



A NEWSPAPER BY AND FOR THE GAY COMMUNITY

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 male and female. 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.

COME-OUT salutes militant oppressed groups, offers aid, but realizes that very often other oppressed people are also our own oppressors. THROUGH MUTUAL RESPECT, ACTION, AND EDUCATION COME-OUT HOPES TO UNIFY BOTH THE HOMOSEXUAL

COMMUNITY AND OTHER OPPRESSED GROUPS INTO A COHESIVE BODY OF PEOPLE WHO DO NOT FIND THE ENEMY IN EACH OTHER.

COME-OUT will hasten the day when it becomes not only passe, but actual political suicide to speak of further repression of the homosexual. WE ARE COMING OUT IN COMMUNITY, A COMMUNITY THAT NUMBERS IN THE MILLIONS. We shall aggressively promote the use of the very real and potent economic power of Gay people throughout this land in order to further the interests of the homosexual community. We shall convince society at large of the reality of homosexual political power by the active use thereof.

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.

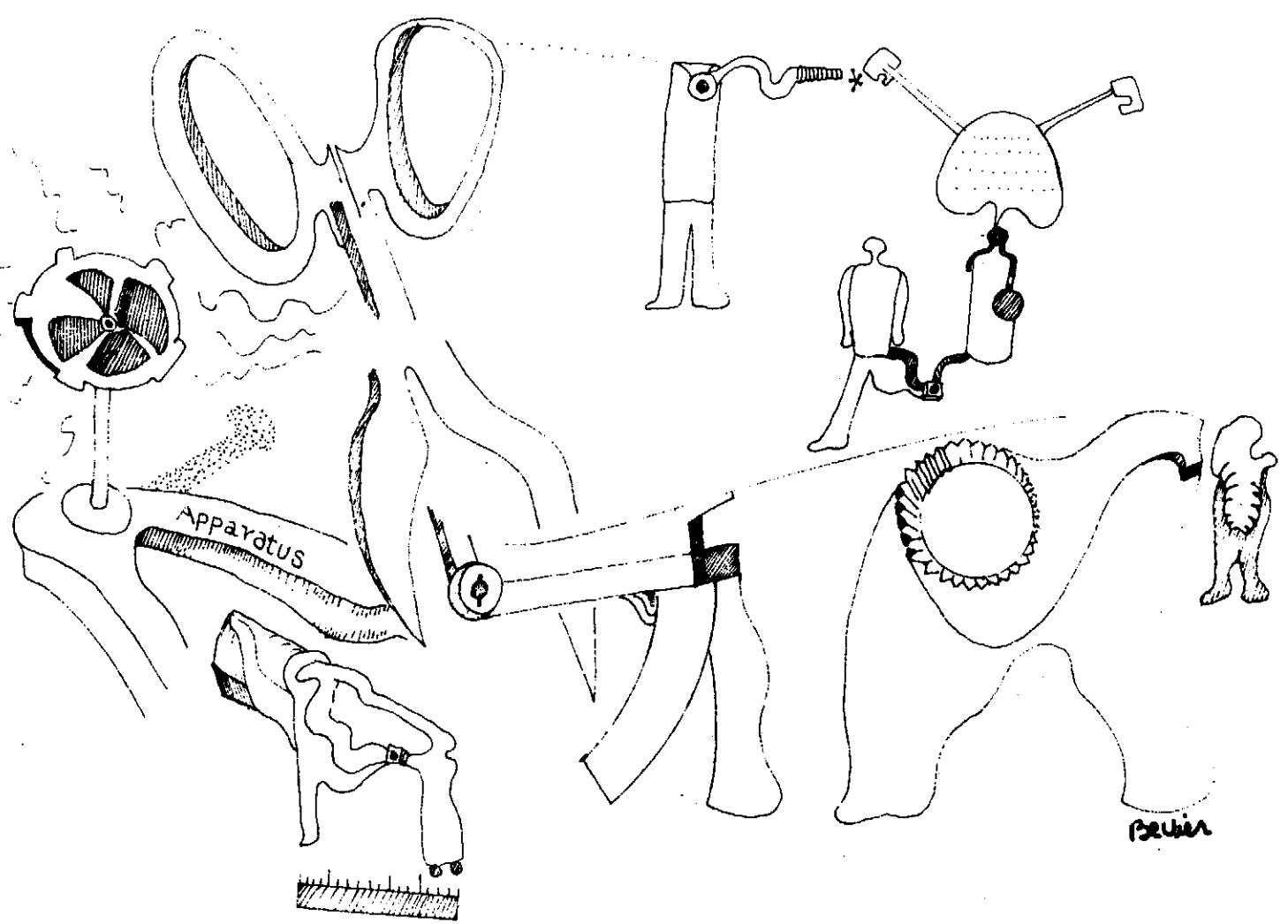
Because our oppression is based on sex and the sex roles which oppress us from infancy, we must explore these roles and their meanings. We must recognize and make others recognize that BEING HOMOSEXUAL SAYS ONLY ONE THING: EMOTIONALLY YOU PREFER YOUR OWN SEX. IT SAYS NOTHING ABOUT YOUR WORTH, YOUR VALUE 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 affect us? What is sex, and 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.

STEP & FETCHIT FEMALE MARCHI & PROCACCINO VILLAGE VOICE GOES DOWN

vol.1, no.1 new york, nov. 14, 1969 35c / 50c outside n.y.c.

Vol. 1, No. 1, page 1

man, rather than face his problems, continues to
 if
 he died
 day the recall would none that wonder no be
 then would it hide, and run



Feature articles	John Lawritz Marty Stephan Martha Shelley Leo Martello Lois Hart Earl Galvin
News	Mike Brown Jim Owles Marty Robinson
Poetry & Fiction	Dan Smith Mike Boyle
Interviews	Nova Mark Giles Mike Boyle
Production	Martha Shelley Mike Brown Mark Giles John Lawritz
Art	Bob Fontanella Barbara Payne Rob Cobuzio Suzanne Bevier Robben Borrero
Research	Kay Tobin Richard Farrell Mark Ericson
Business	Mike Boyle Jack Openhym Dan Smith Lois Hart
Legal	Cohen & Cooper
Editorial Consultant	Roslyn Bramms

Entire contents of COME OUT! Copyright 1969 by COME OUT All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or in part strictly forbidden without written permission of the publisher.

**INFLATE YOUR SALES PICTUR
INFLATE YOUR SALES PICTUR
INFLATE YOUR SALES PICTUR
INFLATE YOUR SALES PICTUR**

**JOEL FABRICANT PERVERTS
GAY POWER**

It has been the sad plight of the homosexual in our society to be the victim of the money-hungry opportunist: the mafia bar owner, the blackmailer, the sticky fingered rough trade. A recent and deplorable perverting of the gay movement for profits can be found in the bi-weekly "Gay Power", third issue on the newsstands now.

For those of you who are not fully aware of the facts, let me fill you in on the history of this publication. This first issue of "Gay Power" was dismissed outright by most everyone who saw a copy. My response was typical of most homosexuals; I called it "junk literature" and spoke of it as being "subtly harmful," in that it underscored all of the cliches of homosexuality. Many straights bought the publication out of curiosity, and it only confirmed their negative image of the homosexual as a disturbed, little-boy-molesting, half-witted freak. At best, it was very bad public relations for responsible homosexuals.

The sale of the second issue of "Gay Power" reflected the buying public's wholesale dismissal of the publication: It did poorly, circulation not coming up to expected figures. Something had to be done. After all, "Gay Power" is an enterprise designed to make money. Its publisher, Joel Fabricant, is making a small fortune with the "East Village Other" and "Kiss." And it is his intention to cash in on the new interest in homosexuality via the new freedom of the press.

What did Mr. Fabricant do? To increase circulation and his profits, in his third issue he turned on the very people his publication theoretically is out to champion and protect. He attacked homosexuals by name in print, endorsed mafia-run bars, included borderline pornography, and started a personal column in which people advertised for sex a la "Kiss" and "EVO." All of this while trying to maintain the guise, transparent as it is, that "Gay Power" is for the homosexual. Mr. Fabricant is for himself — and he doesn't care whom he hurts as long as he makes a profit.

I was one of the people attacked in his newspaper. In a column called "Gay Deceit" with the byline "Super Bitch," I and a great many of my friends, many of whom are not homosexual, were accused by name of being homosexuals, sadists, pimps, alcoholics, prostitutes, drag queens, pornographic authors, drug addicts, and other illegal practices too numerous to mention.

Some of the people mentioned include famous artists whose contribution to American letters and theater constitute the greater bulk of significant writing in the last 20 years. But many of us are in no way public figures or homosexuals — justification for using our names in print, in a homosexual publication, is nonexistent. Many of us hold highly sensitive professional positions: one is a teacher in a Catholic school; some of us are actors up for roles in plays or TV commercials which we have lost as a result of this article; some of the people mentioned are having severe emotional problems

1: FIRST NATIONAL BANK # 83

1: FIRST NATIONAL BANK # 83

at this time (one person checked into a mental hospital two days after the paper hit the newsstands, another had just experienced a very upsetting divorce, another had just gotten out of a mental institution).

But beyond being cruel and destructive, most of what was said was untrue! It was the work of a highly sick writer taking vengeance upon those he thought, in his paranoia, were out to get him. It was printed by a publisher who hoped the controversy would increase circulation.

Compare the column "Gay Deceit" and a list of mafia-run bars with Mr. Fabricant's hypocritical "Declaration of Independence Written in 1984" and "Statement," which appear on page 3. Here, just the opposite sentiments are expressed. He appeals that we all work together to further gay power, gain our rights and a respectable position in society. Who is he trying to fool?

What does one do to stop this kind of thing?

"106EB" NYRB JAYO:JRY 15R38A

My lawyer explained to me in patient tones that legally I could do nothing. I and many of the people mentioned in the column had air-tight libel cases, but our hands are tied by one of the great inequities of our legal system. Libel is the most protracted and expensive form of litigation. It takes years and costs a fortune. He conservatively estimated that it would cost me \$20,000 to pursue a case against "Gay Power" with not the remotest chance of recovering a single penny of damages. "It is obvious," he said, "that the people putting out this publication have protected themselves with dummy corporations. Even if they personally have money, they have fixed it so you can't touch them except at great personal expense." He suggested that I do nothing legally unless they continue to use my name. He also suggested that someone of greater means mentioned in the paper might sue them for me — whoever you are, go to it!

