

# THE MARCH *by Jeremiah*

The march. What about the march — were you there? That Sunday morning I was making love to a beautiful boy by the name of Jack who I met the night before at the Washington Square Methodist church.

I watched the clock every now and then, and soon it was time to leave for the march. Believe me we hated to leave the bed, but leave we did and soon we were on our way holding hands walking down Eighth Avenue. Did I say holding hands down Eighth Avenue — you bet I did. Why shouldn't two people who are in love hold hands? When we arrived at Sheridan Square, the parade had already left. I asked a lady that was standing on the corner of Christopher Street "What happened to the parade?" "It left," she said. "Go to Sixth Avenue and you can catch up with them." As we turned away she called out — "Now you two boys behave yourself and don't act like Faggots." "Shove it," Jack called out. With that we ran to Sixth Avenue laughing all the way. Now let me tell you people that the parade was moving pretty fast, and we could not catch up to it. So pooling our resources, we caught a taxi. "Thirty-fourth Street, driver." There we were at Thirty-fourth Street, and Sixth Avenue, and here comes the parade.

The parade! — how can I describe the parade?

Can you imagine brothers and sisters laughing together under a beautiful Sun, that shone down upon God's children. The vibrations were fantastic. People were laughing and singing. People were marching along really loving each other.

photo by

Diana Davies

Jack and I waited until the G.L.F. banner came dancing by. And then we joined the parade. So we marched up Sixth Avenue all of us together. Any hostility that might have been directed toward us wasn't at all apparent. Oh yes — people were standing behind some barricades snapping their brownies. And the police were looking terribly funny. "Right On." Reminiscences.

Several years ago, long before the Stonewall days, the Gay streets weren't kind to us. I remember one incident in particular, a very lovely Queen was walking up Greenwich Avenue. Now behind her came two cops, one tripped her, she falling to the ground, her wig falling off. Let me say at that time dressing up in drag was illegal. So wigless, the cops pushed her into the waiting squad car for the trip that she would make to the Tombs. As they pushed her into the car, she said quite beautifully — "HANDS OFF COPPER, I'M A LADY!" Now as we

were marching there she was on the parade line looking quite beautiful. "See her, Jack." "See who," Jack said kissing me on the cheek. "I'll tell you later," I said.

Now right ahead of us was the park. A cheer went up — "GIVE ME A G, GIVE ME AN A." As we neared Sheep Meadow it seemed as if we were flying. We indeed marched triumphantly into the Meadow. As we reached the slight hill that is there, the people turned around and looked at the other people that were entering the Meadow. Soon we were packed tight. There were hundreds of us — THOUSANDS, it seemed and perhaps there were. Jack said to me that this was the most beautiful thing that he had ever been to. And I can honestly agree with him. People were cheering. People were throwing up their hands in glory. "GAY POWER."

The march — What about the march — Will you be at the next one? Why wait, join us now.



photo by Diana Davies

# WE DID IT! *by Perry Brass*

We did it! The Park was right there and it was ours. We had done it. It did not seem possible that it could be over, that the long march could be over, that the long march had been the culmination of the long, wonderful weekend, a weekend of love and warmth and talking and seeing new people and finding out new things about ourselves as new people, how could this be over? So the park was right there and once we got there the question was what to do with it? Where was the music? Where were the speakers? What were we going to do with the Park? And the answer, of course, was us. We were the speakers. Maybe fourteen thousand speakers. We were the music. Maybe fourteen thousand pieces of music, all of it inside of us, from the Stones to Mahler. And we were love. It was all around us, possibly the first time love had reappeared in the park on such a large scale since the first Easter Be-In three years ago when once before, to my knowledge, the Sheep Meadow was filled with love. For we were there outrageously upfront with our love for each other. The world saw what we were for the first time in God knows, indeed only God knows, how many years. As one of the parade marshals said, "Sing it loud, sing it clear! We're not in the dark, crowded gay bars now; we're out in the open. Sing it loud. Sing it clear. Gay is proud. Gay is here!"

For some people the march was and will be one of the highest points in their lives. The courage that it took

for some people to make those first steps from Sheridan Square into Sixth Avenue and out of the Village was the summoning up of a whole lifetime's desire to finally come clear, to say the truth as it is, to expose themselves nakedly than any pin-up boy in any flesh book, to show their heads as well as their bodies and to put their heads and souls where their bodies have been for so many years. It meant the possibility of taking all consequences unquestionably. For some people this would be the first time in their lives they had indeed come out, come out of hiding, come out from the docks, the dark bars, the unlighted avenues that have been their refuges and face their parents, schools, jobs, all of the media's blackmail capacity that has made everything out in the streets now out in the country. But that was where we were: out of the closets and into the streets. "If your mother could only see you now!" one old man on a sidewalk in the village shouted. Well she certainly could if she tried hard enough and it's about time she did. Because it's about time fourteen million (give or take a few million according to Kinsey) people in America stopped being bachelors or single Americans and started being gay women and men.

For some people the March was the thing. Or getting to the park. "TOGETHER. Together!" And right-on to that!

But for many people the whole week had been one of

the busiest, most fruitful weeks of their lives and that was that. It had been a week of gay pride. It had been a week of saying "Do you know what week this is?" And answering, "yes, it's gay pride week." It had been a time of walking up to people you didn't know and watching their faces when they read things handed to them that said THIS IS GAY PRIDE WEEK and that was that. It was a fact. Whether you were gay, straight, or ambidextrous, that was it. It was Gay Pride Week just like the coming of a holiday you've never heard about and suddenly discovered and the holiday became a time and feeling, a mass feeling, like Mardi Gras.

