

# SOME NEWS ON THE SINGLE GUY'S OPINION OF THE FRUMIOUS BANDERSNATCH

LOIS HART

Last Sunday Women's Lib came to the same meeting to organize Lesbians and fight off the "Women's Lib" and "male chauvinism" are terms that are frumiously banded about among GLFers. The source of a lot of tension between the women and men. We know that we are better off than the straight because we can accord each other a certain independence unavailable to a woman and a man entangled sexually, emotionally and financially. Still the ego-interplay goes on at other levels and if we see that our liberation lies in the direction of ending alienation among people then we have to deal with it. We have to end the class distinctions called female and male. To do this women must become conscious of their oppression as women and men must be aware of how their egos and social advantages have been built on women's assumption of submissive, supportive and secondary roles. Awareness isn't enough. Each of us must create for ourselves an alternative self-ree of these restrictions and necessarily women's self-development is a different kind of task than the one that men face. We are in a really tough situation. We want to be able to call each other brother and sister, yet we are still in some ways in the roles of oppressor and oppressed. Women are going to feel anger and men will feel fear and resentment. Manhood has always meant domination and superiority over women so if a "man" gives way to a woman his "manhood" is threatened. A Gay man's virility and humanity have been denied by the heterosexual world and Gay Liberation exists to defeat that lie — so now is this another retreat from a supposed ally? If Women's Liberation, the development of the female ego and the abdication of privilege feel like a threat, then that can be only an indication to the particular man how much of his sense of self and up in that heterosexual social role called "manhood". It was beautiful to see how many realized the need to work at this level last Saturday night. Not only women's groups were formed but also male and co-ed groups. We succeeded in working through this and we have accomplished what no other movement group has accomplished (or any group that I've heard of) — we just might find ourselves a truly nuclear community of that New World we want so much to bring about.

...just holds... no such... feeling... dangerous situation... satisfaction!... The Sunday night meeting has become a place of great interest and fine vibrations. The usual business and announcements continue but new elements have been introduced. After meetings GLFers have been going to "liberate" Gay bars. The main as well as having gone into those expressive, downriden areas to our people and own the place on... circle dances... "There is an alternative. Come Out! Come Out!" it works. We do turn people on — and we are too. Women and men dancing together... are a new people experiencing ourselves in a new way. So we say we are going to "liberate" a bar, but we are also meaning self-liberation — a liberation of the mind... liberation was a more... a step further. We have seen... go just to enjoy our... home... have so few places to go... We should turn the... only... to any neighborhood... ERCHO... are sisters and brothers... help them realize it.

through some changes. The first of these came about because the 28th of June cell (the newspaper people) realized we had become insular, closed and cut-off from GLF and the community. The hostility and paranoia that were released became the reasons for establishing the autonomy of the newspaper were misunderstood — along with the fears and self-interests of the old staff of COME OUT. A barrier that simple dialogue and compromise could not break down. The 28th of June cell thought about their situation, asked some GLFers for help and suggestions, and began a process of self-criticism and restructuring that has drawn a number of creative people from old staff and new, into a renewed involvement with COME OUT. The new structure allows for our participation at two levels: first, anyone can contribute to the paper and those who do... have developed abilities... and who are able to give considerable amounts of their time form a second and more responsible level of participation. The relationship between the two levels is fluid and it is anticipated that small groups of committed people will... New people are involved... the community... between the two cells... Red Butterflies have... They are still very much... The newly formed... (women, men and co-ed)... them we hope for new... new togetherness.

CRACKLE — on goes the tube and there is Frank Sinatra, World War II raging all around him and he is holding his wounded buddy in his arms and they are talking to each other real soft till the wounded guy

The Eastern Regional Conference of Working and Organizational Experimenting with "structureless structure". The executive committee is proposing a wide, open, dual participatory voting membership and task-oriented conferences. Members would initiate proposals for actions, ERCHO would act as a clearing house to facilitate communication and participation. Right on, ERCHO. Now things are clear, they will find they don't need an executive committee.

