

# NO GAILETY 4.

## IN THE GAY BARS

### 8 WOMEN BUSTED

By Hetty Brown and Georgia Hopper

BOSTON (LNS) "They were wiggling, grabbing, pulling, cursing, swearing, running at the patrol wagon almost like Indians urding a covered wagon", commented police after they busted eight women for disorderly conduct in front of Jacques's, a Boston gay bar, on October 31.

According to the women, the scene started when two women were having a verbal argument inside the bar. Two police officers took them outside, shoved them up against a car, and began to beat them. Four other women who saw this happen were picked off the sidewalk when they tried to protest.

"All I did was yell 'What are you doing? They didn't do anything! A cop walked up to me and grabbed me, and gave me to another cop who pushed me up against the car and smashed my head down on the hood."

The last two women say they were picked up as they were walking toward their cars. The women say that the cops shoved, threw and drop-kicked the eight of them into the patrol wagon, telling them, "you want to look like a man? We'll treat you like a man."

The last person to be arrested was a woman who just happened to be in the vicinity. When her friend informed the police, "You've got the wrong person, she doesn't belong there," one of the cops was overheard to say, "I think we've got a straight in here. What'll we do?"

At the trial, the police were unable to identify any of the defendants specifically. "They were dressed quite differently at the time in fact they looked like men."

"Nobody was dressed like a man," said one defendant. One of the women was wearing a skirt, one a pants suit. Several have long hair, which they wore loose.

Even after the women were licked into the patrol wagon, the police said, they continued to resist by rocking the car from side to side.

"As we were driving along [the police] speeded up the truck to 50 or 60 miles an hour. Then they suddenly put on the brakes, so we all went spitting on top of each other."

The eight women were found guilty and fined \$100 each. Two were also given one year on probation. Some are appealing the sentences. When Judge DeGruelino heard that they were appealing, he pulled them over to the witness stand and raised their bail to \$500 (it had been \$50 before the trial), for no apparent reason. There had been no testimony at the trial that indicated they had done anything the other women had not.

Arrests on disorderly conduct and drunkenness are not uncommon at bars. But then Jacques's is a gay bar, which means that it plays a different role in the life of its customers than do most straight bars. Jacques's is the only public social place in Boston that provides space specifically for gay women. It is one of few places for gay men.

It is the one place where we can relax and be openly gay without fear of reprisals from bosses or families. We come home from "respectable" jobs and leave the monotony of our apartments to spend an evening away from the pressures of straight society, the forced secrecy and the fear, the whispers of those who know, the fear of being with friends and lovers, or to meet new people. For once we are not isolated; we are with others like ourselves. The bar fills some need, perhaps gives us some security and freedom feelings the world outside the bar refuses.

Being gay is what brings us to the bar and is what we all have in common. And beyond the shared fact of our homosexuality, we seem to have an understanding, unarticulated, yet acted upon, that we will come to each other's defense against anti-gay harassment — at least in the bar. It's our luck and in it our common interest from living in an alienating society creates some sort of bond between us.

The place is dingy and volatile, it's unpredictable. No one knows when someone will start making bottles, or when a fight will break out. Our need to go to the bar is often to build some human relationships, but the atmosphere is hardly conducive for such purposes. It becomes rather a place to release the anger of our daily lives among people who won't explain away our experience by saying, "She's ask, she's a lesbian." It's a bar scene.

Since there are no other places for gay women to go, the management has a monopoly. It charges 40 cents for 4 ounces of ginger ale. And we pay. It maintains its captive audience so that people almost feel gratitude toward this bar. It's a double bind — not unlike the positions most people in this society must accept. Like the working people who hate their jobs, we all concede, "It's still better than nothing" and nothing seems to be the existing alternative.

Now in the last two or three months, the relative security and freedom from harassment that the bar used to provide for gay people seems to be slipping away. There are more police around — last year, there was usually one detail officer in the bar; now there are apt to be four or more cops inside during the course of the evening, plus a paddy wagon waiting outside.

