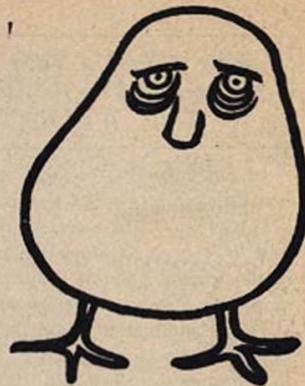


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No. 87

The Realist



Behind The Gay Liberation Front

by Edward Sagarin

Lenny Bruce, who had few peers as social satirist, when asked his opinion of homosexuals, is reported to have said that they were all right, but he would not want one to marry his brother. Had the great humorist lived, however, he might today be under attack from two sides for this remark, which could easily be characterized as a pejorative sneer.

Borrowing from the language of politics—and what is more political than sex?—the right wing of the gay world would demand a retraction, for why should Bruce have objected if his brother wanted to be bound by clergy to another male, in a rite that could be dissolved only by God and that would hold them together till death do them part?

And from the left wing . . . well, that's where the Gay Liberation Front comes in, and it would lose no time and lack no words to show that Bruce is an agent of the imperialist-oppressive-antisexual-capitalist-militarist-psychiatric-industrial complex, whose denunciations of homosexuals are no different from the way they talk about and oppress blacks, women, workers and, in fact, people.

(Continued on Page 17)

Charles Manson Was My Bunkmate

by Richard Meltzer

It is indeed odd how the Lord can set one's mind wandering through the long-forgotten pages of past unpleasantness. Just last week it was that hit pop song, *He Ain't Heavy, He's My Brother*, that was our slogan back at Boy's Town. And that was just the icing on the cake, although the cake was not something I would ever want to eat again. For that was the whopper of the century for me—Charles Manson was my bunkmate at Boy's Town! Even though it wasn't the real, original, honest-to-goodness Boy's Town (it was only a correctional institution with the same name), that Charlie Manson was the honest-to-God *real thing*, too real if you ask me.

You know, I never thought about it all these years, whether I'd ever meet up with him again on the outside, but now that the authorities have him safely in tow let me say that I am—to say the least—glad and reassured that I'll never be confronted by him again. That boy had rocks in his head even then, he was what we called *flakey*. But we never saw the danger inherit in his every thought, at least not me. Someone with sense must have seen it, though, and for that reason he was locked safely behind

(Continued on Page 9)



Why "The Up Your Tenth Anniversary Issue of The Realist Editorial Giggy Trip" Will Be Two Years Late

In the summer of 1958 a magazine of satirical journalism called *The Realist* was born.

It was edited by a college dropout called Paul Krassner. *Esquire* has since listed him as one of the 100 best people in the world. And his political sophistication is described in *Who's Who in America* as "Independent Dupe."

In the summer of 1968 the Tenth Anniversary issue of *The Realist* was supposed to be published. Now here it is the summer of 1970 and 100,000 readers are in a flurry of apathy over the delay.

But the Twelfth Anniversary issue will have been worth waiting for. Certain cycles had to be completed before they could be reported upon.

For example, the Youth International Party was originally inspired by a smirking dolphin on an acid trip at an aquarium in Florida. Then came the Chicago convention. And the conspiracy trial. Krassner was unofficially purged from Yippie for ingesting LSD before he testified, thereby proving he isn't a serious revolutionist. Finally, he participated in a week-long Inner Space workshop with John Lilly, whose research with dolphins, acid and the human bio-computer has been slightly monumental.

There have been other LSD trips, with such contrasting characters as Abbie Hoffman and Hugh Hefner, and even as a guest on the Johnny Carson show. That was merely an escalation of the time good ol' Paul wore a *Cosa Nostra* sweatshirt on the Mike Douglas show while stoned on a delicious hashish brownie.

And, speaking of dope, there was the infamous Valentine's Day Caper, wherein 30,000 unsolicited joints of high-grade marijuana were sent out in the mails to enable the medium to actually be the message.

The anniversary issue will also include *TV Head*, a magazine insert revealing the perverse underbelly of Videoland. Plus a 4-page comic book that will literally

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- Enclosed is \$5. As soon as it's ready, please send me a copy of the 10th anniversary issue.
- Enclosed is \$5. As soon as it's ready, please send me a copy of "The Truth Is Silly Putty"—a collection of pieces by Paul Krassner including the infamous "Parts That Were Left Out of the Kennedy Book" plus interviews with Woody Allen, Dick Gregory, Joseph Heller, Timothy Leary, Norman Mailer, George Lincoln Rockwell, Mort Sahl, Terry Southern and Dr. Robert Spencer.

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change Spiro Agnew's life: *Rosemerica's Baby*, a tale of political witchcraft wherein Richard Nixon is married to the Statue of Liberty.

There is a review of *MASH*—in the form of a Busby Berkeley musical titled *Gook Killers of 1970*—which *Cavalier* magazine refused to print because it was considered to be in bad taste.

And an account of the first Women's Liberation demonstration against the Miss America Pageant which *Ramparts* refused to print because it wasn't somber enough.

There are private reminiscences of diverse dead friends like Lenny Bruce and Dr. Robert Spencer, the abortionist saint.

You will be taken behind various insidious scenes: confrontations with a couple of district attorneys trying to prosecute humane abortionists; how it was to be a judge in a Transvestite Beauty Contest at Town Hall and observe the degradation of Terry Southern; a weekend seminar in Cosmic Joy and Erotic Yoga at a west coast nudist retreat.

You will be witness to socio-spiritual scandals: why the Beatles really broke with the giggling Maharishi; the rise of Sirhan Sirhan in the Scientology hierarchy; the transmutation of Richard Alpert into Baba Ram Dass.

You will gain untold insight into such conflicts as Norman Mailer versus Timothy Leary; Valerie Solanas versus Andy Warhol; the Fillmore East audience versus the Living Theatre.

There is an impolite interview with Eldridge Cleaver shortly after he went into exile, together with the FBI's attempt to find out where he was hiding.

There is a conversation—conducted from one telephone booth to another—with a sane bomber, ranging from the implications of the Paul McCartney hoax to a delineation of the differences between vandalism and sabotage.

There is an encounter with the wife of a think-tanker uncovering the Administration's assignment to the Rand Corporation to investigate the ramifications of not holding a national election in 1972.

The way that came about, incidentally, was through an old *Realist* feature—"What's My Corruption?"—which started out with the simple confession of a grocery employee who applied *Kosher for Passover* labels to the same foods that were stocked on the shelves the rest of the year.

Subsequently, other meetings were held, with a Mafia member, an astrologer, a stock market investor. What they are doing is all inter-related, and it has taken two years to get it together, coming full cycle with the Alternate Media Project at Goddard College in Vermont.

Theodore Roszak, in his book, *The Making of a Counter Culture*, has written: "At the national level, *The Realist* appears to do the best job of keeping up with the more wild and woolly dissent of the day."

On the other hand, U.S. Attorney Thomas Foran, in his summation to the jury at the close of the Chicago Conspiracy Trial, asked: "Are we going to be conned into believing that . . . you are only a good guy if you think Paul Krassner is funny?"

Well, that's what happens when you extend personal journalism to its absurd conclusion.

The Pause That Hooks

by Louis Rapoport

Life and Look took over the function of *Ramparts* magazine to bring light to the pitch that infests and worms at the government and industry in this land. No one is shocked by Gene McCarthy's CIA badge, or Jewish Mafia on the Supreme Court, or Firestone Rubber in Liberia. That all went by a long time ago. In the New Age, everything is revealed: the daily paper prints the underground news; Walter Winchell somehow appears in *Wild in the Streets*; and the devil says that the devil is possessed by the devil.

So I know that I'm facing an inured audience fed gradually increasing doses of terror, evil and horror. And the exposé of another giant American corporation doesn't disturb anything. Everyone knows about the Phone Company: popular movies are made about the nightmare. And Litton Industries is just another one of those humdrum growths from another galaxy out to do in the world. Or in the science fiction universe, they did in everyone a long time ago (around 300 B.S., or perhaps 1914), and simply rerun the shadows for fans of sadistic purgatories. So why pick on something as run-of-the-mill as Coca-Cola? Confessions are all lies anyway, and the public is weary of heroin-ruined-my-life.

My purpose is to reveal that Dr. John Pemberton, the "druggist" who first concocted Coca-Cola, was a cocaine speedfreak on the same wavelength with Himmler, Goering and Hitler, and that the mild-mannered Atlanta chemist became one of the foremost world enslavers of all time. *Newsweek* once described Hubert Humphrey, the pharmacist, as "mephistophelean"; but no one ever had a chance to interview Dr. Pemberton.

Once as a youth still in Russia I remember trying to prank the secret police with a phone call. I asked the operator to connect me with the Bureau, but first she asked me for my number. I gave her a false one and her icy voice quickly came back that there was no such number. I slammed the hook down immediately; but with my finger still pressed down on the button the phone started ringing short constant alarm bells. I ran in panic from my house certain that the police were on their way to get me.

The Atlanta druggist cooked fruit syrup, extract of kola nut and coca (not cocoa) leaf, with plain water for a patent medicine advertised as a brain-nerve-stomach tonic, in the month of May 1886 and died two years later. It's happened before after an engine's porcelain screw cracks and stops everything.

But history is irrelevant to the Coca-Cola addict—and I admit that I drink twelve to fifteen cokes every living day. I'm 43 and have been drinking Cokes for twenty-five years; and should consult with healers and religious clinics about my addiction and show them my affliction, but prefer to hear all about the end of it.

Coke hasn't changed its principle product for 83 years, and three billion Cokes are drunk every month in every

nation of the world—138 countries bottle and market Coca-Cola. New England was given to Seth Fowle in 1892. Eight years later, Coke stopped advertising itself as medicine and relabeled its product as a "delicious beverage." The company put its image everywhere, on thermometers and napkins, clocks and small purse mirrors.

Nowadays, there's talk that Coca-Cola isn't something to cure, but to destroy; and this is causing a division of society. When I first heard about this turmoil, it troubled me and I drank two quarts of pure Coke syrup every day—the drugstore remedy for diarrhea. Those were mostly imperial days, and like most speed addicts, I wanted to own the world. That was due to the syrup. But I broke away from that and went back to regular Coke with charged water.

Coca-Cola came out with a pamphlet in 1901, scooping by several years *What is to be Done?* The Coke pamphlet was entitled, *What Is It? . . . What It Is*—an answer to the established fact that Coca-Cola was dope. The Coke chemists and writers pooh-poohed the cocaine cola and caffeine content and the newly formed FDA graciously repressed the memory of the mad scientist and stamped the product with approval.

Kola has only 2% caffeine content, plus Kolanin (a heart stimulant) and theobromine. Bromine is a poison which has become famous in Romilar circles. Kola is a relative of the chocolate family of Pennsylvania, and native to the forests of West Africa. This is the area that supplied the slave trade, and the Kola tree was imported during that period to the West Indies, Brazil, and India.

One American Cola drink company emphasizes through advertising that its Cola content comes from the Tree, not chemical magic but earthy organic stuff—the ads picture a bunch of kola nuts, green, white and brown, on the billboards, real coke in the furnace, genuine kola in the cola.

"When members of opposing basketball teams drink Coca-Cola together after a hard-fought game, things go better for both the victors and the vanquished. That's the opinion shared by Harry Statham, coach of the basketball team at McKendree College in Lebanon, Ill., and his players, the Bearcats. Coach Statham is enthusiastic about the soothing qualities of Coke, which has been served to all players after basketball games at his college for the past several years."

Long ago, I found myself running to the frigidaire and throwing out the milk with vengeance. Now it is filled

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with Cokes and preservatives, except for a bottle of ginger ale for when I have a cold. I'm a heavy addict, weighing over 260 pounds, and naturally my teeth have rotted out of my mouth and I have throat cancer—but that's not from Cokes. The doctor told me there wasn't much time left . . .

I got out of Russia after my third year of secondary school, and first went to live with distant relatives in the Congo. They were small traders and I had little to do but walk around. I didn't care for palm wine being poured through rusty screens, though I drank it anyway recalling Babylonian wine floating down the Euphrates. But I preferred the Coca-Cola to anything I had ever tasted—infinitely better than kvass.

And I have found no better substitute in the quarter century that followed. Drinking a Coke staves off hunger like a diet pill; people can postpone eating when refreshed: "Thirst Knows No Season" was an early slogan of the company.

Africans eat kola nuts from the tree, large white bitter nuts that leave a fuzzy aftertaste and stimulate a nervous energy that's directed towards going back to work without eating a meal; it makes you able to handle it.

The president of Coca-Cola during the second world war vowed that every American soldier no matter where he was on earth, would have Coca-Cola. "He was organizing the first army of occupation ever mustered by a corporation—for the bottling equipment shipped gratis overseas by the armed forces was going to stay there to form the nucleus of an expanded foreign operation." The "Pause that Refreshes" slogan was coined in 1929.

According to the *Exchange and Commissary News*, there is so much Coke in Saigon's U.S. Depot that it's impossible to get in the doors: "But the in-stock position of Coke is very much a 'peak-valley situation,' Exchange officials report. 'It's like everything else. We order a lot, but it still takes time to arrive.' The in-stock and out-of-stock situation has led to troops describing Coke as 'the refreshment that pauses.'"

People are suddenly very frightened of the food they are being fed. They are convinced, like the Minnesota Psychology Test says, that someone is trying to poison them since the vegetables, fish and bees are dead and television's radioactively brainwashing everyone.