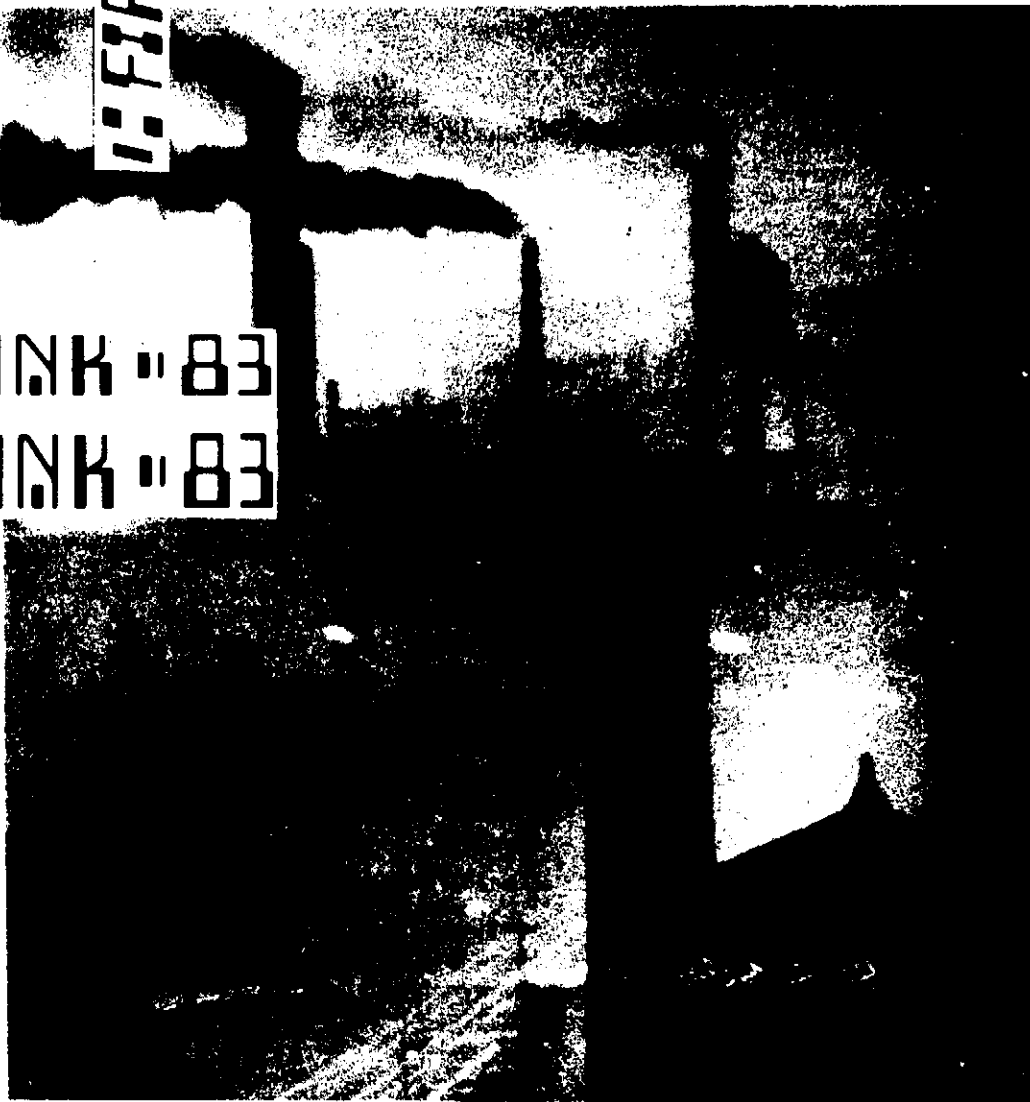
How does one strike back? Are we helpless, at the mercy of Mr. Fabricant and his writer Super Bitch?

The answer is an emphatic "NO!"

We can hurt Mr. Fabricant where he will feel it most. . . his pocket. He's in it for the money. If we can make him lose money, he will get out! We can refuse to buy his paper. We can tell our friends not to buy his paper. We can tell our local newsstand dealer not to sell it or we won't trade with him any longer. We can boycott those establishments that advertise in "Gay Power," and those of us who know the real identity of Super Bitch can expose him for the sick individual he is.

Does all this sound like over-reacting? It's not. Just because your name has not appeared in the paper, it is no guarantee that it won't. Those who have subscribed to "Gay Power" run the risk of being exposed — they have your name now. And as close-knit as the homosexual community is in New York, soon someone you know and like will be attacked.

We have the power to stop this. Let's use it.



MARCHI OR PROCACCINO JAIL OR ASYLUM

There we were on a warm day standing on a street corner in Queens awaiting Mario "of the people" Procaccino. He arrives wearing the latest in soul: blue suit and pink shirt. He is accompanied by a number of very burly public relations experts who make it difficult for anyone but selected common folk to get near him.

Our first GLFer to attempt to get through is brushed aside and word quickly passes from aides to police to watch *that* one. He sits against a subway exit and glooms that the day had been wasted. But wait, can it be, is that our Jim, our hero, talking to Mario?

Mario has taken Jim's hand and is smiling. Jim asks: "Mr. Procaccino, what are you going to do about the oppression of the homosexual?" Mario is no longer smiling, his look is Christian as he says, "Young man, I can see that you're very interested in this problem." Mario is still holding Jim's hand but is now also patting it in condolence. Continuing: "That is one of the many problems that we face in New York. It is sick rather than criminal, and we must show understanding and compassion for them." He then releases Jim's hand and moves on.

Hear that folks — no more jails, just asylums. Who said Mario wasn't a true liberal? Down with "liberals" and down with everybody else. 800,000 homosexuals in New York and you can't get a politician to speak on their future, their civil rights. We exit. We don't want to be the unwarranted victim of whatever political wind is blowing, we want to be the masters of our destiny. Gay Power. Fuck all aspects of our selfimposed apathy to oppression, loud and proud.

Crystal chandeliers, golden drapes, scotch and soda and a gathering of 120 neat, enlightened members of the Gotham Young Republican Club to hear an address by mayoral candidate Senator John Marchi, the darling of Buckley conservatives and Gov. Rockefeller's right hand man in the Senate.

The meeting was opened by the club's president who reminded members to pay their dues, which had been raised to \$10, "a sum," he remarked, "which would not even buy one lunch." This was greeted by stony acceptance. A moment of silent prayer was held for Everett Dirksen. There was no pledge of allegiance.

A call went out for volunteers for an hour a week as participants in a Spanish Harlem tutoring program administered by a gentleman who lived in what was described as a "devastating" apartment. The ladies were given assurances of safe conduct to and from the neighborhood.

Shortly afterwards, Senator Marchi, the man who promises law and order and who will make such safe conduct arrangements unnecessary, arrived. His speech revolved around the urban crisis, his definition of law and order, and generally reflected his willingness to participate in and promote a "democracy" which would allow the will of the majority to infringe upon the rights of even significant minorities as well as the individual. In short, he chose to define standards of human behavior rather than explore the necessity of setting boundaries for civil liberties. His speech ended, there was general applause and a call for questions.

A GLFer asks: "Senator Marchi, are you aware of the emerging militancy within the homosexual community, and how does this relate to your views on law and order? Will homosexuals become targets or will you be responsive to their needs?"

Devastating rays of stunned silence reverberated off the crystal chandeliers and clean faces as the room closed in and adrenalin waves caused one's vision to narrow and focus on the Senator, who shared the fearful impulse to escape. For the first time that evening the Senator lost his cool, elegant, articulate style. His beginning words were almost an attempt to reassure people that no question had been asked.

He struggled repeatedly to meet the imperative, but faltered, offering time consuming, incohesive verbiage, until calm enough to suggest that he didn't feel it necessary for him to speak on the matter, since it was being considered by some committee and was a topic for the State Legislature.

To the Gay Liberation Front:

Dear Brothers and Sisters,

Re: The forthcoming mayoral election in N.Y.C.:

In posing to ourselves the question, "Does Mayor Lindsay deserve the homosexual vote?" we misplace our priorities. The real question should be, "Do any of the candidates deserve support of the people? More explicitly, does the power structure, which the capitalist politicians maintain, deserve even to exist?"

We oppressed homosexuals, as revolutionaries, must overthrow any system that denies equal access to the natural resources of the planet and denies the technological advancements of Man for all the people in preference to the privileged few. We must overthrow any system that breeds slavery and oppression and advocates competition instead of cooperation.

In the mayoral race, voters are faced with the choice of three candidates under the guise of "conservative", "moderate" and "liberal." Capitalist politics are plastic enough to offer us the game of hero vs. the middleman vs. the villain. None can offer anything better than limited reform, all the while controlling the power to withdraw such reform measures whenever it is deemed necessary to maintain the existing social order. Power and control are in the hands of the ruling class and not in the hands of the people. Thus, the ruling class exploits the good intentions of the voter under false pretenses. These "reforms" amount of nothing but pacifiers, tokenisms, and crumbs of our real needs and wants. People are made to think that there is no alternative to this process of no-meaningful-change of the status quo. We, as Gay revolutionaries, recognize that the only hero is our own selves — for, by the rights of being men and women, we are the heroes who can make the real changes necessary to us. By totally rejecting these false gods we will believe in ourselves and therefore develop the power to control our own destinies. Power to the People!

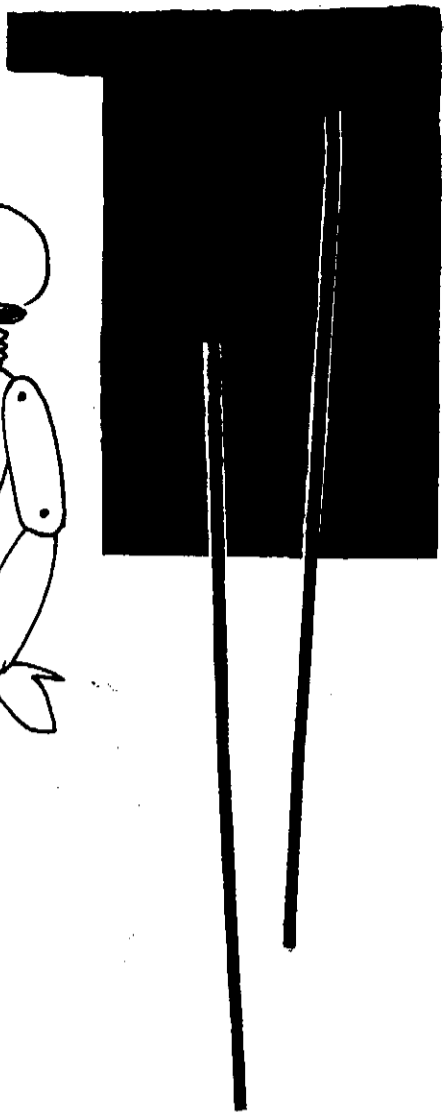
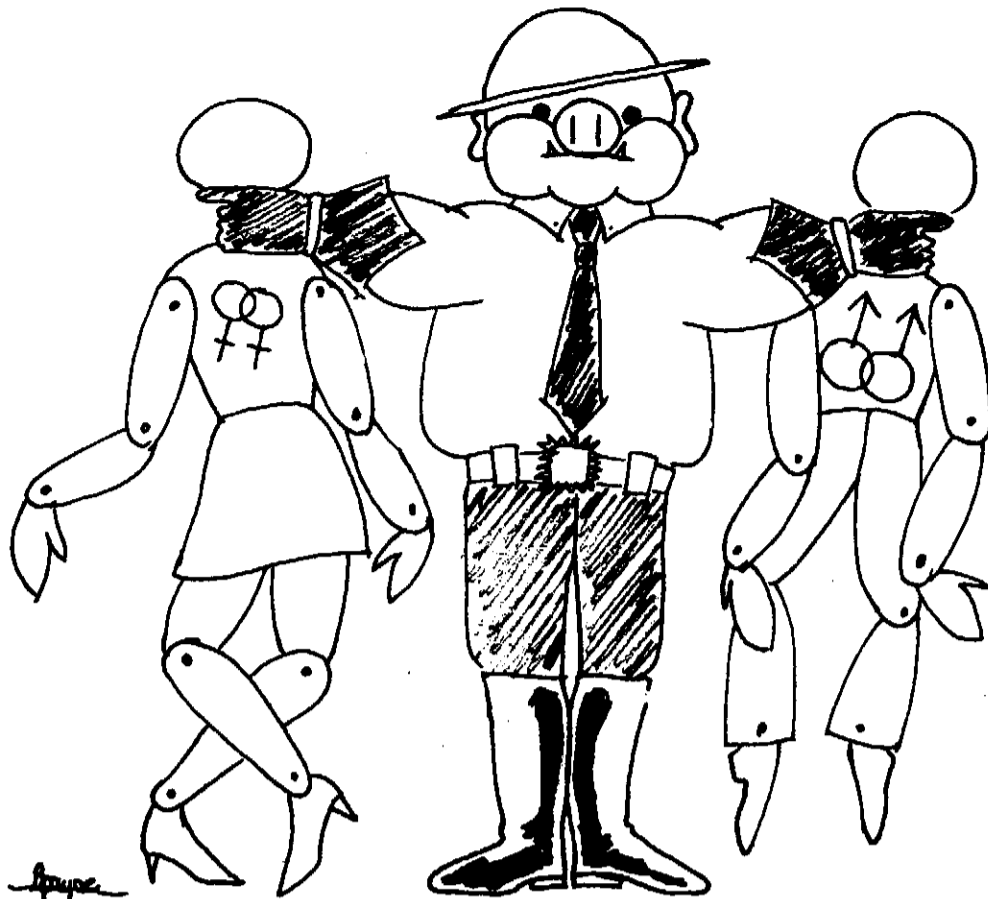
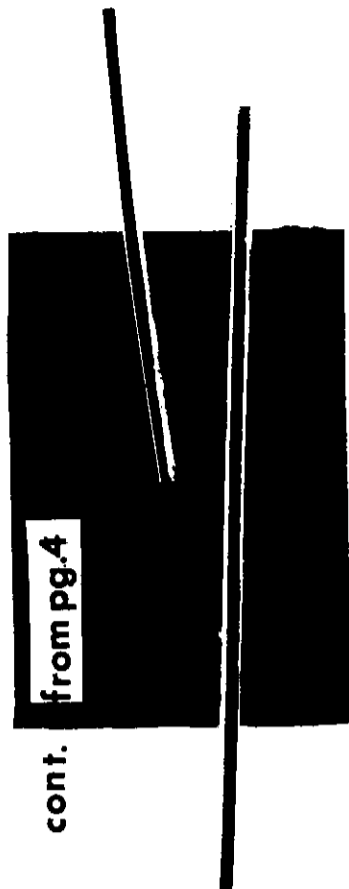
The liberal candidate campaigns on popular issues such as the war in Viet Nam, discrimination, community control, and solicits votes by masquerading as a crusader on these matters. Having been elected on these issues, he uses the corrupt political framework of which he is a part as an excuse for being unable to carry them forth. Based on his past experiences of having failed to make change, an honest man would leave his office rather than give cries of helplessness. For example, a true "peace candidate" would cease crying and work within one of the many existing anti-war organizations; but the capitalist political campaigns yet again for re-election on the same promises and under the same deception. But what indeed does happen to the liberal who fails to get elected? Humphrey? McCarthy? What are they doing to end the Viet Nam war now that they don't need your vote?

