

October 11, 1973 / 20¢

New Freak Brothers Funnies
Women in Prison
Gays and Nonviolence
Rewriting the History of the War

win

PEACE AND FREEDOM THRU NONVIOLENT ACTION





LETTERS

In the September 13 issue of WIN you had an appeal from several staff members from WIN and others to raise bail money for a certain Mr. Hoffman and three associates who recently (allegedly) had a \$30,000 cocaine deal terminated by some N.Y.P.D. Narks (Who must have not been paid off, unlike many of their colleagues).

In case you've forgotten, junk has brought the world an Opium war, barbaric laws against grass, millions of addicts throughout the years, some of them truly fine citizens of their respective communities and thus quite able to finance their habits. (Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Herman Goering being among the most notable) but many more are dirt poor who have had to rip off, stick up, jack up, pimp their lovers (and themselves) and various other devices just to keep their body and soul (temporarily) together.

You might counter with "Well, dealing cocaine is not the same as dealing smack." You're right. Not quite. But damn close. The CIA's "Air America" opium runs in

Indochina don't have coke in their cargoes, but that's only because of cocaine's geographical location. But their Mafosi comrades in Miami take care of the cocaine distribution in the U.S. just fine.

The nitty gritty of my letter is this, many non-white activists are trying to eliminate pacifying poison from their communities, whether it be smack and coke in New York, or bootleg whiskey at Pine Ridge Reservation in South Dakota. Many revolutionaries particularly Blacks and Latinos, were at one time strung out or close to it. But various factors including gradually acquiring a revolutionary socialist consciousness changed that.

Hoffman, according to your appeal has a "long and enviable" movement record. So isn't there a huge difference between him and a strung-out kid dealing enough to maintain his own habit and having only enough political consciousness to realize he's living in a stoned miserable society and to him it seems the only way to deal with it to stay

wasted, even at the risk of being caged or possibly losing his life, (either by O.D.ing or a trigger happy nark or prison hack.)

I deeply hope that Hoffman and his associates, (not to mention thousands of drug users and petty dealers in New York) aren't caged under Rocky's new revised drug "Lynch'em" laws.

But if they are guilty they have committed a criminal act in the real sense of the word and Abbie's friends should deal with that fact.

One more comment concerning a trial coming up that has no defense committee of "counter culture" or left notables to defend them. Joanne Chesmind, Herman Bell, Richard Moore, Alfred and Anthony Caine, Andrew Jackson and Frankie Washington are Black revolutionaries who are alleged to be members of an alleged Black Liberation Army and who are accused of killing cops in confrontation in New York City. Their trials are coming up this fall. They are all facing life sentences, or possibly even execution.

The Left has pretty much shunned their defense, some sectors of the left branding them as "Ultra-Leftists" or possible Police Provocateurs, and "moral witness" pacifists, of course don't want to even hear about such terrible things as Urban Guerilla actions.

In conclusion, leave Hoffman's defense and money raising to the "cock-rock" stars who often put thousands of dollars up their noses and in their veins a month.

There are just a few other priorities, such as the Attica, Wounded Knee, and "Black Liberation Army" defense funds. Those people, despite whatever political and/or tactical faults they may or may not have, are revolutionaries working for a society where smack, coke, and whiskey are just bad memories of a decadent, oppressing society.

STAN WOODS
Denver, Colo.

We must recognize recent dismal happenings in Southern Africa: Nixon's embracing of minority white regimes; British and US encouragement of Rhodesian white rule; US foreign aid to maintain the Portuguese economy allowing them to fight an expensive war; and a United Nations which can do little more than issue pronouncements. We who live in the industrialized world must consider now tactics to do our part to help liberate Southern Africa.

The best strategy for breakthrough in the five major white minority ruled nations (South Africa, Namibia, Zimbabwe, Mozambique, and Angola) is to put our resources where the "enemy" is most vulnerable. We believe the action most able to drive a wedge for change in Southern Africa is a GULF OIL CORPORATION BOYCOTT.

WHY GULF? There are ethical, political, educational, and practical reasons. Five years after the Angolan revolution began, Gulf started a \$150 million oil operation there—75% of total US investments in Angola. The United Nations called this action an exploitation of human and material resources, harmful to the programs of Angolans toward freedom and independence. The people of any land have an inalienable right to independence. We believe Gulf is guilty of unethical, irresponsible business activity.

Gulf paid Portugal \$61 million in 1972 and will pay \$10 million more each year for the next several years. This enables Portugal to finance 150,000 troops fighting to maintain its colonies. Gulf, if pressed, can be influential in convincing Portugal to change. In addition, Gulf's controlling stockholder, the Mellon family, gave \$1 million of President Nixon's secret \$10 million fund! Gulf if pressed, could be influential in changing Mr. Nixon's policies toward Portuguese colonialism. Politically there are good reasons to boycott Gulf.

The Gulf boycott is also an excellent way to educate the Western world to terribly unjust conditions in Southern Africa. Distribution of hundreds of thousands of leaflets, etc. can make Americans aware of the inter-relationship of Gulf and other American conglomerates with these white minority regimes. Knowing the issues, Americans can take political and economic action against

those corporations who influence US foreign policy in Southern Africa.

Finally, an economic boycott of Gulf products is a practical action for "little" people who want to effect freedom in Angola. People can avoid Gulf products and institutions and stop contracting with Gulf. Gulf knows this; witness its 1970 threat to sue the United Church of Christ for urging a boycott. When a corporation fails to respond to ethical pressure, then we must hit them where they feel it—in the pocket book! The Gulf Boycott Coalition believes an international boycott of Gulf can work—the initial response world-wide has been tremendous. Until Gulf stops assisting the Portuguese dictatorship by huge annual payments, a boycott can be effective in pressing Gulf to take action to enable Angolans to become independent.

WHAT CAN GULF DO? They have many options which with their years of statesmanship they can certainly carry out effectively. In addition to 1) pressure on Portugal leading to possible 2) withdrawal, 3) Gulf could recognize the Angolan liberation movements and pay them taxes, 4) Gulf could support the United Nations policy regarding Angola, 5) Gulf could influence US policy for freedom in Angola for a change, and 6) Gulf, under contract with Portuguese, could "save" the oil at Cabinda until such time as the Angolans gain their independence.

The Gulf Boycott Coalition* stands ready to assist all individuals and groups to boycott Gulf where they are. Hit them where it hurts!

—PAT ROACH, CHR.
Gulf Boycott Coalition
Box 123, D.V. Station
Dayton, OH 45406

*NOTE: Members of the advisory board of the Gulf Boycott Coalition include Rep. Ron Dellums, John Kenneth Galbraith and Allard Lowenstein.



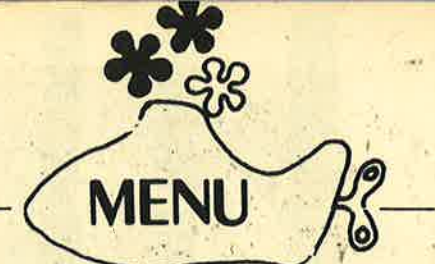
Transients

Oak and hickory crowns carry
Us through shades of the tenth month.

This hot yellow canopy
Baking acorn and beggers lice
Will thin and leaf mold the soil
For Spring.

But chemicals
From the warm fall sky
Laced with contrails.
Bring what succor
For vagrant life?