Reactions to the plain nightmare facts of existence range from one religion to another, mostly passive acceptance and willingness to die soon. There are priests who start to feel such pity for dying furry animals that they refuse to wear leather shoes, substituting chemical hides to house their leathered feet. There is no consciousness of human nature and skin lampshades.

The cocaine in Coca-Cola comes from the Coca plant native to the Andes mountains. The leaves contain a mixture of alkaloids, primarily cocaine. In the U.S., the use of coca and its derivatives is "under regulation of federal narcotics laws."

The formula for Coca-Cola syrup is one of the most famous secrets in the world, shitting all over the benedicentine monks and the makers of sacher-torte. In the book *Peachtree Street, USA*, the author notes that the home of

Coca-Cola on North Avenue is fascinating to visitors because "it is said to hold somewhere in its secret vitals that most golden of all golden geese—the formula for Coca-Cola."

The president's indelible war words were "See that every man in uniform gets a bottle of Coca-Cola for 5¢ wherever he is and whatever it costs." And a total of 64 complete bottling factories was shipped abroad set up as close as possible to combat areas. "For centuries, natives have chewed the leaves to induce a feeling of well-being and to alleviate hunger. The effects are not accompanied by hallucinations." Coke syrup constipates by tying the digestive and nervous system into a knot.

It's part of everyone's life and the sign is everywhere—there are 18 million Coca-Cola signs around the world. In 25 years, the price has tripled.

Once I dreamed of swimming in lakes of The Big Drink. For the past ten years the pit of my stomach has retreated into itself and is harder than any diamond. The stone is bobbing slowly in a dark brown sea. A lady told me it was caused by the drugs in the curved bottles. I took her for another food preacher, and these people are easy to do without. But she wasn't religious and ate meat, starch, vegetables and sugar. The only difference was that she avoided things like Coca-Cola.

I heard that papaya made your stomach soft, and the idea appealed to one side of my nature because the hard rock in my belly was interesting but impossible to support any longer. It was becoming increasingly clear that if I didn't reject my Coke habit, the length of my already shortened life would shrink right away. And despite throat cancer, I didn't want to die and looked for the cure.

They took me to Los Angeles and *King for a Day* on Channel 4. When I held my head up for his hands, the gentle necrophiliac smiled and handed me a small gold trophy. They took me up to Dr. Mellon and Feather Watchout who lived on the same cobbled avenue; but they couldn't do a thing for me. And then they took me to Atlanta—the Coke plant in the tropics. The sky was blue and the sirocco was blowing from the north; I came very close to quitting.

In the main reception hall of the plant a tote board registered the manufacturing of Coke syrup by the gallons. The figure was over six billion gallons—the equivalent of 250 Cokes for every person on earth (128 Cokes per gallon of syrup). Dr. Pemberton's heart, nerve, brain and stomach tonic is the most widely distributed product in human history . . .

But nothing has worked to break my habit. I hold my head against a sloping hill. At times like these, I need to look at kola trees. Days are getting shorter now, and mornings go quicker with a warm cup of Coke to get you off.

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Co-Existing

by Saul Heller

Not long ago, a Negro tried to push me off a subway platform. I wouldn't have minded so much if he'd known me—I have my faults—it was the impersonality of the act that got me.

Every day something happens to remind me that people are getting less friendly toward me personally—impersonally. Racism, student rebelliousness, the Vietnam war, can hardly explain—certainly can't justify—the promiscuous unfriendliness and courtesy so common today in the big cities of the U.S. The best explanation of the matter I've gotten was from a guy at a bar—a bit fogged, but still capable of making his X—who told me confidentially: "The human race stinks. I'm glad I'm not part of it."

Let no one kid himself that the unfriendliness people feel for each other is a capitalist blessing, or a feature unique to the United States. Not only is internal hostility alive and well in the land of Confucius—it is encouraged by the State.

A few years ago China, which has long recognized its obligation to send messages of unfriendliness to ungrateful nations abroad, suddenly decided that the product was too good to be used for export only. Chinese newspapers, according to press accounts here, began urging Chinese husbands and wives to abandon love. So said the Soviet newspaper *Izvestia*, in a report which must be given credence, unless we choose to believe that the Communist press is less credible and more anti-Communist than its capitalist counterparts.

China's politico-erotic experts, it seems, have decided that love is a petty bourgeois prejudice that prevents male and female Communists from making great ideological music together. Couples, they assert, instead of indulging in tender, debilitating feelings toward each other, should improve their ideological structure by belting one another with criticism. Attempts to reconcile family differences are condemned as un-Marxist. What should be striven for is a continuing atmosphere of ideological struggle. Possibly China's mentors feel that under these conditions, long working hours and other hardships endured away from home will seem like a blessing, compared to the rigors of domestic confrontations.

(These views must, of necessity, concern patriotic Americans. All the attitudes of an enemy, even those relating to love, are relevant to our defensive posture. How pertinent they can be may be glimpsed if we assume for a moment—just a moment, since this is all most of us could take—that our enemies suddenly decided to love us. Can anything more catastrophic to America's military-based economy be imagined? Obviously, an enemy's love—especially his love—must be carefully monitored, so we may be forewarned of the direction it threatens to take.)

No American who has chafed for years over a possible missile gap between the U.S. and Russia will want the U.S. to run the risk of coming out at the wrong end of an erotic gap between us and China. We must keep up with the foe,

and if an enemy's abandonment of love forces us to do the same, so be it. This is one of the sacrifices we should be ready to make, to keep ourselves as strong and as miserable as our opponents.

Sole credit can hardly be given to the Chinese for discovering the superiority of unfriendliness to love. The government of Egypt came to the same insight several years ago. Witness its decision in November, '66 to enhance the effectiveness of its birth control program by broadcasting songs ridiculing love.

"Put on your brakes so that you don't have trouble in your family," ran a typical line in one of the songs. The fact that putting on the brakes may lead to just as much family trouble is glossed over. Newspapers took up the refrain. Cairo's *Al Akbar* spoke disparagingly of "villages that produce children like rabbits," placing the blame on "the fact that there is no electric light and the lack of entertainment obliges the peasant to go home early, which give the husband and wife a chance of meeting more often."

The feeling that love clouds intelligence and is incompatible with patriotism has, as we have seen, made tracks in regions far beyond the Nile. International recognition of the merits of unfriendliness is increasing. Unfriendliness is an emotion as strong and as potent as love, but more readily diverted. It is also more relevant to the unloving purposes of the modern state. Perhaps the outstanding virtue of unfriendliness is that it is so sensible.

Consider how serious a problem is posed by exploding populations all over the world, and how ineffectual have been remedies aimed at its cure. They mull over the fact that the *only* solution that matches the dimensions of the problem is the promotion of more unfriendliness between the sexes.

Americans have, of course, long recognized and are continually rediscovering the virtues of unfriendliness. The Nevada Bar Association, to cite an example, has called the state's trend toward fewer divorces "serious." The Association would like to divert divorce-bound couples away from other states and Mexico. A higher divorce rate would also solve its problem, and it seems likely that this alternate solution would be perfectly acceptable to the membership.

Shyness no doubt prevents the Association from coming forward with a program designed to generate a greater amount of divorce, but any such platform advanced by bolder protagonists would undoubtedly meet with at least covert approbation. We are probably not as ideologically-distant from the Chinese and Egyptians as we would like to believe.

Marriage counselors have begun to realize that hostility may be a better basis for a marriage than love. One reason is, of course, that hostility is more durable. Think how much more partners can be depended on to continue disliking each other than to go on remaining in love.

Many "happy" marriages may be merely dull, says Dr. Robert Rydor, a psychologist. "It is better to quarrel than not quarrel," asserts Ernest Havemann, in his book *Men, Women and Marriage*, summing up the advice of various marriage counselors and psychologists. "Out of quarreling . . . can come the true spiritual union that only marriage . . . can provide."

According to a five-year study of marriage by the Community Service Society of New York, wives who indulge in that ultimate hostility—confiding their marital troubles in detail to relatives and friends—stand a better chance of preserving their marriages than women who loyally keep quiet. The evidence seems clear: marriages based on mutual disrespect and hostility are the soundest ones. Love is a quicksand that had best not be used to build on.

In business, the proper mixture of unfriendliness and friendliness—say 10:1—is both an economic and psychic necessity. Image doing all the unpleasant things modern business requires and feeling only friendliness all the time!

Vance Packard in *Pyramid Climbers* notes that some employers become anxious and unhappy when the marital lives of their executives seem too happy. The vested interest in unhappiness extends farther than we generally recognize.

A not inconsiderable number of executives deliberately stir up unfriendliness and antagonism among their subordinates, according to *Dun's Review*. "Probably the most malignant kind of fighting in management is that which is actually generated by the boss. Usually he is an insecure man who is afraid that if all his subordinates were to join together, they might discover some major weakness that will expose him to their pooled strength. The best way of keeping himself from being attacked, he senses, is to generate and feed internal cliques, thereby keeping managers so busy attacking each other that they will not turn on him." Unfriendliness in such cases is not merely functional—it is essential to job security.

The need for unfriendliness and associated virtues is not, of course, restricted to business and the home. It extends to the far reaches of human relations. Wherever people can be friendly, the expenditure of a little greater effort in the interests of promoting antagonism can be counted on to produce visible benefits.

Some social scientists assert that the decline of anti-Semitism may pose as great a problem for Jewish survival in the future, as prejudice has in the past. What concerned Jew who reads this will not experience a shudder of horror at the thought of becoming so well liked that his race will die out?

In politics a display of friendliness may not merely be undesirable—it can have very unpleasant results. The overt affection of the John Birchers helped give Goldwater his losing ticket at our next-to-last political sweepstakes. When West Germany established friendly relations with Israel in 1965, many Arab states promptly severed relations with West Germany, demonstrating that the presence of friendliness between nations can be as great a menace to international harmony as its absence.

Friendliness is not merely a hazard—it can even be used as a weapon. Possibly someone thoughtfully cognizant of Premier Kosygin's worst interests was responsible for an embarrassing headline on a report by the official Soviet news agency Tass. The report, which described a meeting of a U.S. Senatorial delegation with the Premier, carried this warhead: "Kosygin Received American Friends." Minutes later came a frantic correction: Substitute Senators for Friends.

The use of friendliness as a technique of unfriendliness has not been fully exploited in international politics, but it surely will be one day. Advances in the techniques of double-dealing certainly point to this development. Some time in the future, it will dawn on the Russians and Chinese that the political vaporization of one of our statesmen can be very simply achieved by having their leaders say friendly things about him. Awareness of such risks may eventually put a ceiling on displays of political unfriendliness.

In our personal lives (aside from marriage), who among us has not found a measure of unfriendliness essential to keeping unhappiness down to reasonable levels? Most of us, particularly city dwellers, are familiar with the many features of friendliness that tend to make it unacceptable:

Being continually friendly imposes an intolerable strain on people. Being unfriendly merely puts us under a satisfactorily unpleasant degree of tension.

Friendliness is incapable of giving people a necessary vent for the aggressiveness that is inevitably built up within us by modern living. When my neighbor looks deadpan at me as I wish him good-morning, administering a total snub, it jars me a bit, until I realize that the man is wholesomely venting an aggression he doesn't dare direct against his wife. Or possibly he is merely doing his psychological setting up exercises—tuning up for the unfriendly performances he will have to give during the day.

Friendliness leads people to take advantage. A suburbanite friend-of-a-friend who didn't have the heart to turn townspeople away from his newly-built swimming pool wound up building himself another pool far from his home, so he could enjoy the swim in comfort that his first pool had failed to provide.

A neighbor my wife and I forgot to be unfriendly to made a habit of bringing her children with her on frequent, unannounced visits. One of the children liked to walk up and down our newly-covered sofas with his shoes on. We didn't like to inconvenience the boy by asking him to take off his shoes—he would probably have refused anyway—and his mother saw nothing objectionable in his behavior. The situation forced us to take subtly unfriendly measures.

My wife hit upon the expedient of loading the washing machine with dirty diapers whenever the neighbor came to visit. That did it. My neighbor and I both fled from the odors, the former permanently. One of the great benefits of urban living is that next-door neighbors in big apartment houses can be completely hostile to each other and survive, due to the equally great unfriendliness that exists between neighbors who aren't hostile to each other.

Friendliness can lead to friendships, with the consequent waste of time and energy this entails. Many city people, particularly those who have made a dent in the professions, have a horror of having their time wasted by friendly people. Will Cuppy, the humorist—to cite the first instance that comes to mind—had such a horror. The fact that a man's friendliness doesn't necessarily qualify him for friendship is one of the roots of this problem.

Friendliness is not conducive to the proper conduct and termination of a sexual affair. Friendliness tends to get

(Continued on Page 16)

Post & Guardian Merge

by Victor Richman

In a move promising to stun the publishing world, according to information available only to this publication, the *New York Post* has been sold lock, stock and Schiff to the militant *National Guardian*. This unprecedented merger of a major daily tabloid with a minority left-wing publication is sure to cause unforeseen changes in current journalism.

With tears in her eyes, Dorothy Schiff, departing publisher of the *Post*, said that she's "had it" and that the *Guardian* is "welcome to do whatever they damn please" with the *Post*.

Jack Smith, managing editor of the *Guardian*, said that he was happy to take over the "fine facilities" of the *Post*, but that he would "re-style its every page" to put out a paper reflecting "the modern revolutionary" generation. Mr. Smith indicated that he planned to retain all present *Post* columnists—he praised their "lucid, witty" styles—but, he said, he would insist that they alter their opinions and subject matters "to suit a radical Marxist" newspaper.

The columnists, appearing pleased to keep their jobs, reported that they "would conform" to Mr. Smith's conditions.