There is an atmosphere of tension, almost like a siege. People report that the cops have been taking down the license plate numbers of cars parked outside the bars, that the management is being more careful about checking I.D.'s, that the Other Side has been refusing off and on to admit guys in drag.

The arrest of the eight women on Oct. 31 was not the only bust lately, just the largest. We talked to women at the bar about other incidents they had seen.

"The night when I was coming down here, there was a woman down on the sidewalk, and a cop was standing with his foot on her."

"The guy was standing over by the stairs, with a beer in his hand, at closing time. The cop told him to hurry up and finish his beer. But when he went to take a sip, the cop knocked the bottle out of his hands, and then took the guy by the hair and the back of the neck and threw him out the door."

Jacques's and the Other Side are in the middle of the Boston Redevelopment Authority's South Cove redevelopment project. Right across the street a new Howard Johnson Motor Lodge is about to be completed. Just three blocks away, apartments are going up: almost 300 dwelling units, including some 70 for senior citizens.

We are allowed to exist as long as we are not noticeable. But if one of these out-of-the-way sections acquires some value — if it becomes useful to business interests who would find a gay bar in the area embarrassing, or if it becomes the site of something "respectable", like housing for families — then the gay people may be out on their cars on the streets.

## GAY SWITCHBOARD

### Gay People:

Ever since the gay movement began there has been talk about the need for a switchboard for gay people, a number you could call anytime for information, or to rap with another gay person.

A group of gay people has formed to establish and operate such a switchboard. We have certain visions of what we would like the switchboard to be. We know, of course, that you do too.

We would like to have an up-to-date listing of gay organizations — on campus and off; a central place for these groups to list their activities, meeting nights, dances, demonstrations, political actions, etc.; and a central place for gay people to call and find out what's happening in town for gay people. We will attempt to carry a complete list of neighborhood gay bars, baths, resorts, theaters, travel agencies, restaurants and any other services which cater to a gay clientele. To help gay people to utilize gay talents there will be a listing of gay people involved in specific trades: typists, plumbers, carpenters, artists, etc. We plan to have a listing of medical and legal services. A place to find a ride or rider on a cross country trip. We foresee our Rap Line (a number to call and rap with another gay person about any problems that society may be trying to dump on you for being gay... such as coming out; being harassed on your job; blackmail or whatever) getting a lot of use, and we already have thought of the need for more than one line.

## WHAT'S HAPPENING

What is happening? Liberation House Gay Care Collective, a few people got together and decided to do something instead of just dreaming and complaining. Liberation House is at 247 W. 11th Street, N.Y. 10014. Telephone 242-7521. Check it out and come together there. Liberation House is for both Gay women and Gay men.

Some people deal dope and others deal cars, but how many people actually deal with their lives: Into 475 hearings, last public hearing Dec 17, 1971 where Gay people got a good taste of straight politics, of stalling, of attempts to discredit the Mayor of New York at the expense of the Gay people of New York, where straight people got a good taste of Gay politics, that we will not back down. To some people Into 475 will not mean a thing. Instead of getting openly fired because you're Gay you can now be fired out of the old "gentlemen's agreement" — you are just incompetent (as well as Gay). But Into 475 will mean something to our sisters and brothers who live in constant fear of getting shovled out of their professions because they are Gay or not being able to get into those professions at all. It will help a Gay doctor, for instance, whose hospital will not let him or her intern because they have found out he or she might be Gay. It might help teachers. But as Ralph Hill says in *Faggot*, we'll now have "queer cops and queer firemen". In other words, we'll be assisting our own deviancy, and homosexuality will be just as illegal to exercise as ever. But at least it won't be illegal to be a Gay doctor, just illegal to be a practicing homosexual who is a doctor. It will be within our rights to work for the Man who will beat us on off hours but let us work on on hours. If this sounds a little difficult to follow, to fathom, to get clear where we stand on Into 475, it is because it is a tough number to generalize about because some of us might teach one day (and thereby join the professionals who will benefit from Into 475), but also we're aware of what it's like in Holland and England where they have also "legalized perversion", where homosexuality is swept under the rug and is still talked about publicly.