"We must not get into a bag of thinking that we're involved in a game — a revolution is not a game, it is a war. We're involved in a war — a people's war against those who oppress the people, and this is the war in the clearest sense of the word. It is only that our resistance is under-developed, the repression is over-developed and it is our resistance that is under-developed because the ruling class has arsenals of the materials of war to unleash upon us, and they're only using these timid materials at this particular time, because our resistance to their aggression has heretofore been timid." (a black revolutionary)

POWER TO THE PEOPLE!

Ronald Ballard
Bob Fontanella

cont pg.5



A second unwanted question: "Senator, it's not just for the legislature. As Mayor you would have control of the police force. How will this affect the lives of New York's 800,000 homosexuals?" Tensions still high. Marchi answered: "I will enforce the laws and prevailing social mores of society." The staccato manner of his delivery seemed devoid of personal moral conscience, as if he were not talking about human beings at all.

"Do you consider homosexuals as oppressed minority?"

"No," he says, but the president of the club, sensing the general desperation, interrupts and suggests that something be discussed that is of general interest, implying that no Republican is queer.

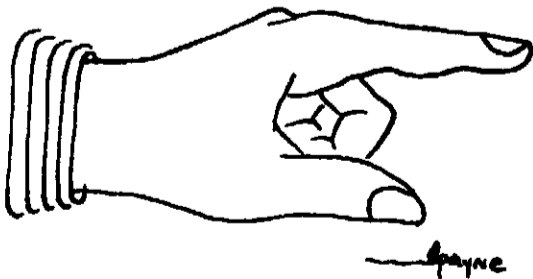
The pressing issue of service on the Lexington Avenue Subway was raised, to the relief and weighty interest of the YRs. The Senator, once again within the realm of his competence, replied that he too had suffered mental and physical anguish on the IRT, and furthermore, had discovered that it was necessary in some instances for decent people to climb as many as 65 steps! TSK, TSK.

The question of the use of mace by private citizens for self-protection is raised, and the Senator explains that on this and other matters he will rely on the judgment of the police department. In addition, in a moment of candor, he suggested the possibility of vigilante action: "We may have to fall back on vigilantes, but with a vigorous, no nonsense administration, I hope this will not be necessary." A few more mild questions and the meeting is adjourned.

A GLF member approaches the Senator for an interview, but is rebuffed by an aide. However, as the Senator exits he is confronted by a GLF member who says: "Evidently you feel no social suffering is involved in the issue (the status of the homosexual). You don't seem to feel obligated to address yourself to it."

"Well, yes," he muttered as he walked away.

Once again the world reaffirms its belief in the flatness of the earth, that all Jews crucified Christ, that there is a Santa Claus, but that there are no homosexuals.



THE OCTOBER REBELLION

by the Gay Commandoes

"1776!" "Procaccino, you're on!" "What are you going to do about the homosexual community?" "Police harassment." "Brutality." "Job discrimination." "Archaic, repressive sex laws." "Why haven't you spoken to the homosexual community?" These were the questions and challenges that bombarded the candidates' platform at Temple Torah on October 1st. The League of Women Voters had gathered the three mayoral candidates for their community and the media to deal with questions and issues. The Gay Liberation Front was there to see that the Gay Community was dealt to also. Forty questions were submitted according to the stated procedure, with only a few of us still naive enough to think that perhaps someone would address himself to the issue. By the time Lindsay responded to questions dear to the hearts of the burghers of Queens, i.e., drugs, transportation, medical schools and those hoodlums on the street — we realized we had to escalate to be heard. 1776! was the signal and a disruption began that is to be to the Gay Community what the Boston Tea Party was to the American Colonists.

13 GLFers mingled singly or in couples with the 2000 young and old from the borough Queens. An immediate identification was established with the young just on the basis of long hair and casual, playful clothing. It became apparent though that the bond ran much deeper. Laughing, jeering boys and girls hooted the cardboard demands for greater respect for the elders and the schools. They applauded when the burning of City College was mentioned and when the cant turned to jailing the junkies. A cry to "Free the people" caused the first disruption and the first appearance of the cops. They showed a beautiful contempt for the expected courtesy to candidates and orderliness that would permit the charade to continue without a hitch.

When GLF rose to demand that the candidates respond to the 800,000 homosexual men and women in NYC, the kids were with us all the way. "Answer them." "Let them speak." But there was no space for answers. The audience erupted. Many elders were angry at the rowdiness and disrespect. Many, bewildered, said, "What's happening?" Small groups gathered around the original commandoes and some real communication began. The cops moved in toward Marty and Jim, who had signalled the barrage, but the women running the event lined up protectively in front of them. As soon as order was established, and the cops retired, the questions burst forth again. This time, Marty and Jim were escorted out gently under the watchful eyes of the women and the cameras of the media. Again the assembly settled down peacefully only to hear from the remaining gay commandoes, "Why don't you answer our questions?" "Speak to the community," rang out again and again during the now anarchistic proceedings.

Small group discussions were now going on unabated as people wanted to understand why we were there and wanted to express their concern for us or their hostility. Jack was dealing with one uptight mother when

her daughter blurted out, "What if he likes guys, I groove on girls!" The stricken woman, dragging her daughter, fled the room.

The meeting dragged on. The Democrats promise a new medical school, the Republicans a new subway, the Conservatives more police. The audience is aware that much of what is being said is lip service. A crucial question: what about more bus shelters, extra garbage service, a new community pool. Answers: 15 bus shelters are being built and a promise of more. Garbage trucks will be diverted from Manhattan. The conservative says, "Of the \$2 million allocated for an additional swimming pool, 1½ million had been cut out and squandered on Bedford Stuyvesant and Tompkins Square."

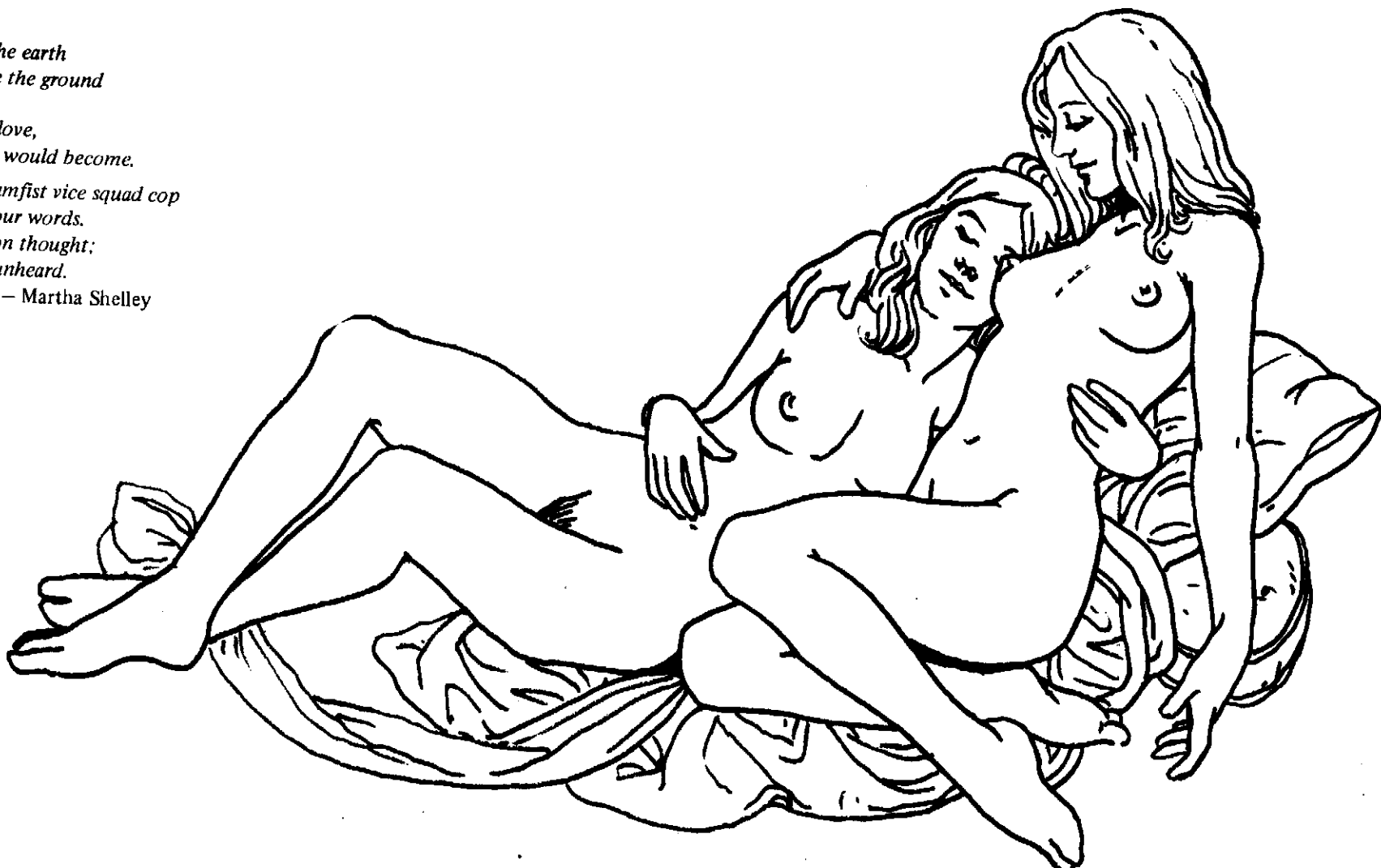
When Marchi approached the speaker's podium, the president of the League of Women Voters asked him to respond to the homosexual questions. Marchi: "We have not yet provided room on our platform for them." He then turned to the women near the rostrum and said, after having read the demands which were handed to him by a GLFer, "They are sick, you know, it's a sickness." After Marchi had been confronted, GLFers started leaving the room, talking with the aroused and interested community as they left; Jerry and girl-Marty walked casually to the front of the assembly; Jerry handed the leaflet with the GLF demands to the press, while Marty deliberately handed the paper to each of the appalled people on the speaker's platform.

Apparently the people present could tell a real event from the bland mirage that politicians pass off as confrontation and debate. They began leaving, too, though the program wasn't over. Out on the street the rapping and interest continued. We had moved a long way from the first shock of our presence. Statements like "You have no right to protest unless you own property," "It's a conspiracy," gave way to concerned questioning. "Why didn't you confront Lindsay?" "Do you really think this system can do anything for you?" Finally the cops pushed into the group, saying "Move along," and someone said, "Maybe someday people will be able to stand on the street and talk to each other."

