



# Mira, Young Lord

Mira la nena, arrodándose linda delante,  
hablándose pa'os de gracia delante,  
de misa mamiá de por dentro tu ama.

Mira la nena, Erita los llos,  
arrizadas, y guerrillas que gritan -  
"¡Macacos! ¡Mira los machos que somos!"  
- de ante del mundo que quieren amas.

Mira la nena, que a tí representa,  
las alas calines de coña y castañas  
de tus sueños con sexo por ratitos unidos,  
con el mundo despues de las liberaciones.

Camaradas caídos nacen de nuevo,  
Penínsulas tristes no van a quedar  
ni erizadas de hancos, ni de soldados  
creyéndose machos al herir Mozambique.

Mira la nena, caballero de antes,  
conquistador de aquel tan lejano entonces,  
hecha por fin revolucionaria  
por tierras podridas que crecen candillos.

corporaciones, y mentiras de ricos,  
con derechos de organizar a muchísimos otros  
en masas obreras, dirigiéndoles - "¡Miren  
Ustedes. Sus esfuerzos harán un país muy fuerte."

Mira la nena, contestándoles - "¡Mira  
ustedes también. De planetas no hay mas de una  
para nosotros, hijos de nena, y a todas  
partenidos, y a todas también."

Luchamos en contra de todo trabajo  
que no contribuye al fin del trabajo:  
o gozar permanentemente del planeta entero  
por todos los nenes nacidos, y a nacer."

Mira la nena, cabalgando ahora,  
detrás del juete de sombra almizclada,  
del gran castelano, alimando, volando,  
llevando los cambios por todo el mundo.

Y la mira a luna, la mira y mira,  
besando el cuello a su libre infante,  
con su lengua que dice - "Venite. Si, venite.  
A menudo, si quieres. De nuevo, de nuevo."

Hay camaradas aquí, bastante  
para cantarte, por cien mil visitas,  
lecciones de luchas ya fracasadas,  
visiones de gozos del gran porvenir."

Mira tu nena, mi joven infante,  
Baila con ella, tu majestuoso idioma,  
- depurado de ricos y de generalitos -  
hecho río sonoro de la liberación.

MILANI

## A TIME TO DANCE, A TIME TO MOURN

In the past few weeks, events have occurred in America - actions, reactions, words, demonstrations. We have been witness to the continuing destructiveness of the two wars in which we are engaged; Southeast Asia and the very real war in the streets of this country. Somehow the deaths of four white university students have brought a message home to the people that Fred Hampton, Diego Vinales and countless other victims of American "justice" have failed to do.

Were it not for the fact that in our very beings we are political, it would be almost improper to hold a dance, a "social" function at this time. But women, by virtue of being gay women, are oppressed by the same system that is oppressing people throughout the world. If we really come to understand our own oppression we will see that it, like the illegal wars and wholesale slaughter, does not exist in a vacuum. We are all victims of a common enemy, whether it be wearing the garb of imperialism, racism, or sexism.

The ties that we as women have with other oppressed people are becoming increasingly more visible. And this dance, held in a period of mourning, contemplation and revolution, is a direct outgrowth of how and why we're oppressed. We're here together, dancing, touching, re-

lating, and we're here together outside of pre-defined roles, outside of convention, and most importantly outside of someone else's conception of morality. What this means is freedom - and freedom is radical. We are existing for each other in a world we are remaking for each other. In a sense, dancing together is one way in which we are fighters - a small part of our contribution to freedom and revolution. People have died, but we are alive and must keep in mind, along with rhetoric and ideology, that our solidarity hinges as much upon our being able to be together in times of anger and mourning as well as in times of victory and elation.

-Ellen Broidy

leaflet for women's dance-week of Kent State massacre



photos by Ellen Sedoz



# lesbian oppression

—Kathy Wakeham

BOB KOEHLER

**A PARADE IN TOWN:** Thousands of Homosexuals are expected to march through the streets of the Village on June 27th.

*I see flags. I hear bells. There's a parade in town.  
I hear crowds. I hear yells. There's a parade in town.*  
They will, I presume, be remembering the Stonewall and the Street Queens, The Stonewall, as most of us know, was an illegally-run and Mafia-owned private club catering to under-age Hitlers and over-age Johns and reputed to have been one of the largest Dope Drops in the City. The Street Queens were something else! A source of irritation to Straights and Geys, alike: things that went screech in the night, roaming the streets in outlandish costumes, panhandling quarters, sleeping in the Park and doorways. To Straights, they were to be scorned, ridiculed, and beaten. To Geys, in our infinite mercy, merely scorned, ridiculed, and avoided.

