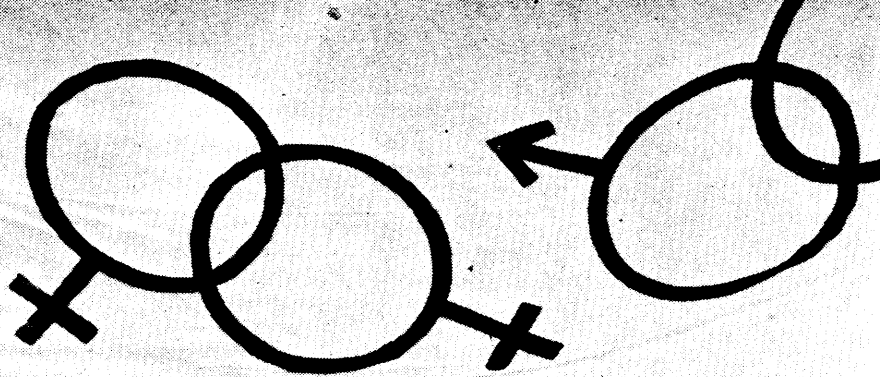


FREE

AL

FREE THE 21

**NEW YORK MEMBERS
BLACK PANTHER**



RIGHT ON

Bob Kohler

HERE I AM A STRANGER

Baby-sitting is a rough gig, let's get that straight up front. Some time back, influenced by an overdose of martyrdom, I volunteered to help out at a Day Care Center in support of Women's Lib. There have been times since, to be absolutely honest, when I have wondered who I had to fuck to get my name off the list because About Ben Kohler's name seems to be leading all the rest and a major portion of my life is revolving around Pampers, peanut butter and jelly sandwiches, and getting swacked on the head with tin drums and choo choo trains. But there have been other times when, armed with band-aids and aspirin, I have found myself looking forward to the experience—an experience that can best be described as a roller coaster of emotions: FEAR (What if I do the wrong thing and what the hell is the right thing?); CONFUSION (What's a slob like me doing here anyway?); GUILT (Penance—that's what you're doing here and don't you forget it!); RESENTMENT (Here I am changing some strange kid's diaper and its Mother probably didn't even go to the demonstration!) FRUSTRATION (I smell like baby-shit, have peanut butter in my hair, a lump on my head, the kid with the mean eyes hates my guts, and I think I'm gonna cry); HAPPINESS and a hunk of JOY (When the kid with the mean eyes makes the big decision and reaches out its arms to you!). I make no claim to the validity of

these emotions; I've experienced them, thought about them, and I've tried to relate them to the myriad of oppressions that fuck us over. I haven't come up with any answers but I think I'm getting a little closer to the questions.

RIDE THE PINK HORSE

In a couple of months the Big Carnival will begin. The Midway starts at Christopher and Greenwich—right opposite the House of Horrors¹—and every stop along the way is a side show. It's though, the big iron-fenced cage at the end of the Midway that will attract most of the attention. The Pigs can rout street gays from the doorways, the friendly natives can drop bottles on them as they sit on stoops, an occasional tourist will go beserk and attack them on the streets, but the Park belongs to the Freaks. The Park is Home-free. This is where they count the panhandled quarters, compare the loot they've mopped, drop pills, sell hormones and display incredibly black-nippled but shapely tits, freshen their war paint, share a pint of Orange Rock (think of Kool-ade and gasoline) read each other endlessly, put on impromptu shows for passing Tourist buses. Once in a while a knife fight will break out or a fifteen year old will O.D. from too many downs; but, these are more weekly than everyday occurrences and are dismissed philosophically. There is a lot of rapping about Morocco where they will have the operations that will transform them into ravishing beauties—Sheridan Square, you must understand, is merely a stage wait, a piss stop on the way. They discuss their eventual bust sizes, the wardrobes they will acquire, the Johns that will whisk them off to suburbia, the children they will adopt; all these and so much more just across Tomorrow Mountain. But there are other times. Times when they just sit huddled together, staring out of eyes that have seen more than is decent in such a short time,

their bodies hurting from either too much or too little, their heads bursting from silent screams that won't quit. Total strangers—and so fucking afraid—in a world they truly never made. One day three of them asked me how long it took to get to Hoboken. I said fifteen, maybe twenty minutes. I watched them walk west on Christopher. It hit me a few minutes later and I turned to Georgina, who was sitting on the next bench teasing his plaid hair, and said “They don't think they can walk to Hoboken do they? There's a river” Georgina silenced me with a don't-be-bothered-Miss-Thing shrug and said “If they have luck, they'll drown!”