In yet another journalistic coup, this reporter was able, through the most private sources, to obtain copies of manuscripts submitted by former *Post* columnists to the new merged journal. Fearing not even prosecution for piracy, we publish for the first time anywhere extracts from columns to appear in the forthcoming *National Post-Guardian*.

These columns, identified by their bylines, follow:

Harriet Van Horne

As I awoke this morning in my lavender, floor-length, sheer nylon-tricot sleep gown, outlined at the hem and sleeves with a gentle lace applique, and put on my matching peignoir, loosely flowing, in the forgotten manner of mystery and romance, from its gathered bodice, I reflected on how sad it is that not everyone today knows the pleasure of reading Marx and Engels.

There was a time—yes, I'm old enough to remember, although goodness knows, I look much younger—when men were men and were not afraid to lead their women into paths of revolution, and women were not afraid to follow, for they knew that only by following could they then cause the men to follow them in the failure to lead.

Yes, those were sweeter times. In my mind's eye I can still see my father—even at my tender age I was sure that his sex was male—sitting in our lace-curtained parlour (that spelling is *de rigueur* for writers not ashamed to be ladies) with his handsome, rough-hewn, leather edition of the complete *Das Kapital* on his lap. And I can see Mother beside him, with her pretty, abridged, pink satin edition.

No, there is nothing like that any longer in these frightened, awestruck times.

He would occasionally sing aloud an important passage in his robust baritone, and she would perhaps join him in her lyric coloratura, which was all the fashion in those days, making a touching duet on the economy of Europe. What a lovely scene it formed for us children as we listened—the girls in the bedroom brushing each other's silken tresses, and the boys in the bathroom beating each other's meat.

And I know that something has gone out of our lives today, something of gentleness and lightness, or *légerité*, as they say in *la belle France* (which is, of course, a country in Europe). Why, you can walk right into a revolutionary bookstore today and find men and women buying the very same editions of Marx!

How can we blame men now for their failure to overthrow the establishment if we women will not let them have their own editions of *Das Kapital*? Don't women realize that they wield greater power by just turning pages for their men than by quoting even entire chapters themselves?

Ah, wouldest that we couldeth again (pronounced *ah-ané*) return to those delicate days of gentility. Such are my poetic thoughts, as I return to my nightgown, though it be mid-day.

Leonard Lyons

Stokely Carmichael ran into Julius Lester at Le Pavillon and remarked on the latter's drinking Pepsi-Cola. "I drink it," said Lester, "because anything advertised by Aretha Franklin must be a soul drink."

Carmichael retorted, "But, ah knows y'all hab de best interests ub us colored folk at heart, and what'll we do if we all drink dat stuff and ruin our shiny white teeth, dat massa jest love to look at when we tap dance faw him?"

I folded up my typewriter and rushed over to the Brasserie, where Abbie Hoffman was talking with David Dubinsky about the need to organize hippies. "Yes," said Hoffman, "the time has come for even the alienated youth to march with pride in the ever-swelling ranks of America's working force."

"You too, a Jew?". Dubinsky whispered back.

Then I arrived at Le Côte Basque and was greeted by Pete Seeger, who said something unusually witty to me. But Otto, the maître d', had forced me to check my typewriter at the door, and Seeger's remarks must go unrecorded.

That, of course, reminded me of my recent trip to North Vietnam, where I was greeted by Ho Chi Minh. He invited me to his palatial mansion which, he assured me, was built entirely by workers.

I was seated on Madame Ho's right hand during their twelve-course dinner, and my wife was seated on Comrade Ho's left hand. Madame Ho glanced in their direction to be sure they weren't listening, and then she quickly leaned over to me and with a sly smile whispered. . . . But, as luck would have it, I was changing my typewriter ribbon at the time and couldn't take down what she was saying.

Cedric Belfrage promises to be the highlight of a demonstration to be held in the near future.

At P. J. Moriarty's, Carl Oglesby was explaining to

admirers the key points of the student movement. I asked him to wait until I had plugged my typewriter in, but he just went right on talking, as if my typewriter were no concern of his. What problems I've been having since I got that electric model!

I located Rap Brown at the Eldorado and asked him about the problems SNCC is facing. I reached for my typewriter as he began to reply. Someone had stolen it.

On my way home I ran into Tom Hayden begging for a token to take the subway. He smiled and was about to tell me about his new project. But I stopped him. I told him not to bother me with any more witty sayings. Then I belted him.

At least I didn't have to lug the damned thing home.

William F. Buckley

It is not entirely without unique interest that school children today are unable to recite the principles of revolution in which their fathers before them had been steeped. I had occasion, within recent memory, to visit one of our modern schools, in which there may be some who still believe that the tradition of violent overthrow is being held forth upon. I was able to make careful note that even several sharp raps with my swagger stick on the knuckles of a small girl failed to elicit any more than the simplest dicta of Ho Chi Minh.

(I might have proposed that the raps be administered to a region of the body where it would have done her education and my pleasure more good, but as I was not with my British gentlemen friends of the old school, but in a modern American school, I forbore, tormented journalist that I am.)

Students of this questionable situation may apologetically point out that, after all, the tradition of revolution is the same as the revolution against tradition, and therefore teaching something might properly lead to teaching nothing. But let us carry this reasoning to its nethermost (as I might have carried my swagger stick to her nether parts), and we find that we come to perfect accord with members of what calls itself the Roman Catholic Church.

Now, I am not willing to say that all modern schoolmasters are sympathizers with this nefarious body, whose innocence of blood-spilling, nevertheless, there are some yet willing to defend, but it is, on the other hand, not false that my small nephew came home from school recently with his arms crossed. Upon telephoning his principal, I learned that "no attempt is made to control the bodily functions" of the pupils. And this from a man who professes to be an educator! We can only suppose that he will grant to children the exercise of conscience apart from his own. It is as if Oliver Cromwell had given Charles II a few pounds sterling to purchase his own passage from England.

It is irrelevant to maintain that: (1) the universality of nothing is the absence of everything and that therefore what is catholic and teaches falsely will soon be invisible and teach truly; or (3) the reverse of the foregoing may also be not without merit; or (b) and, terminally, (2) children who are taught their revolutionary mathematics lessons on cardinals and ordinals will not necessarily be led by cardinals to enter orders.

For, as an apprentice cultivator of *bon mots* observed to me recently, after making the necessary obsequies, although many out of every few are still unfamiliar with the benefits of sexual perversion, a local church (that would nonetheless call itself Catholic) could find nothing better to do of a Sunday morn than to have prayers. How ironically this speaks for the state of revolutionary ardor! It is refreshing to find one who is capable of seeing the obvious and still ignoring it.

My remarks are written in the style of Thomas Carlyle, a writer my readers have not read.

Milton Gross

I sat in the police van with hippie agitator Basil the Bountiful, known as the Baronet of Balderdash to his followers, and watched him wipe the sweat off his brow while trying to remain limp. It was a noble gesture.

"They—all of them—those guys—they don't know what it's like." With a sweep of his arm, he motioned his fellow prisoners away, indicating he wanted to talk to me in confidence. That was like him. Never letting on to the rest what was really bothering him.

"Day in, day out, going to the demonstrations, throwing eggs at the cops, giving it your all—it gets to your arm finally. Your arm has got to go under that kind of pressure."

He rolled up his sleeve and showed me his right arm. It was made of silly putty. His trainer had tried to reshape it into a left arm. But that did no good.

I have known for months that Basil had developed an arthritic condition in his right arm and was finally throwing eggs at the cops on sheer guts. He had kept it a secret from the fans, but it would have to come out in the end.

"Throwing eggs," he muttered ruefully, "every fourth day is too much, too much."

But I know for a fact that his manager, Amadeus Enzyme, had offered to let him have a few weeks off. He refused. "In these days of stress, when it's all the way or nothing at all, I've got to get out there in rotation every fourth day, and throw eggs like it's just the beginning of the revolution."

I remember him at the beginning, a green kid just dropped out of high school, coming down to the police barricades, waiting for his chance at the eggs. He had no curve egg to speak of then, and his fast egg was pretty wild, but he had heart—a corny word, but with him it meant something. He missed the cops a couple of times and hit his own demonstrators, and there were some who thought he didn't have what it takes. But I knew he'd make it some day, make it big.

And make it he did. He's one of the best now, and the fans know it. Like the day he set the record by hitting 14 cops in a row and never once dropping his placard. But what it did to his arm—that, the fans don't know. Like the hours of grueling agony when his trainer has to knead his right arm because otherwise the pain would be too great to throw with.

"I tried soaking it in soy sauce for a while," he mentioned, "but there just aren't enough Oriental hippies to keep me supplied. I think it's best kneading it, anyway."

Even with the kneading, each egg hurled is like an electric shock to Basil. Still he goes out there, demonstrating every fourth day. Because that's the way Basil the Bountiful does things. But where he'll go from here, no one knows.

I watched as the police van drove away.

Richard Watts, Jr.

As I sat down in my aisle seat, that we of the ink-exploiting craft are generously provided with, the problems of coping with the one and only W. Shakespeare, a well-known playwright and dramatist of former times, occurred to me. The Bard, as we of the pen-and-papyrus set are wont to know him as, wrote a good portion of his work while he was alive, goodness knows how many hundreds of years ago. Bardy, I think and opine, although producing a respectable body of dramatic offerings, performances, sonnets, and suchlike, remained nonetheless, for this viewer at any rate, least satisfying in his knowledge of revolutionary methods as outlined by Marx, Engels and Eldridge Cleaver.

Of course, one is forced to pay homage to the brilliance with which the indomitable Bard, which is, we observe, my fetching appellation for Wm. Shakespeare, that writer and poet under discussion, undertook to set pen upon vellum, knowing, as he must have in those grander and really great days, that he lived full scores of eras before the above mentioned revolutionary theories were to reach full flower. He is nothing short of almost ingenious and quite competent in producing the images, couplets, and metaphors that one has come to expect from a bard of his repute.

His pen and nimble mind make the most of what has been provided him to compensate for his lack of knowledge of the principles which it has become incumbent upon every decent, rationally liberal man of revolutionary persuasion to learn. It is difficult for me to criticize him then, despite the shortcomings I feel constrained to mention, for he has made the most of a situation that I for one would not like to see equalled again once more. One is rather tempted and tantalized to forbear criticism, while another is enticed and seduced into pointing out that nothing occurs to alter the impression that Willy Shakespeare, the Bard, lived out his full lifetime and never read any of the writings of revolution of Marx, Engels and Eldridge Cleaver.

Indeed, we are well familiar and rather up on all those lovely things and people, such as Hamlet, Toby Belch, and the boys from Syracuse, which we have been reading about and looking at for quite a while now. Certainly, I for one am not likely to forget the serious message, philosophy, and popular entertainment that each has always provided me. So, all in all, it is quite satisfying, good, and pleasing to have the Bard represented in the repertoire of literature that I am not the last to salute. But old Billy-Bard Shakespeare must have been nodding a bit when he chose to live in those days before Marx, Engels and Eldridge Cleaver.

Max Lerner

The problems besetting the intellectual turned journalist is not without some small moment in today's strife-torn

world. In the final analysis, how will he be judged? What opinions and attitudes should he express to best insure his high standing with posterity? What it comes down to is deciding whether to turn to the intellectual community, which has rejected him, or to the general public, which doesn't give a good goddam what he's talking about.

Take, for example, the question of the universe. It is not at all easy for the intellectual turned journalist to maintain his standards of irrelevance while discussing this question. And yet this must be his prime consideration.

At present, there are three opinions regarding the universe. The old-line standard bearers are well content to let the universe continue in much the same way as always. The far-out, impetuous, often anxious, younger generation feels that the universe was good enough in its day but has now let the youth down—something representative of the aspirations of the emerging masses is wanted.

The third point of view, reflecting the generation of credibility, holds that the innate value of the universe redeems it from the use to which the establishment of liberals and conservatives throughout this trouble-minded nation have put it.

As Johnny Stuart Mill might have pointed out, none of these groups tackles the relationship of the universe to the democratic process. Nor do they demonstrate how certain economic safeguards are inherent in the stability of a well-ordered universe. It will be the job of the intellectual turned journalist to make these points apparent.

I, for example, do not agree with any of the three opinions on the universe. To do so would be to lose face with all those intellectuals who have embraced me as their own. On the other hand, I don't disagree with any of the opinions either. Otherwise I would disappoint the general public convinced that I have absolutely nothing to say. It is eagerness of the sort that rushes to decisions that will endanger the existing structure of our social democracy, as demonstrated in the bitter dialogue between liberals and conservatives. What, then, is my opinion?

I well concede that the universe is made up of neutrons, protons, and suchlike. But beyond that, I look and listen, observe and hear. Thus I come to grips with the philosophy still being formed by the courage of liberals and conservatives on the field of common strife. Should I explain everything I know about the universe, pleasing my intellectual readers and frustrating the general public? Or should I pretend to know nothing about it, pleasing the general public and frustrating my intellectual readers?

The intellectual turned journalist learns at once to rise above such dilemmas of our unbounded nuclear age, in which liberals and conservatives alike search for formulae. He explains everything about nothing, thus pleasing nobody and frustrating everybody—the ideal compromise!

CHARLES MANSON

(Continued from Cover)

bars for 22 of his 35 years. Just imagine what might have happened had he been permitted to roam the streets all those years!

I didn't see it then but now I can piece it all together.

Schizo-phrenic is what they say. Come to think of it, that's just what he was. That means split personality, usually it means two but in his case the sky was the limit! He was always different from one day to the next. One day he'd be generous with the box of candy his aunt and uncle sent him from home, next day he'd be stealing candy from others, and maybe the day after that he'd be saying he didn't like candy!

