

GAYS PROTEST POLICE RAID ON BAR AFTER YOUNG MAN IS IMPALED ON FENCE

NEW YORK (LNS) — A young man impaled on the 57-year-old iron fence outside a New York City Police Station at the edge of Greenwich Village recently became a martyr (but powerful symbol) of the opposition of the city's homosexuals.

The young man, Diego Vinales, jumped from a second-story window of the police station after he and other patrons were trapped by police in an attempt to get out. Gays never had a problem and on Monday morning the patrons left first and then to the City Hall, the police station, where they were arrested to be taken to court.

Later that night, several hundred gay radicals, men and women, led an angry march against the Charles Street precinct house. The march was joined by other village radicals. Police blocked off the street, creating a street confrontation in which the protesters shouted for revenge. The demonstrators yelled "Say it loud, gay and proud!" as well as "Power to the People, Off the Pig!"

The slogans of chants were: "Who pays off?" "Who takes the pay-offs?" "The pigs take the pay-offs?" The chants referred to the fact that virtually all of New York's gay bars are Mafia-run. When the Mafia bar owners fail to pay off sufficiently, the pigs get unhappy and move in. The bar owner, who is forced by an oppressive heterosexual society into the Mafia bar in the first place, is left in the lurch.

That's why New York's Gay Liberation Front plans a community center as its first step in a program to serve the needs of the gay community and to organize gay people as a force in the city's broader liberation struggle.

The homosexuals' opposition, more than anything, is not a matter of exposure and ostracism in a society which has come to have a lot of heterosexual fun of sex and sexual expression. It was this, after all, gay activists noted in a leaflet, which drove the young man to jump from the police station window. It is a similar act, created by the hatred against people not towards their own, which has driven most gay people into the ghetto bars — with the gay bar as the main institution of liberation.

When Diego Vinales, five spikes went into his legs and pelvis. Members of a Fire Department rescue squad cut a section of the fence with torches, while Vinales was still impaled on it. They transported both the fence and the man to nearby St. Vincent's Hospital, where he is reported in critical condition. Police charged Vinales with resisting arrest.



photo by Diana Davies

"take good care of my brother"

Monday afternoon — I have just called St. Vincent's Hospital. I ask the condition of Diego Vinales and am told to hold on. The call is being switched.

"Public relations," a new voice intones.

I ask again.

"Still critical," I am told.

My mind jumps, slides: "What else do I want to say."

I think I finally hear he have visitors?

"No," the new harder voice answers.

I remember the gesture on the front cover of the News, the march along Village streets, Father Weeks' prayer.

"Take good care of my brother," I say and hang up.

I begin to feel again last night's anger and try to recreate the day.

It is Sunday 1 P.M. Arlene calls and wakes me up. She says there was a raid at the Snake Pit last night. I have used all the places. It is an after hours gay bar that has been open for a couple of years. She says 167 people were taken to the police precinct. One guy was pushed or jumped (later I realize this does not matter — HE WAS PUSHED) from a window of the pighouse and is in the hospital in pretty bad shape. GLF and GAA are meeting together to plan an action — Will I come?

"No, I can't," I say. "I am tired and the others will do it." I think an awful lot.

I show up early at the church that evening to see what is happening. Something is happening — a demonstration has been called at Sheridan Square for 9 P.M. People are busy making signs. The 167 were issued summaries; Diego is fighting for his life.

I go over to Ellen who is on the floor making a sign. "GAYS ARE GETTING ANGRY," it says. I begin to feel an anger waking up inside of me. The anger of having to pay exorbitant prices for the freedom of dancing with someone of my own sex. The anger of having some pig take me to a precinct house as if I have broken a law because an arrangement he has made with the Mafia has been broken — a pay off has not been made. An anger at the stinking, rotten, corrupt system that defines, fosters and promotes my "criminal" status.

GAYS ARE GETTING ANGRY.

An anger that came alive at the Stonewall last June. An anger that led to a movement seeking an identity, grappling for a consciousness. An anger that has taken form tonight in the body of a brother who this fucking system with its tattoos, enforced gulls, fears and repressive laws PUSHED FROM THAT WINDOW.

We make preparations for the march. It will begin at Sheridan Square across the street from the old Stonewall, will move to the pig precinct on Charles Street and will culminate in a silent vigil at St. Vincent's Hospital. There will be no violence we hope. But the pig with his club and gas, the incidents that his agent provocateurs may provoke — we must enforce the rules of protection — wet hands, chiefs and keep back of head and genitals protected.

It is cold and dark; brothers and sisters begin to gather in the park. Soon we are several hundred. We feel our strength and are also aware of the people on the side who are not yet ready to join us. When will they see that we must stand up and fight back? How many more Diego's...?