Michael Corr



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WHAT'S THE ALTERNATIVE?

The number of alternative enterprises and arrangements that people are into nowadays is quite impressive. We've all heard about food co-ops, underground newspapers and alternative schools but there are also alternative garages, construction co-operatives and some communities are even experimenting with completely alternative economies. Are you into any thing of this sort or know about such projects? If you do, why not write to WIN about it. We can't afford to pay for articles but our readers are vitally concerned with these problems and can benefit from reading about your experiences.

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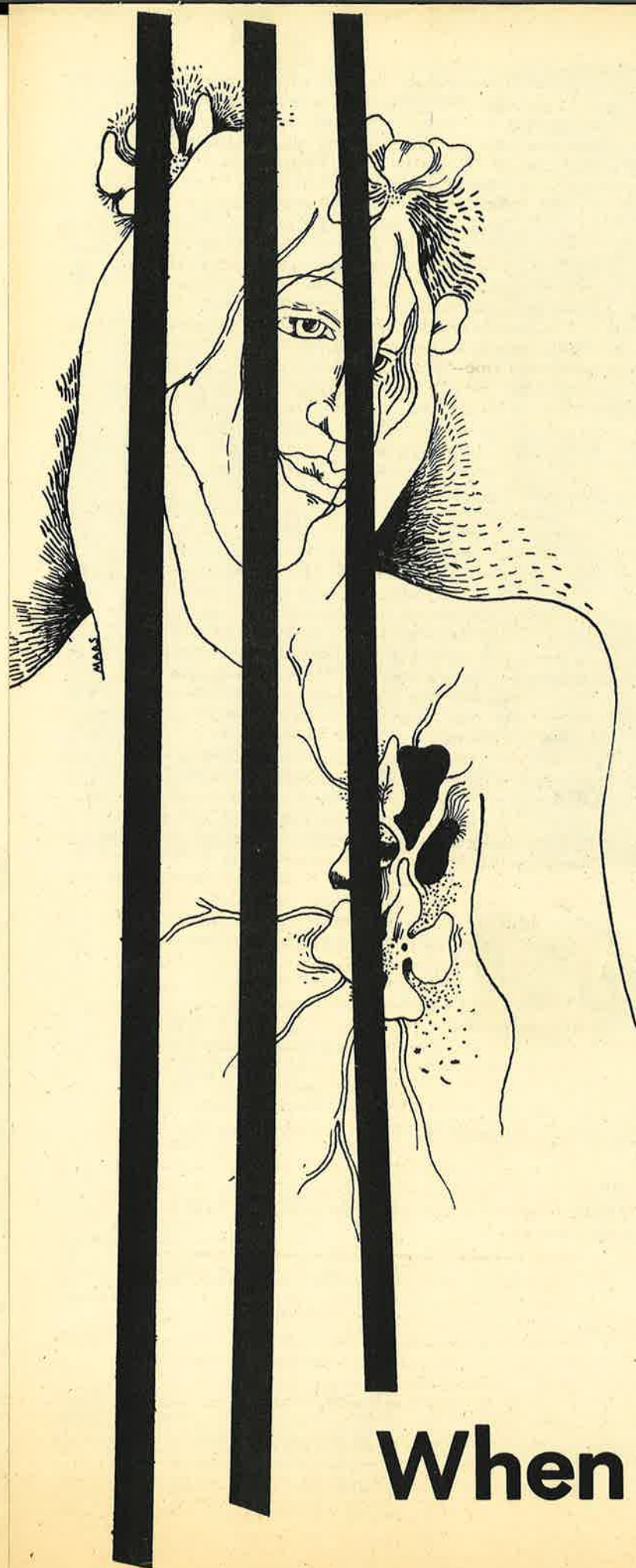
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The night before we went to jail, my old man and I got very stoned. We were, we figured, paying our dues, so it seemed like the right thing to do. It was an exhilarating trip. We played old Stones records and made love and laughed and took baths. We made up impossible codes for the letters we would write and exchanged promises of strength of spirit. We were angry and defeated, but we were ready. After all, it was only for fifty days in a county jail. We could have gone to prison—a change of wording, a stronger argument—we could have been strangled with their punishment. It was only county jail. We felt so fine. Tomorrow was a day of keys and cages, of redneck guards and bullish matrons. Today we felt affirmed—in ourselves, in one another—they couldn't win much from us in fifty days. We were ready.

When the night, the high, the energy, the laughter faded, when morning made the sky pink and the wind still, when the drug was gone except for a backache and a yellow clarity of vision, we sat, we huddled and we were afraid.

My man already knew. He'd been in a cage before. His eyes were wounded and lonely. "Maybe it won't be so bad for a woman," he said. "Be tough." And then he drew up inside the carapace of his knowing and shut me out.

I reached for him. *Hold me.*

He drew back. "I won't be there," he told me. "Be tough."

Suddenly I wanted to go. There was a passing-through in this. I would come out whole; I would be tough.

"Remember," he said. "Remember that every day will be the first." And then they put him in a cement room and his face distorted behind the thick glass.

There was a second aphorism he did not say. Every day is forever. Until the moment of my release, I was not sure I would leave. Every day a girl who was serving a year marked off the day on a handmade calendar. A girl serving three months dressed to go home; a few hours later they came to tell her there was a hold on her. I wondered what would detain me when my time was done. Inside, boxed and lost to those outside. I did not doubt the supremacy they held—nor their caprice.

They let me have the hairbrush and the panties. I bought a toothbrush from the commissary after six days (I'd just missed the weekly run), along with paper and no. 3 pencils. We couldn't bring books or magazines, or have them sent. Inmates were allowed letters of two pages' length, carefully read, and sometimes withheld. There was nothing else.

The mail came around ten. If a matron was not watching, the girls would climb to the window in the laundry room and watch for the truck. The mail had to be stamped, sorted, and read. Sometimes we did not receive our letters until seven or eight at night. Often I received letters a day after they had been stamped. When I asked about it, the matron said, "Maybe yours was mixed up and sent to the men." About once a week we received mail right after lunch. That was reason enough to spend every afternoon the rest of the week in a frenzied state of anticipation. The most important moments were those of *getting*:

mail in the evening, and candy bars on Tuesday.

My man and I could exchange letters on Friday. Both of us, eager and lonely, wrote a day or two earlier and gave the letter to the guard at waking time on Friday. Yet I never received a letter before lights out at ten, and usually I got it on Saturday night. One letter was never delivered at all. I received, instead, a lecture. The "privilege" of writing one another would be taken away from us if we ever again used it to make complaints or criticisms of the jail, the court, the judge, or the system.

Letters were my only release. "I didn't know how bad it would be." I wrote a friend. "I thought I was finally confirming whose side I'm on. But I don't think I have the guts for the inanities, the tedium, the indignities, the petty bullshit."

The matron tore up my letter in front of me. She gave me another girl's letter to read. "This one is acceptable," she said. I read the letter. "Well, what's happening with you these days? I heard that Jerri dyed her hair; is that so? What's going on on the streets?"

That was my seventh day in jail. I finally understood what my man meant; he wasn't there. Nor were my friends, nor my lawyer, nor my mom who'd never said a word of criticism, who'd come up with the money when I thought there would never be enough. Those people didn't exist.

I was in jail.