They'll all be back this Spring; they'll be back in droves. We can start now setting up emergency funds for bail, for food, for clothing. We can stop talking about how we are all brothers and sisters and put the action where the rhetoric is. We can do a lot of things—or we can just point them towards Hoboken and hope they have luck.

April/May '70

1 The Women's House of Detention



You shall never lonely more,
for undiscovered, common be.
For your consent to ship with me
has borne us to a newborn shore,
for only you and I before,
could've made this land of we,
forever joined, forever free,
her music fields and trees explored.

In each of us the other sought
his perfect body, soul and mind
in images of Eros wrought:
my love for your my self shall find.

Be grateful, then, my newfound lover,
to join those few who've found each other.

milani

09

08

69

Soft he comes,
 on Persian rugs of floating;
swift he comes,
 dissolving war before him.
Then hard he comes,
 then slow, and feelingly,
and hesitantly goes
 still, taking danger with him.

Now the poet sons
 can reveal the frigid lechers,
later can forgive them
 their Neanderthal repressions,
for being under all of them,
 every warrior one, a poet.

milani

01
01
70

April/May '70



THE
WOMEN'S
MOVEMENT
IS A
LESBIAN
PLOT!

ADVENTURE

THE
WOMEN'S
MOVEMENT
IS A
LESBIAN
PLOT!

THE WOMAN—IDENTIFIED WOMAN

Radicalesbians

What is a lesbian? A lesbian is the rage of all women condensed to the point of explosion. She is the woman who, often beginning at an extremely early age, acts in accordance with her inner compulsion to be a more complete and freer human being than her society—perhaps then, but certainly later—cares to allow her. These needs and actions, over a period of years, bring her into painful conflict with people, situations, the accepted ways of war with everything around her, and usually with her self. She may not be fully conscious of the political implications of what for her began as personal necessity, but on some level she has not been able to accept the limitations and oppression laid on her by the most basic role of her society—the female role. The turmoil she experiences tends to induce guilt proportional to the degree to which she feels she is not meeting social expectations, and/or eventually drives her to question and analyse what the rest of her society more or less accepts. She is forced to evolve her own life pattern, often living much of her life alone, learning usually much earlier than her “straight” (heterosexual) sisters about the essential aloneness of life (which the myth of marriage obscures) and about the reality of illusions. To the extent that she cannot expel the heavy socialization that goes with being female, she can never truly find peace with herself. For she is caught somewhere between accepting society’s view of her—in which case she cannot accept herself, and coming to understand what this sexist society has done to her and why it is functional and necessary for it to do so. Those of us who work that through find ourselves on the other side of a tortuous

journey through a night that may have been decades long. The perspective gained from that journey, the liberation of self, the inner peace, the real love of self and of all women, is something to be shared with all women—because we are all women.

It should first be understood that lesbianism, like male homosexuality, is a category of behavior possible only in a sexist society characterized by rigid sex roles and dominated by male supremacy. Those sex roles dehumanize women by defining us as a supportive/serving caste *in relation to* the master caste of men, and emotionally cripple men by demanding that they be alienated from their own bodies and emotions in order to perform their economic/political/military functions effectively. Homosexuality is a by-product of a particular way of setting up roles (or approved patterns of behavior) on the basis of sex; as such it is an inauthentic (not consonant with “reality”) category. In a society in which men do not oppress women, and sexual expression is allowed to follow feelings, the categories of homosexuality and heterosexuality would disappear.

But lesbianism is also different from male homosexuality, and serves a different function in the society. “Dyke” is a different kind of put-down from “faggot,” although both imply you are not playing your socially assigned sex role . . . are not therefore a “real woman” or a “real man.” The grudging admiration felt for the tomboy, and the queasiness felt around a sissy boy point to the same thing: the contempt in which women—or those who play a female role—are held. And the investment in keeping women in the contemptuous role is very great. Lesbian is the word, the label, the condition that holds women in line. When a woman hears this word tossed her way, she knows she is stepping out of line. She knows that she has crossed the terrible boundary of her sex role. She recoils, she protests, she reshapes her actions to gain approval. Lesbian is a label invested by the Man to throw at any woman who dares to be his equal, who dares to challenge his prerogatives

(including that of all women as part of the exchange medium among men), who dares to assert the primacy of her own needs. To have the label applied to people active in women's liberation is just the most recent instance of a long history; older women will recall that not so long ago, any woman who was successful, independent, not orienting her whole life about a man, would hear this word. For in this sexist society, for a woman to be independent means she *can't* be a *woman*—she *must* be a *dyke*. That in itself should tell us where women are at. It says as clearly as can be said: women and person are contradictory terms. For a lesbian is not considered a “real woman.” And yet, in popular thinking, there is really only one essential difference between a lesbian and other women: that of sexual orientation—which is to say, when you strip off all the packaging, you must finally realize that the essence of being a “woman” is to get fucked by men.

