

INTRO 475 HEARING

A HUSTLE

by
"Field Mouse"

I missed round one but I was there for the second and third Public Hearings on INTRO 475. The third was the final hearing.

I appeared at both hearings in straight drag, collar properly pressed, necktie, suit & vest! I wanted to be "respectable" for my testimony. I was prepared to give personal testimony to that gang of white heterosexual con-artists which calls itself the City Council and presumes to decide our fate!

I was never given a chance to testify. This despite a promise by Sharison, the "Chairman" that "Everyone who wishes to be given a chance to testify." All those who wanted to testify at the second hearing but did not get a chance were supposed to be the very first to speak at the third hearing. It was a lie and a pretense of democracy.

At the second hearing there was much personal testimony by Gay people including a Lesbian who came out publicly for the first time in her life! We scored heavily. The manipulators had to change the rules.

The maximum time allowed for testimony was changed from 10 to 5 minutes. Gay people would now have to cut their testimony short. But still Pig Sharison was willing to extend the time limit for a straight history professor, but a Gay brother had to fight for his right to give a complete testimony.

The majority of testimony at the third hearing was by straight people debating what they should do with us! This included an hour and a half of bantering back and forth between a Mayor's aide and the Pigs on the council. It came off as thinly disguised Presidential politics.

By the time they got around to Gay people it was late afternoon. We were furnished by their bourgeois rule forbidding food in City Hall except for those privileged to quietly creep into their private chambers for refreshments. At the day's end Pig Demarco was still fresh as a dandy daisy. For us there was no lunch hour. Any Gay person who left the hearing room was not allowed back in.

FLAMING FAGGOTS CONTINUED

ON TERMINOLOGY: Since presenting our demands, through the process of consciousness-raising, we have discovered that most of us have always been bothered by the word "gay". We felt it trivialized us; we're not gay, we're angry. We also noticed how women in Daughters of Bilitis and those splitting from GLF (because of its anti-womanism) were both reaffirming their right to the single proud word, Lesbian, to describe themselves, even though this had once been used abusively against them. We disliked the two-word phrase "gay men." It made clown of us. "Male homosexual..." was hard to keep saying over and over.

Then we learned that the word "faggot" originated from our persecution in the middle ages: when a woman was to be burned as a witch, men accused of homosexuality were bound together in bundles, mixed in with bundles of kindling wood (faggots) at the feet of the witch, and set on fire "to kindle a flame foul enough for a witch to burn in." So terminology has known all along the danger in strong women and gently men, has known that both present the same threat to masculine domination. That is why we have decided to embrace "faggot" as our one-word description, complete with a piece of our buried history unearthed, and accept it positively as a tool to cut through our last tie to "passing" — those of us who were in the privileged position of having such an option.

What is most infuriating is that even if INTRO 475 is passed, it will give Gay people scant protection against the harassment and abuse we suffer daily. The bill gives no protection to the "obvious Homosexual". So we will still be expected to act straight on the job. And Transvestites are left out altogether! Such an outrage — even if we win we still lose! In either case the Gay People end up as stepping stones for Mr. Politician. He toys with our feelings as if they were a ploy for his ambitions.

At the second hearing DeMarco and Sharison went into a heavy Transvestite baiting number in order to turn the "respectable" Homosexuals against the flamboyant. But we remained strong and unafraid as was demonstrated when the pigs tried to rip off a group of transvestites. They were surrounded by angry Gays and forced to release our half-sisters who proudly walked to the front and took seats in the first row.

At the third hearing the pigs tried to bust a half-sister for using the "ladies" room. This was after the Transvestites were warned by the pigs not to use the "lady's" room or the "men's" room. Again the arrest was prevented by Gay Unity and Gay Power.

When Pig Sharison announced that the hearing was adjourned and there would be no further public hearings, we realized that we had been taken. A cohort of helmeted TPF appeared to protect that pack of corrupt bloodsuckers from the righteous wrath of angry Faggots and Lesbians.

What lessons can we learn from the INTRO 475 hearings?

The first lesson is that we can never win at a game where the rules change at the whim of the Dealer, and the cards are stacked to boot. Why should we be puzzled and wonder, "What did I do wrong?" In a brooked card game the mark cannot win no matter what tactics are employed. The only thing to do with a cheat is to knock the cards out of his hand.

PIGS ARE ACTUALLY VERY SMART SOME HAVE BEEN TRAINED TO RETRIEVE GAME LIKE HUNTING DOGS.



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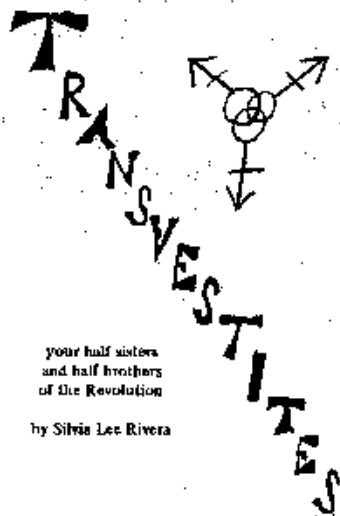
We call ourselves faggots in the name of Jacques DeMolay. In the name of Bernard de Vado, tortured by fire applied to the soles of the feet to such an extent that few days afterwards the bones of his heels dropped out, in the nineteen brothers from Perigueux tortured and starved for six months running, in the name of ten thousand Knights Templar burned at the stake for the crime of homosexuality, in the name of all nameless brothers still tortured in mental hospitals and in psychiatrists' offices by aversion therapy, shock treatment, apomorphine, and spirolycholine.