One of the themes that came out of the last hearing was the liberal politicians apology "what our dogs in bed is certainly his own business and does not concern anyone else" (even the other person, I guess). Jim Forrest actually testified to the disappointment of Gay and straight liberals, that he was Gay 24 hours a day and not just on the weekends after the bars close. Ansten Wade said that the government had no business in the bedrooms. A spokesman from the Catholic War Veterans said that the government must uphold the ancient virtues extolled by the Church, such as the nameless of the Incoverts — in Viet Nam, in Africa, in back room abortion parlors, and wherever perversion and lust prevail. In slightly last public hearing of Into 475 was great theatre, but let's deal with our lives directly until we won't have to come to the Man and beg his pardon for our rights.

In Brooklyn at 323 Baltic Avenue is a New Place, a coffee house for Brooklyn Gays on Sunday nights from 8-12. It is run by a collective who have been showing movies on Sundays, as well as music, rapping, dancing. 237-1049 is their number. Also any one interested in a Gay Revolution video project please call.

Gay Activist Alliance is compiling a list of all Gay Liberation organizations in America and The World. It will be sent free to any organization that wants it and that can add to it when necessary. For a copy of this list or more info write GAA, National Gay Movement Committee, 99 Wooster Street, New York, N.Y. 10012.

*Come Out!* has to apologize to Mirray Adelman of Chicago Gay Alliance who wrote the article *Come Out and Getting Busted* in the last issue and was not credited. Also we should make an apology for the Gay University pictures which offended some people. We did not make it clear that the Gay University spoof was for males; it should have been Gay Male University. The needs of Gay women should be defined by Gay women (naturally).

Words are stranger and stronger than fiction: *Come Out!* needs your words and your strength, your support, money, paper clips, anything. But it is important for us to realize what we are as a collective, and where our place in Gay Liberation lies. Therefore, we are a forum, but a Liberation forum, and this means that every page of *Come Out!* must express our struggle in the Gay Liberation process. This has got to be our guiding idea in what we publish and why we come together in rain and sleet and hail to get this paper out — even though we wish we came out twice or three times as often.

In order to provide the best possible service to gay people, we need your help. Please send us the names of people, organizations, or services that you feel we should list. Please write: Gay Switchboard, c/o Liberation House, 247 W. 11th Street, New York, N.Y. 10014. (no charge of call, temporary number, 212-260-2576 (day or early evening).  
Staff of the Gay Switchboard.

# Gay Jewish Revolution Continues

The following leaflet was distributed at a demo to support the building of a low rent housing project in Forest Hills (Queens, NYC):

In all my thoughts of a ghetto, I never dreamed we would be locked within our wall,  
from *The Wall*  
Noach Levinson  
John Hersey Ed.

## WE OPPOSE RACISM

We as Gay Jews support the building of a Public Housing Project in Forest Hills. We resent the misrepresentation of our feelings by conservative, straight, Jewish organizations. We as Jews, recently emerging from over a thousand years of GHETTO OPPRESSION and POGROMS in Europe, refuse to perpetuate that oppression on other peoples.

## WE OPPOSE SEXISM

Even when the project is built, it will discriminate against Gay People, Single People, and Living Collectives (Kibbutzim). The New York City Housing Authority only recognizes the heterosexual

Family as a legitimate life style. Therefore Gay People, Single People, and Unmarried People with Children are being denied decent, integrated, housing at rents they can afford. This perpetuates the GENOCIDE and POGROMS that Gay People have undergone for over 5000 years.

