

COME OUT

A LIBERATION FORUM OF THE GAY COMMUNITY

25¢



THE REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENT

HOMOSEXUAL LIBERATION AND

COMMUNITY BULLETIN BOARD

Meetings:

Gay Liberation Front - Sunday 8:30 PM
(through December)
Church of the Holy Apostles
9th Ave. & 28th St.
(1st January)
Washington Square Methodist Church
305 West 4th Street

Daughters of Bilitis - Thursday 5:00 PM
Co-ordinating Club
340 West 38th Street

Gay Liberation Workshop - Sat. 3-5 PM
Amenate University
530 Sixth Avenue at 14 Street

Phone Numbers:

Health Clinic (V.D.), 9th Ave. at 25 St. -
524-2537

Dental Clinic - Northern Dispensary, Sheridan
Square CH 2-5511

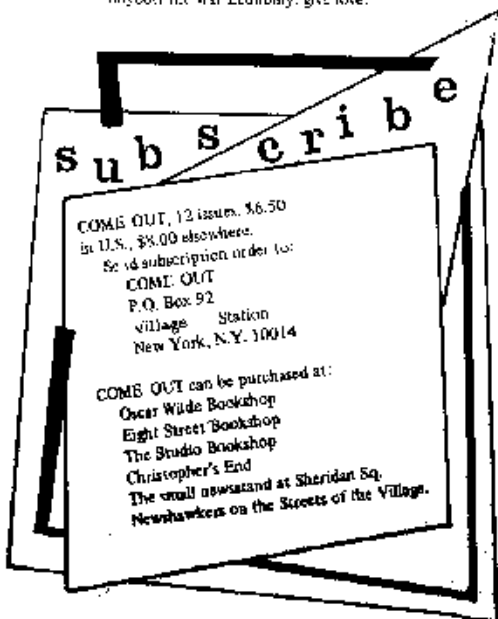
Legal - Stanley Cohen - 942-1940
COME OUT - 477-4875

Demonstrations:

Every Saturday, 2 PM - in front the N.Y. Panther
21 - also a week long vigil preceding Christmas at
Women's House of Detention, Christopher St. &
Greenwich Avenue

Wednesday, Dec. 24, Christmas Eve - Candlelight
Vigil in Sheridan Square in connection with
Museum - specifically for Gay people.

Remember - no business as usual this Christmas,
buyout the War Economy, give love.



COMMUNITY CENTER BENEFIT DANCE

SPONSORED BY THE
GAY LIBERATION FRONT
JANUARY 2, 1970

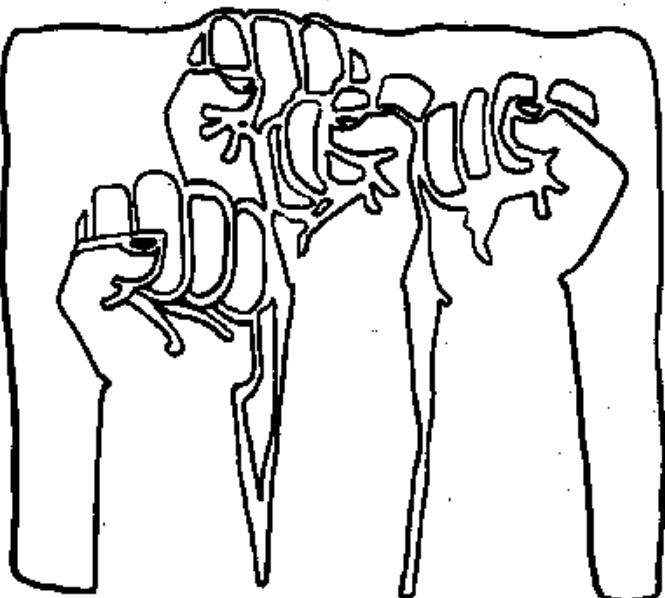
FRIDAY, 8 PM ALTERNATE U. 88 W 14 ST.
CONTRIBUTION \$1.50 (SINGLES) \$2.50 (COUPLES)

A PLEA TO THE COMMUNITY

Anyone owning or having access to photographs of the
Christopher Street Stonewall Riots of last summer please
call 477-4875 as soon as possible.