"Look, ma, a homosexual." We had come out. In this temple people talked to us, met us, and many were astounded. In America, there are a few, token, public, known homosexuals. No wonder people think we are weird. They never see us. That night they did. Twisted characterizations of what it meant to be homosexual gave way to the sight of real people, determined self-respecting homosexuals. Hello, world! Dig us. No apologies. We have come out. Now world, now we want our share, now we want to share.

ROOTS

We grow darker,
turned back in the earth
Forbidden to pierce the ground
and see the sun;
Denied the fruit of love,
We are not what we would become.
Entrapment is no hamfist vice squad cop
But rigid cages of your words.
Philosophies imprison thought;
Our voice has been unheard.
- Martha Shelley



VOICE FROM THE CLOSET

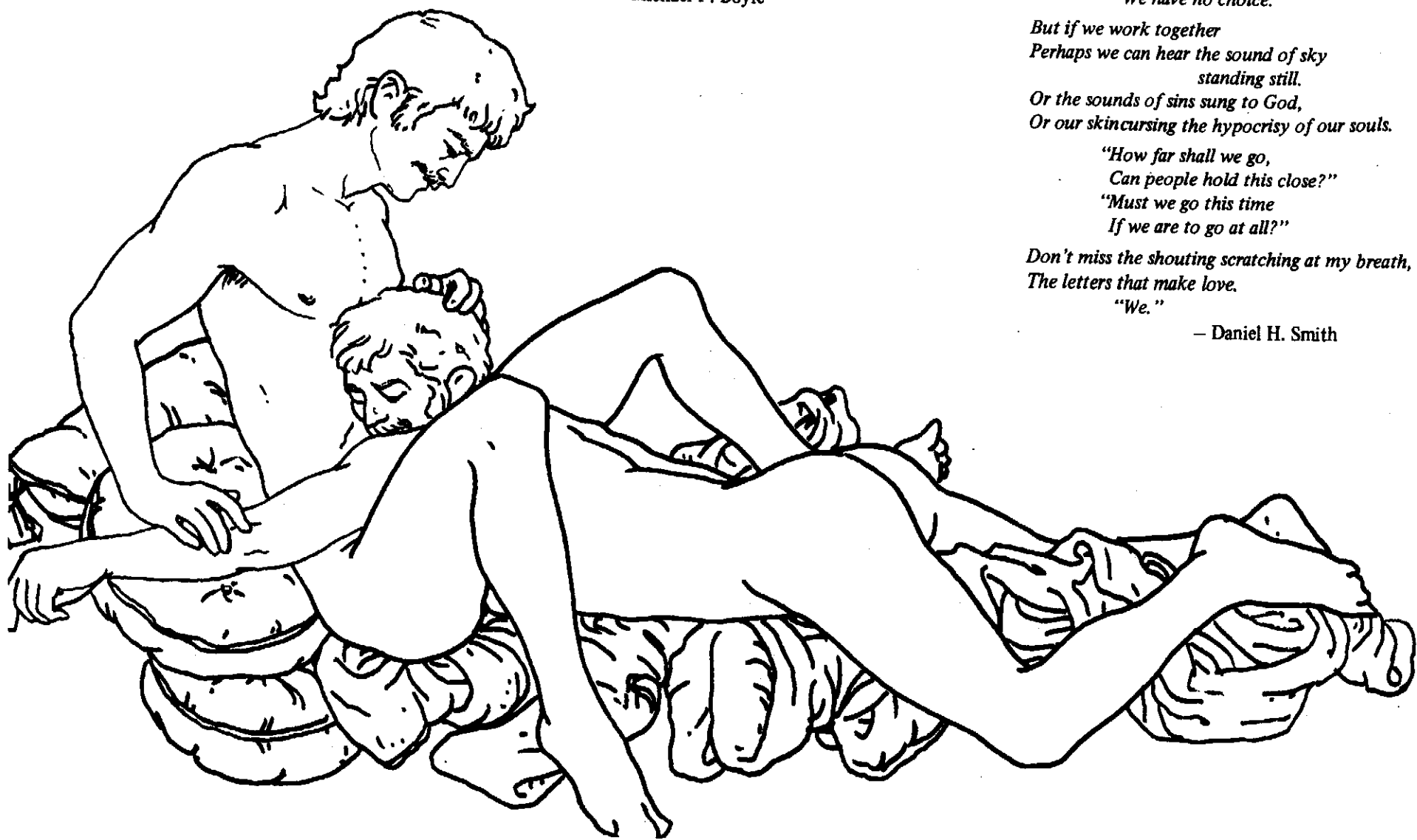
Oh Teabag
In my Cup below,
Are you Black
Or Orange Pekoe?
- Ron Ballard

SOCIETY'S PRISONER

I glide along with the mainstream
And ignore the Original Me.
It is too hard to look and see
What I am all about.
I pretend that it is unimportant
And play at enjoying my life.
I have friends, a home, a wife,
But still I doubt.
I identify with the milling crowds
And thus can never be totally free.
I will never say the words, "This is Me!"
With a Joyful Shout.
I am trapped in Society's Web of Rules
And obey them all, in abject fear
I am a Social Slave to a Degenerating Idea
But follow it's route.
- Michael F. Boyle

A laugh cried in a room full of people
must be heard,
But love even shouted
can be missed.
I am not a poet of lament
nor a fool,
But you would-be mistress at the door
Let me in.
My love can fill you
With a wildness, and oceans and autumn
Help me!
Give to yourself the you that I can make,
And give to me a self that I can take.

We two
Standing at the edge of the marsh
Must listen to the harsh sounds of crickets
We have no choice.
But if we work together
Perhaps we can hear the sound of sky
standing still.
Or the sounds of sins sung to God,
Or our skincursing the hypocrisy of our souls.
"How far shall we go,
Can people hold this close?"
"Must we go this time
If we are to go at all?"
Don't miss the shouting scratching at my breath,
The letters that make love.
"We."
- Daniel H. Smith



STEPIN FETCHIT WOMAN

by Martha Shelley

Lesbianism is one road to freedom — freedom from oppression by men.

To see lesbianism in this context — as a mode of being neither better nor worse than others, as one which offers its own opportunities — one must abandon the notion that deviance from the norm arises from personal excess.

It is generally accepted that America is a "sick society." There is an inevitable corollary to this statement, which has not been generally accepted: that people without our society are all crippled by virtue of being forced to conform to certain norms. (Those who conform most easily can be seen as either the most healthy, because adaptable, or most sick because least spirited.) The black struggling to free himself not only from white oppression, but from the sickness of self-contempt and the sickness he has been forced to play. Women are struggling to liberate their minds from sick sexual roles. It is clear that the self-abasing, suffering, shuffling black is not someone with a personal neurosis, but society's victim — someone who has been forced to learn certain techniques for survival. Few people understand that the same rule of the self-abnegating passive housewife. Fewer understand this truth about the homosexual.

These techniques of survival help us meet certain demands, at the expense of others.

For women, as for other groups, there are several American norms. All of them have their rewards — and their penalties. The nice girl next door, virginal until her marriage — the Miss America type — is rewarded with immunity respect and respectability. She loses her individuality and her freedom to become a toothpaste tube and a chastity belt. The career woman gains independence and a larger margin of freedom — if she is willing to work twice as hard as a man for less pay, and if she cope with emotional strains similar to those that beset the black intellectual surrounded by white colleagues. The starlet, call-girl, or bunny whose source of income is directly related to her image as a sex object, gains some financial independence and freedom from housework.

The housewife doesn't have to work as hard as the career woman, but she pays through psychological degradation as a sex object, and through the insecurity of knowing that her career — based on youthful good looks — is short-lived.

The lesbian, through her ability to obtain love and sexual satisfaction from other women, is freed of dependence on men for love, sex and money. She does not have to do menial chores for them (at least at home), nor bow to their egos, nor submit to hasty and inept sexual encounters. She is freed from fear of unwanted pregnancy and the pains of childbirth, and from the drudgery of child-raising.

On the other hand, she pays three penalties. The rewards of child raising are denied her. This is a great loss for some women, but not for others. Few women abandon their children, as compared with the multitudes of men who abandon both wives and children. Few men have much interest in the process of child raising. One expects that it might not be much fun for the average man, and so the men leave it to the women.

The lesbian must compete with men in the job market, facing the same job and salary discrimination as her straight sister. On the other hand, she has more of a chance of success since her career is not interrupted by childbirth.

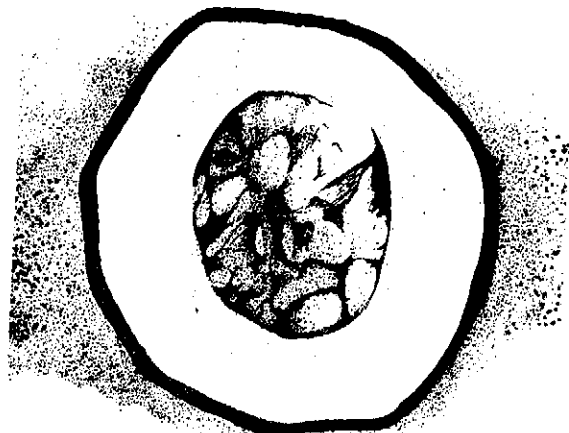
Finally, she faces the most severe contempt and ridicule that society can heap on a woman.

A year ago, when Women's Liberation picketed the 1968 Miss America pageant, the most terrible epithet heaped on our straight sisters was "lesbian". The sisters addressed hostile audiences who called them "commies," "amps," "bathless," etc., and they faced these labels with equanimity; but they broke into tears when they were called lesbians. When a woman showed up at a feminist meeting and announced that she was a lesbian, many men avoided her. Others told her to keep her mouth shut, for fear that she would endanger the cause. They thought that men could be persuaded to accept some measure of equality for women — as long as these women would parade their devotion to heterosexuality and thehood.

A woman who is totally independent of men — who obtains love, sex and self-esteem from other women — is a terrible threat to male supremacy. She doesn't need them, and therefore they have very little power over her.

I have met many, many feminists who were not lesbians — but I have never met a lesbian who was not a feminist. Straight women by the millions have been sold the belief that they must subordinate themselves to men, accept less pay for equal work, and do all the shit work around the house. I have met straight women who would die to preserve their chains. I have never met a lesbian who believed that she was innately less rational or capable than a man; who swallowed one word of the "woman's role" horseshit.

Lesbians, because they are not afraid of being abandoned by men, are less reluctant to express hostility towards the male class — the oppressors of women. Hostility towards your oppressor is healthy — but the guardians of modern morality, the psychiatrists, have interpreted this hostility as an illness, and they say this illness causes and is lesbianism.



If hostility to men causes lesbianism, then it seems to me that in a male-dominated society, lesbianism is a sign of mental health.

The psychiatrists have also forgotten that lesbianism involves love between women. Isn't love between equals healthier than sucking up to an oppressor? And when they claim we aren't capable of loving men, even if we want to — I ask you, straight man, are you capable of loving another man so deeply that you aren't afraid of his body or afraid to put your body in his hands? Are you really capable of loving women, or is your sexuality just another expression of your hostility? Is it an act of love or sexual conquest? An act of sexual imperialism?

I do not mean to condemn all males. I have found some beautiful, loving men among the revolutionaries, among the hippies, and the male homosexuals. But the average man — including the average student male radical — wants a passive sex-object cum domestic cum baby nurse to clean up after him while he does all the fun things and bosses her around — while he plays either bigshot executive or Che Guevara — and he is my oppressor and my enemy.

Society has taught most lesbians to believe that they are sick and has taught most straight women to despise and fear the lesbian as a perverted, diseased creature. It has fostered the myth that lesbians are ugly and turn to each other because they can't get that prize, that prince, a male! In this age of the new "sexual revolution", another myth has been fostered — the beautiful lesbians who play games with each other on the screen for the titillation of heterosexual males. They are not seen as serious people in love — but as performers in the "let's try a new perversion" game.

Freud founded the myth of penis envy, and men have asked me, "But what can two women do together?" As though a penis were the *sine qua non* of sexual pleasure! Man, we can do without it, and keep it going longer, too!