The judge said I was lucky, this was the finest facility in the state of California. I don't doubt that he believed it. There were, after all, no roaches in the food.

There were other things missing, too. There was no window to see the sky, no reason to get up in the morning, no way to pass the day. At night we lay caged in a dormitory, the lucky ones lost in dreams, the unlucky staring into the glare of the hall lights. All day, from 5:30 on, we were in a room with bolted tables and backless stools. The television came on just before noon. Then came lunch, a Wonderbread sandwich. The next milestone was Daniel Boone at four, because when it was over, it was time for supper. Everyone watched Daniel Boone. Few watched television after that. There was one woman about fifty, serving thirty days for drunk driving, who sat in front of it until it went off every night, playing solitaire and smoking Marlboros. I envied her.

I had gone with resolutions. They couldn't imprison my mind, I said. They couldn't steal my time if I used it.

I thought I could use the time to write. I sat apart, my hard lead pencil (how I despised no. 3 leads!) in hand; I was as hateful and snobbish to the others as if I had laughed at them. They would wait until I had done a few pages and then grab them and crush them and throw them from girl to girl, like a ball. I couldn't escape into the fantasy of my fiction; the reality kept intruding.

But I could use the time to think. Yet I lay day after day on my bed, blank and blind, staring into dull vacant days, stupid stupid stupid.

I could control my resentment, not waste my energy. Yet when something trivial and silly happened, I would be awash with anger and hurt.

I could make friends. We were, after all, all women, and I was a feminist. Why, then, were we enemies? I had thought there would be a *them* and *us*. But there was no *us*. Each woman was a *me*—suspicious, cautious, selfish. "Fuck you, chick," was a byword.

The ugliest, saddest thing about those fifty days was the realization that I did not have the sense of self, the guts, to let my spirit stride. I was too recently sick of spirit, too injured. I was suddenly back in the fourth grade, when I moved to a new school and was rejected. I remembered spitballs across a classroom, and isolation on the playground.

I lost weight steadily. We wore ugly print house-dresses from Sears, beltless and ill-fitting. The girls could catcall me—"Hey bones!" or "Hey skinny!" They made jokes—"I bet her old man has scars from getting cut on her hips..."—and I couldn't laugh. I began to move with painful self-consciousness, aware of my thinness, my long dry hair, my split nails, as if each imperfection were a terrible, leprous sore. I forgot quickly the fierce pride I had felt in my body when I danced, when I made love, when I walked striding along a beach. I was ugly, and I was ashamed.

I wanted the other women to be outraged for me, only they weren't even outraged for themselves. I lay on my bed at night seething with anger. I had been teaching school, and my house burned down, and the firemen found the dregs of our grass stash. It all came out at once—I was pregnant, unmarried, smoked dope, and was one hell of a teacher. They'd have hung me if they could, but they didn't need to. I lost the baby, I was forever shut out of my work, and ultimately I would lose the man.

My sorry little tale was nothing to a cage full of women who'd never finished high school. It was nothing to a girl hooked on junk since she was barely a teenager. It was nothing to the drunk whose husband had died in the drunk tank on the other side. It was nothing to the Indian twins in for shoplifting.

It's taken me two years to write about it. Why make a big trip out of fifty days in a clean jail?

None of my friends ever wanted to hear about it; the anger and hurt are like the grief that strangled me when my firstborn son died—how can you talk about it? *Only, how can you not talk about it?*

They bought me cheap, and I keep on paying—every time a knock on the door sounds like a pounding—every time I see a cop easing onto the freeway—every time I remember our last trip. I never quite got back the joy in my body. I never quite let down the bars of secretiveness that replaced privacy inside. Jail made me vulnerable, and tight, and cautious, and straight.

So now it's not a big thing. Smoking dope is practically legal where I live.

So when do I get free? When does the fifty-first day come?

This article is reprinted from the Portland SCRIBE. It came to them with the following note:

Now that McCall says dope ain't so bad for folks, now that the Oregonian says our very own Rocky Butte has a "homey atmosphere," now that everybody's leaving California anyway, here's a piece about an uneventful stretch in a woman's county jail in that golden state.

Only, please don't tell anybody it was me—I've got the straightest job you ever saw and a baby to take care of all by myself, and I'm really paranoid.

When does the 51ST

day come?

ANTI-GAY VIOLENCE, THE PRESS AND PACIFISM



Marky Bulwinkle

A Boston Report by Allen Young

The following appeared on page 5 of the *Boston Globe* on Saturday, July 14:

Man killed, 1 hurt in Arboretum assault
By Thomas Dotton, *Globe* Staff

One man was killed and another seriously injured early yesterday morning when they allegedly were lured from a downtown Boston bar to a nonexistent party, robbed and beaten by six assailants and thrown into a sewer at the edge of the Arnold Arboretum.

Police identified the dead man as Jeremiah Lynch, 21, of Barrison street, Boston, and his injured companion as 22-year-old Stephen Tuscher, of Oak street, Wayland, who was admitted to Faulkner Hospital, Jamaica Plain, for "multiple contusions" and was listed last night in fair condition.

Medical examiner George Curtis said Lynch had inhaled a mixture of mud and water and suffocated after being thrown unconscious into a sewer.

According to police, Lynch and Tuscher had met casually near closing time in a Bay Village bar and were invited to a party by six fellow patrons. Tuscher told detectives that, lured by promises of "booze, some pot and a lot of fun," he and Lynch left the bar

and got into a vehicle with the six men.

After driving around sections of Forest Hills and Jamaica Plain, Tuscher said the vehicle stopped near a rear entrance of the Arnold Arboretum at South and Bussey streets. Police said the eight men got out of the car and conversed until someone yelled: "Now!"

Lynch and Tuscher were repeatedly struck with "clubs, knives and other weapons," according to police, and "several sticks covered with blood" were later discovered at the scene. Tuscher told police that both men were also robbed of cash, wallets, jewelry and watches.

Police quoted Tuscher as saying the six men dragged Lynch and him to a sewer main at the edge of the Arnold Arboretum grounds.

Lynch reportedly was dropped first through the 27-inch opening into the deepest part of the sewer with Tuscher thrown on top of him. Police said the cover of the main was replaced and the six assailants drove away.

Tuscher told police he waited until he knew his assailants had gone before calling for help. He was eventually heard by an unidentified passing motorist.

Det. Sgt. John Daley of the homicide division and Det. Sgt. Arnold White of Station 13 are conducting the investigation of the attack. Robbery has been described as the motive."

After I'd finished only the first paragraph of the preceding article, I knew that Jeremiah Lynch and Stephen Tuscher were victims of faggot haters. By the time I was finished with the article, I guessed that the bar referred to was The Other Side—Boston's most famous gay dancing bar—and I pretty much could imagine the whole situation.

My emotional response was complex. One element was fear, but I'm almost immune to fear. Cruising can be a dangerous business, and while unlike some people, I am not turned on to the danger, I am always aware of it. Will I give up cruising because of its potential danger? Probably not. (Perhaps I should give it up for other reasons—because it has so little to do with the sense of community which we want to build.) Another element of my response to the Lynch-Tuscher story was sadness, on many levels, for dead Jeremiah and hospitalized Stephen. And there was curiosity about how their families were dealing with the situation. (Had the cops told them their sons were faggots? Maybe they had known previously, maybe not).