Cover photo by Diana Davies

COME OUT VOL.1 NO.2 JAN. 10, 1970



CHRISTOPHER STREET LIBERATION DAY SATURDAY JUNE 29, 1970

COME OUT has no single editor or publisher. It is edited
published and financed collectively by its staff of gay
people. It is a newspaper which is intended to function
as a community forum. Inclusion is not based on the
professional background of the writer or political direction
of his or her article and no article will be edited with-
out the specific consent of the writer.

Content is determined on the basis of interest and
timeliness. The philosophy of the newspaper is to en-
courage dialogue and stimulate the growth of new ideas.
We believe that this policy will contribute to the libera-
tion of our individual and collective potential as homo-
sexuals.

We encourage everyone to contribute to COME
OUT. Please send articles, visuals, comments or contribu-
tions to: P.O. Box 92, Village Station, N.Y. 10014.

A newspaper contributor's meeting for the third issue
will be held at 8:00 PM, Monday, December 29 at
1023 Sixth Avenue (near 38th St.), third floor.

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Ailan Warshawsky
Ann Wilson
Barbara Payne
Black Elk
Bob Cobuzio
Bob Kohler
Bob Martin
Dan South
Diana Davies
Earl Calvin
Eileen Rapel
Ellen Bedoz
Jim Fournatt
Lois Hart
Mark R. Giles
Mark Twain
Martha Shelley
Mohar Baba
Michael Brown
Red Butterfly
Suzanne BeVier
Thomas Jefferson

WASHINGTON MORATORIUM: 3 VIEWS

Carl Dolgin

Friday night, after arriving in Washington, we began our gassy Washington weekend. We had been told that it would be good for the people in the companies at Washington to see some flags and dykes, but had decided that twenty-four hours a day of confirmation was too much, and so had opted to stay with a sympathetic friend during our visit so as to have somewhere to relax between the passings and runfucks in the street. We were gassed during our dinner, like everyone else in the neighborhood near DuPont Circle, as it seeped in through the slightly open windows.

Personally, I'm fed up with all the shit we take from the right and the left. Saturday morning, during the march up Pennsylvania Ave., I felt inclined to discuss the reactions we got as we explained what our DEM. of June G.I.F. banner was about, because the march was so full of liberals -- nervous niggers all. Most of the young men smiled slightly, tightened their sphincters, grabbed men's hand, and gravitated discretely to another area of the street. The women were, as usual, UNDERSTANDING. Kinky, gentle creatures that they are, and generally said, "oh". We did one gay power chess during the march, after which these groups around us politely stifled embarrassed reactions. They thought the banner was pretty, though.

Dean Smith

There was something wrong in Washington. Something disquieting in the crowded marchers' movements in their smiles and frowns. But really, it was what they said -- and to whom they said it that disturbed me.

Don't get me wrong, I wasn't expecting the march to end the war or change the minds of the silent or the minds of the majorities. I was expecting a gathering of people who knew by whom or wall or how the soldiers were being used. Instead, I saw demonstration marshals tipping their heads and smiling at generals passing in green cars; I heard rostrum speakers praising American business and suggesting that the government try for business's efficiency, and I felt the mael of hatred and disgust that followed the conspiracy people when they walked among the crowd asking for people to come to the Justice Department; and deconstrute against the imprisonment of Bobby Seal. What I'm saying is that over three-fourths of the Moratorium were young S&M's blood to the power binding their perception of the world. They were unable to feel the governmental force confining their leaders that to be as quiet, inoffensive and meek as mother's little children would make their protest valid, a success.

Andy Brown

Actually it was the age of the people that was really impressive. They were young -- very young. The political ideologists of the left and right will interpret the age of these kids as evidence of their revolutionary commitment or the results of a permissive society. They're wrong. The reason is much more simple and honest: they don't want to die.