Women are afraid to be without a man's protection — because other men will assault them on the streets. And this is no accident, not an aberration performed by a few lunatics. Assaults on women are no more an accident than are lynchings of blacks in Mississippi. Men have oppressed us, and like most oppressors, they hate the oppressed and fear their wrath. Watch a white man walking in Harlem and you will see what I mean. Look at the face of a man who has accidentally wandered into a lesbian bar.

Men fear lesbians because they are less dependent, and because their hostility is less controlled.

Straight women fear lesbians because of the lesbian inside them, because we represent an alternative. They fear us for the same reasons that uptight middle class people fear hip people. They are angry at us because we have a way out that they are afraid to take.

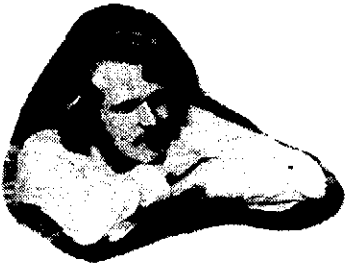
And what happens to the lesbian under all this pressure? Many of my sisters, confused by the barrage of anti-gay propaganda, have spent years begging to be allowed to live. They have come begging because they believed they were psychic cripples, and that other people were healthy and had the moral right to judge them. Many have lived in silence, burying themselves in their careers, like name-changing Jews and blacks who passed for white. Many have retreated into an apolitical domesticity, concerning themselves only with the attempt to maintain a love relationship in a society which attempts to destroy love and replace it with consumer goods — flowers, mouthwashes, diamond rings, automobiles — and which attempts to completely destroy any form of love outside the monogamous marriage.

This, by the way, is an important point for all kinds of revolutionaries. If you love your brother, you are less willing to stand by and watch him get crushed under the relentless pressures of the rat race, of the doctor bills and the furniture bills. If you love your brother, you won't try to swindle him. Restricting love to the immediate family group isolates each family from the community — each ethnic group from the others — and makes all these isolated frightened people more willing to settle for fancy furniture on the installment plan, for grudgingly bestowed respectability, because they can't get the real thing, real love.

To return to the lesbian — because *lesbian* has become such a vile epithet, we have been afraid to fight openly. We can lose our jobs — we have fewer civil rights than any other minority group. Because we have few family ties and no children, for the most part, we have been active in many causes — but always in secret, because our name contaminates any cause that we work for.

To the radical lesbian, I say that we can no longer afford to fight for everyone else's cause while ignoring our own. Ours is a life style born out of a sick society — so is everyone else's. Our kind of love is as valid as anyone else's. The revolution must be fought for us, too, as well as blacks, Indians, welfare mothers, grape pickers, SDS people, Puerto Ricans, or mine workers. We must have a revolution for human rights.

Maybe after the revolution, people will be able to love each other regardless of skin color, ethnic origin, occupation, or type of genitals. But if that's going to happen, it will only happen because we make it — starting right now.



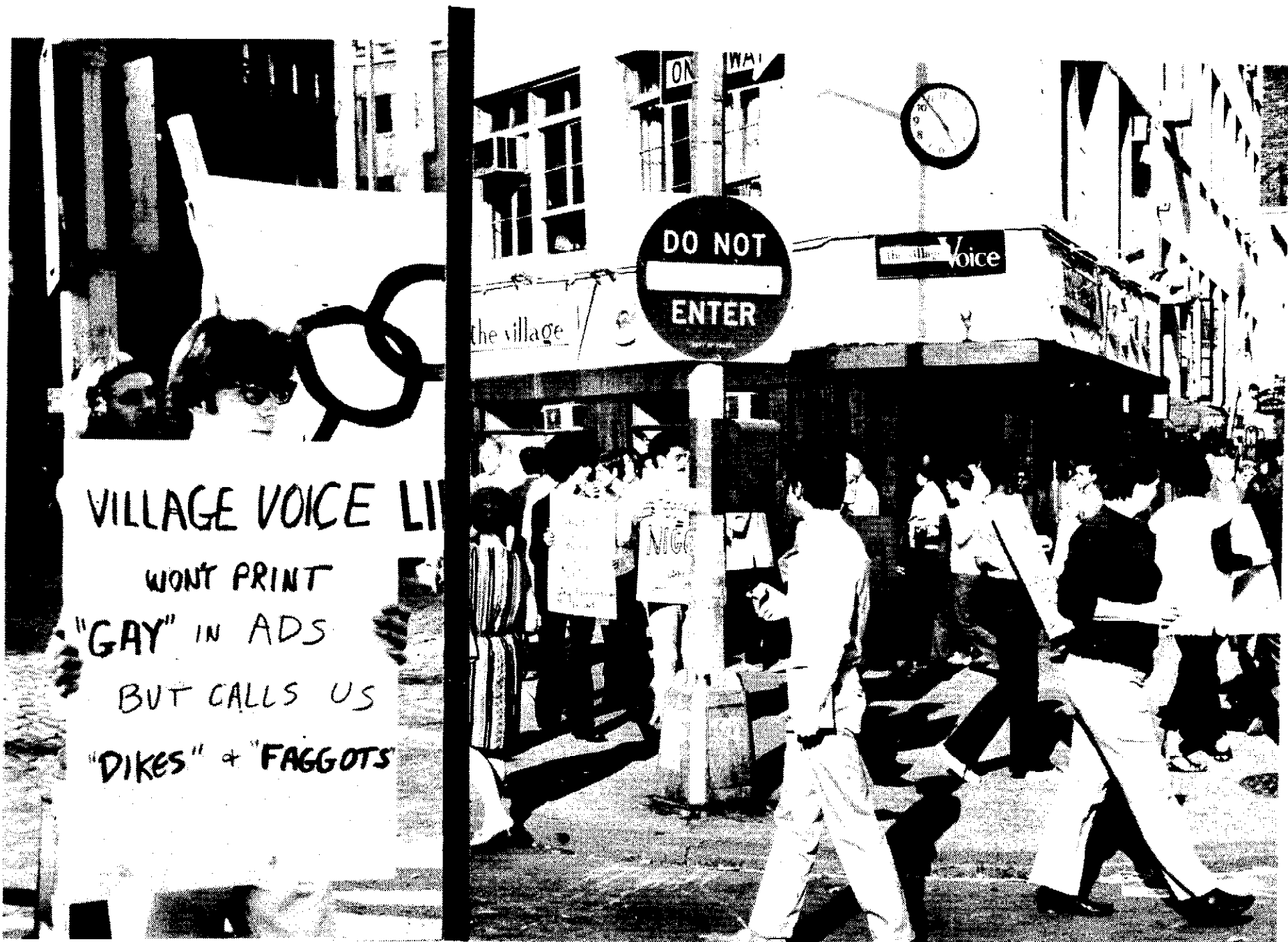
The sex life



*You move on those little cracks and
you think: Isn't it amazing
I can do this!*



who had unknowingly filled their sacks with pregnant nuggets



How completely the *Voice* was untouched by Mailer's concept of the moral and sexual revolution can be demonstrated by examining their Classified Advertising policy towards the Gay Community.

In the August 7th issue of the *Voice*, members of Gay Liberation Front placed an ad in the Public Notices section of classifieds. The substance of the ad dealt with requests for articles, photographs, art work, etc. for COME OUT. The lead-in to the ad read "Gay Power to Gay People." Our friendly community monopoly newspaper accepted the ad with payment in full and then before printing simply deleted "Gay Power to Gay People" without the knowledge or consent of G.L.F.

At the regular Sunday meeting of G.L.F., general outrage was expressed at the assumed right of the *Voice* to censor classified ads. The feasibility of an action against the *Village Voice* was discussed and dismissed on the basis of insufficient evidence. GLF, however, felt that the *Village Voice* had committed itself to a morally bankrupt policy. Classified ads represent a community service, and are not the newspaper's main income source. Therefore, it should follow that classifieds should be verbally expressive of individuals who are paying for the service.

We decided at this point to submit another ad using the word "Gay". The opportunity presented itself again in the issue of September 4. GLF then used the *V.V.* Bulletin Board to advertise a dance for Friday night, September 5th, using the lead-in - Gay Community Dance. Again the ad was accepted when and as presented. Next day the person who placed the ad received a call from *VV* which explained that it was the policy of *VV* to refrain from printing obscene words in classifieds and *VV* thought "Gay" was obscene. When questioned why anyone would consider such a word obscene, the *Voice* said that the staff had decided "Gay" was equatable with "fuck" and other four-letter words, and that either the ad would have to be changed or the ad could not be printed. Since "homosexual" was also not acceptable,

and since GLF wanted the ad for the dance placed, we accepted their only admissible substitute, "homophile" (which is a genteel bastard word not included in most dictionaries). The *Village Voice* also promised a written explanation of their opposition to the words "Gay" and "homosexual." GLF "deviously" planned to utilize this explanation as the basis for a civil rights suit (Civil Rights Law of 1964: denial of rights of free speech by a public or quasi-public institution). But true to tradition, the *Voice* promised more than it delivered, and we never received such a written explanation.

Undeterred, GLF began proceedings with our lawyers for suit in Federal Court. At this point we finally met Ed Fancher, when we were forced to deliver a letter stating our proposed action to his home (since Mr. Fancher was never available in his office). At this time we asked to speak to him about the *Voice* Classified policy. He refused to discuss the issue with us (as he had once before by phone) and mumbled that we should not have done such an outrageous thing as to have come to his place of residence, while he politely but firmly closed the door in our faces.

While GLF considers itself open to reason, it also reserves the right to take appropriate action based on the reality of a given situation. Clearly, we felt Fancher had closed the door on dialogue. At the general meeting of September 7th, a course of action was decided, a course of action which included a picket line and other street actions.

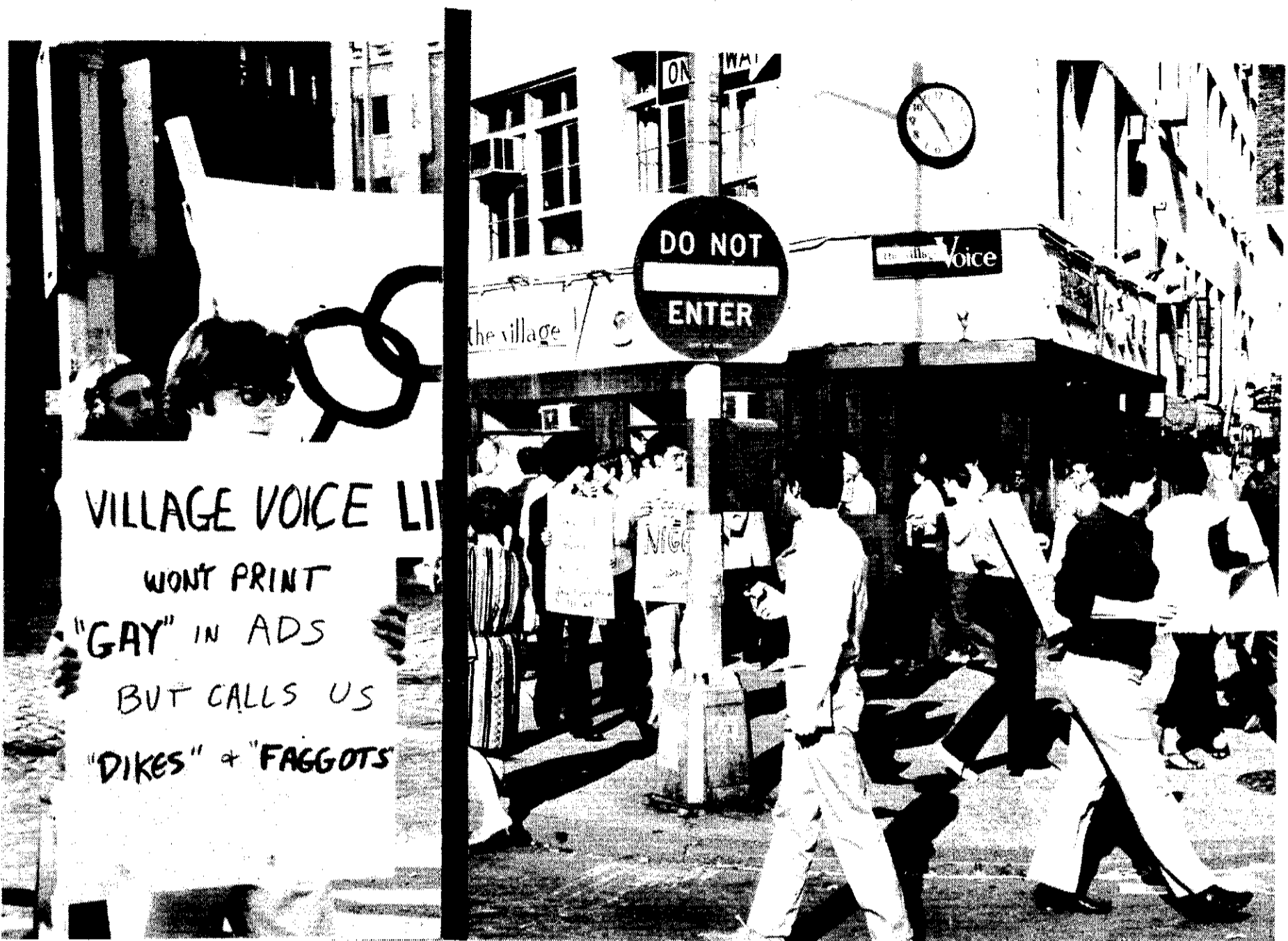
The day Gay Power laid itself on the line for the first time started at 9 a.m. on September 12, 1969, with much communal coffee and even more communal confusion. Ed Fancher arrived at 10 a.m., received a proclamation of our grievances, and promptly disappeared through the door into *VV* bureaucracy.