Alternate U. was sort of a... participated, but some of the... than others. Perhaps... with different... meaningful dialogue... COME OUT dealt with... I agree with... nonetheless it is all... When you break it down into people — the ones walking around in February, 1970, New York USA — what have we got? How do Movement people really feel about all the dykes and faggots popping out of our straight crevices and insisting this world belongs to us, too? Gotta know the facts, my am. Gotta know just how to relate to all these folks.



## the dance by KATHY BRAUN

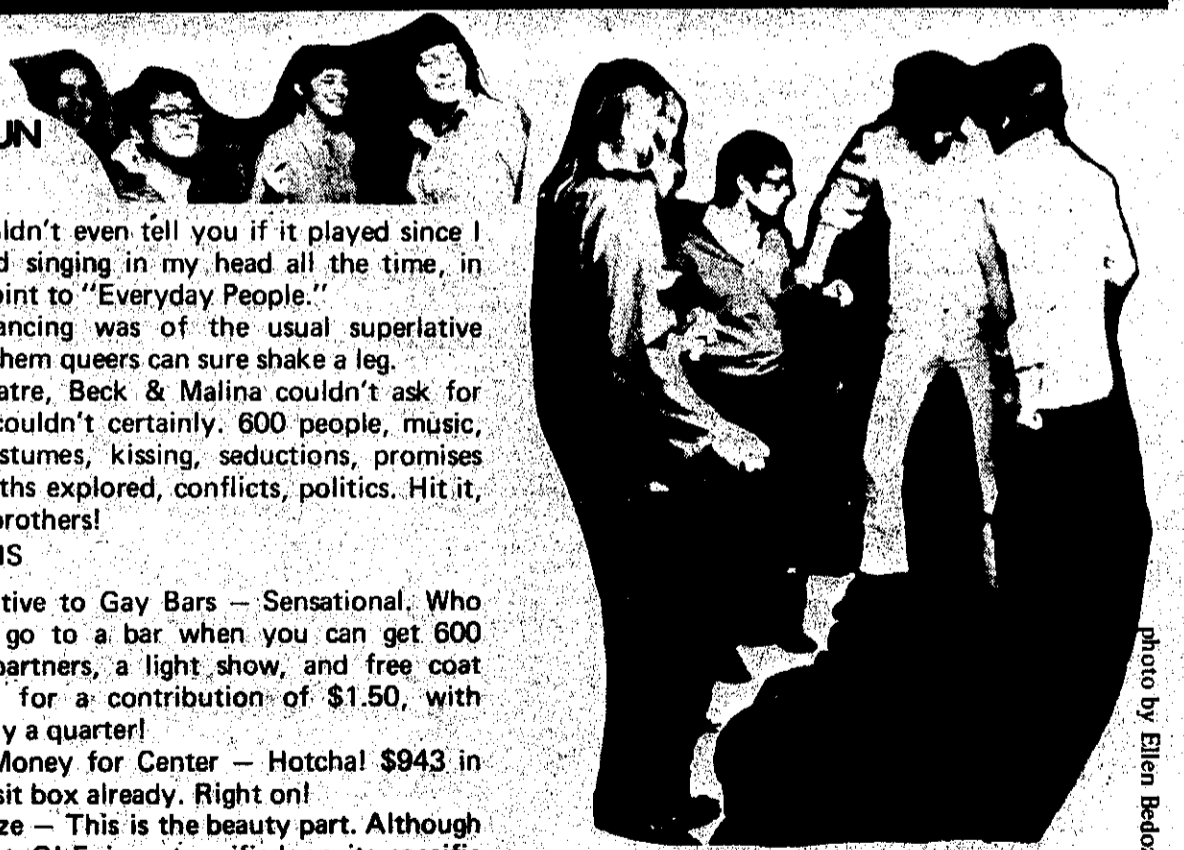


photo by Ellen Redoz

**STRAIGHT NEWS**  
On Friday, February 6, GLF held another of its continuing series of dances at Alternate U — 530 6th Ave. The purposes which we set out for the dances were, to provide an alternative to the exploitive gay bars in the city, to raise money for a GLF Community Center, and to politicize the homosexuals hanging around this town. This particular dance was held as a benefit for COME OUT with any money over the needs of the paper to go back into the Community Center Fund. The dances are sponsored by the Aquarius Cell and anybody wishing further information on any detail may check with the people involved. \$667. was netted profit, and as of publication, no determination has been made about the distribution to the paper and the center.