## WE AS GAY JEWS DEMAND:

1. The construction of Public, Decent, Integrated housing for all People at rents they can afford.
2. We therefore demand that all American personnel and resources now being used for warfare be immediately withdrawn from places where they are neither wanted nor needed. We demand that these swords be converted to plowshares. Let us turn Tanks, Planes, and Guns into the Bulldozers, Cranes, and Bricks needed to sew the seeds of a better world.

**GAY JEWISH REVOLUTION**  
*Go Come Out!*  
Box 233  
Times Square station  
New York, N.Y. 10036



# Liberation House

Liberation House Collective is a group of gay women and men involved in personal liberation. We see ourselves not only as a living commune, but as a work, education and growth commune, committed to the collective process with respect for individual needs and differences. As a living unit, the Collective is a mutual trust group based upon a commitment to the Collective and sensitivity to Collective sisters and brothers. As a work unit, the Collective is dedicated to the liberation of gay sisters and brothers. We realize that liberation is a process that demands change, our work commitment is to help gay people pull things together and change their lives, to work toward the liberation of individuals, our community, and all peoples. Oppression is an attitude that stifles all liberation movements. We also realize that as a collective, we still need to learn and grow. As an educational and growth unit, we hope to continue our own liberation.

The Collective seek structure only as vast as it supports and reinforces our basic goal, human liberation. We also are committed to working within a small unit. Small units can generate change while maintaining mutual heartiness and sensitivity. Above all, Liberation House Gay Collective is a commitment between people to people!



Current projects of Liberation House Gay Collective include:

- ...crisis counseling
- ...organizing women's and men's coming-out groups and consciousness-raising groups
- ...organizing gay groups in the boroughs
- ...helping gay ...helping gay people to form their own living communities
- ...housing and job counseling
- ...a food co-op
- ...starting a cooperative crafts workshop
- ...learning to provide emergency help to gay sisters and brothers with drug problems
- ...community meals
- ...re-education workshops and seminars
- ...starting a health clinic

These projects are centered around our basement storefront at 247 W. 11th St. If you'd be interested in joining the Collective, or if you'd like to participate in any of our projects and activities, or if you'd like to be in touch, come see us or call (212) 242-7521.

SISTERS AND BROTHERS, LET'S GET IT TOGETHER!



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## Proposal for a GAYCARE Center

by Alice Block

New York holds many, many gay people and a few gay organizations. It would be folly to say that the needs of New York gay people are being met by the existing organizations. Needs are so great that there is almost no possibility of duplication of services. Almost anything we could think of to do for the gay community still needs to be done. Gay people are constantly being referred to straight health clinics, drug and alcohol rehabilitation centers, and day care centers that fuck them over as gays. In moments of crisis there is often no place for gay people to go for fulfillment of their basic needs. Some groups, such as Gay Counseling Collective in New York, are now beginning to offer a sympathetic ear for such moments. This is an extremely important need and should not be downgraded, but it is one of many basic needs. Even the groups that give gays a place to rap and people to rap with are not prepared to offer temporary living space, cheap food and clothing, or work for people in crisis.

I propose a "gay care center" — a place that would care about gay people and help gays to take care of their own needs, a place where gays would care about and for each other. In planning and actualizing such a center we would have to make great efforts to stay in touch with people's needs.

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(by "Larry S" member of the Eulenspiegel Society, but the opinions expressed here are not necessarily those of the Society.)

# S&M and the revolution

This may be the first article on the subject in this paper. It is very possible that the gay S&M crowd is the most expressed sexual type of all, since they are usually misunderstood and denounced by their own gay brothers and sisters, to say nothing of the straights!