At 4:30 p.m., during the peak of the demonstration, a member of GLF submitted a classified ad saying "The Gay Liberation Front sends love to all Gay men and women in the homosexual community." The pic-

ture outside the *Voice* was characterized by a chanting picket line, a supply of 5000 leaflets being rapidly exhausted, and large numbers of people signing the petition charging the *Voice* with discrimination.

At this point, Howard Smith emerged from the door of the *Village Voice* (to boos from the crowd) and requested three representatives from GLF to "meet with Mr. Fancher". Once inside and upstairs, the representatives encountered a cry of outrage that GLF has chosen the *Village Voice* as a target (sooo liberal we are). The suggestion was made that we negotiate the three points in dispute 1) changing classified ads without knowledge or consent of purchaser, 2) use of the words "Gay" and "homosexual" in classifieds, and 3) the contemptuous attitude of the *Village Voice* toward the Gay Community. GLF explained that the two issues involving classified ad policy were not negotiable and that the substance of the paper should be of legitimate concern to a responsible publisher. Ed Fancher replied that the *Village Voice* exercised no censorship of its articles, and that if a writer wanted to say derogatory things about faggots, he could not in good conscience stop him. Fancher also said that we had no right to tamper with "freedom of the press."

This GLF accepted with the absolute understanding that Gay Power has the right to return and oppose anything the *Village Voice* staff chooses to include in the paper. On the Classified Ads policy he conceded completely. He said that not only would the *Voice* not alter Ads after payment, but that in Classified Ads the words "Gay" and "homosexual" per se were no longer issues. One of the GLF representatives in the upstairs office stepped to the window facing Seventh Avenue and flashed the V for Victory sign to the waiting crowd below. WE HAD WON!



How completely the *Voice* was untouched by Mailer's concept of the moral and sexual revolution can be demonstrated by examining their Classified Advertising policy towards the Gay Community.

In the August 7th issue of the *Voice*, members of Gay Liberation Front placed an ad in the Public Notices section of classifieds. The substance of the ad dealt with requests for articles, photographs, art work, etc. for COME OUT. The lead-in to the ad read "Gay Power to Gay People." Our friendly community monopoly newspaper accepted the ad with payment in full and then before printing simply deleted "Gay Power to Gay People" without the knowledge or consent of G.L.F.

At the regular Sunday meeting of G.L.F., general outrage was expressed at the assumed right of the *Voice* to censor classified ads. The feasibility of an action against the *Village Voice* was discussed and dismissed on the basis of insufficient evidence. GLF, however, felt that the *Village Voice* had committed itself to a morally bankrupt policy. Classified ads represent a community service, and are not the newspaper's main income source. Therefore, it should follow that classifieds should be verbally expressive of individuals who are paying for the service.

We decided at this point to submit another ad using the word "Gay". The opportunity presented itself again in the issue of September 4. GLF then used the *V.V.* Bulletin Board to advertise a dance for Friday night, September 5th, using the lead-in - Gay Community Dance. Again the ad was accepted when and as presented. Next day the person who placed the ad received a call from *VV* which explained that it was the policy of *VV* to refrain from printing obscene words in classifieds and *VV* thought "Gay" was obscene. When questioned why anyone would consider such a word obscene, the *Voice* said that the staff had decided "Gay" was equatable with "fuck" and other four-letter words, and that either the ad would have to be changed or the ad could not be printed. Since "homosexual" was also not acceptable,

and since GLF wanted the ad for the dance placed, we accepted their only admissible substitute, "homophile" (which is a genteel bastard word not included in most dictionaries). The *Village Voice* also promised a written explanation of their opposition to the words "Gay" and "homosexual." GLF "deviously" planned to utilize this explanation as the basis for a civil rights suit (Civil Rights Law of 1964: denial of rights of free speech by a public or quasi-public institution). But true to tradition, the *Voice* promised more than it delivered, and we never received such a written explanation.

Undeterred, GLF began proceedings with our lawyers for suit in Federal Court. At this point we finally met Ed Fancher, when we were forced to deliver a letter stating our proposed action to his home (since Mr. Fancher was never available in his office). At this time we asked to speak to him about the *Voice* Classified policy. He refused to discuss the issue with us (as he had once before by phone) and mumbled that we should not have done such an outrageous thing as to have come to his place of residence, while he politely but firmly closed the door in our faces.

While GLF considers itself open to reason, it also reserves the right to take appropriate action based on the reality of a given situation. Clearly, we felt Fancher had closed the door on dialogue. At the general meeting of September 7th, a course of action was decided, a course of action which included a picket line and other street actions.

The day Gay Power laid itself on the line for the first time started at 9 a.m. on September 12, 1969, with much communal coffee and even more communal confusion. Ed Fancher arrived at 10 a.m., received a proclamation of our grievances, and promptly disappeared through the door into *VV* bureaucracy.

At 4:30 p.m., during the peak of the demonstration, a member of GLF submitted a classified ad saying "The Gay Liberation Front sends love to all Gay men and women in the homosexual community." The pic-

ture outside the *Voice* was characterized by a chanting picket line, a supply of 5000 leaflets being rapidly exhausted, and large numbers of people signing the petition charging the *Voice* with discrimination.

At this point, Howard Smith emerged from the door of the *Village Voice* (to boos from the crowd) and requested three representatives from GLF to "meet with Mr. Fancher". Once inside and upstairs, the representatives encountered a cry of outrage that GLF has chosen the *Village Voice* as a target (sooo liberal we are). The suggestion was made that we negotiate the three points in dispute 1) changing classified ads without knowledge or consent of purchaser, 2) use of the words "Gay" and "homosexual" in classifieds, and 3) the contemptuous attitude of the *Village Voice* toward the Gay Community. GLF explained that the two issues involving classified ad policy were not negotiable and that the substance of the paper should be of legitimate concern to a responsible publisher. Ed Fancher replied that the *Village Voice* exercised no censorship of its articles, and that if a writer wanted to say derogatory things about faggots, he could not in good conscience stop him. Fancher also said that we had no right to tamper with "freedom of the press."

This GLF accepted with the absolute understanding that Gay Power has the right to return and oppose anything the *Village Voice* staff chooses to include in the paper. On the Classified Ads policy he conceded completely. He said that not only would the *Voice* not alter Ads after payment, but that in Classified Ads the words "Gay" and "homosexual" per se were no longer issues. One of the GLF representatives in the upstairs office stepped to the window facing Seventh Avenue and flashed the V for Victory sign to the waiting crowd below. WE HAD WON!

BITCH: Summer's Not Forever

by 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 saw 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 at hid-

ing 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 tuned back into the speeches, Martha Shelley was congratulating us on our courage for showing up because maybe some of us could be fired for coming — she didn't think we would be accused of homosexuality, just canned for some general reason. So we couldn't make a civil rights case out of it. "We're not economically depressed 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 depressed on a poverty scale, but he is earning less than he should earn — which may result in the kind of depression 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 depressed? Isn't social acceptance currently geared to your salary — the more bread you make the more socially acceptable you are?

expand

ALTERNATES

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 depressed 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.

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 spend your bread? Sure, I'm sick of morons doing their shitty put downs, but is this all 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 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 and 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?

STAND OUT CLEARLY
STAND OUT CLEARLY
STAND OUT CLEARLY

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 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 foot on your neck hurts much more than the straight 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.



Christopher Marlowe

No doubt remains that Christopher Marlowe was, in the words of A.L. Rouse, a "convicted homosexual". Marlowe was apparently a pretty young man who lived fairly well with no obvious source of income, probably through his intimate relationship with Sir Francis Walsingham, the Secretary of State. Had Marlowe not been killed in a tavern fight at the age of only twenty-nine, it's likely he would have had to stand trial for heresy and sodomy, both being crimes punishable by death in Elizabethan England. Witnesses claimed he was in the habit of saying:

"That St. John the Evangelist was bedfellow to Christ and leaned alwaies in his bosome, that he used him as the sinners of Sodoma."

"That all they that loue not Tobacco and Boies were fooles."

The gayest works of Marlowe are *Edward II*, passages from *Queen Dido*, and *Hero and Leander*.

Edward II is consistently concerned with homosexual relationships, and is probably the finest homosexual play ever written. *Hero and Leander*, however, has more sensuously gay imagery, and the poem's gayness is apparent in spite of its ostensibly being a description of straight love.

I consider *Hero and Leander* the most beautiful long erotic poem in English. It has none of the stickiness of Shakespeare's comparable *Venus and Adonis*. The style is highly stylised and urbane; it is, in the sense used by Mr. Isherwood, "high camp".

The opening description of the girl, Hero, is done entirely in terms of her fairness and her clothing. Her fairness is described in such campy hyperbole as, "Since Heroes time, hath halfe the world beene blacke". A description of grotesque clothing accounts for more than half of the opening 46 lines about Hero, and she is covered so completely that only her white hands remain showing. In between are such covertly bitchy lines as:

*"Many would praise the sweet smell as she past,
When t'was the odour which her breath foorth cast,
And there for honie bees haue sought in vaine,
And beat from thence, haue lighted there againe."*

In drastic contrast, Leander is described quite naked, and with exquisite sensuality:

*"His bodie was as straight as Circes wand,
loue might haue sipt out Nectar from his hand,
Euen as delicious meat is to the tast,
So was his necke in touching, and surpast
The white of Pelops shoulder. I could tell ye,
How smooth his brest was, & how white his bellie,
And whose immortal fingers did imprint
That heauenly path, with many a curious dint,
That runs along his back. . ."*

(The next lines seem to indicate self-censorship as well as a witty admission of Marlowe's true inclinations.)

*"...but my rude pen
Can hardly blazon foorth the loues of men,
Much lesse of powerfull gods: . . ."*

And Marlowe's lines become increasingly outrageous, though with such equivocal conceits and classical references, that he apparently felt safe in writing them.