We begin to move and we chant. "Say it loud, Gay is proud!" and we mean it — and we are getting angrier each minute. Then Charles Street. Pigs following us all the way, but here we confront them on the other side of the barricades. We yell at them we strike our fists. We let them know that we are peaceful tonight but make no guarantees about the next time. We will not be pushed around again... and we mean it. But we know that tonight we must go to the hospital to stand outside of the building where Diego lays and hope somehow that he knows that his brothers and sisters are here to comfort him — to let him know that we suffer with him.

At the hospital Father Weeks prays for Diego's life. We quietly file around the block. We are silent but we are shouting. The demonstration cannot end here. We march down Greenwich Avenue past the Women's House of Detention where some Women's Lib sisters were arrested the day before. How can we divorce issues any longer? Gay oppression, Black women locked up in that

stinkhole, women clubbed on the street demanding their freedom. "Hey, hey, ho, ho, House of D has got to go," we scream out. We are cheered from inside and move back to the park. The demonstration ends. Many go to Alternate U which has stayed upon all night in case the scene got heavy and we needed a place to regroup. I go with some friends to watch the news on TV.

First we hear Channel 7 demonstrations in the Village because a bar was closed. You motherfuckers that was a Gay bar that was closed and those were Gay demonstrators.

Then Channel 4. Some demonstrators chanted "Gay Power" — how did that ever slip through?

Spro, you're right. Those liberal shit networks distort, omit and outright lie. But, it is foolish to expect more of them.

And the press. The News ran a front cover picture of Diego, a story replete with the gore and bloodthirsty shit that has made them the leading morning paper in America and devoted the full centerfold to shots of Diego impaled on the fence. The Times ran one paragraph buried deep in its bowels. The Post — nothing. As if several hundred people did not demonstrate, as if nothing happened. We know that the reason for the lack of coverage is because this was a Gay demonstration, and "perverts" don't deserve the dignity of having their oppression recognized. But, again, we can expect no better, and my feeling is let them write nothing rather than the twisted but they print anyway. Their silence, their twisting and lying are part of my anger.

I think again of the march, the pig barricades, the chanting of my brothers and sisters, the silence at the hospital, of Diego... I think about the next time, when we may not be carrying signs.

GAYS ARE ANGRY.

By Allen Washawsky



A rambling but hopefully coherent hodge-podge of my views as a Male Homosexual involved in the Movement. My being a Taurus/Gemini/Leo will account for many of the opinions and a few of the inconsistencies.

Bob Kohler

WE CAN WORK IT OUT: June Alpert summed it up for me when she said: "We have to put Women's Liberation forward as the truly beautiful thing it really is and not make it sound like it's anti-man". Chauvinistically, I add: "Amen!" Sincerely, I submit. "I was impressed with June's statement," and quoted it at a GLF rap session. One of the women present, an activist in the Movement, exclaimed, "But it is anti-men!" I hope she is very wrong. I hope Women's Lib is outstandingly anti-male supremacy and/or anti-male chauvinism but to say it is anti-men is a personal challenge to my existence as a genital-male human being. To seal off the arteries of understanding and compassion because of a discrepancy of a lousy seven-and-a-half inches is a fucking bumner! I am, without doubt, an oppressor. I have been programmed to think of women as secondary beings. My mind has been warped by family structure, controlled by the media, and fucked by John Wayne. Chauvinists -- like fascists -- aren't born, they're made, carefully and painstakingly. We cannot self-destruct, the best we can hope for is to short-circuit some of our controls. For many of us, this will be a strange and a difficult process that will send off a lot of confusion, resentment, and anger before we can even hope to transmit the weakest rays of true understanding. I would like to think the return vibrations will contain some measure of acknowledgement -- not sympathy, understanding, or help, just an awareness of the effort.

COME TOGETHER: As a homosexual involved in liberation. I was asked to confront a group of High School students. The meeting was held in a small room, there was no introduction, no lead-in -- just an average, everyday, encounter between twenty Teen-agers and me! The kids were right out of Central Casting: the cute little blonde with pouty lips; the big, balloon-nosed utterer; the soft-looking boy who seemed to be praying to some god that I wouldn't look at him; the fat girl with the permanently-creased forehead who saw in me another cross to carry on her rounded shoulders as she nodded, almost quizzically, in total agreement with every and any thing I said; the open-faced kid with the big grin who sat with his arm around a pretty stringy-haired girl with a puzzled but receptive countenance; the eternal Stud, whose legs were spread a little too wide for comfort; Grace, that is? and right on down the line. For reasons indigenous to those particular, one-time-only, moment-of-truth, kind of happenings, everything fell into place immediately and we were out and running from the start. Without exception, the questions were sincere, honest, searching, and totally without malice. We rapped for about an hour and a half. They weren't interested in statistics and I didn't have any; we talked

about feelings, oppression, relationships, drugs, politics, and sexual liberation. My most persistent flashback from the experience is that we laughed a helluva lot with each other. A few days ago I was walking down 8th Street and I was hailed loudly and warmly by three of the kids who had spotted me from across the street. The warmth, the laughter, and the good vibes were still there. Maybe, in some instances, it's going to be a little easier than we think!

