the bars
are ours
The gay women's liberation group in San Francisco is getting together and setting plans in motion. To advertise, a sister voted to put up a notice in the city's gay bars. At Leonardo's, 16 S.F., this sister was told our notice could not be posted on the premises. When she asked the reason why she was told by the owner, a gay woman, that she didn't want any of "that stuff" in her place. A further explanation was dented.

My involvement began when I discovered this at our meeting and the next week I returned to Leonardo's with the same notice in my hand. Not only was our planulation offered (I do not consider "she had her own reasons and that ought to stand for itself" to be adequate), but the owner who was present refused even to discuss it. It made me very angry.

Until a future change, I feel that a gay bar, supported by the gay community, ought to be responsible to the needs of that community. Other notices can be posted on the bulletin board and other gay bars put up our notice. Why is this gay sister—our discriminator against some of her customers and fellow sisters? Why is she refusing to explain? A logical explanation seems to be that she was given the opportunity and rejected it.

Sisters and Brothers, when will the rest of your groups turn to be singled out? I question the policy that takes our money but ignores our identity. Perhaps the time has come for the gay community to exert their solidarity. I am therefore sug-

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Recognizing that homosexuals "might be the most oppressed minority in the society at the moment," Black Panther leader Huey Newton has come out against a "working-class" gay liberation movement, criticizing the Gay Liberation and Women's Liberation groups as "stifling conservatism," in his "Preliminary Report on the Gay Liberation Movement." He regards homosexuality as "anathema" to revolution, writing: "In the revolution there is no room for any organization which purports to be 'liberating' the gay community and which attempts to establish new standards of behavior in terms of sexual freedom."

Newton's report was written in response to an open letter to the Black Panther Party from gay liberation groups, who were encouraged to consider gay rights in the context of the broader struggle for freedom. The Black Panther Party is known for its revolutionary fervor and commitment to social justice, and Newton's stance highlights the tension between the movement's goals of political liberation and the perceived threat of gay liberation groups to its core values. The debate continues to this day, with many within the LGBTQ+ community arguing for the inclusion of sexuality in the struggle for liberation.
Which is, for New York's gay people, the House of Detention, located at the corner of Telegraph and Haste. Like the corner of Telegraph and Haste, the street fighting was viciously beaten by faces in a symbolic vow of unity and retribution. Several of us smeared his blood on our faces in a non-violent, non-combative act of protest. All peoples of the world, including all gay men and women, cannot escape the destruction of the law, and social sanctions. Every citizen's right to protest, in a non-violent, non-combative manner is the responsibility of all people to create.

The Right to Free Physiological Change and Reproduction of Any Person: We demand:
1) The right to gay & lesbian sex.
2) The right to free physiological change and reproduction of any person.
3) The right of free dress and adornment.
4) That all modes of human sexual expression be protected by the law, and social sanctions.
5) Every child's right to be raised in a non-violent, non-combative manner is the responsibility of all people to create.

Looking at the inmates are lesbians—black, Puerto Rican and white—who have been forced into a life of prostitution.

Chanting: "Hey, hey, ho, ho, House of Detention down the street!" Dr. Timothy Leary was turned on ever since I walked into Golden Gate Park with him as a budding flower-child. He turns me on now with his determination to live, to love, and to testify to the sophistication of our revolutionary army.

"Brothers and Sisters, this is a war for our lives, and I think that most of you understand. About Marcy's, the White House, and ABC Radio..."

Suddenly pickets seem peaceful.

"We knew that flowers in your gun to fight for their liberation..." The social institution which prevents us from expressing our total humanity, which is the responsibility of all people to create. We feel it is necessary now that the Gay Liberation Front have established the Gay Liberation Front here in our city. In the Panthers and Timothy Leary, we see revolutionary change and action. We should be considered dangerous to anyone who threatens our life or our freedom. We should be considered dangerous to anyone who threatens our life or our freedom.
During the past few years, strong movements have developed among homosexuals and women and among homosexuals seeking their liberation. There has been some uncertainty about how to relate to these movements.

Whatever your personal opinions and your insecurities about homosexuality and the various liberation movements among homosexuals and women (and I speak of the homosexuals and women who are oppressed, oppressed, oppressed, oppressed people, as I relate to all of them, as people, as human beings), we want to hit the women or the White racists use against people who, out of their liberation, there has been, there are still some people who think that we might not have to start with. We must gain security in ourselves and therefore have respect and feelings for all oppressed people. We must not use the racist type attitude like the society, the White racist attitude like the society, because they are Black and poor. Many times the poor are killed because he's afraid that he might lose something, or discover some kind of threat to his manhood. This kind of psychology is HipherMon when we have revolutionary value system; we're substituting any value that said that a revolutionary must say offensive things inhornosexuality that we say that we recognise the women's right to be free. We haven't said that yet, I don't understand entirely. Some people say that we might not have to start with.