Sometimes he was shy, sometimes quite gregarious, at other times talkative, occasionally he was silent for hours, and at still other times he did more than a little complaining. None of that seemed strange at the time, but when you put it all in context he was some goof-ball all right. He even had delusions—you might even go so far as to call them *hallucinations*—that he was immortal, that he would live forever, I think psychiatrists call that megalomania, which would make him a meglo-maniac.

Yet there were times when he feared death, (there goes your schizo-phrenia again) but that certainly was not the only kind of crazy he was. Once he refused to eat in the mess hall for three days, mistrusting the dietician because of a piece of brass he found in his stew, which makes him paranoical as well. If there are any other kinds of ways for him to be a nut, careful examination would undoubtedly convict him on those counts as well, they might even have to dream up some new ones for him.

Charlie was always quite power hungry, he craved to influence people even then. One night he convinced me to sneak down with him after hours to watch a late night television program, *The Horn Blows at Midnight* with Jack Benny. This was strictly forbidden and could have led to harsh punishment if we were caught. I'll admit I enjoyed the performance, but such late night sorties went a long way towards harming my sleep and study habits which I was to need in later life.

I went on to complete my education and eventually go to Botany school and attention to discipline was what I needed most. Yet the discipline which Charlie decried so much was precisely what he was imposing on me on the psychological level. Some discipline is legitimate, some is not, Charlie never understood that at all.

You know what he once did? He drove someone's car on the grounds for a joy ride! He had not even a learner's permit at the time, he had never driven an automobile before in his life. He could have seriously endangered his own body and the lives of others, not to mention another man's property which he had probably worked many thankless hours at the reformatory to obtain. I can easily picture all the kooky stunts that have transpired since, with all those hot rods, school buses and the dune buggies, and all the thefts.

My offense was excessive truancy, I would never have acted in a manner that would have jeopardized the safety of my fellow man, nor would I have dishonored another's sacred right to private property. He asked me to accompany him on that particular escapade and I wisely declined. Fortunately he himself was not injured. Even more fortunately for him, he was caught and placed in solitary as a lesson to him. It worked as he never repeated the act in the immediate future, but, as things turned out, maybe

it wasn't lesson enough.

I hear all this talk about the LSD, the acid, the marijuana, the pills. I may be mistaken but I kind of remember Charlie having the seeds of the dope fiend even then. He experimented on a number of occasions with whatever he could get his hands on. When the coke and aspirin craze was going full strong, you could always find Charlie at the soda machine and complaining to the doctor about a headache. He said it had no effect on him but he did it again and again, and why do something unless it's doing something?

And it *did* really seem to be getting to him. His eyes had that wide-open madman stare that has now become his trademark and he was more than a little giddy. Perhaps it just wasn't far enough out for him, but this was his start I guess. He even talked to many of the young narcotics addicts interned there for rehabilitation, that may have put some ideas in his head too. I can't see how else they could have got there. Maybe careful separation of the druggards from the others could prevent such potential calamities, that's one suggestion juvenile authorities should investigate before it's too late. But who knew about things like that in those days?

At the time he had a wild imagination about the birds and the bees, really wild! He thought about it more than me, even though he was still a virgin and I was not. Yes I had had some nookie—after all, I had to sew my wild oats before eventually settling down. Charlie said he never wanted to settle down and he didn't know why folks got married at all. He had never seen a prophylactic, yet he insisted he would never use one, he thought it was *unreal*, that's the way he put it.

When I asked him what would happen if his girlfriend became pregnant, he replied simply that she'd have a baby after nine months! If he loved the girl they would both raise the child, if not he would raise the child himself! He didn't want somebody he had no use for taking care of the product of his seed! He even claimed, although it was hard to believe, that he had no objections to rearing a child that his girl had conceived with another man!

He even saw nothing wrong with adultery and bigamy, he might even have thought the Mormons had the right idea had he gone on to study comparative religion in an institute of higher learning like myself. Now that he's been unleashed on an unsuspecting world, there's no telling how many bastards he's spawned—the reports indicate it's many.

If only there had been sex instruction at Boy's Town his horror for rubbers might have been overcome. That way, while his morally reprehensible activities might still have taken place, fewer wombs would have been infected by his poison. And come to think of it, his unnatural preoccupation with my private parts might have contained a hint of homosexuality.

As far as the hair business goes, it never entered the picture then as none of us had been shaving very long if at all, and haircuts were standardized by the resident barber, so there were no indications of what was to be in that area. But the business about the sun, Charlie frequently

took off his shirt even when forbidden to do so while working at an outdoor assignment.

Once or twice he even dropped his trousers when the supervisor was looking elsewhere—it was very hot and the sun was bright and our uniforms were bulky and dark, so that's partial explanation. Mooning was big then but that really had nothing to do with it, and overall nudity was not a fad then at all. He was just wacky about the golden globe in the sky I guess, just as some dogs and rapists go ape over a full moon.

About his early childhood in the days before he headed in the wrong direction I know very little. I do remember, however, that he had only one pet as a kid, a black cat named Gumbo. That name was derived from his love for chicken gumbo soup. That fact that it was a black cat now seems symbolic and appropriate (after all it was his *only* pet) although who would have given it a second thought at the time? *Everybody* has a black cat at one time or other. But few conventional people would treat their animal the way he did. He fed Gumbo snails and worms! Now is that any way to treat a dumb animal?

Some conclusions about his unconventional behavior could possibly be drawn from this but I will leave that for others more capable.

On the educational side, his favorite subject was mathematics, not because he had a way with numbers, (his math level was scarcely remedial arithmetic) but because it entailed the least reading. How Charlie detested books! Once he hid a copy of *Tom Sawyer* in his shirt and brought it back to the room. With some matches he obtained with the pack of cigarettes he had illegally purchased at the dispensary (with a forged parental permission slip) he set fire to it page by page, carefully fanning the smoke through a vent to avoid detection.

On another occasion he was not so lucky, forgetting that his fingerprints were on file, as he dumped an expensively bound copy of *Robinson Crusoe* in the garbage can of the library lavatory. Fortunately for him they could not pin it on him as thousands of hands had already left their mark on the book. Presumably he didn't give a hang about being caught anyway. Whatever was on his mind, his library privileges were revoked on the suspicion of foul play, one decision he certainly had no complaints about!

Charlie's anti-book streak may have been quite severe and extreme, but madness and intelligence are not (and were not then) mutually exclusive. They're different mental faculties altogether. So he was no lame-brain and at least one of our teachers, Mr. Podack to be specific, considered the boy sharp as a whip. In many cases being out of your skull can even be correlated with uncanny capabilities of the mind, a number of experts have stated.

And I'm not denying that this was the case with the young Manson—I'll be the first to agree he certainly had a head on his shoulders. But too much thinking can be harmful, particularly when it tends to be unorthodox and irrational. It makes you gloomy and morose, and it never did anybody any good. Charlie is a case in point.

As for the heinous, horrendous crime itself, the multiple murders and fatal injury to that beautiful buxom lady,

that's the part in the puzzle that's toughest to figure, but not really when you come down to it. Cranky and painfully immature when faced with conflict, he was extremely vulnerable. He got into few fist fights, chiefly because he was no fighter, not that there weren't those who wanted to rap him in the mouth for his anti-social attitudes.

In his first and last tussle with Jay Lee he was not even the match of a smaller, skinnier fellow. So it was only natural that he would choose to carry a concealed weapon such as a knife. And it follows that a knife carrier will inevitably become a knife wielder. And when you add to that the factor of unstable personality, well. . . .

Some claim he didn't do it himself but only instigated a group of sluts in his coterie to do his bidding. Others believe it was entirely their doing, that he was somewhere else at the time. But anybody who even knows people—if you can call them that—who commit such atrocities is himself suspect, so I only say I know Charles Manson in a qualified sense.

But as far as the possibility of his having done the job himself goes, I would certainly be willing to testify that in days gone by he was perfectly capable of acting, deciding, and giving orders. Which might mean that, technically speaking, he cannot be found legally insane, even though psychological insanity is clear cut and irrefutable by this time. This will be up to the judges and jurors to decide.

He'll get his day in court, after all it's his birthright like yours or mine. He has with his thoughts and deeds brutally, viciously challenged a society, and yet this same society has not lynched him but rather extended the hand of justice and even allowed him to plead his own case. Let me go on record as saying that I hope they throw the book at him (no pun intended). Which in his case would most likely be life imprisonment in a maximum security institution for the criminally insane.

The odds might even favor capital punishment, and it would be corny even if appropriate to comment about living and dying by the proverbial sword, but any ex-con (rehabilitated or not) can tell you about paying the dues. Charles no doubt knows this. More than once he bellowed his then-fanciful wish to kill so-and-so, and I am sure there are quite a few former residents who recall the sting of his words and now wish him the evil he once wished them. Their wishes will be fulfilled! More than likely, that is, since it is premature, if not bad taste, to bury the living.

It's been revealed by reporters that members of the Manson cult called their leader such names as "Jesus Christ," "Satan," and "God." Let me reveal a little something they never bothered to investigate. At Boy's Town, despite the harsh profanity code, they called Charlie boy things that weren't very nice!

It all fits into place, but there is something lacking: the big why. Why did he do it? If in fact he did. But the evidence is overwhelmingly in favor of that conclusion, I read *Life Magazine*. I'm a science teacher and all I can go by is evidence, and the evidence of past and present says one thing and one thing only. But I'm a man of flesh and blood too and I'll tell you one thing:

Charles Manson is not my brother!

Aunt Pussycat's Cabin

by Claudia Dreifus

Really, I'm not the kind of female who reads women's magazines. Not me. I have absolutely no interest in needle-point, leftover cookery or Jacqueline Susann. So, it was only under duress that I agreed to write a feminist critique of women's mags for a left political journal.

During the course of my research for that article I happened upon a pink and white Andy Warhol-illustrated piece in the February, 1970 issue of *McCalls*: "The Pussycat League—a new breed of feminists who believe in being extremely nice to men." Penned by a middle-aged novelist named Jeannie Sakol, this essay was an attack on the women's liberation movement and on all women who were fighting in a militant way for a reordering of the power relationship between the sexes.

To Jeannie Sakol, the feminist movement is nothing but a conspiracy of weirdos, man-haters, and dykes whose tactics involve "ugliness and corrosion."

Distressed at the success feminists have had in organizing American women, Miss Sakol got together with two girlfriends and organized a ladies organization of her own, the Pussycat League. "The Pussycat League was born with a purr and a scratch during a girl's lunch last September. Since then it has grown to an international kitten-klatsch," she gleefully reported in *McCall's*.

Charter members included Miss Sakol, "Brooklyn born reporter still auditioning for a husband," Joan Elbaum, a red-headed lawyer with the City Commission for the United Nations, and Lucianne Goldberg, a writer and housefrau, formerly a speechwriter for Ladybird Johnson. The League was organized in a "belief in joyful, affirmative femininity." No one, Jeannie Sakol claims, ever mistakes a Pussycat for a boy, even in pant-suits.

The *McCall's* article, written in "Fun With Dick and Jane" style (in the evident belief that most women can't read) explains that to Pussycatters, ". . . men are not the enemy. Our lives would be pointless without them. The best way to achieve change is through men. Apart from all the nice hugging and kissing, the men are in charge. They are the legislators, the employers, the husbands and lovers."

The tenets of the new organization spell out how Pussycats should accommodate to male wishes, desires and demands: "Pussycats agree it does not make us Less Woman to sew on a button, polish a shoe, or iron the pajamas smooth. Pussycats believe in appealing to the protectiveness of men. The Pussycat view of continuing education is to keep learning more and more about men. . . . Pussycats urge women to call a truce on using men for target practice. Women have an instinct for man's jugular, but why aim to kill? Weak spots are too easy to hit. Why make points when you can make nice-nice?"

While it is clear that the Pussycat League believes the best way for a woman to get ahead in the workworld is to fuck her boss, the League does have a limited positive program for social change. For instance, Pussycats believe

abortion laws should be repealed. Before the New York State Legislature was considering abortion law reform, the kitten-klatsch had concocted a unique plan for lobbying.

"Pussycats," Miss Sakol explained, "plan to throw open a hospitality suite in an Albany hotel, where they will offer home-made delicacies, free shirt-button repairs, and sweet persuasion on the needs of women. A pot roast sandwich and a chance to sit down and relax make more sense than chasing men down icy streets with a meat ax. . . ."

Well, every movement has its Uncle Toms, and it's no surprise that the backlash to feminism should come wrapped in pink ribbons, baby-talk and flowery sweetness. It was clear that Miss Sakol was a fan of Booker T. Washington who admonished post-reconstruction era Blacks not to press too hard for social, educational and political equality. "When your head is in the lion's mouth," Washington advised his flock, "use your hand to pet him." Miss Sakol's advice to the unpaid and over-worked housewife, to the college graduate female working as a secretary, to the divorcee going quietly insane over her condition—is to fuck and feed her oppressor. "Make nice-nice."

I arrived at Jeannie Sakol's midtown office last month disguised as a reporter from the Italian underground journal *Bit*. Miss Sakol, in addition to being a columnist for the North American Newspaper Alliance and a novelist, also does time as a consultant on fashion for a small advertising agency. Polly, the agency's blonde receptionist, explains to me that Jeannie will be late for our appointment.