But my strongest emotional response was anger, directed at the *Boston Globe* for not telling its readers the true story of what happened to Jeremiah Lynch and Stephen Tuscher, for neatly excising homosexual oppression out of the story. I remembered the class I took in libel law at the Columbia Journalism School; it's libelous to say that someone is a homosexual, and even if the person is dead, his or her descendants can sue and collect! Is that why the *Boston Globe* hid the facts, I wondered.

Well, it turns out that Thomas Dotton, the *Globe* reporter, is a black gay brother, and of course he knew the gay aspects of the story, but the police told him the gay facts "off the record," and besides, the *Globe* "is a family newspaper." So the story appeared in its truncated form, which, Dotton says, "was unacceptable to me and still is."

I sympathized with Dotton having to put up with his editors' dishonesty—on what is supposedly one of

the nation's most liberal dailies—and beyond that I was happy with this new affirmation of how right I was to have quit the establishment press five years ago.

I almost sat down to write a letter to the editor of the *Globe* to complain about their dishonest journalism, but I decided instead to direct my energy into an article for the *Advocate*. The editors of the *Advocate*, following standard journalistic procedures, would want certain facts for their article, and I, as a "trained professional journalist," knew how to obtain them.

I found out that Stephen Tuscher was still in only "fair" condition and could receive no visitors. I balked at the idea of talking to his family; what would I ask them? I called the police officers mentioned in the *Globe* article, but they were not in.

I called Charley Shively, a friend of mine involved with Boston's *Fag Rag*, whose lover happens to be a bartender at The Other Side. Charley confirmed all of my intuitions. In fact, the police had already been to The Other Side asking questions. Charley said that he had also heard that Jeremiah Lynch's family had refused to take his body, though this could not be confirmed, and later it was learned that his family did indeed take care of the burial. (The gay-vine reflects our cruel reality.)

By the time the next day dawned, I felt I could no longer proceed with this routine reporting project. Was I just being lazy? I felt uncomfortable with the standard journalism expected of me by the *Advocate*. What did the specific details matter anyway? Could I say something about this incident that would be helpful to other gay people?

I decided to call Thomas Dotton to tell him how I felt about his article, but also to garner some more information. Dotton told me that the police were less than vigorous in their investigation. He said that one of the bartenders at The Other Side could definitely identify at least one of the assailants, yet the police seemed uninterested. "Queer entanglements," one of the cops said to Dotton and other reporters, as if to dismiss the murder.

Later, I got through to Det. Sgt. White, who informed me that two arrests had been made and more were expected. He said that routine investigation had led to the arrests, and he assured me, when I asked him whether police were less than vigorous in solving the murder of a queer, that the police would go "as far as possible" in finding the culprits.

My anger at Dotton's article subsided after talking with him. He said he was willing to let me identify him as "gay" in the pages of the *Advocate* (though he told me he doesn't like the *Advocate*). He told me that he was a founder of the Student Homophile League at Columbia University in 1966, but has not been involved in the gay movement recently. As a result of the Arboretum incident—plus a new wave of assaults on gay people in Boston cruising spots—Dotton has received the OK from his editors to work on a long piece discussing the escalation in anti-gay violence. In addition, he decided to attend a meeting of the Gay Media Watch, a new Boston gay community group specializing in monitoring and correcting media coverage.

The obvious response to all this violence, as gay community leaders have already stated, is organized self-defense, and some Bostonians are attempting such a group. Who could disagree? We are vulnerable, and the police, who hardly protect ordinary citizens, are

not going to protect us faggots. (Protect us so we can commit felonies in the municipal bushes?) But I would be the last one to preach about the need for self-defense. On this, I feel I am a very typical faggot. I have neither the skill nor the will to fight. I have almost no experience fighting. I have managed to avoid every opportunity I have had to fight, and that includes everything from childhood squabbles to recent gay classes in karate held during the prime of New York Gay Liberation Front. In the hey-day of Students for a Democratic Society (SDS), when the slogan was "pick up the gun," I bought a .22 rifle, which I still own, but I have no idea what I would use it for. Two faggot friends I know bought rifles under similar circumstances, and they too no longer have any use for their firearms. (Did we ever really have any use for them, other than to impress upon ourselves and others how tough we were?)

In theory, I believe in self-defense, including armed self-defense, but I feel incapable of it. I abhor violence, and it also frightens me. I would like to stop it. There is, of course, violence running through the gay community, and some gay people seem to get off on it. That goes for the fascistic neo-Nazi sector of the leather crowd as well as for the effeminists gleefully predicting a sex war. But I think such people are a minority. It is no coincidence that gay people have always had a leading role in the pacifist movement (David McReynolds, Bayard Rustin, Allen Ginsberg, etc.). In practice, I suppose I am a pacifist, though I doubt if I would remain pacifistic if I were personally assaulted, and I am not convinced of the effectiveness or the validity of the doctrine of pacifism (as in "love thy enemy" and "turn the other cheek"). (Readers can make their own puns as far as the "other cheek" epigram is concerned.)

I do think we need to find a way to take destructive power out of the hands of those who are using it—whether it is Richard Nixon or the people who killed Jeremiah Lynch. But I am very confused. I do not know for certain how to take this power away. Perhaps we are accomplishing this over the long run, by a gradual process, as people learn to overcome the fears that drive them to violence. Perhaps violence won't end until there is an end to the domination of women by men, until there's an end to the domination of the poor by the rich. Perhaps it is true that as each of us strives against the destructive values of our society—competition, greed, racism, sexism—we are effectively combatting this destructive violence.

Footnotes to all of this:

- 1.) Stephen Tuscher, in an interview in the *Boston Phoenix*, asserts he is not gay, but "AC/DC," and he said he desperately wants shock treatments to help him erase the memory of that awful night.
- 2.) The two men arrested in the case were released on their own recognizance, that is, with no cash bond required.
- 3.) Thomas Dotton's proposed long article on gay people as victims of violence was scuttled by the *Boston Globe*.
- 4.) I finally sold my .22 rifle.

Allen Young is a graduate of the Columbia school of journalism and a former reporter for various straight newspapers. More recently he has worked with Liberation News Service.



Telling it like it wasn't: vietnam history in the schools

BY BILL GRIFFEN

After every war in which America has fought, schools have been used to interpret that war to the next generations. The interpretation has always been characterized by (1) stressing the necessity of our involvement, and (2) defending the correctness and morality of America's role and conduct in the war. The blindness of self-righteous nationalism has always substituted for objective, honest analysis of American policy. This should not be allowed to happen with the Vietnam War.

As we are urged to accept America's role in Vietnam as, at worst, a mistake—a policy misjudgment, or,

at best, a war to preserve South Vietnam's "freedom and democracy"; every effort should be made to accurately and honestly describe the Vietnam decade—from our picking up the bloody sword of the departing French imperialists to the 1972-73 barbaric civilian bombings cynically described as having achieved "peace with honor."

Consider the pathetic irony of all those peace-movement leafletters, sign carriers, letter writers, petition signers, speech-makers, demonstration-goers, article writers, and teach-inners having their children read in school textbooks that "their country came to the defense of democratic South Vietnam." The State Department-Pentagon version of aggression from the North will wash only if we realize Washington, D.C. is in fact north of Saigon. But a generation of school children are about to get the State Department-Pentagon version of "history."