*"...let it suffice
That my slacke muse sings of Leanders eies,
Those orient cheekes and lippes, exceeding his
That leapt into the water for a kis
Of his owne shadow, and despising many,
Died ere he could enioy the loue of any.
Had wilde Hippolitus Leander seene,
Enamoured of his beautie had he beene,
His presence made the rudest paisant melt,
That in the vast vplandish countrie dwelt,
The barbarous Thracian soldier moou'd with nought,
Was moou'd with him, and for his fauour sought.
Some swore he was a maid in mans attire,
For in his lookes were all that men desire,
A pleasant smiling cheeke, a speaking eye,
A brow for loue to banquet roiallye,
And such as knew he was a man would say,
Leander, thou art made for amorous play:
Why art thou not in loue, and lou'd of all?
Though thou be faire, yet be not thine owne thrall."*

Followed by this capsule description of a cross between Fire Island and Mardi Gras:

*"The men of wealthie Sestos, euerie yeare,
(For his sake whom their goddess held so deare,
Rose-ckeekt Adonis) kept a solemne feast.
Thither resorted many a wandring guest,
To meet their loues; such as had none at all,
Came louers home from this great festiuall.
For euerie street like to a Firmament
Glistered with breathing stars, who where they went,
Frighted the melancholie earth. . ."*

Overtly Gay action comes in a delightful episode where Leander swimming the Hellespont is accosted by Neptune. All parts of the poem are exciting, and no matter what the action seems to be, we know what Marlowe really had in mind.

MAIL

Come Out of Your Closet Before It's Nailed Shut

Allright, get this straight once and for all, so we can dispel all these ridiculous portrayals of homosexual life. There are no makes on every corner, there are no \$200 sugar daddies for most of us. The vast majority of homosexuals in this country live perfectly normal lives, look perfectly average, never lead the glamorous escapades set forth in this tripe type of picture. They do not go bouncing from crotch to crotch. But you never hear of them — you never even notice them. But we are here — probably 50% of the male population, and every one of us scared shitful of ever admitting it. Afraid to get caught, afraid to be disgraced, afraid to jeopardize our reputations — and even if we weren't worried about all that, we're afraid to confront each other for fear of rejection! The key word to homosexuality is not sexuality — it's fear!

I went to a movie and a guy sat down next to me, with billions of empty seats around, smacked his leg against mine and waited. Both my testicles were in my throat. I froze like solid ice. I awkwardly moved my leg and he left. I was afraid of what might happen (too proper to simply accept this as sign language — and I was cruel to that poor guy whose face I never even dared to turn to see. (My apologies, buddy, but you came on awfully fast.) But why did I do that — why did I turn from that glorious chance to meet someone? Hung up on stupid proprieties, that's why. I'm so blasted proper, so damn shy — so damn stupid!

Most of us want to meet with more subtlety anyway. A glance, an idle comment, strike up a conversation slowly — get to know each other as people, not just bodies. We just can't take a flying leap into bed — we're looking for more than that. Yes, we're hung up on things like emotion, love, a lasting and meaningful relationship — why not call it marriage? So is it a crime to be sincere? Look, I can masturbate all by myself. I don't need anyone to help with that. But I can't love all by myself, and that's the thing I'm really after (and so are most people, despite the sexual pleasures without it).

We're not promiscuous as a rule — only the ones you happen to notice are that way, and that's the reason you notice them. Most of us you never even see. (Hello, all you proper queers — keep looking. I'll find one of you yet!) But it ain't easy — not by a long shot. Cruising is tasteless, bumpsie-kneezies is too. No, it has to be subtle because nobody we want to be hooked up to should be that promiscuous. We can't advertise either — nobody proper would do that, and nobody proper would answer it, either! So what the hell are we supposed to do? Become "spinstuds"?

Well, that's what becomes of most of us, I suppose. Unless we marry some broad because we can't get what we really want. Yes, queers marry all the time. All of my propositions have come from married men! Figure that out. And I turned them all away, and for the same proper reasons which you'll hate. Why should I be the "other man" that might possibly screw up a marriage? I don't think there's anything morally wrong with homosexuality — it hurts no one. It does not harm whatever. It only satisfies the love desire of two people, the same way heterosexuality may. But if you screw up a marriage in the process, then you are doing something wrong. So I won't.

So here I am — a nice, responsible, clean-cut, not so bad-looking guy, with lots of things just ready to explode. So much to give somebody I might love — and nobody's there. I'm not being egotistical, but damn it, I would make a good catch because I'd really appreciate what a magnificent thing it is to have another man to love me in return. I'm not even gay — you could introduce me to your most suspicious relatives and they'd never suspect a thing. So what good is it all? Anyone like me is hiding under the rocks the same way I am. If they'd just leave us the hell alone, and get their damn legal noses out of our bedrooms and mind their own business. What the hell does anyone else care what we do in our bedrooms anyway? It's a pretty dull story in mine besides — still a virgin! Would you believe? I'm more "respectable" than anyone I know, yet I'm the one with all the guilt hangups! Now that's how it really is, so print that and let the truth be known.

Sorry I can't sign this, but I have to be careful. I'm always careful. I'll probably be the first one they catch. Isn't that always the way?

Wish me luck. . . I need it!

—A Proper Stranger—

Dear COME OUT,

I am writing this letter for two reasons. The first is Pride in myself for what I have done to change my life. The second is hope that some of the many "Closet Gays" that will possibly see this letter might take a fresh look at themselves and at their life styles.

I am a young man of Twenty-Three years, gay, and fairly intelligent, I like to believe. Not so long ago, I was a perfect example of the Closet Homosexual. I hid behind the facade of a Heterosexual, playing at girl chasing, declaiming effeminate acquaintances as "Queers" and considering Marriage to the point of Engagement — all in an attempt to hide the truth about myself — from myself.

I was successful in avoiding this knowledge totally until I was nineteen. At that time I realized that I could not achieve Sexual or Emotional satisfaction with a Woman. I reasoned that I was undersexed, due to a strict religious training and decided that my only alternative was to be a Celibate. I ignored the fact that I liked to watch Men, considering it a basic appreciation of beauty.

After reaching my conclusions about my sexual life, my attitude towards Homosexuals changed and I became a "Straight, Sympathetic Liberal". Ironically, I began surrounding myself with Gay Friends and developed a great appreciation for cruising — "for kicks" — or so I thought.

When I was Twenty-One, I finally realized that I was Gay. I was stunned and ashamed, and very much frightened that someone else might find out and expose me. I couldn't accept the fact. The trouble was that I believed what I had heard about Homosexuals, not what I, as one, felt.

I became morose. I resigned myself to a life of loneliness and became very embittered with life. It didn't take me long to start hating myself and become destructive to all around me.

When I was Twenty-Two, I went to work for a Gay Friend's Lover. We struck up a great friendship right away. I could see at the time that we had a great deal in common. This individual was also closeted and had basically the same fears of exposure as I. He, however, was much older and fairly set in his life style.

We developed the habit of playing judge and jury over all around us. It was enjoyable at the time. Then, at a Dinner Party given by my Gay Friend, I was fortunate to see what a bitter, Self-Destructive Man his lover was. It was a lot like looking into a mirror. I felt as if I were seeing the Me of the future. I didn't like what I saw. The prospects of a creative life without changing myself were nil, so I decided it was time to reevaluate myself.

Since then, I have stopped caring what Society thinks of Gay people. I am much happier now that I am in the open about it. People must now accept me for what I am, which has little to do with my choice of bed-mates. I am not interested in friendships with people who let this be a determining factor in who they associate with. Society's image of what a Man and Woman should be is totally ruinous for all, gay or straight, male or female. As for me, since I have torn down my closet, I feel I am once again a Creative Being, and am most anxious to help all "Closet Cases" dismantle their Closets.

Michael F. Boyle

Dear friends,

I read about your organization and activities in the current *Advocate*. Bravo! We need a more aggressive approach in the nonviolent revolution to achieve homosexual rights.

Enclosed is my check for \$10 for which please put me on your mailing list for all literature, including your forthcoming newspaper COME OUT.

I have been active in the homophile civil rights movement since 1953; was for three years national Director of Education for the Mattachine Society, and edited the organization's Education Handbook under my former penname Carl B. Harding. Because I will never again be in sensitive employment, my penname now belongs to the past and I write and work under my real name in our cause.

With every good wish for success in your new imperative adventure.

Sincerely,

Elver A. Barker, Member
Mattachine Society of N.Y.

Can Gay people live among straight friends and relatives without feeling alienated?

Thus far I have been able to function comfortably amidst roommates, friends and relatives. While at school I just told my roommates that I was going out and that was a satisfactory explanation for my conduct for the evening.

Now that my living situation has changed, will my parents now wonder about me — I wonder?

Would it be best for those in this situation or ones similar to this to be honest when faced with direct "are you or ain't you" questions? I don't know.

Scott

New Haven, Conn.

Dear Scott,

Your question is universal to all Gay people but the answers you arrive at have to be tailored to your own particular needs. There is no question that you will feel more whole and happier when you can be who you are all of the time. This is no easy thing, I know. It took me until age 32 to finally give in to myself and though it felt at the time that I was losing everything (the good opinion and sanction of this society from my family right on up to any career dreams I have had) I have in truth gained the whole world. I feel at a loss to convey to you right now what that means. I can just say that I have never felt better in my life. I know now in retrospect that I only began to be really alive when I was able to take that step.

When dealing with friends in a dishonest way you instill in yourself guilt feelings which should not be there. You mention "friends" but it is hard to have real meaningful relationships with people who do not know this part of your life. You do not mention your age or if it is necessary for you to live with your parents at this time. You must think practically — but at the same time you should be getting yourself in a position where you will be able to hold your head up and say who you are, just for your own self respect. Why don't you come and see us GLFers. We've all been through it and getting to know us might be a good and groovy experience.

Love and strength,
Lois and Bob

"COME OUT," PHOTOGRAPHERS, ARTISTS, WRITERS, all of you talented members of the Gay Community. Contribute to your paper to make it the best this country has ever known. Don't just sit there rattling your chains. COME OUT, c/o Bob Fontanella
251 W. 99 Street New York 10025

SEXUALITY IN THE AMERICAN MALE

SEXUALITY AND THE AMERICAN MALE

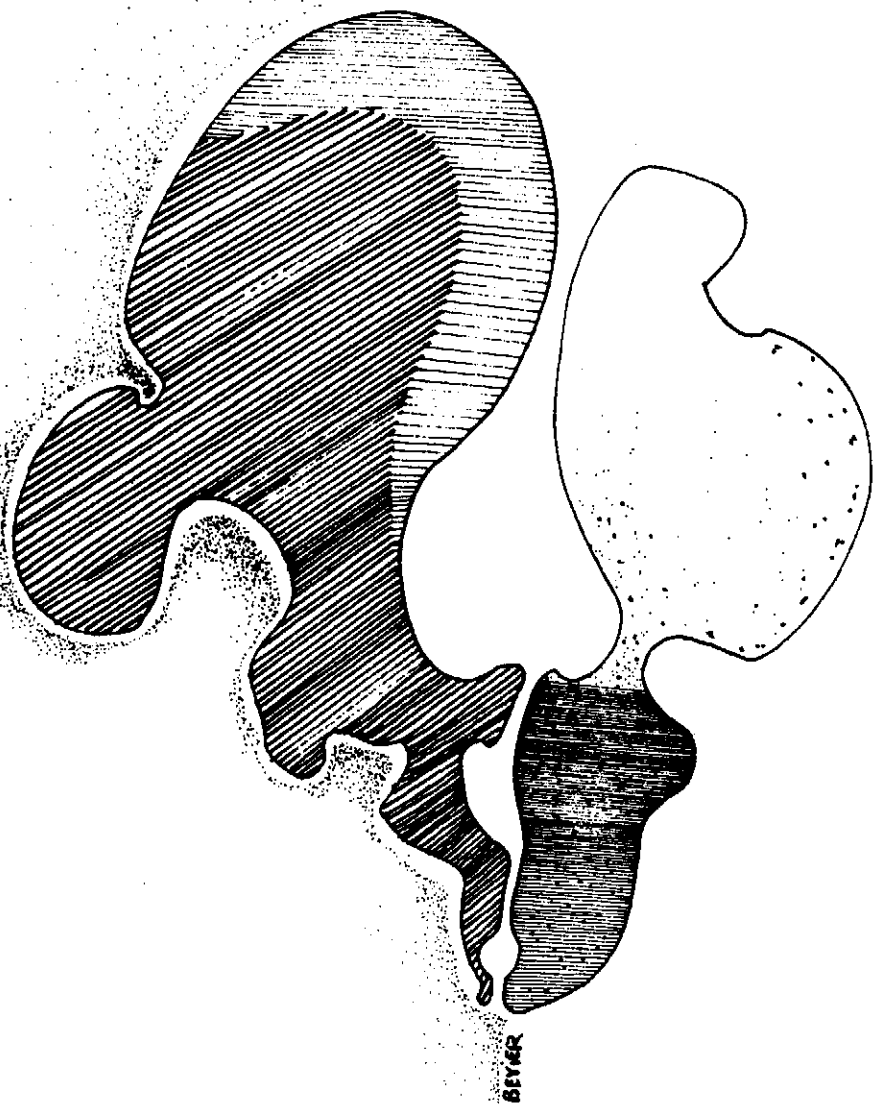
by Bob Fontanella

In America, sexual interpretations have become standard explanations for almost anything — whatever the situation or problem may be. We are taught to sexualize all of our needs and desires, which, quite often, have little or nothing at all to do with sex.