Jeannie is indeed late, so to prepare for the meeting, Polly explains that Miss Sakol is "beautiful . . . the absolute end. I'd like to be like her when I get older." What is Polly doing now? "Nothing much. I come from Elizabeth, New Jersey. I was engaged for a while to this boy—but it didn't work out. Now, I'm not doing anything. It'll take a while till the guys back home realize that I'm available again." Polly is a Pussycat, she says, but she doesn't want to talk about it. "Miss Sakol can tell you *sooo* much more. She's wonderful."

Miss Sakol arrives after half an hour, trailed by the essence of a half-gallon of perfume in which she bathe earlier that day.

After polite introductions, I am led into the baby-pink inner office. Now upwind from her fragrance, I notice that Jeannie is wearing four layers of make-up, seven layers of perfectly matched red, white and blue clothin ten layers of tautly teased hair and twenty layers of costume jewelry. The triumph of the Brooklyn Girl Mac Good. A vision of Flatbush elegance. The office is gai festooned with book-covers from Jeannie's novel, *Gurdrop, Let Down Your Hair*, an autographed picture LBJ, and tearsheets from some of her magazine article "Borscht Baby With A Groovy British Husband Natalie Wood."

"How old are you?" I begin in my best reporter manner.

"Why, don't you just *love* pink?" She answers evasive "Pink is my very favorite color. I don't see why won-

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"Ban the bra!" is the battle cry of Miss Lulu Moppet, a cutie for the cause of feminine independence. But we'd say this magnificently mammared militant has her sister suffragettes outranked. In Lulu's home town of Deerfield, Ill., there is an exclusive men's club which no female has ever before invaded. In a "stand-in" demonstration, prim but

principled Miss Moppet "steps out"—of her panties—to expose to club officers her impassioned belief that a woman is more than a sex object. "I am an intellectual as well as a woman," erupts Lulu, "and I'll get those stoopid boys to give in yet!" We can hardly accuse her of skirting the issue!!!

—Jay Lynch

should be ashamed of pink, it's beautiful!"

"How old are you?" I repeat.

Miss Sakol gives me one of those "don't-probe-too-much-kid" looks and explains that she never tells her age. "In this country you're washed up when you're over nineteen. Just tell your readers that I'm *twenty-five—plus*." A quick assessment of her mask of make-up, her teased hair, her baggy eyelids and lightly lined complexion leads me to believe that her real age is more like *forty-plus*. But this kind of lady thinks its her prerogative never to tell her age.

The Pussycat League, I learn, got started some time after the women's liberation demonstrations at the Miss America contest. Jeannie thought the demo was disgusting.

"The marched up and down the boardwalk," she complains, "wearing their baggy Army pants, combat boots, no make-up, no bras . . . nothing. I just couldn't believe it. A couple of them actually tried to burn their bras. Frankly, I just don't understand what's *wrong* with the Miss America contest. I mean, what's so bad about young girls being pretty and singing and tap-dancing so they might get scholarships? That demonstration made me decide that we needed some new kind of group for women. In all the papers all you ever read about is women's liberation . . . women's liberation. Women shouldn't read about that kind of stuff. The liberated ladies, all they are doing is telling housewives that they are nothing—that they are all love-slaves. Someone had to say, 'I enjoy being a girl!'"

At a later interview, Lucianne Goldberg, Lieutenant Pussycat and former Ladybird writer, gave another reason for the birth of Pussycat. "We had just read about this business with Lindsey Van Gelder," she clucked disapprovingly. "You know who *she* is, don't you? She's that women's liberation reporter who works for the *New York Post*. Well, she had just refused a byline on a story about Mrs. Tom Seaver [the story was actually about Mrs. Gil Hodges] saying that she didn't want to have her name attached to an article about a woman who had no other claim to fame other than being the wife of someone important. I really thought that Lindsey was being very, very nervy. I mean, I worked as a reporter for many years and I had to really struggle for a byline. I couldn't believe that she was giving up hers. It struck me that this whole 'women's lib' idea needed to be destroyed. Girls need to hear another view besides these crazy extremists."

The Pussycats might never have grown from coffee klatsch scheming to living reality had they not received a powerful boost from the media. Some time after the founding luncheon, an article appeared in *Newsday*, penned by Mike McGrady, one of the 25 authors of *Naked Came the Stranger*. The piece, titled "The Pussycat Mystique," was illustrated with a picture of one rather dumpy looking Mike McGrady stretched out on Jeannie Sakol's brass bed, being fed grapes (California?) by Pussycats Jeannie, Lucianne and Joan. "Pussycat," McGrady mused, "may be the answer to one of the pressing problems of our time: what to do with women between adolescence and old age."

Evidently the *Newsday* piece got things going for the

feline coven. Three thousand inquiries came in the mail. "I nearly broke my nails opening all those letters," Jeannie complained. *McCall's* offered a piece, Hawthorne offered a book, television clamored for Pussycat appearances, and the *Washington Post*, *Chicago Tribune* and *Miami Herald* ran glowingly sympathetic stories. With a little help from friends in the press, the Pussycat parade was on.

"Did you find Mike McGrady's article a little offensive?" I ask Jeannie Sakol.

"Oh nooooooo. I thought it was cute. You know, the trouble with these feminists is that they can't look at the condition of women with any kind of humor. The whole thing is really very funny. We try to look at things, as we say, with 'humanism and humor.'"

A touch of this humanism and humor can be found in the Pussycat Credo, prominently printed in *Adam's Rib*, the organization's pink-paged newsletter. A sample:

"I, a Pussycat, don't allude in a man's presence to how much I earn, what a big wheel I am at the office or how much popularity I enjoy. I understand that if he wanted competition he would have gone bowling."

What about Jeannie Sakol's own life as a woman? "I *love* being a woman. It's the freest thing on earth."

Is she married? "No, no. I *love* falling madly in love. So, what I do is fall in love with a guy for a few years, then say bye-bye when it's over. I never marry and I never divorce. But I don't say that my kind of life is for everyone. Right now, your readers might be interested to know, I'm absolutely tilt for an Italian sculptor."

Did she ever encounter discrimination on the job?

"No, no. None that I was ever aware of. Frankly, though, a lot of women must suffer discrimination on the job. But I can understand it. Women just don't want to put as much into their jobs as men do. Frankly, I really think the militants are on the wrong track with this one. I mean, most women don't want to work, and so they don't want to do all the things men *have* to do to keep a job. These feminists want everything handed to them on a silver platter—split shifts, sharing housework, long maternity leaves. No business is going to put up with that. No husband is going to do the cleaning either. The business world is cutthroat—that's all there is to it!"

Jeannie has an appointment with her literary agent, so she asks me along to her apartment to pick up a film-scenario that Hollywood is bidding on. As we jog past Park Avenue, past Lexington, past 3rd Avenue, Jeannie explains, "Oh, I don't think *all* the women in women's lib are lesbians—a lot of them are—but so many of them seem so damaged by their extremist politics that they act that way. They are really a coo-coo bunch. They keep saying that women are love slaves. Well, what's wrong with being a love slave? Women don't get used by men *enough*. Besides, if women don't have men, what do they have in life?"

On 3rd Avenue and 46th Street a cabdriver makes a lewd gesture and whistles as we pass. "Do you find that offensive?" I ask.

"Oh no. I *love* it. That's a way for men to say I look pretty—it's their way of showing appreciation. I just adore

having men whistle at me—just as long as they don't use dirty words. You won't believe it, but I just love passing construction sites. Construction workers are the last of the gallants."

At Jeannie's East Side apartment, her Black maid, careful to call her "Miss Sakol," brings us apple juice cocktails.

"Thank you, Polly." Jeannie says to the maid. "Polly's such a dear."

Settling down with my apple juice I managed to extract some interesting organizational data on the Pussycat League. The organization has about 500 members all of whom pay \$7 each for a membership card (pink), a button (pink), and a year's subscription to *Adam's Rib* (pink). Carol Channing is a charter member. "She wrote us and asked if she could join, and we loved her soooooo much and thought that she was just a natural Pussycat, that we made her an immediate member."

Two Senators' wives who, for fear of reprisals, didn't want their names known, are also members.

As for the abortion lobbying project, the pot roast sandwiches were never served to the legislators because "at the time the abortion law was being considered, Joan was getting married." The group, however, has lots of plans for the future. For instance, when Betty Friedan and the ladies from the National Organization for Women have their Women's Day Strike August 26, Pussycats will have a "husband sitting service" for the day. "While the militants march away, the Pussycats will play . . ." The founding felines will also soon start organizing chapters outside New York.

What kind of projects will the chapters engage in? Seminars and forums on femininity. No marching. No picketing. "Pussycats never protest," says Jeannie Sakol. "It's unladylike!" Experts will come and tell Pussycats how they can stay young and hold onto their men. Home economists will travel to the suburban hinterlands telling pussycat secretaries what make-up they should buy, what hair dyes they can't live without, what clothes will make them feminine forever and what brands of vaginal deodorant will keep them from offending.

Consume and ye shall be free.

The first response of most feminists, myself included, to the Pussycats is one of fury at their opportunism, disgust at the play they are getting in the media, and anger that women should so willingly speak in opposition to the feminist movement. But it was Booker T. Washington who told his people, "The wisest among my race understand that the agitation of questions of social equality is the extremist folly . . ."

And it was Ti-Grace Atkinson, when questioned about the Pussycat League, who said, "They are the realistic women. They know that the only way for a woman to get ahead is to sleep with her boss. They know that it is men who have the power and that if women are to get anything, given the present order, their only weapon is seduction. But what they don't realize is that it is a disgusting weapon and that it hasn't worked yet." Quite unconsciously, the Pussycats are prophetic. They are realists.

No, Virginia

by Alan Whitney

Up Against Them All

This is the year of women's liberation, toward which my attitude is "Let them eat cock," and of homosexual liberation, a movement only too glad to obey that injunction.

But if your information on these matters comes chiefly from the establishment media, you are probably unaware of a multitude of other burgeoning crusades designed to improve the lot of this or that oppressed minority.

All you need, really, to start a liberation movement is a few non-negotiable demands and an acronym.

We are all familiar, of course with feminist organizations like DYKE (Dames Yearning for Kitchen Escape), which seeks to impose a graduated tax on penises according to their length, require that half of the tackles in the National Football League be women, and outlaw tits effective January 1, 1971.

Then there is PANSY (Pride About Neurotic Sodomist Yearnings), which advocates compulsory military boarding school for all boys at age 12, federal subsidy for interior decorators and making Little Richard's birthday a national holiday.

But it is some rather more arcane causes that concern us here, those which may not hit the late TV talk shows until next season.

There is, for instance, SMACK (Sado-Masochists After Chastisement Kicks), whose platform embraces compulsory birthday spankings for all age groups, the whipping post for illegal parking, and the use of corporal punishment in the school on Room 222.

An even more specialized platform is being promulgated by SNOT (Shoddy Nose Orifice Treatment), a group of militant nose-pickers bent on stamping out the social derision which has long been their lot. They oppose the glamorization of the handkerchief, such as by the use of embroidered monograms or lace edging. They see devotees of more decorous nasal hygiene as themselves needing liberation from the tyranny of etiquette columnists and other exploiters.

MOPPET (Men Openly Planning Penetration of Every Tyke) seeks a fair shake for one of society's most unappreciated groups, the child molesters. They hope to expunge from the language the phrase "dirty old man," substituting the more upbeat "saucy senior citizen." They are also demanding a monopoly on the distribution of candy to juveniles, and standing four-square against the establishment of any new day care centers.

WINO (Woozy Individuals Needing Offerings) is planning a march from the Bowery to the Plaza Hotel, where they will demand that the 10 top floors become a Lyons House, without diminution of facilities. Another plank in their platform would make it illegal for a motorist to clean his own windshield.

GORE (Gentry Opposing Restraint on Extermination) is speaking out for perhaps the most widely persecuted victim of the system, the homicidal maniac. They advocate the return of the gladiator, with prime time coverage on TV, as well as the feeding of Christians to lions every afternoon at the Central Park Zoo (and of Jews to the ones at the Bronx Zoo). They are particularly distressed at the unfavorable image of the axe-murderer perennially conveyed by the mass media.

Fuzzy-Thinking Liberalism

Since I have long aspired to become a tax-exempt foundation, I don't ordinarily attempt to influence legislation or tell people how they should vote. But in the case of the Liberal Party, I'll make an exception. By their machinations in Manhattan's 19th Congressional District, the Liberals have filled my bosom with nostalgia for the Tweed ring.

The Democratic candidate for the House there is Bella Abzug, a tough, smart, earthy chick who was trying to stop the war while most of the latter-day doves in the party were still supporting Johnson's program of freedom through annihilation. The Republican nominee is Barry Farber, who conducts a radio talk show in a Southern-fried falsetto as easy on the ear as a piece of defective chalk drawn across a blackboard. He is an indescribably unctuous fount of commercials for second-rate hotels and restaurants and an unpaid—as far as I know—flack for the *Reader's Digest*. He has frequently expressed doubt about the character—even the sanity—of those who don't share his quasi-religious devotion to college football. A couple of years ago when, out of waning masochism, I stopped listening to his show, he was a certifiably paranoid cold-warrior in general and a screeching hawk on Vietnam in particular. I know of no 11th-hour conversion. If he is a liberal in even the broadest sense of the term,

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then Billy Graham is the star of a soon-to-be-released skin flick.

So the Liberal Party, in its distinctly finite wisdom, has placed not Mrs. Abzug but Farber on its slate for Congress. As far as Farber is concerned, not to worry, as they in the 19th CD. He has as much chance of being elected in that district as I have of being named Man of the Year by the Cunt Front.