As early as 1966, the Defense and State Departments were putting out instant history on the Vietnam War to millions of school children. They produced sixteen hundred copies of *Why Vietnam*, a film the noted American historian, Henry Steele Commanger, described as "... it is not history. It is not even journalism. It is propaganda, naked and unashamed." In a *Saturday Review* article of April 15, 1967, Commanger wrote, "Let us look briefly at this film, for it is doubtless a kind of dry run of what we will get increasingly in the future."

Commanger's preview look is frightening as *deja vu*—we've seen this Cold War cascade before, applied almost universally to different historical situations. Here is the Munich appeasement analogy, the dividing at the 17th parallel into two countries—free and communistic, communist terrorism, communist aggression for world domination, America fulfilling solemn pledges in the free world, etc. The government film is described by Commanger: "... now the scene shifts to Vietnam. In 1954, says our narrator, 'the long war is over, and the Communists are moving in.' It is a statement which has only the most fortuitous relation to reality. The long war was indeed over—the war between the Vietnamese and the French. But to label the Vietnamese who fought against the French "Communists" and to assume that somehow they 'moved in' (they were already there) is a distortion of history. Yet there is worse to come. For next the camera is turned on to the Geneva Conference. ..."

Even five years before Watergate, Professor Commanger could say, "What is needed is a Truth in Packaging Act for the United States Government." He elaborated by observing, "The dissemination of *Why Vietnam* in high schools and colleges is no isolated episode in the manipulation of public opinion by government, but part of a larger pattern. We must view it in connection with the publication program of the USIA, the clandestine activities of the CIA, and the vendetta of the Passport Office against travel to unpopular countries, or by unpopular people, as part of an almost instinctive attempt (we cannot call it anything so formal as a program) to control American thinking about foreign relations. We had supposed, in our innocence, that this sort of thing was the special prerogative of totalitarian governments, but it is clear we were mistaken."

Add to the publication program of the USIA and the Defense and State Departments the self-serving publication programs of the merged corporate business and textbook industries and the direction of the

generation's "history" lessons become clear. Parents, teachers, and students not tolerating texts stating $2 + 2 = 5$ or that the earth is the center of the solar system, should not be forced for political national chauvinistic reasons to tolerate texts and materials stating that:

- * *The U.S. had no interest in Vietnam other than assuring South Vietnam's self-determination*
- * *the U.S. acted to counter communist aggression in Vietnam from the north*
- * *the North Vietnamese would not permit free elections as prescribed by the 1954 Geneva Accords*
- * *the U.S. has always been willing to negotiate, while the North Vietnamese have not.*

A reading of some popular high school texts coming out in the early 1970's find all these distortions running through most of them. Here is one example of the kind of "history" we are in for if we don't act. According to a Ginn and Company (A Xerox company they point out on the title page) high school textbook, *Decisions in U.S. History*, "President Lyndon B. Johnson made repeated efforts to stop the war. . . . North Vietnam rejected these peace overtures." Such "history" carelessly (or carefully) ignores: (1) A 1964 offer by North Vietnam to send an emissary to talk with an American emissary in Rangoon, Burma. Refused. (Eric Sevareid, *Look* November 30, 1965) (2) A North Vietnamese peace-feeler delivered through France in February 1964. American response was to bomb the North. (Phillips Devillers, University of Paris, December 5, 1966) (3) In December of 1966, North Vietnam definitely agreed to direct peace discussion. LBJ responded with December 13 and 14 bombing raids near Hanoi. North Vietnam withdrew its agreement. (Robert K. Estabrook, *The Washington Post*, February 4, 1967)

Just as important as the textbook "history" distortions are the omissions: the long, barbaric series of war crimes, the extent of long-range destruction-cultural and ecological, our war-planners motives and strategies contemptuously hidden from the public, the repression at home against the anti-war movement, and the construction of a presidential monarchy growing out of "war powers."

One can readily predict the reaction of those who will want to remember Vietnam through the misty eyes of John Wayne, Bob Hope, or Billy Graham, with the stars and stripes still flying over Indochina's shores. But their self-serving remembrances will have to be shattered, not shared. It isn't a question of our propaganda versus their propaganda, because the case for what really happened in Vietnam can be made by presenting the warmakers in their own words. When Tony Russo and Daniel Ellsberg made the Pentagon Papers public, the "secret history of the Vietnam War" was no longer secret.

History teachers and other educators must not be allowed to "re-classify" the Pentagon Papers by keeping them out of the curriculum thus making them "secret" again. The Pentagon Papers tell the true history of the war: America as aggressor; U.S. leaders trying to convince the public that the "enemy" is the popular, nationalist patriots while the dictatorial Saigon military/rich landowner clique is our "ally"; violations of international law; deliberate deception of Congress and the American public and the circumventing of Constitutional guarantees by the government sworn to uphold them.

For most Americans and for almost all of the young, the Pentagon Papers are still unread and still a secret. There can be no rationale for schools not making extensive use of the primary source materials of the Pentagon Papers and Congressional hearings in order to understand the difference between what we were told and what was actually happening. The Pentagon Papers and the discovered lies of the military-administration partnership spilling out of Congressional Committee investigations should be the history school children will read—not the legend of the Green Berets.

What must be done? Students, parents, and teachers should immediately:

1. Assess the adequacy of present school offerings—texts, curriculum, library holdings on the Vietnam decade.
2. Develop and collect bibliography lists concentrating on primary sources such as the Pentagon Papers, transcripts of Congressional hearings, Vietnam Veteran testimonies, etc. Check if your school has the Alternative Press Index, published quarterly and indexing over 130 underground and alternative magazines and newspapers (Alternative Press Center, BAG Service 2500, Postal Station "E", Toronto 4, Ontario, Canada)
3. Introduce into your school tapes, slide shows, pictures and exhibits, films and resource speakers available on the Vietnam War and its affect on the Vietnamese. The following are sources for these materials. Get on their mailing list for newsletters and bibliographies:

INDOCHINA RESOURCE CENTER
1322 18th Street
N.W. Washington, D.C. 20036

CLERGY AND LAITY CONCERNED
235 East 49th Street
New York City, N.Y. 10017

WAR RESISTERS LEAGUE
339 Lafayette Street
New York City, N.Y. 10012

WOMEN'S INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE FOR PEACE AND FREEDOM
1213 Race Street
Philadelphia, Pa. 19107

INDOCHINA PEACE CAMPAIGN
181 Pier Avenue
Santa Monica, Ca. 90405

FELLOWSHIP OF RECONCILIATION
Box 271
Nyack, N.Y. 10960

INDOCHINA PROGRAM, AMERICAN FRIENDS SERVICE COMMITTEE
112 South 16th Street
Philadelphia, Pa. 19102

4. Develop plans for effectively placing these materials in schools. Careful planning should minimize the counter-productive alienation of those you wish to affect. Pressure, based on well-reasoned arguments on the need for critical, honest reporting of our recent past, should create an atmosphere for understandings that go beyond the simple, nationalistic patriotism of the past.

The alternative to an honest history of this period is to allow the same power-forces that initiated and orchestrated the Vietnam War to explain that war to our children. That should never happen.

Bill Griffen teaches at the State University of New York at Cortland. He has long been active in the movement for peace and civil rights.