HERE I AM A STRANGER: Baby-sitting is a rough gig. Let's get that straight up front. Some time back, influenced by an overdose of martyrdom, I volunteered to help out at a Day Care Center in support of Women's Lib. There have been times since, to be absolutely honest, when I have wondered who I had to fuck to get my name off the list because Abu Ben Kahlil's name seems to be leading all the rest and a major portion of my life is revolving around Pamper, peanut butter and jelly sandwiches, and getting swacked on the head with tin drums and eloo choo trains. But there have been other times when, armed with band-aids and aspirin, I have found myself looking forward to the experience as experiences that can best be described as a roller coaster of emotions: FEAR (What if I do the wrong thing and what the hell is the right thing?); CONFUSION (What's a job like me doing here anyway?); GUILT (Hence -- that's what you're doing here and don't you forget it!); RESENTMENT (Here I am changing some strange kid's diaper and its Mother probably didn't even go to the demonstration!); FRUSTRATION (I smell like baby-shit, have peanut butter in my hair, a lump on my head, the kid with the mean eyes hates my guts, and I think I'm gonna cry); HAPPINESS and a hunk of JOY (When the kid with the mean eyes makes the big decision and reaches out as arms to you!). I make no claim to the validity of these emotions; I've experienced them, thought about them, and I've tried to relate them to the myriad of oppressions that fuck us over. I haven't come up with any answers but I think I'm getting a little closer to the questions.

PHYSICIAN HEAL THYSELF: The Gay Manifesto -- a statement by Carl Wittman in San Francisco -- suggests that male chauvinism is not central to Homosexuality, that our eggs are not built on putting women down, and that this is not one of our more pressing problems in Gay Lib. I suggest that it is one of our most urgent problems, one that has separated each of us from the other as Male homosexuals and created the greatest single barrier between Male and Female Homosexuals. Our openers, consider our terms of derision: Queen, Miss, Aunt, Girl, She, Nellie, etc. What about our physical extremes? The Drag Queen -- a caricature of the exploited woman; The Leather Freak -- a travesty of the Hero. Take a good look at those of us in the middle: our parts carefully chosen to display our equally as carefully placed cocks as blatantly as possible -- the bigger the better, the Heer the man! Sexually, our chauvinism is boundless. Anal intercourse equals Active and Passive equals Top and

RIGHT ON!!!

Bottom equals Masculine and Feminine; to take it up the ass is to "be used like a woman". These are only mediocre samplings, immediate thoughts that came to me as I read Wittman's statements. Male supremacy is not something we can chuck off only Heterosexuals -- it is much too alive and disgustingly well in all of us. This is, incidentally, not a put-down of Wittman and/or the Gay Manifesto (reprinted in the Berkeley Tribe and other West Coast Movement papers). He says a helluva lot and he says most of it well. I can dig it.

RIDE THE PINK HORSE: In a couple of months the Big Carnival will begin. The Midway starts at Christopher and Greenwich -- right opposite the House of Horrors -- and every stop along the way is a Side Show. It is, though, the big-on-footed cage at the end of the Midway that will attract most of the attention. The Pigs can root them from the doorways, the friendly natives can drop bottles on them as they sit on stools, an occasional tourist will go berserk and attack them on the streets, but the Park belongs to the Freaks. The Park is Home-free! This is where they count the pumpanked quillers, compare the loot they've trooped, drop pills, soft hormones and display incredibly black-nipped but sharply tits, freshen their wet pants, share a nut of Orange Kool (think of Kool-Aid and gasoline), read each other endlessly, and put on impromptu shows for passing Tourist buses. Once in a while a "trick high" will break out on a fifteen year-old will od, from too many Downers, but these are mere weekly their everyday occurrences and are dismissed philosophically. There is a lot of rapping about Morocco where they will have the operations that will transform them into revealing beauties -- Sheridan Square, you must understand is merely a stage wait, a pit stop, on the way. They discuss their over-tout bust sizes, the wardrobe they will acquire, the Jabots that will whisk them off to suburbia, the children they will adopt; all these and so much more just across Tomorrow Mountain. But there are other times Times when they just sit huddled together, staring out at eyes that have seen more than is legal in such short time; their bodies hurting from either too much or too little, their heads bursting from silent screams that won't quit. Total strangers -- and so fucking afraid -- they could say truly never made! One day three of them asked me how long a look to get to Hoboken, I said fifteen, maybe twenty minutes. I watched them walk away on Christopher. It hit me a few minutes later and I turned to Georgia, who was seated on the next bench, teasing his plaid hair, and said: "They don't think they can walk to Hoboken, do they? There's a new... Georgia silenced me with a don't-the-phoned-Miss-Ting shrug and said: "If they have luck they'll draw!" They'll all be back this Spring; they'll be back in Caves. We can start now setting up emergency funds for food, for food, for clothing. We can stop talking about how we are all Brothers and Sisters and put it all down where the rhetoric is. We can do a lot of things if we can just point them toward Hebeke's... they have had!