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Gay is good! Gay is proud! Have I really been saying these things, not just saying them but chanting them in the streets? Do I really mean it? I think I can honestly say that I really do mean it. Finally, or at the very least—beginning to develop a sense of pride in my homosexuality, a sense that gay is good. The very fact that I must go through this awesome process is the essence of gay oppression. While our bodies tell us "pain," the world around us shouts (or whispers), "No, no, no, a thousand times, no."

When did I first hear that "no?" I can't really remember, but I think it is something I first felt at a very early age. Recently at a gay men's consciousness-raising session, I recalled an incident which proved to me that my awareness of the taboos against homosexuality was deeply ingrained in me at least by the age of 12.

I was 12 or 13 when I first discovered the boys and masturbation. And even though I was never subjected to some of the worst lies about masturbation ("it'll give you your hands..." "it weakens your heart...") I did experience a sense of its being wrong—hardly something to rap to my parents about or ever mention, even though it was one of my most important activities at the time.

Back then, I remember clearly masturbating to a dual set of fantasies. I had found some pictures of naked women in a tool chest at home. I hid them away in the back of my room, bringing them out to use for masturbation. But that wasn't all. Much of my masturbation involved fantasies from gym class, visions of boys, and their c**ks to look at and to think about. I began to feel overcoming with guilt and fear. One day, I tore up the pictures of the naked women and flushed them down the toilet. (If I could have done with the same lack of respect for the world around me, I would have, but they were to stay with me forever, in one form or another.) A short time afterwards, I broke out with tears and sores in my bedroom. I called my father, ready to confess my sins to him about the masturbation, however, only to be met with the same response—about "dirty pictures" of naked women. For another ten years, at least.

Gay oppression and heterosexual chauvinism that enabled me to tell my father about the pictures of women, but not about my attraction for other boys. I know now—as I didn't know then—that this wasn't a personal problem, nor a sickness, nor even a hang-up. It was the result of a system of oppression, of society which will not accept and which actively hampers the love I feel for other men.

Gay liberation means a lot of things to me, including socialist revolution. But the revolution I am fighting for, if it is to be complete, means that the feelings and love of people, whether they are 9 or 19 or 20 or 50 years old, can be expressed in all their depth and beauty.

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Out of Your Closets

Morgan Pinney

A young gay lib activist recently showed me a notice he had written to send to other gay organizations to encourage communications among them.

A fine project. It was full of appropriate revolutionary rhetoric and ended with "Out of Your Closets" and three very useful and informative columns. But then it was signed with a pseudonym.

"Well, everyone in the gay lib movement seems to be using a 'pen name' he explained. 'I asked him whether 'closeout' might be a better term.' "Well, everyone has been processed at his own speed and I'm just not ready to use my own name yet."

It is true that we each proceed in liberation at our own particular pace. But it is also true that we must live the things we say and not just mouth revolutionary cliches. Anyone who shouts "Out of Your Closets" has damn well better be speaking from a "de-closeted" position. It will do none of us any service to encourage others to actions we are not committed to take. The revolution of which gay liberation is a part is not a game. If we are titillated by revolutionary chatter, like the lais and boys who aren't personally committed to action we become only pro-actors.

CLOSETBUSTER

It seems especially unfortunate that "out of your closets" may have become just another cliché mouthing by closeted homosexuals, for there is nothing more basic to anyone's liberation. We could never vary departures in a pre-regisitme for participation in gay liberation for no matter what the reason that the closet is so really hard to define. The closets to which we casually refer have an infinite number of doors. There are always new plateaus to reach, new ways in which to express our liberation. I have found that it is one thing to state my homosexuality to supposedly straight friends and yet quite another to engage another man in their presence. How often do we suppress every sign of man to another man's face -- and settle for the socially acceptable handshake?

(signed) Anonymous

But there are some pretty basic concepts. For instance, isn't it basic to never allow a case to pass where our homosexuality is denied? Sometimes one can forget; sometimes one forgets that "those homosexuals" are mentioned in the most favorable terms in the most literal sense that the whole act and our whole existence is denied. It's not really possible. It seems to me, to expect the conditions of our system as related to homosexuals to be changed by some unknown, anonymous gay liberation. Any homosexual organization which boasts a strong membership or any gay publication which allows pseudonyms is guaranteeing its own failure. Imagine receiving an anonymous phone call urging you to a militant protest of civil disturbance any reason than the fact that homosexuals are so really hard to define. The closets, to which we casually refer, have an infinite number of doors. There are always new plateaus to reach, new ways in which to express our liberation. I have found that it is one thing to state my homosexuality to supposedly straight friends and yet quite another to engage another man in their presence. How often do we suppress every sign of man to another man's face -- and settle for the socially acceptable handshake?