WHO'S WHO IN WATERGATE

S K Q P O R E P O R T E R E D U R G A N S M T
 T E R P W E R L I C H M A N E I N A G C T E I
 L R E E R V I N G R E B S L L E A N B C N X Y
 A I P T N U H I U C H A L D E M A N A O A T O
 N C T E O C O X R H S I T T E R G E S R I N P
 H D E R O O M N N L A R U E N E I L M D D E A
 E N R S T T S N E I D N I E L K O E O T R G V
 P I N E H H T E Y D E X M I T C H E R L A E N
 N O I N O E U Y E D A S A X A I L Y W T M E S
 R S X A M L N S R Y N S L I R E K A B N O N W
 T O T O P M K E W A L T E R S W N R E U N F T
 E F B I S S N E T G X T A L M A D G E L T E O
 I O H G O R K S L O A N E E S I T C E E O R N
 E N A R N A H C A R T S M R G L N T R L Y I N
 U Y G N E W S U K A L M B A C H H W A E A M X
 I B T E S E H N O M U C L G D O H V A E V R E
 K N A N T C H Y Y P T U O T G T E H T I H S E

QUIZGRAM—The names of 36 people involved in the Watergate affair are hidden in this puzzle. The names include members of the committee, witnesses to date, and names that have frequently appeared in testimony. They are spelled vertically, horizontally, and diagonally, from top to bottom and bottom to top, from left to right and right to left.—Reprinted from THE WASHINGTON PARK SPIRIT.

CHANGES

SOLDIER GIVES \$500 TO AFRICANS

Specialist 4 John H. Robinson, Jr., a 9th Infantry Division soldier has spent \$500 of his re-enlistment bonus for starving families in Africa and has pledged to match a similar donation by other G.I.s. [WIN Sept 3, 1973 Changes]

Robinson, a member of the 709th Maintenance Battalion at Fort Lewis, presented a check for \$500 to the African Chamber of Commerce's Project Survival in San Francisco, set up to aid victims of the drought in Africa. He pledged to match each of the next five \$100 donations to the fund made by any soldier.

Robinson comes from the Washington, D.C., ghetto and "I can readily imagine what it feels like to be hungry," he said.

Last winter Robinson worked as a recruiter for the 9th Division is Wash-

ington, D.C. His success was reported on network television news when he set up shop in the most likely place to find Army volunteers—the city employment office. He recruited several dozen. —WIN Seattle Bureau

DROUGHT TAKES 50,000 LIVES AT LEAST

According to sources in the *London Sunday Times*, the famine which has menaced the Saharan countries in Africa most severely has extended into Ethiopia.

A report prepared by UNICEF indicates that more than 50,000 persons, victims of the famine caused by drought, have probably perished by now. The total number of victims might be even twice this figure.

The area north of Addis Ababa in the Wollo Province, an arid plateau region, has become a wasteland.

Ethiopian authorities estimate that

ANS: Ervin, Baker, Inouye, Talmadge, Gurney, Welker, Montoya, Dash, Thompson, Nixon, Mitch-
 ell, Strachan, Magruder, Liddy, Dean, Stans, McCord, Cox, Gray,
 Porter, Maridan, LaRue, Kalmbach, Moore, Elisberg, Hunt, Walters, Helms, Petersen, Kleindienst,
 Colson, Krogh, Segretti.

670,000 persons need help, but the first shipments of grain reached this province only last week.

—Le Monde/PTS

COKE CAUGHT CHEATING

Coca-Cola found out this summer that a United Farm Worker contract is "the real thing", when their citrus workers won an important contract settlement.

The company was ordered by a Federal mediator to pay Union members a total of \$80,000 to \$100,000 in back pay—the amount the company had been underpaying their workers in the past 15 months.

Farm workers who were picking citrus by the tubful were being paid at a rate of ten boxes per tub. When measurements were taken by the suspicious farm workers, it was found the tubs actually contained 10¼ boxes. Coca-Cola maintained the difference wasn't worth haggling over, but it added up to \$80 to \$100 per worker!

—El Malcriado

FARMWORKERS BEAT TEAMSTERS

The Teamsters have given up efforts to drive the United Farmworkers out of the grape and lettuce fields of California. An agreement, negotiated by Cesar Chavez and officials of the Teamsters and the AFL-CIO, affirmed the UFW's right to organize field workers in California. The Teamsters were given jurisdiction over packinghouses, canneries and warehouses, where the UFW has never had an interest. But this inter-union settlement does not end the labor strife in California. The growers, who initially signed sweetheart contracts with the Teamsters in an effort to break the UFW, are still adamantly opposed to recognizing the Chavez union. —Marty Jezer

[For a complete list of wines to be boycotted see WIN, Oct 4, 73 p 12.]

TELEPHONE THE TOP

Do you have a complaint about poor merchandise or service?

New York News Service reports there is now a phone directory available that gives the home phone numbers of the presidents of most major corporations. The directory enables consumers to make a phone call to bend the president's ear for awhile.

The directory sells for 50 cents from a group called Everybody's Money, Department S.S., Box 431, Madison, WI 53701. —Zodiac

AFSC ATHLETES FINISH 268-MILES PEACE RUN

Two hardy distance runners plowed their way for a rugged stretch of 268 miles from San Francisco to the Third Annual Nevada Peace Fair in Washoe Pines, Nevada, in a Peace Run sponsored by the American Friends Service Committee in September. They were David Chatfield and Tom Courtney who used this means to dramatize the ever-present U.S. involvement in Southeast Asia, whose material support underwrites the continuance of carnage, repression and torture.

They left San Francisco on Sept. 1 in a group of about 20 runners who accompanied them. Along the way they were joined by local runners who traveled with them for shorter distances. They averaged about 19 miles a day.

The Peace runners stopped for community meetings each evening in cities and towns along the way, voicing their concern about the war. The run was also a money-raiser for the AFSC. About one-half of the money collected went to finance the AFSC travelling bus which ranges country outside the San Francisco Bay Area to raise issues this organization is concerned about. The other half supports humanitarian and medical work in both North and South Vietnam and other peace action projects.

Tom's and Dave's run ended on Sept. 16 at the Third Annual Peace Fair sponsored by the AFSC and Northern Nevada Peace Center at Foresta Institute, an ecology study center at beautiful Washoe Pines.

—Harry Siitonen

OPPOSE U.S. FUNDS TO INCARCERATE THIEU'S PRISONERS

\$20.4 million of the \$376 million economic aid for Southeast Asia provided in legislation now pending will go to strengthen the South Vietnamese police force and prison system. So charged Jane Fonda at a rally in San Francisco September 17 opening the International Days of Concern for South Vietnamese Political Prisoners.

She and Tom Hayden will speak in 25 cities over the ensuing three weeks on a tour sponsored by the Indochina Peace Campaign. During the week of Sept. 17-24 a number of demonstrations and public meetings were held across the country to focus attention on the thousands of political still in Thieu's prisons. There also was lobbying in Washington in opposition to the pending South Vietnam economic aid bill. —Jim Peck

PRISON NOTES

There are many factors encouraging prisoners to be less subservient than they have been in the past, yet prison officials tend to emphasize radical influences, sometimes to the exclusion of all others, including serious and legitimate grievances. In recent months the revelations coming out of Washington concerning "dirty tricks," cover-ups and a variety of illegal actions on the part of White House staffers, have undoubtedly contributed to prisoner discontent. Many letters coming from prisons these days refer to Watergate. A letter from a prisoner at Leavenworth to *Prisoners' Digest International* makes the point:

Conspiratorial involvement is a serious crime, a criminal charge for the poor, but it doesn't seem to apply to the rich, why? If Mr. Nixon was a poor man he would have a prison number by now. There are men in prison doing long time for a less serious crime than what Mr. Nixon and his thugs are accused of.