My concern is, rather, about the Liberal Party, which needs to be taught a lesson. It has long been my custom, when one of my candidates for any office is listed on both the Liberal line and that of a major party, to vote for him as a Liberal, thereby contributing to that party's general welfare. This year, in retaliation for the Farber madness, I intend to do the opposite, and I urge others, in all districts, to do likewise.

CO-EXISTING

(Continued from Page 6)

out of hand, and may usher in emotions of tenderness, concern, even love—subversive feelings that just don't belong in a relationship intended to be transient. They undermine the chief purposes of such affairs, which are (a) to fill a void and (b) to fill a quota.

The balance sheet isn't wholly favorable to unfriendliness, however. The trouble with the current brand of hostility is that it is too frequently unselective.

Consider the blacks—certainly a respectably hostile group these days. Any militant black will assure you that the proper target of blacks is whites, certainly not other blacks. And yet, in spite of attempts to forge common bonds by Black Studies, the frequent "black is beautiful" and the agreement on a common enemy—"the pigs"—the greatest foe of the black man remains the black man.

Chew over these facts, and the stew they add up to: Nine in ten killings of Negroes are perpetrated, not by genocidal white racist pigs, but by Negroes themselves. Negro homicide rates are 8 to 12 times higher than those of whites, who are no slouches at homicide themselves. The largest grouping of homicide victims are husbands, wives, relatives, friends and acquaintances of the killers. Homicides are in most cases the result of flare-ups of hostility. Considering these facts, considering the self-destruct tendencies of angry blacks, it isn't far-fetched to assert that Negro hostility is something Negroes should be more concerned about keeping down than whites are.

Another instance of unselectivity: common targets of all major hostile groups—the only targets, in fact, which in the opinion of all, merit crucifixion—are the innocent people. The Establishment bombs innocent people in Vietnam; some U.S. revolutionaries bomb them at home. Racist whites have long harassed innocent Negroes; now blacks not infrequently assault innocent whites. Many young people hate all old ones as if aging was a crime they could never be guilty of.

Unselective hostility may be fun, but the conscientious practitioner will avoid it. Letting the enemy get away while an innocent stranger gets zapped instead is as bad as loving your enemy—an unthinkable attitude for people who don't even love their friends.

GAY LIBERATION FRONT

(Continued from Cover)

October 15, 1969 was a glorious day! God and the meteorologists were kind to the antiwar protesters on that sunny Wednesday, and they poured out in all parts of the country, students and teachers, hippies and apparent denizens of the square world, to celebrate Moratorium Day. They laughed, they marched, they shouted, they applauded, they shook their fists, and if only the war in Vietnam had ended, this might have gone down in history as the greatest argument that civilization had produced in favor of democracy and as proof of man's sanity.

And minor though it might have been among the events of that day, but certainly not ignored by press and television cameramen, was the surfacing of the Gay Liberation Front. In a very new and real sense, quite different from Mattachine and Daughters of Bilitis, organized homosexuals had decided to come out.

To come out. The phrase has so many meanings, and such new ones today, that we are apt to forget its history. For way back in the dim past when children played such innocent games as cops and robbers (and, incredibly, the kids always wanted to be the good guys, the cops!) and hide-and-go-seek, there was a time when the seeker had found his first victim and beaten him to the goal, and the kids would sing out happily—or shall we say gaily?—to those still undetected, "Come out, come out, wherever you are!"

Indeed it was, or appeared to be at least, the age of innocence. For imagine yourself walking down the streets of New York or San Francisco, and you pass a little group of gamins, and you overhear the prepubescent children talking about coming out. You step a little closer, lest your ears be deceiving you, and yes, the diminutive sophisticates are discussing latent homosexuals and closet queens, and guys who ought to know what they are and should decide to come out. Or, if they hesitate, one youngster adds, we'll bring them out.

So that while a church in the Mid-West, with a homosexual preacher, is performing the sacraments of marriage for two guys, only insisting that they swear on a stack of penises that they've known each other for at least six months (no one asks about premarital relations, and the bride may look grotesque in the white gown with veil and train, but at least one can be assured that neither principal in the ceremony is pregnant), at the same time all the bourgeois concepts of marriage and sex, fidelity and privacy, adultery (its evils) and adulthood (its necessity) are denounced in the language of the Weathermen by the Gay liberation Front, the Viet Cong of the homophiles.

"Up the ass of the ruling class," it proclaims, a lovely amalgam of sex and revolution, of youthful protest and contemporary expression of contempt for the powers that be, but a slogan that may betray as much doubt about oneself as about the enemy. More popular in GLF is the political slogan, "No revolution without us," and the explicitly homosexual one, "Out of the closets, into the streets."

Traditionally, it was to be expected that, when homo-

sexual organizations were formed and then developed open meetings and legal publications, they would be ultraconformist, conventional, and middleclass in every respect, emphasizing that their members differed in no way, but no way, from the adherents of the local PTA or the suburban Elks club, except that they loved, formed lasting alliances, and incidentally had sex with someone of their own gender.

It is true that a few liberal leftists were active in the first organizations of homosexuals; in fact, if anybody remembers the name of Henry Wallace, it was a group of his followers who formed a Bachelors-for-Wallace club when Henry was campaigning for President, and the name was apparently the facade behind which there probably lurked a nice group of left wing gay guys.

Politics and sexuality notwithstanding, they were respectable people; in fact, from today's vantage point, it was hard to find anybody who didn't fit that sobriquet a generation ago. But when these people, the embarrassing "queer pinkos" as their enemies labeled them, finally awakened to reality on the first Wednesday after the first Monday in November, 1948, they decided to pick up their marbles and save something from the debacle.

Thus was born one of the first homosexual organizations in the United States; since then it has been a history of many groups, splits and splintering, proliferation and disappearance, growth and decline, and always a search for answers to some difficult questions. Foremost among them was how to organize and lead a movement for social acceptance when there was such an ease in concealment of one's own proclivities, such difficulties if one were to make a public proclamation.

By and large, the homophile groups, despite the Wallace club, were conservative and were respectable; that is, they were conservative in the sense that Martin Luther King could be so labeled, or the NAACP. If only society could be convinced that the homosexuals were really good boys and good girls, not promiscuous, very loving, always law-abiding, forever the victim and never the victimizer, they would be accepted.

They were loyal, excellent security risks, were no sissies and bull-dykes, and would make good soldiers and sailors, if only given the opportunity. In fact, had not Plato extolled the invincibility of an army made up of just such lovers, each soldier showing the greatest valor and courage because he would never want to appear in any but the most favorable light before his comrade?

But most Americans were not convinced; and the attitude of the armed forces as well as the gay youths could be summarized by the story of the Naval psychiatrist who, in rejecting a rather obvious kid, said, "You'd never make a good sailor," to which the lad replied, "Oh, you're wrong, dearie, I made three very good ones last week!"

All was not respectability, however, even in the public image of the homophile groups. On radio and television, they wanted to talk of the right of people to love one another and of the oppressive laws against this right, but in fact these organizations became involved—and for self-protection and to protect their constituency for whom they sought to have answers, they had to become involved—in

defending "lovers" apprehended in what are euphemistically called subway and park tearooms.

And in order to keep the interest of the readers and attract more to the dull, repetitive, artless sheets, in which the occasional poetry served as unwitting and unintentional humor to lighten the otherwise drab scene, there were pictures that transcended the rules of respectability. At first only bulging crotches, then the material became less suggestive and more explicit, often openly depicting the attractions of sadomasochism (one of the publications was actually called *Black and Blue*), and finally embracing hard-core homosexual pornography.

But it all happened at a time when people were no longer getting uptight about pornography, so the lure of the pornographic, which blossomed despite the drive for respectability and in order to enhance the appeal to the specific audience, proved to be only the slightest obstacle in the effort to win support in the straight society. Actually, it soon became apparent that the homophile organizations were conducting both a public presentation and a soliloquy in which the actor is the audience: one could present one image to the world at large and another to appeal to a different constituency.

The peculiar thing about Mattachine, and so many of the similar organizations, was that it was so goddam straight! So that its members got on their knees, not to perform fellatio (unconsciously perhaps the desire or need, but not the explicitly expressed), but to beg the most conservative and Puritanical element in American society to accept them.

And that's how come it all ended up in a mid-western church, with the minister asking, "Do you solemnly swear . . . do you take this man for your lawfully wedded —" but then the cliche failed, and a word had to be found—your lawfully wedded *what?*—"your lawfully wedded spouse?" "I do." And he did. All right, Lenny, don't turn over in your grave, that guy wasn't your brother.

But he was, that's the funny thing, that's where we all failed, he was Lenny's brother, and mine and yours, if we really mean it that we're all brothers and sisters, black people and white, Jews and Arabs and the children of German Nazis, Vietnamese peasants and the American interventionists facing them, youths that the cops call dirty hippies and cops that the youths call fascist pigs: are we not all brothers?

And, if so, if we really mean it, then the guy walking down that aisle in drag, and the world of the straights, the sexual straights, not the Mattachine straights, and the gay Viet Cong of the U.S.A., calling itself the Gay Liberation Front, they are our brothers.

So, Lenny, that was your brother who was marrying the gay kid, and GLF is going to liberate us all from that bag, not from homosexuality, but from bourgeois marriage, straight or gay, from oppressive sex roles, and from being so uptight about who someone hops into bed with, or if no bed is around, who he makes out with in the public park.

Against all the expectations of sociological theory that would have and did predict the conservatism of homophile movements, GLF surfaced and announced its revolutionary program, demanding its place with Women's Lib and Black

Panthers and Weatherpeople (once called Weathermen, but in deference to the attack on male chauvinism, the name has undergone a metamorphosis), as the vanguard of the Movement.

If there was special reason for GLF seeking alliance with the Panthers, because of the depth of the oppression and the militancy of the response, and perhaps on a less conscious level the admiration for supermasculinity that has been characteristic of homosexuals, there was also something special in the alliance with Women's Lib. For in this group GLF saw a common goal, an assault on the traditional concepts of masculine and feminine roles.

Protest movements tend on the one hand to be epidemic, one group suggesting by its very existence, and particularly the publicity that it today so quickly attracts, that another might be desirable.

At the same time, protest movements tend to form in a social climate conducive to them. From Karl Marx and Alexis de Tocqueville down to the most recent analysts in the technical journals of sociologists and political scientists, it has been pointed out that protests blossom forth when the oppressed social conditions are slightly ameliorated, when they seem to be on the road to improvement, offering hope and promise for change, but creating frustration in those impatient for the change and still suffering under less than tolerable conditions.

It is a formula that can account for GLF, even more than for some of the other groups in the movement today.

But this accounts for GLF; what about the search for alliances? Social movements have frequently faced the question of an alliance that strengthens by adding numbers against a common enemy or for a common cause, but that weakens because it leaves some of its own adherents antagonized by the allies. Following the Civil War, the feminist counterparts of what is now called Women's Lib were demanding universal suffrage, as distinct from universal male suffrage.

They were supported by the powerful voice of Frederick Douglass, but many abolitionists, although hurrying to express their agreement with the aspirations of their female compatriots, urged that strategy and discretion be considered. The struggle for the ballot for the Negro, they argued, could only be weakened by giving the ballot to women.

Men, they claimed, by which they meant white men, the sole components of what came later to be called the power structure, were going to have a hard enough time accepting the notion that color of skin and status as slave or former slave (carrying with it illiteracy) should not be the determinant of voting rights; they would never accept the notion, and certainly not at the same time, that their wives, mistresses, and whores should decide the fate of the nation.

But the entry of GLF onto the revolutionary scene has implications that go beyond this, and that make the historical analogy of the feminist-abolitionist alliance seem disarmingly simple in comparison. For it would appear that the last thing that homosexuals might want is to be linked with the Panthers and Weatherpeople: in the public eye, bomb-throwing, irresponsible, antisocial, and terrorist.

It might build up the masculine ego of some gay men to have a revolutionary image of themselves, fantasies of barricades manned by those who had been scorned as weak, but most gay people felt that they had enough burdens, what with stigma and problems of identity and the management of concealment. Why should people who had to handle their lives in an atmosphere of hostility bring their already difficult movement into the center of the arena of disrespectability?

It is like the conversion to Judaism of Sammy Davis, Jr. People asked, didn't he have enough *tsurus*—did he have to be black *and* Jewish?

From the viewpoint of the Panthers, the Weatherpeople, Women's Lib and others, the GLF offered, or seemed to offer, few advantages and many disadvantages. In numbers, GLF could not aspire to be large, Kinsey's figures to the contrary notwithstanding. Even if Kinsey's rather doubtful statistics should be borne out (and recently no less an authority than Paul Gebhard, presently heading the Institute for Sex Research that was founded by Kinsey, has cast doubt on them), the one man in six, who with few exceptions had remained aloof from Mattachine and Daughters of Bilitis and the other respectables all these years, was not going to flock to GLF.

For all the talk about homosexuals being the nation's second largest minority (presumably this means after women, but before blacks), it is unlikely that their public banners will attract enough numbers to make the earth tremble or to add many decibels to the echoes of those shouting for the freedom of the Black Panthers. Or at least so I believe, but my friends in GLF smile at my naïveté, and in the youthful enthusiasm on which social movements thrive, they reply, "Wait and see."

At the same time, a movement like Panthers or Student Mobe or whatever else one may mention in the same breath is not likely to wish to project, even to its own constituency, the image brought forth in public minds by swishes and queers, faggots and kooks, whom they have embraced (albeit only symbolically, one hastens to add, not literally). In clear, practical, pragmatic terms, the arithmetic does not seem to add up; there is more to lose than to gain.