“Lesbian” is one of the sexual categories by which men have divided up humanity. While all women are dehumanized as sex objects, as the objects of men they are given certain compensations: identification with his power, his ego, his status, his protection (from other males), feeling like a “real woman,” finding social acceptance by adhering to her role, etc. Should a woman confront herself by confronting another woman, there are fewer rationalizations, fewer buffers by which to avoid the stark horror of her dehumanized condition. Herein we find the overriding fear of many women towards exploring intimate relationships with other women: the fear of being used as a sexual object by a woman, which not only will bring her no male-connected compensations, but also will reveal the void which is woman's real situation. This dehumanization is expressed when a straight woman learns that a sister is a lesbian; she begins to relate to her lesbian sister as her potential sex object, laying a surrogate male role on the lesbian. This reveals her heterosexual conditioning to make herself into an object when sex is potentially involved in a

relationship, and it denies the lesbian her full humanity. For women, especially those in the movement, to perceive their lesbian sisters through this male grid of role definitions is to accept this male cultural conditioning and to oppress their sisters much as they themselves have been oppressed by men. Are we going to continue the male classification system of defining all females in *sexual relation* to some *other* category of people? Affixing the label lesbian not only to a woman who aspires to be a person, but also to any situation of real love, real solidarity, real primacy among women is a primary form of divisiveness among women: it is the condition which keeps women within the confines of the feminine role, and it is the debunking/scare term that keeps women from forming any primary attachments, groups, or associations among ourselves.

Women in the movement have in most cases gone to great lengths to avoid discussion and confrontation with the issue of lesbianism. It puts people up-tight. They are hostile, evasive, or try to incorporate it into some "broader issue." They would rather not talk about it. If they have to, they try to dismiss it as a "lavender herring." But it is no side issue. It is absolutely essential to the success and fulfillment of the women's liberation movement that this issue be dealt with. As long as the label "dyke" can be used to frighten women into a less militant stand, keep her separate from her sisters, keep her from giving primacy to anything other than men and family—then to that extent she is controlled by the male culture [Until women see in each other the possibility of a primal commitment which includes sexual love,] they will be denying themselves the love and value they readily accord to men, thus affirming their second-class status. As long as male acceptability is primary—both to individual women and to the movement as a whole—the term lesbian will be used effectively against women. Insofar as women want only more privileges within the system, they do not want to antagonize male power. They instead seek

acceptability for women's liberation, and the most crucial aspect of the acceptability is to deny lesbianism—i.e., deny any fundamental challenge to the basis of the female role.

It should also be said that some younger, more radical women have honestly begun to discuss lesbianism, but so far it has been primarily as a sexual "alternative" to men. This, however, is still giving primacy to men, both because the idea of relating more completely to women occurs as a *negative reaction to men*, and because the lesbian relationship is being characterized simply by sex which is divisive and sexist. On one level, which is both personal and political, women may withdraw emotional and sexual energies from men, and work out various alternatives for those energies in their own lives. On a different political/psychological level, it must be understood that what is crucial is that women begin disengaging from male-defined response patterns. In the privacy of our own psyches, we must cut those cords to the core. For irrespective of where our love and sexual energies flow, if we are male-identified in our heads, we cannot realize our autonomy as human beings.

But why is it that women have related to and through men? By virtue of having been brought up in a male society, we have internalized the male culture's definition of ourselves. That definition views us as relative beings who exist not for ourselves, but for the servicing, maintenance and comfort of men. That definition consigns us to sexual and family functions, and excludes us from defining and shaping the terms of our lives. In exchange for our psychic servicing and for performing society's non-profit-making functions, the man confers on us just one thing: the slave status which makes us legitimate in the eyes of the society in which we live. This is called "femininity" or "being a real woman" in our cultural lingo. We are authentic, legitimate, real to the extent that we are the property of some man whose name we bear. To be a woman who belongs to no man is to be invisible, pathetic,

inauthentic, unreal. He confirms his image of us—of what we have to be in order to be acceptable by him—but not our real selves; he confirms our womanhood—as he defines it, in relation to him—but cannot confirm our personhood, our own selves as absolutes. As long as we are dependent on the male culture for this definition, for this approval, we cannot be free.