*I hear drums in the air. I see crowds in the Square.  
I see marchers marching, tossing hats at the skies.*  
A handful of Homosexuals rioted when New York's Finest raided the Stonewall on June 27th.

*Did you hear? Did you see? Is a parade in town?  
Are there drums without me? Is a parade in town?*

It is assumed that the Street Queens rioted against the Police. I wonder if that is not an extreme over-simplification. No matter — but Oh, what great matri! — they did riot. As tourists flocked to the Freak Show, punks flocked for a piece of the action, and police harassment was stepped up, Homosexual organizers fell over one another passing out leaflets, coining slogans, and forming committees. Quicker than you could say "Poof! You're a mated!" the Lepers had been cleansed; the Street Queens had become Folk Heroes!

*Cause I'm dressed at last, at my best, and my banners are high.*

*Tell me! While I was getting ready, did a parade go by?*

The kids wallowed in their new-found Strakon. Some of them even forgot how hungry they were.

*Did you hear? Did you see?  
Was a parade in town*

Marches and rallies were planned, there would be Gay Dances and Community Centers, there was even talk of bail funds, clothing and free meals. Some of the kids went to meetings of new organizations. Others went to meetings of old organizations. They manned tables, distributed literature, participated in the Gay Power rally, the Village Voice zap and the November Moratorium. But, it's a long, long time from June to November and they were starting to get us uptight. We couldn't control them. They were too loud and too obvious. They were fucking up our image! They were heavy — they had to go! De-fused and discouraged, they began drifting back into the safety of the Park.

*Were there drums without me?  
Is a parade in town?*

I doubt very much if I'll march on June 27th. I think I'll just sit in the Park with my brothers.

*Cause they're out of step, the boots are squeaky, and the banners are frayed.*

*Any parade in town without me must be a second-class parade!*

\*A PARADE IN TOWN — Stephen Sondheim

**I CAN'T HEAR YOU — I HAVE A CARROT IN MY EAR!** I seldom go to Gay Bars, they are just not my particular glass of tea. I am, nonetheless a little bugged by the Witch Hunters who keep crying "Mafia Exploitation" with such overbearing and monotonous regularity. There is without doubt Mafia control of Gay Bars just as there is Mafia control of Banks, Unions, Supermarkets, Industries, Drugs, and much of the air we breathe. Exploitation like oppression — is a peculiar word; over-work and rhetorical.

The other night, the world — my own private world, I guess — got a little close and I went to a Gay Bar. I was asked for a dollar at the door and was given a chit entitling me to two beers. They were showing an old Bette Davis/Mary Astor movie, THE GREAT LIE, and there



photo-vector

was a general feeling of good, campy fun in the whole place. The fact that I had to make my way through a density of bulging Levis and leather asssets got to the bar in no way detracted from that feeling. I watched the movie, grabbed some ass, talked with a few people, and laughed a little.

I didn't stay for the second feature but, instead went to one of the new Fuck Bars. Here, I paid three dollars at the door which, again, covered two beers. The bar was well-appointed, well-lit, and well-peeped. The Fuck Room was, exactly that! No games, no bullshit, no hassles — just simple, direct, down-to-the-nitty, old-fashioned sex! It is not my intent to weigh the pros and cons of 'anonymous' sex; I leave that to the tight-sphinctered Shrinks. I will only say that no little blue pill could come close to relieving the nervous tensions that my two hours in that room did. I touched, I communicated, I related and I loved. (Do I touch differently on a park bench? Do I communicate better in a lighted room? Do I love more freely in Sheep Meadow? Who would presume to count the ways I love?) I also met someone and we went home together.