We are flaming with the fire of final revolution. We are not ashamed of being faggots. We are proud.

FAGGOTS UNITE TO SMASH HETEROSEXISM

Transvestites are homosexual men and women who dress in clothes of the opposite sex. While transvestites dress and live as women. Half sisters like myself are women with the minds of women trapped in male bodies. Female transvestites dress and live as men. My half brothers are men with male minds trapped in female bodies. Transvestites are the most oppressed people in the homosexual community. My half sisters and brothers are being raped and murdered by pigs, straights, and even sometimes by other uptight homosexuals who consider us the scum of the gay community. They do this because they are not liberated.

Transvestites are the most liberated homosexuals in the world. We have had the guts to stand up and fight on the front lines for many years before the gay movement was born.



your half sisters
and half brothers
of the Revolution

by Silvia Lee Rivera

As far back as I can remember, my half sisters and brothers liberated themselves from this fucked up system that has been oppressing our gay sisters and brothers by walking on the man's land, defying the man's law, and meeting with the man face to face in his court of law. We have liberated his bathrooms and streets in our female or male attire. For exposing the man's law we were thrown into jail on charges of criminal impersonation; that dates back as far as the Boston Tea Party when the English dressed up as Indians because the motherland had raised the taxes. We have lost our jobs, our homes, friends, family because of lack of understanding of our inner-most feelings and lack of knowledge of our valid life style. They have been brainwashed by this fucked up system that has condemned us and by doctors that call us a disease and a bunch of freaks. Our family and friends have also condemned us because of their lack of true knowledge.

By being liberated my half sisters and brothers and myself are able to educate the ignorant gays and straights that transvestites is a valid life style.

Remember the Stonewall Riots? That first stone was cast by a transvestite half sister June 27, 1969 and the gay liberation movement was born. Remember that transvestites and gay street people are always on the front lines and are ready to lay their lives down for the movement. Remember the transvestite half sister that was out gathering signatures for the Homosexual Civil Rights Bill petition and was arrested on 42nd Street. Remember the N.Y.U. pickets? Transvestites and gay street people held the fort down and didn't want to give in that Friday night after we had been removed from the sub-cellar.

So sisters and brothers remember that transvestites are not the scum of the community. Just think back on the events of the past two years. You should be proud that we are part of the community and you should try to gain some knowledge of your transvestite half brothers and sisters and our valid life style. Remember we started the whole movement that 27th day of June of the year 1969!

Secret Transvestite Action Revolutionary meet Friday at 8:00 p.m. at Marsha Johnson's, 211 Eldridge Street, New York, N.Y., apt. 3. For information write: S.T.A.R., c/o Marsha Johnson, at the same address.

Power to all the people!

You're only pretty as you feel.



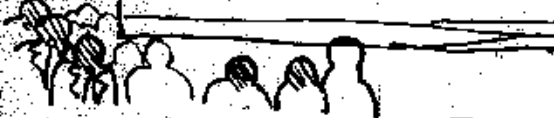
Wake up in the morning



I put on my new face for another day.

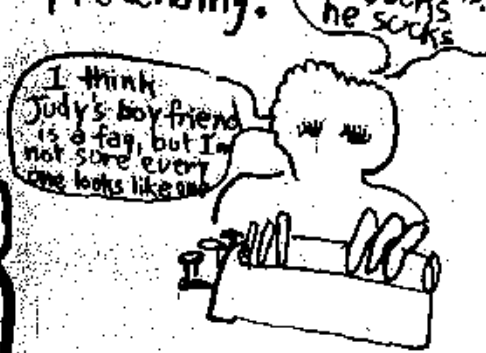


another lie begins



another day of pretending.

I think he sucks, he sucks, he sucks.



Dear son,
How are you,
have you been
dating anyone
new lately, when
are you gonna
settle down with
one girl like me



I could tell the world I'm Gay, but the world would not believe me, the world really does not believe I exist.



you're only pretty as you feel, only pretty as you feel inside is all about our daily oppression. Gay Consciousness does not stop at 9 A.M. Come Out! !!



Photo by Leo Stephaer

TO A SISTER

When I consider the wonders of life
That have slid across my hands,
Like water (quickly hard to hold
And gone in a moment);

And when I consider the heavens
And the million stars there hung
And the fernsmell of a mossy wood,
(Which things I have done without
Enjoying for years at a time),

And when I think of the seasons
And how quickly they go by,
And how each one leaves its mark on me
Like rinding trucks or glass;

Nothing seems clearer to me than to say
I want you near; I wish you were here.

- Heather



Photos by E. Bedoz