## ANALYSIS AND CLARIFICATION OF TERMS

1. "Revolution", here, means simply the mental and social revolution in attitudes that will finally grant total freedom and equality to all ethnic, cultural, creedal groups and sexual types. (It is outside the purpose of this article to imply that such a revolution in attitudes does, or does not, require a previous political and/or economic revolution). 2. S&M exists among heterosexuals and homosexuals, females and males. This suggests four groups, but because at any moment a person is usually playing either the S or the M role and not both at the same time, it really implies eight possible types; e.g., "heterosexual female S", "a homosexual male M", etc. However, since I am a gay male and my experience has been only with the gay male S&M scene, this article will necessarily have to be limited to such; it is hoped that some gay sister who is into S&M may be stimulated to write something about her own, and probably different, experiences. 3. The term "S&M", of course, stands for "sadism" and "masochism". But these are very unfortunate words for at least two reasons: A) They are based on the names of two individuals, the Marquis (Count) de Sade and the Baron von Sacher-Masoch, and not only were these two clearly just

individual examples, who therefore cannot be representative of all possible S&M types, but in the case of the Marquis at least, it can definitely be shown that he was not a "pure sadist" but had equally strong "masochistic" elements as well. B) In the popular (including gay) mind, "sadism" and "masochism" imply, the giving and receiving of physical pain, whereas in fact, a good case can even be made that physical pain is not the essence of S-M at all, but merely an expression of some other, deeper, underlying essence. 4. Other terms have indeed been used to characterize the "S-M group." For example, A) "the motorcycle crowd" but consider that whereas S-M has undoubtedly existed from the beginnings of time, motorcycles have been in existence only for the past 60 years, and probably owe their association with S-M to their rise in popularity after World War II, about 25 years ago. In previous eras horseback riding had some S-M suggestion, and scholarly research could unearth still other, earlier external associations. But to further show the limited value of the motorcycle idea, notice that only a small percentage of present day Gay S-M males own or ride motorcycles, while conversely there are very many motorbike riders, particularly among straight males, that have no S-M interests at all. B) Another expression is "the leather crowd" but right now we are going through major fashion changes in which much greater freedom in clothing is possible to everyone, and leather, suede, vinyl, etc. are being used in abundance; so nowadays if a person wears shiny black leather it can no longer confidently be said that he or she is into S-M. Conversely, there was a definite beginning to the association of the Gay S-M crowd with black leather (boots, motorcycle

jackets, etc.) and older S-M's remember this beginning, something like 20-30 years ago. Therefore the expressions "motorcycle, leather crowd" are only temporary designations, true only of certain places and times.

5. "B-D" stands for "bondage-discipline." Now HERE is a term which is not based on anyone's name (like "S-M") and which is very descriptive of the way in which many S-M people operate, in that it is an expression developed by the S-M crowd itself. "Bondage" means that one person ("submissive") is another who is "dominant" or in other extreme cases he is a "slave" to a "master", or in the most extreme form he is an actual physical bondage, bound, first by the other "B-D partner" and then that partner, by being given by the dominant person, a physical discipline and punishment to obey him, and B) that if he does not obey, or is particularly to the master's liking, he will be punished in some way, which first can be used to him as a final to increase the obedience, or else for the sake of increasing the pain and punishment itself. Naturally in the latter case "B-D" borders on "S-M" in the strict sense, but there is a definite psychological difference here, even, say a case which is given as a punishment for disobedience, and one which is bestowed out of the pure pleasure of giving (and receiving) pain. (On the other hand, some readers at this point may choose to think, as I do, that "giving and receiving pain" is itself just a special case of "expressing dominance and submission.") 6. "Dirty sex", meaning any involvement with urine and/or excrement, is by common consent regarded as a further possible part of the S-M consciousness, sometimes it exists all by itself. Naturally its denizens do not regard it as "dirty" in the sense of "repulsive," since they enjoy it. 7. "Fetishism" is the need and desire for certain physical objects to stimulate erotic response; these can be anything of course, but don't forget that motorcycles, boots, black leather itself, etc., are all equally clear examples of fetishes, as also cowboy outfits, tight-fitting denim levis, and so on. 8. "Playing games" generally means acting out special fantasies; for example, a submissive person wants to pretend that he is a sailor who has been caught stealing by his commanding officer, who threatens him with court-martial unless the sailor agrees to become his personal obedient servant for the rest of the voyage; if the dominant partner agrees to play the role of the officer, the scene is set. It is the opinion of this



# The Mailman and I

by Jonathan Stone



I grew up on a farm in Flat Rock, Pa., a tiny little place about two hours' drive from Philadelphia. Flat Rock has a post office, but no stores, not even a gas station or a grocery; I went to school five miles away in Brookville. It was a small high school; there were only 60 students in my graduating class, and of course we all knew each other.