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Speak to me
as the Sea
speaks

The man will come,
and the wind will speak

Pardon me while I kiss your hurts,
pardon the fact that I must touch you
every time we meet
and everytime we part.
Only do not talk
do not speak (about) other things
that have no meaning for both of us together
The wind will speak,
the sea will speak.

Only speak to me
as the sea speaks.

-Mark Shield



WHAT I LIKE TO DO IN BED

I like to suck pussy. I like to have my pussy
sucked. I like to be fucked hard and soft up the
snatch and also likewise I like to do it. I like
caressing tushy. Also likewise mine caressed. I
like breasts for cupping, twiddling, fondling,
kissing, TIT-illating, licking. I like my breasts
should pleasure my partner.

Fond of bellies I am too. Hands. Ears. Etc.
Dressing up. Dressing down. Clothes. Things.
Fantasia. Music. Lights. Pot. Hash. Laughing.
Outdoors. Indoors.

Love and kisses, Terry the Lesbian

TERRY the LESBIAN

Now is the time for war tax resistance. The most power-
ful acts against war have been those of the young men of
the Resistance who have said NO to the draft. Now it is
time for those of us who have been paying for the war in
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From the past

Inside - all day I lived
in the night of my mind
in a place that won't exist
tomorrow
and wasn't yesterday.

There was sunlight in the room
which doesn't belong to me
I was here alone and
still am - without me
but more so than before
- In thought.

Things happened today, but
none of them concerned
Me.

I must to lose these
shredded remnants of
rented being - become
Tourable.

Arlene Kiser

Action

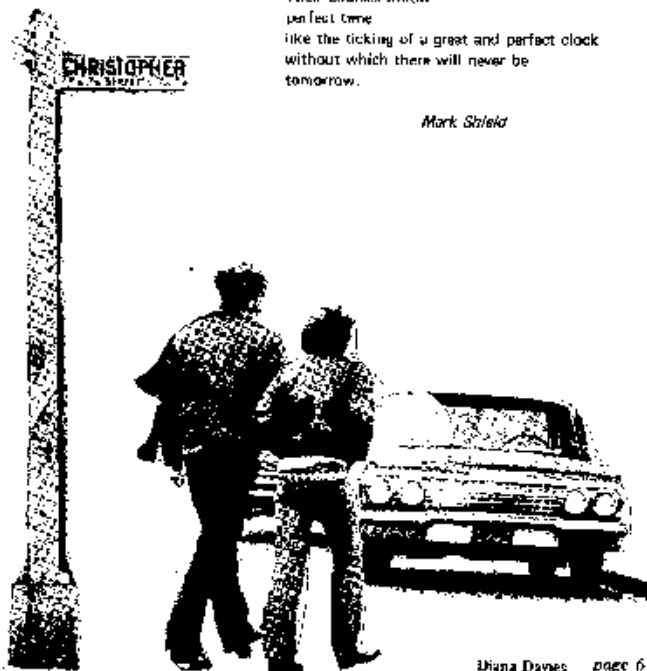
Life unwinds like the threads
of a cocoon that break and then resume;
flowers in spring do not know the fruit they bring.
The girl, as a child, does not know the child in birth
how can love understand it's own worth?

The tree is gone
from which came the wood that lit my fire.
You are warm now
but where is the tree?

I have no more time;
my time will never end.
The trees will bloom again
but you will find me gone:
My time will never end.

When the sun sets
is it a signal for the moon to rise?
The acts of nature do not fail.
Their courses follow
perfect time
like the ticking of a great and perfect clock
without which there will never be
tomorrow.

Mark Shield



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