but I couldn't even tell you if it played since I go around singing in my head all the time, in counterpoint to "Everyday People." The dancing was of the usual superlative quality. Them queers can sure shake a leg. As theatre, Beck & Malina couldn't ask for more. I couldn't certainly. 600 people, music, lights, costumes, kissing, seductions, promises made, truths explored, conflicts, politics. Hit it, sisters & brothers!

**PERSONAL**  
Bob Kohler, my Campaign Manager, announced my plans to run for mayor. Having been to two more dances, my opinion changes somewhat. The glory of people being real and alive remains the same and the atmosphere of the dances couldn't be better, but hey listen Aquarius, can't you do something about the music that's played? The sound is unclear, and the music is boring. Surely the New Renaissance has better music to offer. *page three*

**ART REVIEW**  
The light show, by , seemed good. To tell the truth, I was paying more attention to the people but at the next dance I'll give it more attention. The choice of restricting the light show to a section of the floor was superb in that it provided people with a choice instead of imposing a show on them. The records played were exciting, danceable, and at the right volume. My current favorite song is "And the World will be a Better Place"

**ANALYSIS**  
Alternative to Gay Bars — Sensational. Who wants to go to a bar when you can get 600 dancing partners, a light show, and free coat check all for a contribution of \$1.50, with drinks only a quarter!  
Raise Money for Center — Hotcha! \$943 in safe deposit box already. Right on!  
Politicize — This is the beauty part. Although I feel that GLF is not unified on its specific approach to politics (and need it be?) the underlying theory that prevails is that effective politics must be based on CARING ABOUT PEOPLE and it is this theory which permeates the actions of every member of GLF and communicates directly to the people who come to the dances. Although there are some people who get together and talk politics, most people are simply dancing, looking, listening, groping, drinking, laughing, having fun, being CARED about. Gorgeous.

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

NEW YORK (LNS) — A young man impaled on the spokes of an iron fence outside a New York City Police Station at the edge of Greenwich Village recently became a macabre but powerful symbol of the oppression of the city's homosexuals.

The young man, Diego Vinales, jumped from a second-story window of the police station after he and 166 other persons were trapped by police in an after-hours gay bar. Cops moved in a pre-dawn raid on March 8, herding the patrons into vans and then to the Charles Street police station, where they were arrested for disorderly conduct.

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 brief 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!"

One trilogy of chants went: "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 homosexual, who is forced by an oppressive heterosexual society into the Mafia bar in the first place, is caught in the crunch.

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 homosexual's oppression, more than anything, is fear — the fear of exposure and ostracism in a society which has condemned any but a heterosexual form of love and sexual expression. It was that fear, as gay activists noted in a leaflet, which drove the young man to leap from the police station window. It is a similar fear, created by the hatred straight people feel towards homosexuals, which has driven most gay people into the ghetto to life — with the gay bar as the main institution of the ghetto.

As for Diego Vinales, five spikes went into his thigh 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. Finally, "can he have visitors?"

"No." The now harder voice answers.

I remember the picture 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 re-create 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 heard of the place. 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 piggery 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 somewhat guiltily.

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 summonses; 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 welling 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 taboos, enforced guilts, 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 rehash the rules of protection — wet handkerchiefs 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 shake 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 seething. 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 open 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?

Spiro, you're right. Those liberal bullshit 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 Amerika 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 shit 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 Warshawsky

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