Why doesn't justice apply to the rich?

U.S. District Judge Albert V. Bryan, Jr. struck a mighty blow for prisoners' rights when he ordered an end to all arbitrary disciplinary procedures at the Lorton, Virginia reformatory, and ordered the officials to create, within 30 days, a set of rules which will guarantee the constitutional rights of prisoners. The sweeping nature of Judge Bryan's decision, which resulted from a class action suit on behalf of forty-one prisoners, can be seen by the summary as published in the *Washington Post*:

Prisoners shall not be kept in solitary confinement in "the hole" for more than 48 hours without a hearing. Prisoners under investigation for alleged offenses shall not be held in the maximum security unit without a hearing on whether such action is justified. Before a hearing is held, prisoners shall receive written notice of it, the opportunity to prepare a defense and to call witnesses on their own behalf up to a "reasonable" number. "No inmate can say he wants his whole dormitory to testify for him," Judge Bryan said.

A list of possible offenses and the maximum punishment for each shall be compiled and made available to prisoners.

Disciplinary boards shall not include any official who either investigated, reported, or witnessed an alleged offense.

"Reasonably detailed minutes or a tape recording" shall be made of each disciplinary board hearing.

Prisoners shall be informed of their right to remain silent at both the investigation and the hearing, of their right to have an attorney present, and of their right to appeal the ruling, which shall be delivered in writing.

Legal actions brought on behalf of prisoners have grown to such a large number in recent years as to give concern to judges and others involved with the courts. In a guest editorial in the *New York Times*, Chief Justice Warren E. Burger pointed out that in fiscal 1972 there were 16,000 petitions challenging the validity of convictions even after full review by the available courts, and another 4,000 cases under the Civil Rights Act in which petitioners claimed they were mistreated or were denied their rights. To relieve the burden on the courts, Justice Burger proposed creation of a statutory procedure for Federal prisons to provide a hearing of complaints, establishing informal grievance procedures by state authority and/or submitting habeas corpus or civil rights cases to a U.S. magistrate sitting as a special master and reporting to the court. Another course, not mentioned by Justice Burger, would be for prison officials to treat inmates with dignity befitting a human being so that there would be no need for legal action to protect their civil rights.

A revolt of prison guards against what they often term "permissive regulations" seems to be becoming a pattern following prison insurrections. On occasion guards even go on work strike to re-establish their power. Those of us who are concerned about prisons must make an effort to understand the fears and frustrations of the guards and officials as well as those of the prisoners. Often the guards' assumptions are totally unacceptable to us, yet we must try to relate to them as individuals. Nonviolence should speak to the oppressor as well as the oppressed. In *Coming Out*, which he wrote just after leaving prison, David Harris said of prison guards:

"I'm not gonna pretend I like those people. And I obviously hate what those people do. But I am gonna say it's their revolution too. It is not any set of people that we act against. We act against a set of social processes that victimized all of us." —Larry Gara

REVIEWS



photo by Bill Wingell

THE GAY LIBERATION BOOK:
Writings and Photographs on Gay (Men's) Liberation
Len Richmond and Gary Noguera
Ramparts Press. \$3.95 paperback

OUT OF THE CLOSETS:
Voices of Gay Liberation
Karla Jay and Allen Young
Douglas Books. \$3.95 paperback

When these anthologies were planned—now almost two years ago—we all believed gay liberation would soon explode across the country into a mighty circle of beauty and love; our hour in the sun had come—no more dark bars, suicides, smelly tearooms, shrinks, cheap baths, meatracks, movies, arrests, greyhound stations, guilt, trucks, fear, parks and other backsides—we were coming out.

In Boston we had an ear-piercing pagoda, several gay commune-collectives, a prison-mental hospital group, *Fag Rag*, a twenty-four hour gay phone, guerilla theater, gay yoga and karate classes, a gay work collective, the good gay

poets, consciousness-raising groups, gay songs, meetings all the time, contingents in all the anti-war efforts and a lot of hard loving. The same was happening in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Austin, Chicago, Madison, New York City, Washington, Baltimore, Ann Arbor, Detroit, Atlanta, Philadelphia, Lawrence, Seattle and elsewhere. *The Gay Liberation Book* and *Out of the Closets* come out of this experience (particularly in New York and San Francisco), record it and in a sense preserve it because too much of the movement is now more history than reality.

The publication of these two anthologies shows not only how far we have come but also how far we still have to go to be taken seriously. Both publishers are small, little known concerns, who have not put top priority on getting these books out quickly; nor will they probably take great pains in distribution. By contrast, Abbie Hoffman, Jerry Rubin and Ed Sanders (all rather sexist, anti-gay) received a \$30,000 advance to write a "book" on last summer's conventions; within weeks after it had been written, Warner Paperback had *Vote* on almost every newsstand in the country (in Boston *Vote* was advertised so blatantly as the "counter-culture." Unfortunately, we still lack the means of getting our message out to the people.

The Gay Liberation Fronts had at least two sides: (1) the counter-culture interested in closeness, authenticity, poetry, beauty and love and (2) the socialist/communist concerned with organization, power, contradictions, oppression and armed revolution. Although both anthologies have a broad selection from the many sides of gay men's liberation (some four articles appear in both anthologies), *The Gay Liberation Book* swings closer to the counter-culture and *Out of the Closets* more toward the socialists.

Len Richmond and Gary Noguera's *The Gay Liberation Book* makes easy reading; lots of open space, pictures, cartoons, plays and poetry. Their layout and presentation in some ways conveys the gay message as much as their text (relatively short with 208 pages). Their approach to Cuba is representative. They print "Out, Out, Damn Faggot," "A very dramatic letter, in five acts of gross indignity." (First published in *Fag Rag* No. 3) Here Patrick Wiggleknife ("A Lowly Faggot Who Fortunately Knows How to Type") exposes the contradictions of Red Bird McThane, "Great Red Bird of Right-on Revolutionary Rhetoric." By contrast, *Out of the Closets* devotes over forty pages to Cuba and reprints lots of documents including the offensive parts of the Cuban "Declaration by the First National Congress on Education and Culture."

The Gay Liberation Book is a lot of fun, but it includes some dubious selections by "straight" authors. John Lennon in a "cute" sketch-poem equates gayness to playing with oneself. Allen Watts says, "Although some of my best friends are men, and homosexual men at that," his sexual preference is "with women." Paul Jacobs proves how liberal he is while carefully mentioning "my wife." An anonymous "brother" says, "Maybe homosexuality is good for some people. But I'm pretty sure it's destructive, really damaging for me;" and he talks about how tiring he found *getting* his cock sucked. Even "Dear Abby" has a page. Why should space in a "gay liberation book" be devoted to these people? They can be published almost anywhere. We have few places to publish our work, to present our ideas and to reach each other or the world.