For the Panthers particularly, how true this would appear to be. For here are people claiming, and with considerable justification, that white America has robbed black men of their masculinity, has castrated these men even while being sexually envious of them, has degraded and seduced their females, and that they, the Panthers, represent the resurgence of the expression of strong masculine identification, unequivocal and assertive, among the blacks.

The militancy, the many beards, the shaking of the fists, the deep and resonant voices—somehow, it does not mingle well with the homosexual stereotypes, delicacy and daintiness and the demasculinizing process.

Homosexuality was just one of many things that the Panthers sneered at; among the blacks, when homosexuality did manifest itself, it was another sign of what the oppressive whites did to people of color; and among the whites, it was further evidence of the degradation, de-

terioration, demoralization and decay of bourgeois life in this country. The GLF hardly seemed like a welcome ally, nor were proponents of homosexuality as a way of life likely to be attracted to a program that rejected them.

More than that, the revolutionary movement was a haven for some who found therein an ability to live a less restrictive sexual life without the stern disapproval that one often met, and still meets, in less radical circles; but it was hardly the beckoning call for those whose chief interest was not in the political reorganization of society, but in the achievement of a new sexual freedom.

Whatever illusion the believers in and practitioners of free love (as it once was called) and homosexuality and other violations of the norms might have held in the early part of this century, the illusion that, comes the revolution and restrictions on human sexuality would go the way of other bourgeois-capitalist prejudices, how could they retain this vision after the Russian revolution, after Mao and Castro?

All societies, Kingsley Davis, a noted sociologist, has stated, require that the sexual urges be held in check by sets of norms and laws, and socialist societies have proved more restrictive, while totalitarian ones (including the socialist) have proved more repressive.

While the homosexuals fight against the raids on gay bars in the United States, they do not have to worry about such raids in Moscow, Leningrad, or Peking. This they do not deny, but simply argue that times have changed, or must. In America at least, the answer of GLF is embodied in its slogan: *No revolution without us!*

Yet, for all these forces that one could call anticentrifugal, factors that might have led one to expect that most left-wing homosexuals would spurn an alliance with the new young revolutionaries, and to further expect that the scorn would be mutual and reciprocal, there they were on Moratorium Day, proclaiming themselves the Gay Liberation Front, and again, as Spring 1970 was making its late debut in New York, marching under their own banners, demanding that the Black Panthers be freed, and not to be outdone in threat and invective and expression of anger against Judge John M. Murtagh.

And not scorned by other marchers, not vilified or laughed at, not causing embarrassment, but part of the radical scene.

What ostensibly unites these diverse and potentially hostile groups, or groups which when close to one another might be provocative of anxiety, is not merely the common cause of revolution (antiwar, black liberation, down with the pigs). The small increase in numbers is not being weighed; perhaps what is so attractive about the radical youth is that they are no longer as practical in a radical bureaucratic sense as were their fathers of the '30s.

Practicality is part of the system, and down with it. Who cares if one is embarrassed or provokes a sneer from some tomato-throwing fascist on a rooftop? We know why he hates fairies!

Nor is it that there is common cause against oppression: we fight against being oppressed, you fight against being oppressed, and together we support your fight and you support ours. It's a neat little calculus, once called the

united front, and if it makes sense, it more often makes internecine warfare.

But this is not the way GLF sees the world today. The scene has changed, and GLF explains the willingness, albeit with some argument, of Women's Lib and Black Panthers and Weatherpeople to accept them, the most stigmatized of groups, because of what they claim is the high cost—ideologically, morally, if not practically—of their exclusion.

Basically, the question for them is one of struggle and oppression, of the old saw about a world half-slave and half-free, of the impossibility of any man or woman being free while one man or woman is not.

As I see it, however, there is still another explanation of this alliance, to be found neither in the common rejection of an oppressive ruling class, nor in the common struggle for goals that meet each others' support. Rather, I see a common interest in conducting one's struggles in a manner that upsets, offends, confronts, and in fact provokes something called the Establishment.

Whatever the reason, GLF is gaining entry, at least in some small way, into the world of revolutionary youth, and particularly its black militant contingent, for the straight youth (straight but not square, as against Mattachine, which is square but not straight) are not frightened at the alliance, but relish it as one more mechanism for expressing its contempt for the norms of society, the makers and enforcers of those norms, and for those who would reject them because in their ranks there march the homosexuals.

There is a negativism sweeping the left-wing youth today. Respectable is the most disrespectful word in the language, and if respectable people heap ridicule on the antiwar marchers, or the new breed of militant civil rights demonstrators, or on homosexuals, then let them throw their tomatoes and shout their filthy bourgeois prejudiced epithets: the more we provoke them, the better off we are.

Let the man in the gray flannel pants laugh at us, the youth feel, and one more reason to provoke his laughter is one more reason to believe that we have succeeded in our own task: to offend, to antagonize, to polarize, to confront, to sharpen the lines between ourselves and the enemy.

And then, just to add extra sauce to this delectable serving, the kids have learned a smattering of Freud and have heard about latency, and they laugh right back, certain that behind the fly of the gray flannel pants there lurks a limp penis that cannot express its own masculinity, or an erect one of a closet queen.

Come out, come out, wherever you are!

It is not quite clear what the name Gay Liberation Front means. The National Liberation Front, undoubtedly its inspiration, uses the last word in its name in the same sense that it was employed in the days of the united front; it is the amalgam, the spokesman, the "front" for several diverse groups that have united behind banner and program, while still retaining separate identities.

GLF, despite some factions and differences within it, is in no sense a front for a group of other organizations. If anything, its name implies that it is a self-proclaimed vanguard, in the front ranks of a struggle that has not yet

been joined by some silent millions. If this is the case, the front is visible, but one does not know much about its rear.

This is the age of the radicalization of many once silent minorities, and while the homophile movement dates back many years, an event in New York City in the summer of 1969 served as the catalyst to turn homosexuals to the tactics of confrontation. It was the Stonewall incident, a police raid on a gay bar, accompanied by the usual amount of brutality real or alleged, but reacted to in an unexpected manner: a call to homosexuals and their friends and allies to demonstrate against the police action.

The call was heeded, a new militancy was born and in this event one can see the origins of GLF.

Today, the organization publishes a journal, called *Come Out*, and in its initial issue it proclaimed itself "a newspaper by and for the gay community." The paper appeared with an exclamation point after the title on the masthead, this same punctuation mark repeated on the pages within; by the second issue the exclamation point had disappeared, but it was the only sign of a flagging of militancy. If anything, the slogans had become leftier and heftier.

On the first page of issue number one, there were the well-known circles with protruding arrows and crosses, symbols of males and females, but the arrangement was, if anything, rather queer for a homosexual journal. There were three symbols, one a male, one a female, and a third carrying both pieces of apparatus, the latter being linked with each of the other two. By the second issue, this part of the logo had likewise disappeared, with the apparent and perhaps attractive bisexuality being interpreted as the not too pleasant apparition of hermaphroditism, and the slogan that proclaimed *Come Out!* as the newspaper by and for the gay community had also been replaced: it was now "a liberation forum for the gay community."

The format, size, and appearance of *Come Out* make it almost indistinguishable from *Rat*, *East Village Other*, and a long list of underground papers. And what else could it be? Here is the conformity that is always to be found in the world of the nonconformists.

In an early issue, there are two items on GLF that I should like to quote. The first is a statement of what the organization is; the second, of what the organization is, as supposedly paraphrased from a New York City Police Department report.

In its own words:

Gay Liberation Front is a revolutionary homosexual group of men and women formed with the realization that complete sexual liberation for all people cannot come about unless existing social institutions are abolished. We reject society's attempt to impose sexual roles and definitions of our nature. We are stepping outside these roles and simplistic myths. We are going to be who we are. At the same time, we are creating new social forms and relations, that is, relations based upon brotherhood, cooperation, human love, and uninhibited sexuality. Babylon has forced us to commit ourselves to one thing . . . revolution.

The dots, may I add, are in the original. Nothing has been omitted, unless it was by the editors of *Come Out*, and they are not in the habit of deleting the unprintable.

The second, the paraphrase of what purportedly was a

police report on the GLF, sounds just too good to be true. Authentic, possibly, but if a GLF double agent in what once was called the Vice Squad of the NYPD wanted to express his contempt for the competition, he couldn't have done better:

The Gay Liberation Front is a radical and revolutionary organization, based on anarchist guidelines, similar to the Black Panthers and Weathermen. The organization is worth watching, although there seems to be only one or two radical individuals present at any given time. There is no immediate threat. They represent themselves as a homophile organization but are unlike such respectable and dedicated organizations as Daughters of Bilitis and Mattachine.

So that, if fellow-revolutionaries frightened by the specter of homosexual comrades-in-arms should feel it necessary to rebuff GLF, they need just read this Police Department report, and know that, by proclamation of the common enemy, GLF is acceptable. "It's nice to know we're in good company," was the terse and complete comment of an editor following this paraphrased report. All that was lacking was the explicit message: "Black Panther and Weatherman papers, please copy."

Here is a page devoted to homosexuals in the movement, not the homophile movement, but the Movement, another to the Young Lords, another headed with the slogans: "Right on!" "All power to the people!" "Gay power to the gay people!"

But not all is unity in the ranks of the new partisans of militancy. A letter from the University of Toronto Homophile Association is signed by eleven persons; they are all students, one might assume, and perhaps some pseudonyms are among them, but one cannot be certain, and can only admire the courage while at the same time hoping that no one has stood up to be counted while still carrying on an inner struggle that might eventually lead to a different sexual orientation.

The letter protests GLF, or at least the newspaper speaking for it, because of its effort to link the homophile movement to communist revolution and its support of totalitarian anti-homosexual political systems. Don't the editors know what has happened to homosexuals in Cuba?

"After Castro's revolution, the previously large homosexual community in Cuba was systematically rounded up and imprisoned. Now, no homosexual social life or organizations are allowed, and homosexuality is officially nonexistent—considered a product of the decadent, bourgeois capitalist system."

Don't they know that the Black Panthers are notoriously anti-homosexual, as any reader of Cleaver can easily discover?

Hannah Arendt is quoted by the students as having contended that homosexual revolutionaries are always among those who suffer most under communist and national socialist regimes, and then Milton Friedman is quoted as having stated that it is the free market that permits the state's restrictions on minority groups, including homosexuals, to be as small as they are.

Certainly Milton Friedman, arch rightwinger of American economics, is enough to anger any revolutionary, but the GLF people who responded to the students ignored

Arendt and Friedman, and spoke of Cuba and the Panthers. Cuba has made great progress against disease, illiteracy, and malnutrition, it is pointed out, and the situation of the homosexuals on that island is not really as bad as the students say.

"We hope eventually out of our own dialogues, actions, and readings to work out an analysis of how we in Gay Liberation Front can relate to Cuba through both criticism and emulation."

(Criticism, it is hoped, for the sake of the safety of the GLFers, from the vantage point of the West Village.)

As for the black revolutionaries, those responding to the students chide them for thoughtlessly applying the word "terrorist" to the Panthers, and inform the Toronto youths that "we have found individual Black Panthers to embrace us and our cause after we worked, demonstrated & picketed with them. And it is in just this way, through working together with others on common causes that we can bring our cause to a realization of the wider support it must have to be successful."

All of this seems to have taken the respectable homophile movement by surprise, but there may have developed a symbiotic relationship of love and hate, acceptance and rejection, admiration and denunciation. While Mattachine and the numerous other groups demand security clearance for homosexuals, GLF denounces security clearances, defense contracts, and working for the war machine.

And while Mattachine and its allies fight for equal rights to be drafted, no discrimination in the right to be a soldier or sailor, and to be treated as well (or as badly) as any other young citizen, the GLF denounces the draft, and insists that no one, straight or gay, should be turned into cannon fodder for the purposes of imperialist oppression.

What may here be developing is a division of labor, and one that has its analogue in the civil rights movement as well. The blacks, too, demand the right to enter the Army as equals, even while denouncing the armed forces and its war against colored peoples in Asia.

A division of labor, but although each group has its place and its task, sometimes this is difficult to accept by those caught up in the struggle. So that, at meetings of the conservative homophile factions, there is now strategy being mapped to prevent the takeover of their conventions by the leftwingers.

It is not an unfamiliar scene to those who have followed radical politics, and it is one that gives GLF important activities to plan. If planned well and carried out with the fervor that usually punctuates the youthful radical scene, the GLF is likely to make a big splash, but it might be in a very small pond.

The emergence of homosexuality as an issue for those fighting against oppression, and of GLF as an organization in that struggle, has not gone unnoticed, nor even unwelcome, in some sectors of the radical press. An entire issue of the organ of the War Resisters League, *Win*, is devoted to homosexuality.

Some might have argued that the matter was irrelevant, others that it would serve only to antagonize pacifists and those close to the WRL position. But today these arguments no longer prevail, and in *Win* one of the best known

leaders of pacifism in America reveals his homosexuality.

But it is not GLF material, and it is hardly likely to please the homosexual revolutionists. Let us shift the focus from GLF to WRL, the former a group of homosexuals who happen to be in the Movement, the latter a group of pacifists a few of whom happen to be homosexuals. One of the latter is Dave McReynolds, and it is his statement that makes up the better part of the issue devoted to this theme.

It was a courageous statement that McReynolds made, and many of the gay kids will now claim him as one of their own, one more hero who made it, one more example to prove that a man need not be defeated by this adversity.

But it is also a pathetic story, one of longing and loneliness, and while it might be oppressive to read this and insist that the writer remain celibate or change his ways, to impose on him a psychiatrist that he cannot accept, to close the doors of the bars and to haunt the parks where he meets his comrades and companions; in short, to banish him, this most human of humans, from the halls of humanity—indeed, it is oppressive and unjust to do any or all such things—it is nevertheless far from unjust to state that the life described by this pacifist is not one that any society would want its young people to emulate.