Check it out: I had four beers, saw a movie, was screwed, blowed and satowed — loved, relayed and parlayed — and I found a friend. All of this cost me exactly **FOUR DOLLARS.**

I am not making a case for Gay Bars. I am simply asking that we get our priorities together and dig the fine, almost invisible line between Oppressed and Oppressor. The times they are a changin' — There's a new world comin' — and Love is just around the corner. **OFF THE RHETORIC!** I have no alternative to Gay Bars and I can promise none. The GLF dances and the Sunday night get-togethers are minuscule and token offerings, barely touching the surface. I cannot — I will not — judge my Brothers and Sisters and/or their needs. I can and will try to offer counter-cultures and lifestyles when and if I am able, making sure the left hand keeps careful watch on the Right hand. When I housebroke Magon, I trained him first on paper. I left the paper down as I re-trained him to go in the street. For a while he went both on the paper and in the street. One day he decided enough with the paper — not because I told him not to shit on the paper anymore but, because he decided he would rather shit in the street. I hope that I could extend the same freedom of choice to my fellow-humans.

The gay woman is a person who is very often overlooked within radical liberation circles. Her oppression is two-fold — female and homosexual (if she is non-Caucasian, her oppression is three-fold).

Her two-fold oppression brings forth looks of resentment, feelings of uptightness, and cries of ignorance. She encounters social, political, and economic oppression. Her oppressors are of no particular class, race, structure etc. Yet, they are identifiable, as most oppressors are identifiable to most of the oppressed.

Well to ramble on about oppression would fill a book. I only want to exemplify an oppressed happening in a short article. On a social level, gay women want to meet other gay women; on an economic level, they frequently pay to do so at most encountering places. Their economic oppression also includes job discrimination as well as social exploitation; but right now, that's the written subject. These encountering places are gay bars. The gay bars are exploiters of gay women (and of gay men, too).

A typical bar on a typical weekend: \$3.00 for an entering (which includes two drinks — 1.00 for a gin of hers, if you don't like watered-down mixers drinks \$1.00 every time the proprietor sees you without a drink (you cannot stay unless you are with a drink), \$.25 cost check, crowdedness, occasional heterosexual male gooners, Mafia guardians at the door.

Straight bars do not exist in this web of social harassment.

This is oppression. Where are gay women going to meet other gay women if they feel oppressed by the above condition? An alternative is needed. An alternative was made. The Gay Liberation Front has held mixed (gays of both sexes) dances that were predominantly male. The women of GLF felt that their sisters might want an all women alternative, instead.

On Friday, April 3, GLF sponsored an all women's dance which was held at Alternate U. The purpose of the dance was to give our sisters an alternative to the oppressive Mafia-controlled gay bars. In the general locale of the gay community in the Village, only two bars exist predominantly for gay women. The GLF dance was held within a four-block radius of these two bars.

Two weeks prior to the dance, six GLF women were threatened by the owner of one of these bars while they were giving small calling cards advertising the dance to other girls in the bar. The owner approached the GLF women with the cards; and she told them if they continued advertising, they wouldn't have a dance in an organization.

At 3:15 a.m., the night of the dance, the first attempt was made to carry out this threat. Three stereo-type (big, broad, and mean) mafioso forcibly pushed their way into the All Women's Dance. When questioned repeatedly as to their identity, they answered by threatening in anger the sisters for unlawful assembly. The dance was held in a hall which GLF had legally rented for the evening. They then threatened the GLF women with arrest on the basis of not having a liquor license and rapidly quoted prices that neighboring bars have paid them. The dance did not require a liquor license because donations and not prices were suggested for admission and refreshments (beer and soda). After much verbal and physical harassment (a woman who tried to leave was pushed toward a wall, another woman was grabbed by her coat collar and had her coat snatched from her back as she fearfully dashed down the stairs to escape the harassment of those imposters; they physically refused exit to any of the women), they showed the women a badge which was later suggested to be phoney by uniformed policemen who appeared twenty minutes after these men left. Before they left, the three were questioned as to who sent them. "Gianni's, Kookie's!" They laughed, snickering, "who's that, never heard of them." "Oh they're just characters out of Zap Comix." Why bother hassling with reason when they knew Gianni's and Kookie's are just two of our gay tavern operators.

The uniformed, legal law-enforcing police were called by the women to verify the identity of these three. The uniformed police stated that no call was made with any precinct to check-out the dance, that the dance was legal, and that these three men showed invalid identification.

This threatening incident is another example of oppression of gay women by an exploitative system. The system tried to scare us but did not succeed. Instead, they brought their oppressive acts to light where they will be dealt with as gay sisters are now more ready and determined to come out and deal with the oppressors.