The consequence of internalizing this role is an enormous reservoir of self-hate. This is not to say the self-hate is recognized or accepted as such; indeed most women would deny it. It may be experienced as discomfort with her role, as feeling empty, as numbness, as restlessness, a paralyzing anxiety at the center. Alternatively, it may be expressed in shrill defensiveness of the glory and destiny of her role. But it does exist, often beneath the edge of her consciousness, poisoning her existence, keeping her alienated from herself, her own needs, and rendering her a stranger to other women. Women hate both themselves and other women. They try to escape by identifying with the oppressor, living through him, gaining status and identity from his ego, his power, his accomplishments. And by not identifying with other “empty vessels” like themselves, women resist relating on all levels to other women who will reflect their own oppression, their own secondary status, their own self-hate. For to confront another woman is finally to confront one’s self—the self we have gone to such lengths to avoid. And in that mirror we know we cannot really respect and love that which we have been made to be.


As the source of self-hate and the lack of real self are rooted in our male-given identity, we must create a new sense of self. As long as we cling to the idea of “being a woman,” we will sense some conflict with that incipient self, that sense of I, that sense of a whole person. It is very difficult to realize and accept that being “feminine” and being a whole person are irreconcilable. Only women can give each other a new sense of self. That identity we have to develop with reference to ourselves, and not in relation to

like a black poster wife or a white woman

men. This consciousness is the revolutionary force from which all else will follow, for ours is an organic revolution. For this we must be available and supportive to one another, give our commitment and our love, give the emotional support necessary to sustain this movement. Our energies must flow toward our sisters, not backwards towards our oppressors. As long as women's liberation tries to free women without facing the basic heterosexual structure that binds us in one-to-one relationship with our own oppressors, tremendous energies will continue to flow into trying to straighten up each particular relationship with a man, how to get better sex, how to turn his head around—into trying to make the "new man" out of him, in the delusion that this will allow us to be the "new woman." This obviously splits our energies and commitments, leaving us unable to be committed to the construction of the new patterns which will liberate us.

It is the primacy of women relating to women, of women creating a new consciousness of and with each other which is at the heart of women's liberation, and the basis for the cultural revolution. Together we must find, reinforce and validate our authentic selves. As we do this, we confirm in each other that struggling incipient sense of pride and strength, the divisive barriers begin to melt, we feel this growing solidarity with our sisters. We see ourselves as prime, find our centers inside of ourselves. We find receding the sense of alienation, of being cut off, of being behind a locked window, of being unable to get out what we know is inside. We feel a real-ness, feel at last we are coinciding with ourselves. With that real self, with that consciousness, we begin a revolution to end the imposition of all coercive identifications, and to achieve maximum autonomy in human expression.

1 May 1970



I AM A
LESBIAN
AND
I AM
BEAUTIFUL

EARTH DAY LEAFLET

“Homosexuality is the only answer to the problem
of over-population.”

Pope John XXIII

EARTH DAY announces with great pride . . . a citation for exemplary and meritorious conduct, awarded by the United Nations, Red China and The Margaret Sanger Clinic (a sister organization of the Daughters of Bilitis). This citation is being accepted by the Planned Non-Parenthood cell of the GAY LIBERATION FRONT in the name of all those homosexual women and men through history who in couples and small groups turned for warmth, sex and friendship to members of their own gender thereby providing the human race with an affirmative and joyous alternative to the problems of population explosion. These fortunate women and men are the vanguard of the revolution—forging life-styles that liberate energies and love for the formation of the NEW HUMANITY and the salvation of Planet Earth.

HOMOSEXUAL WOMEN AND MEN, WE SALUTE YOU!!!!!!