I don't know if any of my classmates figured out I was gay. They knew at least that I wasn't good at sports, that I threw a baseball "like a girl," and that alone caused me to experience a lot of alienation. But I never was a real outcast. I discovered a good way to overcome my inadequacy at sports, and that was to join the world of athletics in a different way. I started writing sports news for the local town weekly and I became the manager of the different teams. Now, if you don't know what a manager is, I'll tell you: he is a glorified towel boy. While I always felt there was something strange about that role, and I used to wonder if people were thinking unkind things about me, I found myself enjoying the position. You could say I thought of myself as some sort of administrative assistant to the coach. Or, you could say, as they do in the professional sports world (so I've been told), that I was a "jock miffin." At least I was a competent score-keeper and time-keeper (I cheated once and this enabled our team to win the soccer championship, though I've never told anyone about that).

As for being towel boy, the truth is that I didn't mind it a bit, because taking care of clean and dirty towels gave me a perfect excuse to walk in and out of the locker room, myself fully clothed, and I saw

every boy's beautiful naked body. At night, I closed my eyes and imagined each boy's cock and balls - I definitely had my favorites - and with such glorious visions I jerked off and fell asleep.

My first sexual experience occurred during those years. I had discovered, during the earliest days of sex play, that my cock was above average in size, and I found a game which I figured out to be less dangerous than "Let's jerk each other off," which was the game I really wanted to play. The safer game was "I bet my cock is bigger than yours." I used the game successfully a few times, and I thus managed to have some sexual contact with my schoolmates at age 13 and 14. One time a habitistic redneck (whose cock was probably bigger than mine) refused outright to play my game and said, "Get out of here; you little fairy!" There were other times I was turned down, too, but somehow I got through it all without being beaten up.

Two times, I managed to have sex with other team managers in the girls' locker room, even as the afternoon practice session was going on in the gym. But that was only twice, and practice sessions took place day after day. While exciting, those days were lonely and frustrating.

Now, you will remember that my home in Flat Rock was five miles away from the school in Brookville. There was a special school bus to transport kids who participated in after-school activities, but Flat Rock was the last stop on a very long circuit. It turned out that I could make a very convenient connection, each day at 5 p.m., with Pete, the mailman. It was a 10 minute drive in his

white pick-up truck from the Brookville post office to the little one-room post office in Flat Rock. Riding with Pete became a routine for me. I'd leave the practice session, walk a half-mile to the post office, hop in Pete's truck, and off we'd go. I was 15.

Pete was in his 40s. If you were looking for a derogatory term for Pete, you might call him a hillbilly or a stump-jumper or a hick. He was in fact just a simple, skinny country guy. He had a mysterious longing in his eyes, and his teeth (those he still had) were rotting. He lived two miles further down from Flat Rock with wife and six kids. Pete was easy-going and did his job well. He was a friendly guy who always had a smile and a wave for the country folk, all of whom (including my parents) knew him. I want you to know that I really liked Pete, though I certainly didn't think of him as handsome and I really didn't know him in a personal way.

Before long - I'm not really sure how it all started - Pete and I started exchanging "dirty jokes." I don't remember any of the jokes, but I'm sure they were not sophisticated usage comic dirty jokes, but rather the run-of-the-mill country kids tell each other. The jokes were all heterosexual. One thing I remember is that the telling of the jokes gave me a hard-on, a boner we might have called it then. Who can say how much of my arousal came from the jokes, how much from the basketball practice and shower room scene I had just left. Or how much of it came from the presence of another man - Pete, the mailman.