The N.J. Turnpike was like an elongated St. Marks Place when we came down on Friday afternoon. The Howard Johnson rest stops looked like hangouts of the new generation. They were all strolling and nuzzling around feeling their strength together.

DU PONT CIRCLE 10:30 PM NOV. 14. The radicals had planned this as a departure point for their march to the Saigon Embassy. On our way to the circle we were treated to a genuine member of the "Nigger majority" holding a pistol out his window. Apparently he felt the Revolution had come and he had to protect his stake in America, an America that to judge by him and others, is rapidly losing its sanity.

As we neared the circle, we were repeatedly asked where the action was by others who like us were there out of a combination of curiosity and to express something as yet undefined. What we got when we arrived was a crowd of about a thousand kids waving the ever present MLP flags and chanting support for same. The smell of tear gas hung heavy in the air and it all seemed sort of senseless, as if we were here to watch a grade B movie.

Fuck it's amazing how fast your ears become attuned to the sound of them when in the middle of an outlaw demonstration. We began to move faster through the crowds, which was difficult because they had the same idea. There was no need for the cops to give a warning and they knew it. The gas began to explode and suddenly we were being driven down Connecticut Ave. A window broke just behind and we split into an alley hoping to avoid a bust.



photos by Diana Davies

IN FRONT OF THE WHITE HOUSE 12:30 AM NOV. 15. With the arc lights blazing across the lawn, one of the "marchers against death" steps up; turns toward Dick Nixon; inside the building raises a clenched fist and screams the name of a South Vietnamese lander destroyed in the war. These kids who are on the other side of Pennsylvania Avenue watching the endless stream of name bearers show their emotion only in their eyes. They know that the war is only part of a much larger lie, and that the lie is backed up with arc lights and tear gas and guns.

NOV. 15 SATURDAY 10:30 AM. The 25 representatives from the Gay Liberation Front make the march to the only on the grounds of the Washington Monument. It was immense, I have never seen so many people. Yet they all acted as if they were bored, unsure why they were there at all. They applauded only occasionally and then only for moments. At 5 PM the red dots began to move out through the center of the mall.

Continued on page 3

At the Department of Justice, when we were was together. We gave out a few water-soaked Handi-Wipes.

After dark, we wandered back into the Mall area. In a few minutes all over the mall and rock music leaked from some speakers. I smelled a little grass in the wind and wished I had some. What was happening there had been going on all day all over the city -- people engaged in human activities normally prohibited in government property. So the city was overrun by the people. My favorite meeting by this time had to be I looked up at this point like with a very bright half moon, just shooting at all kinds of rays behind it. I thought about what the hell they were there that weekend could have been. The people were there in excess of a million -- the people with their own people -- infectious-tipped, cow-eyed, graspable, noticeable, gent-embodied young men and women, all wanting to be force and REALLY revolutionary.

After arriving at the Mall of the Great National Aids, we eventually split up for the duration of the day. We of us were left to carry the banner, and we spent the day wandering through the mall area and downtown Washington. So many nice people smiled when we told them who we were, but we were tired and I'm afraid we didn't always respond in kind. A handsome acquaintance whom I hadn't seen for some time came out of the crowd and kissed me during a dispute we had with a MOBF asshole in front of the Department of Labor. I began to smile. We had been instructed to smile.

On the way back to our resting place, we stopped at a coffee shop downtown and invited a couple to join us at our table. After learning who we were, they sat out and ate. I was too exhausted to fish out -- too exhausted from having to ask out. This sure is no opera-

The leaders could not see that the friendly hands of the police around their shoulders were meant to keep the Moratorium as quiet and as UNHEARD as any club that Agnew could use on newsmen: They can't see that if it hadn't been for the activities of the Justice Dept. the Moratorium would not have gotten more than six lines on the ninth page. In this country one must spit or be fired under petty nuisance. Nixon will not be moved by a thousand marches like the one in Washington but he could be shattered by three or four like that at Justice. We must stop squandering our and start speaking up.

We should not be forced to watch a demonstrator holding Michael R. Katz's name in his hands and waiting to be hit by a tear gas canister.