**BE GAY!
GIVE EARTH A CHANCE.**

April 22, 1970



DEAR CONTRIBUTOR

We shall welcome your contribution to COME OUT because you understand the American Code of Sexual Conduct is a large and necessary part of the apparatus which perverts the creative powers of the majority into wars and toils to increase the powers of a deposed minority who wish either to rule over many others or to wallow in the wealth they steal from the lands and people who produced it—and because you are an artist, whether your artistry takes the form of ecstasy or cartoons of social comment, or has heretofore consisted in raising gentle children, or trying to dignify the ones imprisoned by delusions of American parenthood or slums of crowd and scarce; or even if you had, before you recognized the evil of manipulating humans into ravenous masses, perverted your birthright selling your creativity to the sales promotion scum which floats on the swelling cesspools of consumerism blighting America from Madison Avenue to Wilshire Boulevard; or if you have been that purest form of artist, expressing yourself wherever you happen to be, for any who happen along, and have come to understand that intercourse with other artists, over such circuitry as COME OUT hopes to provide, may be the only way to generate force enough to repel the psychic viruses of greed and malignant sexual sublimations which have made America an empire and predatory and hypocritical as any yet to mar the planet.

We shall welcome your contribution because you understand that such as photographs of human bodies loving, being loved, or simply being, are expressions of the dignity which humanity can

radiate when freed, and hence your art subverts the purposes of this society in which nudie-photos become a high-profit substitute flesh-trade of glossy centerfolds in pseudo-sexy magazines, of being “in,” a society in which profiteer elitists consider the less aware no more than a mass to be bilked and brutalized until they are slaves of the consumerism of a bloating empire, trying to satisfy their yearnings for human communion with credit card contacts or profitmaking or by munching the garbage produce of the snack-food industry while they sit hour after degraded hour, in their imitation aristocratic furniture, before their sterilizing televisions.

Because you know that artists do sell themselves to the vilifiers—that a superb film editor, for example, could use her talents to produce a movie portraying the Nazi rise to power as a beautiful revolution—we shall welcome your observations of the mass media in America today, your reviews of books, movies, plays and television features, particularly those which purport to define and celebrate The New Sexuality, The Liberated Generations, The New Freedoms, because you understand the profiteer manipulators are capable of perverting the desperately quickening need of humans to get back to loving each other—and finding sexual expressions of their love, for their own as well as the other sexes—into such as the moneymaking mass-minded pseudo-togetherness of Rock ’n Roll bivouacs or minifestoes advocating spontaneous revolution and the creation of utopian nations stoned into a docility which is nothing if not premature, given the war-machine economics of Western Civilization—and because you want to share with those awakening politically within the Gay Community, as well as with all other groups dedicated to transforming this inhuman society, your knowledge of any work of art—which is to say any genuine expression of rebellion—which exposes or transcends the chicaneries of the American Empire, and thereby helps point the way out of the job—and—television

emptiness and napalming madness dreaded by all except the schizoid role-players and the power-addicts who dominate them.

We shall welcome your contribution because you understand that every human born, if the planet is much longer to endure in tolerable form, must be allowed to become not only an artist, but an artist who has learned that none of us is free until we all are, until we have gone far beyond societies which consider sexual expressions of love of one's own sex queer and military service manly.

Because you understand that all art intimates the dignity which all humanity could reach—as much when it condemns the robbers of our dignity as when it vibrates with the freedom which is our birthright; that art grows out of our sense of unity with all the life and natural beauty of earth, which the managerials industrialize out from under us faster than it is defoliated and bombed away by militarists; that art will be supreme in societies based on genuine cooperation mostly degenerates to mock-heroics and television commercials in the cultures of competition, which are born of terror, of men's having to mistrust other men's motives, in which innocent sires pay heavy premiums because they fear other men might harm their children if they died untimely—in the very cultures they so desperately praise and defend from change—we shall welcome your contributions which encourage all our sisters and brothers, wherever they are, whatever their ages, to struggle for their sexual freedom, their right to love one another without feeling barred by sex or class or which must win, because to do so is to affirm that all of us can live together peacefully, once the profiteers and powermongers have been eliminated, that we can all accept responsibility for the orphaned, hungry, sick and lonely, inspiring them to become artists and thereby wholly human, and to resist all attempts to coax or coerce their creative powers into policing, powerbroking, pornographing, profiteering—because the struggle for sexual liberation cannot be separated from the struggle

to liberate us all from the degradations of offices, assembly lines, beast-of-burden days in mines and on subsistence farms—and because not to struggle is to lapse into the inebriations of mafioso bars, class-conscious clubs and spiteful cliques, making money, earning money, or toiling without any why at all, until we are the slaves of totalitarianism triumphant, too bereft of grace to cease metabolising.