The American male is offered very little opportunity for a warm contact with members of his own sex. Often he needs this closeness or a nonsexual physical contact with another male. Since he has learned to sexualize these desires, he becomes frightened that he may have homosexual tendencies. He projects these fears onto the homosexual who then becomes the target for his frustrations, and his hatred. What one irrationally hates in others is what he fears most in himself.

The American homosexual male also is guilty of sexualization of his needs. Because of society's emphasis on sex, the homosexual male often sexualizes all of his inner needs and as a result can only accept himself on a sexual level. Because of the fears built up through the nonacceptance of the whole individual, sexualization is often a means of protection against what could be a more meaningful relationship.

We, as homosexuals, must place sex into a proper perspective as an important part of our beings but not the entire basis for our existence. By becoming aware of the brainwashing imposed on us, we will realize that we are total human beings with many different desires and many different needs.



COMMUNITY CENTER

lois hart

It has been two months now that Gay Liberation Front was conceived: a turbulent, violently divisive collection of opposing and attracting forces that coalesced sufficiently that the embryonic spirit could be named. During demonstrations, meetings and groups the forces continued to collide and explode, to congeal and reform — new members, new structures emerged — unexpected accords were discovered. And all the while the spirit gets stronger and more harmonic.

Where are we going? What are we all about? I ask myself not really wanting or expecting an answer but rather to savor the experience of this growing romance — more to enjoy the wonder of what is happening to us.

At first it seemed that I was mainly aware of what I didn't want. Leo has said it well — to no longer consent to be the victims — to throw off every piece of shit that has held me down until now. Shit like "dyke", "sick", "degenerate", "non-woman", "queer", "corruptor of children", "unnatural", "sinful", "damned". In our groups we trace the outlines of our pain; we delineate the scaffolding of a society that has arranged our crucifixion. That festival of life, our Zap of the Village Voice, was more Nay saying. A beautiful day when we said "NO" to the oppressor. But the capitulation of the Voice was not our greatest victory that day. It was that we were there together joyfully, earnestly standing up for ourselves, reaching out to other responding Gays, seeing the respect and affirmation of the Village community Gay and straight.

So a "Yes" has come into it. YES, here I am, goddamit! And as I stand up and take that breath I can feel that being here is no static thing. We are not just existing at a time when an old, unworkable world is dying, but we are living as a new one struggles for birth. I feel my oneness with the struggles and groanings of the entire planet. I know that I am reaching for something beyond my own imaginings; that somehow without really knowing the goal I have begun to move toward it. I have stood up in this too noisy, too crowded, polluted, decaying city and am taking a look around. What do I want to do? It has something to do with sharing, with caring for myself and others, with working to transform my immediate environment so that it fosters our growing humanity. What do I have to work with? Well, I have a sort of dream, not a very sophisticated one, and a few ideas that may or may not be okay. I see that there are a number of people standing near me and they seem to have about the same kind of equipment. So here we are scraping the crud off our psyches as best we can and proceeding to get to work.

We need a place, my friends and I, we who call ourselves G.L.F. We need space to be together — to meet, to rap, to eat, to dance, to dig each other and plan our work. It would be a place for our paper, communal dinners, meetings and dances — space where we can begin to break down our fragmentation — to create a communal environment closer to our needs and purposes.

So far we have been checking out ads for lofts, store fronts, even an old firehouse. No luck! We figure a West Village loft, at least 25 x 100, would be a good start. We have enough skilled labor among us to paint, plaster and do the carpentry. We require 24 hour access and to be able to make noise, because we'll hold dances to pay the rent and support COME OUT, if need be. We should be able to cook so our communal dinners can continue.

So who knows of a loft we can use? Who has money for the deposit and repairs? Who has the time and energy to give to finding both? COME OUT and help us wherever you are. The life you save may be your own!

A

POSITIVE

IMAGE

by Dr. Leo Louis Martello

"Homosexuality is not a problem in itself. The problem is society's attitude towards it."

Being homosexual says only one thing about you: Emotionally you prefer your own sex. It says nothing about your worth, your value as a human being. Regardless of how the church, psychiatry or convention has viewed homosexuality you don't have to go through life being blackmailed by your guilts. Easier said than done.

As a child you're a sponge, indiscriminately absorbing all kinds of impressions. If you were unloved, rejected or abandoned you may grow up thinking that you will not only never be worthy of love but shall continue through life inadequately coping with life's problems and will always be the object of rejection. An unloved child hasn't the capacity to intellectually analyze the truth. Emotionally he blames himself for his parents' lack of love. He doesn't see it as it is: a reflection of his parents' inability to relate to him. The homosexual, whether born or bred (and the psychiatric argument is still raging), has been conditioned into thinking of himself as "sick", and outcast, a "sinner", unworthy, something to be despised. The minute that he discovers that he's "different" he avidly reads anything he can on the subject. And what does he find? More ammunition for his self-contempt. He's told by psychiatric "authorities" that he's "sick". So he begins to tell himself NOT that "The psychiatrists say that I'm sick" BUT "I am sick." He programs himself into perpetual feelings of unworthiness.

Homosexuality is not a problem in itself. The problem is society's attitude towards it. Since the majority condemns homosexuality, the homosexual minority has passively accepted this contemptuous view of itself. "Right" is substituted for "wrong." The greatest battle of the homosexual in an oppressive society is with himself, more precisely the image of himself as forced on him by non-homosexuals. Everybody tells the homosexual what he is... except the homosexual himself. And when psychiatrists do find a positively self-assertive homosexual, they say his views are "subjective". What they don't realize is that their supposed "objectivity" is baseless since they never see healthy homosexuals. A few of them write books claiming "cures" which in itself implies that homosexuality is a sickness. Of course there's no way to prove these "cures", no way to follow up, no way to check these claims. And as long as these psychiatrists keep telling the homosexual that he's "sick" he has a FOSTERED INTEREST in the negative self-image of the homosexual at \$25 an hour and up.

Religion has always treated sex as a "sin". It has brainwashed millions into believing that a biologically normal drive is "evil". It has ruled by guilt. It knows damn well that it can't eliminate sex. In fact, it doesn't want to for the following reasons: 1) Instill guilt... then collect the guilt "payments" for life. 2) Capture the minds of children. They don't question, analyze or challenge what they're told. This insures emotional guilt... and gratuities. 3) What is the one universal drive that concerns everyone? Sex! Following the adage "The best way to lick a man is between his legs" religion knows that the greater the "sinner", the more he will guiltily defend the very religion that damns him. Theologically, the church and religion has him by his testicles!

There is only one way in which the homosexual can help himself. He must CHALLENGE every single feeling of worthlessness that he has about himself. He must make sure that he is not accepting an UNEARNED GUILT. Deep in his gut he must ask if the deepest, secret, unconscious, inner picture that he has of himself is really of himself... or is it one fostered on him by parents, society, religion, psychiatry, and the heterosexual majority? Are his feelings about himself *his*... or those of others? Is he being psychologically crippled because of a baseless self-contempt? And is this further increased by cultivating others who also dislike themselves, forming unions of mutual contempt? It works this way: if parents keep telling a child, "You're no good. You'll never amount to anything," the child absorbs these negative impressions. He grows up saying to himself, "I'm no good. I'll never amount to anything." He'll do battle with anyone else who tells him this. Yet he will also secretly cultivate those people who confirm his own sense of unworthiness. What he hasn't done is to CHALLENGE HIS FEELINGS ABOUT HIMSELF: "My parents said I'm no good. Is that true? They said I'll never amount to anything. Since when are my parents prophets?" Often the homosexual's self-destructiveness stems from a feeling of "Since they never thought any better of me I won't disappoint them." He is not himself but a carbon copy of what others said he was.

Homosexuals handle their societally-induced problem in many ways: They passively accept everything said about them as true and then proceed to act-out and live down to what others say they are. Or they live a double life: Conventionally proper and respectable and in the most intimate area of their lives furtively acting like fugitives from justice. Or some resent, rebel, and flaunt their homosexuality in defiance of the guilts and self-contempt fostered on them by society. These are all overcompensations. They do not help the homosexual into a sense of his own worthiness.

FOR

THE

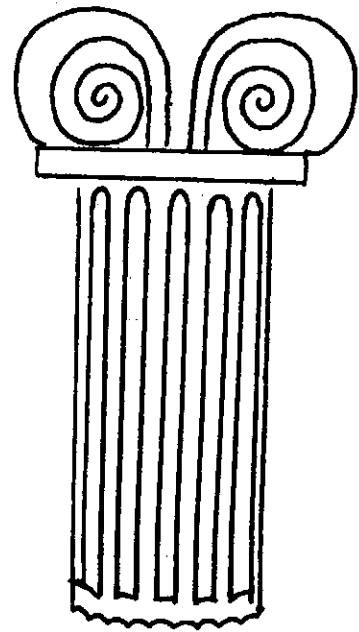
HOMOSEXUAL

STEPS TO A POSITIVE SELF-IMAGE

1) Did you deliberately CHOOSE to be homosexual? Does a black man CHOOSE the color of his skin? Did you CHOOSE the color of your eyes? Since your biological-emotional drives just happened without deliberate choice they are "normal" to you. DON'T ACCEPT AN UNEARNED GUILT.

2) You can't go any higher than your own thoughts. No one can like you more than you like yourself. Like the black man in America, you have to CHALLENGE every single negative feeling you have about yourself. Make sure you haven't passively accepted other people's estimates, views, values, standards, beliefs, ideas and prejudices, creating self-doubt and self-contempt. Reject them.

3) If you don't like yourself, ask yourself why. STOP TREATING YOURSELF AND YOUR FELLOW HOMOSEXUALS THE SAME WAY OTHERS HAVE TREATED YOU (PARENTS, SOCIETY, RELIGION, ETC.) Psychiatrists have called you sick... don't call yourself sick. Society persecutes you... don't persecute yourself and each other. If you feel deep down that you are unlovable you will seek out those people who will confirm your own sense of unworthiness. A "feeling" isn't a FACT so challenge all your negative feelings.



Spayne

4) Being homosexual doesn't deprive you of all virtues. Nor does it imbue you with them. As human beings and citizens you do have some inalienable RIGHTS. Why should others fight for them more than you? Society has used the weapon of divide and conquer. And the supplier for society's ammunition has always been the self-rejecting homosexual himself. Instead of self-assertively organizing to fight for his rights, the self-hating homosexual takes out his spleen on other Gay people. It works like this: If I secretly think of myself as shit then anyone who is involved with me, or who is like me, must be shit too. This is the brainwashed role that all minorities have been forced into: The blacks, Chicanos, poor whites, homosexuals, etc. In order not to be alone join the GAY LIBERATION FRONT. Learn about yourself and others, and more importantly, learn to like yourself. Don't be what others say you are (how the hell do they know if not homosexual themselves?) but what you really are, and what you can be.

5) Don't give your enemies the weapons used against you. Reject any idea that being homosexual is synonymous with being sick, unstable, neurotic, etc. The passive acceptance of homosexuality as a perversion or emotional illness IN YOUR OWN MIND plays into the hands of your persecutors. This is called THE SANCTION OF THE VICTIM. It means that by secretly, subconsciously, passively (regardless of how it is rebelled against) accepting the establishment's "opinion" you give it the weapon for your own psychological destruction.