Our closets are a denial of the individual's right to be himself. Everybody is left out. I don't know whether I should stay or leave. I am not sure what I would do if I were asked to stay. I know that I would be asked to stay. I know that I know that I would be asked to stay.

I want to stay. I am not committed to take. The revolution of which gay liberation is a part is not a game. If we are titillated by revolutionary chatter, like the lais and boys who aren't personally committed to action we become only pro-actors.

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I enjoy the meetings. They're exciting. A few years ago the idea of meeting with groups of women, gay or straight, would have turned me off. I'd have assented to it (typical self-hating behavior, you see), but only because I knew it was necessary in the interests of the movement. I'm sure that immediately the stereotype of a group of goody-goody women, uttering platitudes and conspicuously lacking in any genuine excitement, would come to mind. And, quite certainly, I would have identified with that. Strange to realize now that I remember that I, a woman, helped perpetuate that type by my acceptance of it.

My friends and women. I admired were always exceptional women. I always thought 'exceptional women.' Far more than any men I knew. For their strength, a mixture of soreness and warmth, a sense of profanity, their moral depth. They had more feeling: they had more power.

Strange then that I could not find women in group together: working together, living together, calling themselves women. Stranger still that I recognized the word that a stranger never even knew. It may have been because of the fact that I could gather with 'women in general' only at my coffee break. Timed perfectly to prevent me from absolutely fracturing over the stupidity of my sexless set. (Alas Metropolis, you are more generally loved, I hate you to this day. I'd rather have been buried in hell before I'd been forced to spend a penny on your rotten polity.)

Strange too that I saw all the parts I could never put them together in a whole story, but there I am, talking to a Social Work Supervisor, a director, asking about something she was deeply concerned about. We had a higher paying job, more status, a whole other life. I was still during the same old coffee break. Timed perfectly to prevent me from absolutely fracturing over the stupidity of my sexless set. (Alas Metropolis, you are more generally loved, I hate you to this day. I'd rather have been buried in hell before I'd been forced to spend a penny on your rotten polity.)

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TO David
Joy at finding another like myself
was filled with joy for days
feeling my body

another dream
so warm

not quite "ready" yet.

Cavell

Nancy...
a continuation of what another mother

was afraid to finish
an opening

petal-like

on my hands

the immaculate why.

Paul Mariah

A HELLS ANGEL'S LOVE FOR ALLEN GINSBERG

"For it was at Ken Keeny's pad that I first saw the long hair

that hung with a full beard on Allen Ginsberg. And for the first

time I quickly remembered a word I had heard once--Hinduism.

There he set upon the rug in the middle of the living room floor.

I did not know what his name was. But I was on LSD for the

first time and there for the first time. As I walked through the

door and saw him sitting on the floor--legs crossed--I felt

what I would now term deep love for this man with these little

belts. He made everything sparkle. He was shining tiny

finger bells that made everything glitter and sparkle in the

dusty-like beauty of all the colors in everything. We were very

real. His voice chanted a Buddhist--I am told, I did not know

what it was at the time--shant. But I felt wanted without

him raising his head and looking towards me...The same night

outside the house, I heard someone say, "Allen Ginsberg

is a traitor..." Sending vibrations meaning some hierarchical

vocational deformations allowed you to guess the sort of work

he was doing. As if he were trying to warn all to stay away from

this man, I was so shocked by the depraved-sounding man who had said this

that I wanted to go immediately and love Allen sexually, to show

how good and real it was to be. How could a mind forever go on thinking that?

I knew that squeaking voice will someday see

a light. Now could he be forever deprived of natural realism

Frank Claude as told to Michael McClure

POEMS FOR CAVALRY

I was in the middle

of this Greek

Mikkey Way

and saw a game

style when I saw

this pool game

and was

one hand on the other

and shot the poem

over my head

even on my pillow

all over my hands

all over my tongue

you left

without counting

the yield.

impossibility

to tell you

is what amount

without a witness.

Cavell

Nancy, where are you?

O Mount Olive, Just

Is that the immaculate why?

Poem by Hall Spring 1970

THE ACCUSED

THE ACCUSED

( IT DOESN'T MATTER WHO THEY GET JUST SO THEY GET SOMEBODY)

What do you think your sentence is gonna be?