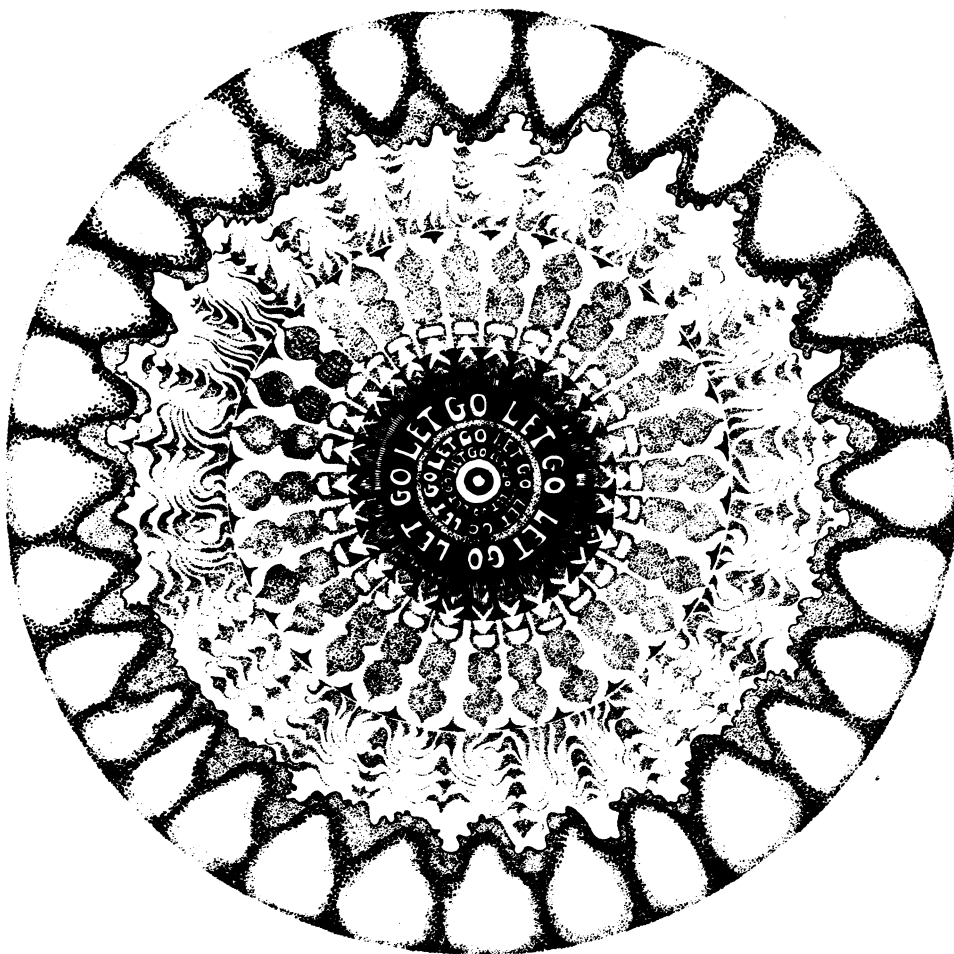
Because you understand that any liberating art is *given* love and all hate perverted art is *purchased* love, COME OUT will not—so long as those of us now on watch for you remain here—insult you by offering you payment in money for your contribution, even in the unlikely event that we receive any money; it will go toward a community center, and improving the circulation, through COME OUT, of as many of your contributions as we can reproduce within the limits of budget and production and reception impose on any medium, be it underground newsprint or videotape, and we shall hope to greet you one day soon within the stately walls and rocking music of our community centers, or along the trails we trust will twine out infinitely from the mingling of our minds, our souls, our liberating artistry.

Because we understand, we, most probably a little more than most, the beauty of the human body is an imitation of the inner grace attainable by all who live upon our planet, after liberation from all toil which doesn't lead directly to the end of toil for all, when all mankind becomes the fullest, final work of art—and even then we'll welcome all your contributions.

Because we have a heavy contribution we could make to all that's gonna soon be going down.

Your COME OUT watch, as of Spring, 1970, looking with your help, beyond the springs of twenty seventies.

The Staff



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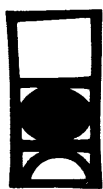
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Our competitive, power-oriented society necessarily creates hierarchies of privilege. One after another blacks, youth, women, and brown people are identifying the particular nature of their oppression and are recognizing a common struggle to end all forms of man's domination over man.

The sisters and brothers of the gay liberation movement have added a new dimension to this struggle: sexual self-determination and the freedom of non-stereotyped, unrestricted love.

This selection of articles, from the country's first radical homosexual newspaper, illustrates this liberation struggle and reflects the personal experience of joining together in an open and assertive gay community to build a revolutionary pro-life society.



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