"When I get tired of life and the struggle I retreat to a gay bar, secure that reality will never penetrate there," writes McReynolds. And as for those who see in all men latent homosexuality, and are urging young people to recognize "what they are" and to come out, heed these words of McReynolds:

"Bar talk will persuade you that every man is queer while the fact is that *every queer is fighting against his heterosexuality.*" (Emphasis in original.)

As for the slogan, "Gay is good," McReynolds makes a simple denial of that statement; for him gay is not good, "it is boring." To which he adds: "It is sick in a way that queerness is not." Exactly what this last statement means I am not sure, nor does the writer explain it.

Perhaps he is saying that he accepts being homosexual, which is called queer, but that he is not part of and could not belong to a community of people who are homosexuals and call themselves gay. Or, in very simple language, is he just rejecting the irony of the adjective gay when it is used to describe something so lacking in gaiety?

From this article and all else we know about this man, David McReynolds emerges as a full human being, a gentle man without being a gentleman, a person filled with love and compassion that drove him to find a home in socialism and in pacifism. He emerges as one who is dedicated to peace, but who has not come to peace with himself; he is hardly a man who can or will find homosexuality as a way of life that can offer love for others.

For those who see homosexuality as being intrinsically on a par with heterosexuality, read McReynolds. It is a fast and cheap cure, if not for the desires, then for the illusions about them.

But not for GLF. All that McReynolds says is true, but it simply illustrates that the pattern of life that our culture offers the homosexual is oppressive. Better that bars be left unmolested than raided, it is conceded; better that there be no entrapment in the parks. But homosexual life

is stultifying because capitalism offers no opportunities to be free of socially and governmentally imposed roles.

For some people in GLF, homosexuality, even under capitalism, is evidently not on a par with heterosexuality (to use the phrase made popular by Mattachine and the old-line homophile group) but is superior to it. First they said that gay is good, later it became excellent. Now, the slogan could very well be, although it has not been explicitly articulated in this manner but the content is clearly in that direction: Gay is superior. One turns to a gay manifesto in another revolutionary publication, this time in *Liberation*, to see how this is stated.

The article is called "A Gay Manifesto" and is written by Carl Wittman; although it makes mention in a favorable way of GLF, it does not appear as an official statement of that group.

"Homosexuality," he writes, "is not a lot of things. It is not a makeshift in the absence of the opposite sex; it is not hatred or rejection of the opposite sex; it is not genetic; it is not the result of broken homes except inasmuch as we could see the sham of American marriage. *Homosexuality is the capacity to love someone of the same sex.*" (Emphasis in original.)

Whatever else one may think of this pronouncement, one would expect it to be followed by a similar statement about heterosexuality.

But, lo, heterosexuality "reflects a fear of people of the same sex, it's anti-homosexual, and it is fraught [sic] with frustration. Heterosexual sex is fucked up, too; ask women's liberation about what straight guys are like in bed. Sex is aggressive for the male chauvinist; sex is obligation for traditional women. And among the young, the modern, the hip, it's only a subtle version of the same. For us to become heterosexual in the sense that our straight brothers and sisters are is not a cure, it is a disease."

The old-fashioned gay groups do not like to talk about the apparently sordid aspects of the sex lives of their adherents. These things, whatever they may be, are sometimes denied, more often ignored, said to take place not more frequently than among straight people, and finally are blamed on the oppressive atmosphere created by a hostile society, in which loving sex between those of the same sex cannot easily flourish.

But GLF does not deny, does not blame, it simply interprets in a manner that will not be easy for straight revolutionists to buy: this is true of Wittman, at least; and GLF if he is writing for them or reflecting their view. In a section of the manifesto headed *Perversion*, he writes:

We've been called perverts enough to be suspect of any usage of the word. Still many of us shrink from the idea of certain kinds of sex: with animals, sado-masochism, dirty sex (involving piss or shit). Right off, even before we take the time to learn any more, there are some things to get straight.

1. We shouldn't be apologetic to straights about gays whose sex lives we don't understand or share;

2. It's not particularly a gay issue, except that gay people probably are less hung up about sexual experimentation.

3. Let's get perspective: even if we were to get into the game of deciding what's good for someone else, the harm done in these "perversions" is undoubtedly less dangerous or unhealthy than tobacco or alcohol.

4. While they can be reflections of neurotic or self-hating patterns, they may also be enactments of spiritual or important phenomena: e.g., sex with animals may be the beginning of interspecies communication: some dolphin-human breakthroughs have been made on the sexual level; e.g., one guy who says he digs shit during sex occasionally says it's not the taste or texture, but a symbol that's so far into sex that those things no longer bug him; e.g., sado-masochism, when consensual, can be described as a highly artistic endeavor, a ballet the constraints of which are the thresholds of pain and pleasure.

Amen, ah men!

GLF is striving to be, if anything, an anarchist group, which is like saying a non-organization organization. There will be no officers, leaders, involuntary tasks, discipline; it is all part of the communitarian utopia that a few youths here and there in America have embraced. That it is almost the diametric reversal of the heterosexual groups that they emulate, particularly the Weatherpeople and the Panthers, does not seem to bother the GLFers. Each group has to have its own thing, and anarchist democracy is its.

But groups have a way of sprouting leadership, and particularly groups as unstructured as GLF, where unstructure most consciously becomes the striven-for structure, have a habit of forming themselves into factions, subgroups, and cliques. What starts out as a nonorganization not only becomes an organization, but then develops organizations within the organization, or non-organizations within the non-organization. Small and new as GLF is, it already has 10 or 15 of its own subgroups, each searching for the right answers.

One of these, called Red Butterfly, publishes its little mimeographed bulletin, called *Gay Liberation*, and a GLFer describes RB to me as a "cell" within the GLF (how I have always hated the word "cell" when used by radical groups). Red Butterfly, it is stated by my informant, is committed to defining a Marxist ideology of homosexuality.

"In practice," I am told, "it operates as an autonomous group of more professionally committed radicals within GLF," a perfectly legitimate practice according to GLF rules. In short, and the words are those of a GLF adherent, this is the "old left wing" of GLF.

Red Butterfly looks forward not only to a classless society, but a labelless society, and it calls for an end to all oppression. In a brief statement of its views, it states that homosexual acts between freely consenting partners are natural, and that the revolution cannot be just or complete if the rights of gay people as full human beings are not recognized.

So far, it could be Mattachine talking, except that words like "liberty" or "freedom" would have to be used in place of the frightening specter of revolution. But then, the oppression of homosexuals, it is said, is due not merely to ignorance and superstition, but to the interests and ideologies of an authoritarian capitalist society.

"Sexual liberation cannot succeed within the framework of reactionary society." Moscow papers: please copy.

The problems of GLF and Red Butterfly within it are many. Convince the revolutionary youth to accept them, convince the gay youth to come out and be revolutionary,

and not the least, convince themselves that the revolution will bring sexual freedom, Russia and Cuba and China notwithstanding.

There may be some small successes simply because an organization that "salutes militant oppressed groups" and "offers aid" to them, that seeks to unify with "other oppressed groups into a cohesive body of people who do not find the enemy in each other," may have enough going for it to find a place in what is at this moment a very fragmented youthful revolutionary scene.

An organization that calls for the right of anyone to have sex with anyone else, with no age limit and no suggestion that public parks should not be turned into pubic ones ("Hell, yes, right here in Bryant Park, why not?") has an appeal to those who take revelry and ecstasy in offending the respectable and laughing at the institutions of society.

That such a group offers humane feelings, love and sympathy, that this comes out of the depths of their own degradations and humiliations and search for acceptance, that it speaks out against an injustice that is no less severe because it is universal, may be a force in contributing lovingness to a revolutionary youth that is caught in a whirlwind of an admixture of love and hate.

Nowhere is this warm hand of communitarian acceptance so evident as in the acceptance of the "swish" among the GLFers. Unlike Mattachine, always embarrassed, afraid that the straight world would be put off, denying that their members have limp wrists and concealing those who do ("Don't send her for the TV interview—what kind of an impression will she make?")—GLF finds all kinds acceptable.

Here there is no frantic denial of the stereotype: the male has a right to be "effeminate" and to be accepted as a full human being. It is a bold program, and even in this age of unisex, one that will gain not too many adherents. But that's just the point about the revolutionary youth: numbers don't count any more, it's recognizing the essential humanity of all of us.

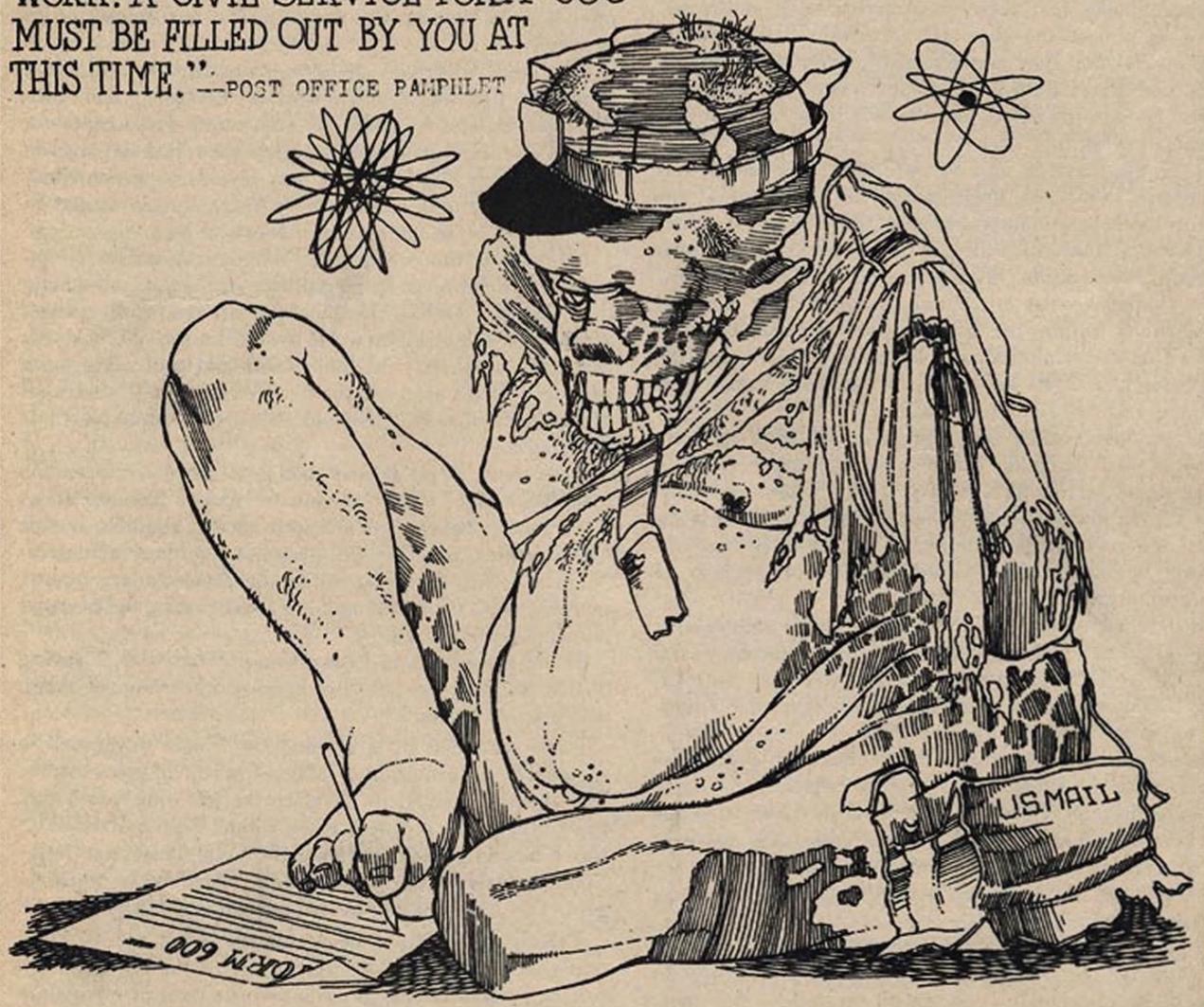
So we come back to Lenny Bruce. What GLF is saying is that all men are our brothers, except some of them, who are our sisters.

I am reminded of a slogan that I once suggested be adopted by a revolutionary-Marxist group of transsexuals, who likewise wanted to convince the left-wing youth that transsexuals had a proper place within their movement. It was a simple paraphrase from the Communist Manifesto: "Transsexuals of the world, unite. You have a world to gain. You have nothing to lose but your balls and chains."

Talking to a City College student about the GLF recently, I think I stumbled across one of the basic difficulties, or contradictions, to use a favorite term of revolutionists, of this phase of the Movement. He was expressing his admiration for the gay revolutionists, his complete acceptance of their denunciation of the system, the capitalists, the pigs. But the pigs. "The thing I can't understand about myself," he confessed, "is that these pigs, these fascist pigs, in their nice blue uniforms, especially the young ones. . . ."

And his voice dwindled off into a drool.

"IF THERE IS AN ATOMIC ATTACK AND YOU SURVIVE, AS A POSTAL EMPLOYEE YOU ARE DIRECTED TO REPORT TO THE NEAREST POSTAL INSTALLATION FOR CIVIL DEFENSE OR POSTAL WORK. A CIVIL SERVICE FORM 600 MUST BE FILLED OUT BY YOU AT THIS TIME." --POST OFFICE PAMPHLET



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