I'm innocent.

That don't matter. You'll see.

This here judge wants an example.

Well, it's not gonna be me!

What do you think you're gonna do about it?

God Damn it. I'm innocent.

It won't do no good to shout about it.

No one's gonna hear that matters say.

How many witnesses you get?

Not very many.

And money?

None.

This should be fun.

You got a lawyer?

The State...

is gonna give you one?

That's a laugh--you're the example, baby.

Well, I'm innocent. There is justice, you know. Maybe.

There ain't no maybe in this game.

You've got no money, no lawyer, no name, no sentence in this game.

The law is a game. They'll give you the shaft!

But I'm innocent!

I know baby. Isn't it funny? Isn't it a laugh?

Mike Podhasky

Arid--yes--we are still open--

and in the morning another birth

and stay the night

easy warm and old...

of her large giggling breasts

my balls

my tongue

my hands

my eyes which would resist all.

How could he be forever deprived of natural realism?

Mike Podhasky

VOTEBURM

"One of my only regrets was the transparent mirror. You

set into a dark booth and pull inside a curtain. Now you are

looking through a fine metallic screen. Your view commands

a small bathroom. In the other side, the screen was a mirror

so highly polished and smooth that no one could possibly

suspect that it was honeycomb with spy holes. When your

budget could allow it, I'd pass entire Sundays at my post. There

were twelve bathrooms; and of the twelve mirrors there was

only one of this kind. It had cost a lot of money, and the pro-

prietor had to import it from Germany. His personnel didn't

know about the observatory. Young members of the working

class provided the show.

"They all followed the same program. They undressed

carelessly and carefully hung on their new suits. Eid of their

finery, charming, vocationally deformations allowed you to guess the sort of work

they were employed in. Standing in the job, they would gaze at their reflection (not pensively and softly, but with a passion

which exposes the gams. Next, they'd turn a shoulder, pick up the soap, and, rubbing it briskly, make it bubble into lather.

Then they'd soap themselves. The soaping would gradually turn,
in a wearing out. All of a sudden, their eyes would wander out of this world, their heads would tilt back, and their bodies would

quit like furious animals. Some exhausted, would slide aside into the streaming bathwater, others would turn a second round, the

youngest distinguished themselves by climbing out of the tub and, in a corner, wiping the tiles clean of the slip their careless

stems had shot blindly towards love. Once, a Nervioso who pleased himself approached his mouth to the mirror, pressed his

lips to it, and pressed his adventure with himself all the way through to the end. Invisible like the Greek gods, I put

my lips to his and simulated features. Never was he to know that instead of reflecting him, the mirror had acted as his

friend and loved him." (WHITE PAPER --attributed to Adolphe Gide)
miracle (oink) mile

All signs have it that the war has come to the Miracle Mile (Fremont St. in S.F.). The Gay Black brothers are coming to the Mission and the new Gay Liberation-Black Panther communication has grown fruitful. Recently, more politically aware Black brothers have been down to the Church Universal Life Church, after hours gay coffeeshops making a lot of noise. One beautiful revolutionary or provocateur got violence started with a white gay brother from the Church who lost his head and hit first. Outside we convinced them they should be kissing each other—not they did.

The same night a Black brother was taken away in the most obvious of all styles. Our reaction was watched by both pigs and Black revolutionaries. The pigs with four cars in three minutes. The Blacks were watching and made the move to us. They are beautiful, alive and free. With them they bring the revolution and probably the war. The action has come to the streets and phone boxes—the only suggestions I can think of are: cool it with the pigs with four cars in three minutes.

Another Bookstore? This one small enough if the books are by women, lots of women's literature, also more and more Gay literature. Rap with the co-owners, somebody, a brother active in Gay Liberation, and his mother. It's just up Haste Street from Telegraph Ave. behind Tatison's Palace, at 2008 Haste, in Berkeley. The phone is 845-6259.

up haste!

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people’s alternative gay rap

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Corner of College & Mission
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THE FIGA

I want you to know how it feels to have a fist the size of a poem up yr ass.
Get the vaseline. This is one finger and if I angle right I can get past the knuckle
Hold still
This is two fingers introduce rhythm finger movements allow the play to continue. This is three fingers keep the rhythm steady never stop the movement.
I want you to feel the size this is four fingers cupped & the play continues and I am not going to stop.
Lift the left leg higher This is my thumb and the movement is steady my fingers move into you are closing in around my wrist.
How does it feel to have a poem shoved up your ass the size of a fist?
Now I am going to open my palm and make a scratch on the inside.
This was the scene and I had to get out of bed to write it so you would know the size of it and now we can go on gently, lovingly.