Karla Jay and Allen Young's *Out of the Closets* is by far the heaviest work (both in tone and size: over fifty authors in 403 pages with a bibliography and international listing of gay groups). Jay's forward gives a taste of their perspective: "We perceive our oppression as a class struggle and our oppressor as white, middle-class, male-dominated hetero-

sexual society, which has relentlessly persecuted and murdered homosexuals and lesbians since the oppressor has had power."

A socialist/communist perspective clearly distinguishes whatever gay liberation was (and is) from other gay groups. After all in taking the title "Liberation Front" we meant to ally ourselves with the NLF; "Ho, Ho Ho Chj Minh. Ho, Ho, Homosexual; the Ruling Class is Ineffectual!" In *Out of the Closets*, Sandy Blixton lists our revolutionary teachers: "The Black Panthers have taught me, Al Fatah has taught me, and Mao and Che have taught me that only by joining the struggle against sexism and capitalism—the root causes of racism, fascism and imperialism—do I have a greater chance for helping to build a truly egalitarian society."

In following these teachers, we have made one disastrous mistake in misreading Mao's essay "Combat Liberalism." Gay revolutionaries have taken it on themselves individually to attack almost every one for being "opportunistic" and "liberal." But unless we have an organization among ourselves we cannot combat liberalism. *Individuals* alone cannot combat liberalism.

Because we lack organization, because we have rhetoric and theory without social substance, we cannot speak dogmatically of what is reformist, counter-revolutionary, opportunistic or liberal. Juliet Mitchell has written that "Only when a revolutionary theory and strategy of women's oppression is developed. . . can we decide which issues are reforms and subordinate them to the struggle for freedom and socialism. In the absence of such a strategy, these 'reforms' may well turn out to be its first stepping stones." *Women's Estate* (1971), 73.

Even more than the women's movement, the gay movement lacks a solid social substratum (class structure) with its ancillary "strategy." I believe "sexism is the primary contradiction"—that it underlies all the other inequalities faggots, lesbians, and other women face and that it is the root of capitalism, fascism, racism, imperialism and male supremacy. But believing this means nothing unless I can unite meaningfully with others. In the past, women have at least had organizations (if only the Daughters of the American Revolution, Ladies' Auxiliaries, Women's Christian Temperance Union, etc.). Gay people haven't even been allowed to meet together, even to support the ruling class, except for the last few years. Our few meeting places have been furtive, secret and usually illegal; conversations have been either superficial or forbidden. (In tearooms sometimes not a single word is exchanged.) We still need to build gay living-being space.

In building a gay community and consciousness we have faced many obstacles among ourselves. We face about the same divisions as straight society. All sorts of "scientists" have tried to figure out what distinguishes us from the general population besides our sexual behavior. Not one of them have come up with a generally acceptable explanation on their own terms of "scientifically" verifiable facts. In truth, we have about the same things right and wrong with us as heterosexuals; we contain about the same divisions in race, class and temperament. The big difference is that "they" are everywhere united in believing in the superiority of their sexual preference. We are everywhere burdened with having to hide, protect and defend ourselves. And in this burden we have for generations stood alone—more alone than any other "minority."

Among ourselves as within straight society gender makes a big difference. Lesbians and faggots are not at all the same; they are persecuted by the same laws, put in the same chapters in abnormal psychology textbooks, and are often herded into the same bars together. But we are very different and with a few exceptions gay men and women have not

tended to mix. And with gay liberation, we came together quite painfully. Gay men brought with themselves male supremacy attitudes absorbed from their straight upbringing; some hated women, some looked to them for comfort or support or even to do service work and some just ignored them. Gay women on the other hand were not about to take any shit from a bunch of faggots; they were already more liberated in some ways than their straight sisters in not needing the support or love of some man—yet they suffered doubly as homosexuals and as women.

Most "radical" lesbians left gay liberation entirely to work within the women's movement (even though many issues there were oriented toward heterosexual love—day care, abortion and birth control). Within gay liberation, women and men have been able to get together only on elementary issues: coming out, legal reform, job discrimination and other "civil" rights issues. The two anthologies reflect these difficulties. *The Gay Liberation Book* includes only material from men in the evident belief that radical lesbians would not want their work connected in any way with faggots. Originally they advertised that profits from the book would go toward a gay women's anthology, now they simply talk of returning some of the profits to the "gay community." *Out of the Closets* is co-edited by a gay man and a gay woman; they do as well as any two people can to balance their material. But this is no easy task since so much gay liberation writing has been male dominated.

Where is gay liberation now? Ironically the strongest and most successful efforts have been in law, religion and psychiatry—our three great enemies. Every state has or soon will have some bill to change sex laws and discrimination; a few of these have passed into law. Gay religious groups are spreading like shopping centers. The Metropolitan Community Church out of Los Angeles is the largest protestant group, but there are also Greek orthodox, Episcopalian and other sects go along with gay groups of Catholics (DIGNITY) and Jews. Gay counseling services are thriving around the country. The Homophile Community Health Service in Boston maintains traditional individual and group therapy; in Los Angeles and San Francisco, there are self-help rap sessions; in New York, Identity House promises a Masters & Johnson type advising. Gay liberation has thus in many ways come to reflect our enemies. And gay organizations that once contained third world gays, transvestites, some working-class and uneducated constituents have either folded or been absorbed into predominately male, white masculine and middle class groups.

Although now circumscribed, gay liberation still contains an enormous potential for change. We have experimented in three areas much more intensely than the rest of society. (1) Androgyny has been encouraged both among gay men and gay women; traditional ideas about what men or women should be have been overthrown in our lives. (2) Equality: Love between women and women or between men and men has been much closer to equality than that between heterosexual men and women. (3) Sensuality: we expect pleasure from sex and have no interest in reproduction. Love itself is often an end in our relations; we feel no pressure to keep the family, nation, army going with the products of our bodies.

The existing capitalist society could turn these trends to its own purposes; androgynous sybarites could probably maintain the military-industrial complex better than the present uptight asses (who show little sign of change). And they will never allow any kind of equality. Thus our liberation encompasses not only us but all society. *We are everywhere; We are in everyone; nowhere are we free.*

—Charley Shively

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People's Bulletin Board

Free if no \$ involved but limited to 20 words. Otherwise \$1 every 10 words.

BONNIE BICKWIT AND MITCHELL WEISER please call home. We love you and miss you. Sheryl Bickwit-Kagen

I am currently enrolled in a Pediatric Nurse Practitioner Program. I will be finished in Dec. and would like to know if there are any clinics or Pediatricians involved in poverty level Pediatrics that would like to have a red-haired, nonviolent minded person with a temper that is sometimes hard to control working for them. There must be a Pediatrician covering what I do and available for referral and advice but I will be able to do well baby checks, screenings and much counseling plus recognizing the ailments that constantly plague children and the defects both physical and mental that must be referred to agencies for correction. I ask only that my salary be enough for living expenses and a monthly car payment. Barb Hurst, TWU Clinical Center, 1810 Inwood Rd. No. 129, Dallas, TX 75235.

JOE FELMET, a member of WRL and FOR is a candidate for the U.S. House of Representatives from the Fifth District of North Carolina. He wants sponsors, people who are willing to have their names on his letterhead. If you live in the North Carolina counties of Davidson, Forsyth, Wilkes, Ashe, Alleghany, Surry or Stokes, please write to him at 1831 West First Street, Winston-Salem, NC 27104.

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