Sunday night some of us were tired. The festival had exploded in front of us like a great firework that we had only hoped would come off and, wow, had it, but we were very tired from meeting new people from all over the country and feeding them at Washington Square Church and hassling with winoes and dancing at GAA's massive Dance or at GLF's little dances vibrant with twisting, joyous circle dances, and workshops at AU, and sit-ins, and from people. Most of all from people, new people, old people, angry and loving people. Tired from coming out and being ourselves, a much harder trip than the three mile walk from Sheridan Square to the Park; not walking in protest but in affirmation that we exist and are together to love together and we are gay and WE ARE GAY PRIDE WEEK.

T. W. G. R.  
THIRD WORLD GAY REVOLUTION

Early in July, after the activities of Gay Pride Week, a need was felt for an organization which would bring together the gay sisters and brothers of the third world. (Third World is a term used to include blacks, Latin Americans, and all other peoples of color.)

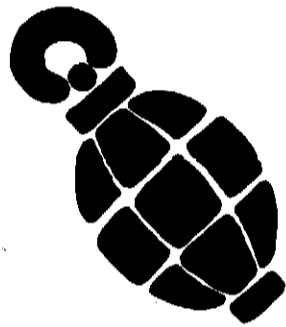
Third world gays suffer an oppression which is not shared by our white sisters and brothers, one which they could never really FEEL. Therefore, despite the many organizations emerging in the Gay Liberation movement, third world people haven't been able to relate to any of these. This is due to the inherent racism found in any white group with white leadership and white thinking.

The THIRD WORLD GAY REVOLUTION, started only 4 or 5 weeks ago, has formed 2 consciousness raising groups — with both men and women, blacks and Latins in each group. The organization also had 9 representatives at the planning session for the Revolutionary Peoples' Constitutional Convention, sponsored by the Black Panthers.

Dig it. All the works in these pages were done by Third World gay brothers and sisters, members of T.W.G.R. The variety in these works reflects the variety of peoples in T.W.G.R., their being presented together reflects the togetherness which characterizes T.W.G.R.

THIRD WORLD GAY REVOLUTION meets every Friday at 7:30 p.m. (sharp) at 124 W. 23 St., third floor.

- Ana
- Barbara
- Carlos
- C.C.
- Dale
- Doug
- Felipe
- Frenchie
- Hiram
- Jean
- Juan
- Kip
- Nestor
- Tonnaey
- Vera
- Yolanda



# 3<sup>rd</sup> World Gay Revolution

### 3. WE WANT LIBERATION OF ALL THIRD WORLD PEOPLE

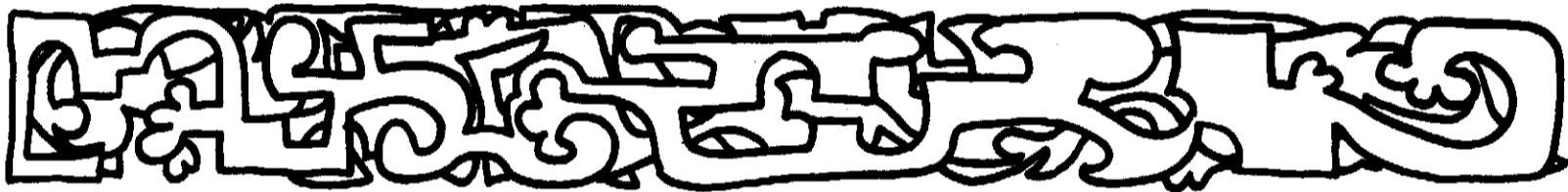
Just as Latins first slaved under Spain and the yanquis, Black people, Indians, and Asians slaved to build the wealth of this country. For 400 years they have fought for freedom and dignity against racist Babylon (decadent empire). Third World people have led the fight for freedom. All the colored and oppressed peoples of the world are one nation under oppression.

### 3. QUEREMOS LIBERACIÓN PARA TODOS LOS PUEBLOS DEL TERCER MUNDO.

Tal como los Latinos trabajaron como esclavos, primero bajo España y luego bajo los EEUU, los pueblos Negros, Indios y Asiáticos han laborado como esclavos para crear la riqueza de este país. Por 400 años éstos han luchado contra la injusticia y la indignidad impuesta sobre ellos por esta Babilonia racista (imperio decadente). El Tercer Mundo ha dirigido la lucha por la liberación. Todos los pueblos oprimidos y de color forman una nación bajo la opresión.

Young Lords  
PARTY  
PROGRAM

who we are Quienes somos



### A LETTER FROM HUEY P. NEWTON

#### EDITOR'S NOTE:

The following was originally an internal letter from Huey P. Newton, minister of Defense to the other brothers of the Black Panther Party.

#### OAKLAND (LNS) -

During the past few years, strong movements have developed among women and homosexuals seeking their liberation. There has been some uncertainty about how to relate to these movements.

Whatever your personal opinion and your insecurities about homosexuality and the various liberation movements among homosexuals, and women (and I speak of the homosexuals and women as oppressed groups) we should try to unite with them in a revolutionary fashion.

I say, "whatever your insecurities are" because, as we very well know, sometimes our first instinct is to want to hit a homosexual in the mouth and to want a woman to be quiet. We want to hit the homosexual in the mouth as soon as we see him because we're afraid we might be homosexual and want to hit the woman or shut her up because she might castrate us or take the nuts that we may not have to start with.

We must gain security in ourselves and therefore have respect and feelings for all oppressed people. We must not use the racist-type attitudes like the white racists use against people because they are black and poor. Many times the poorest white person is the most racist because he's afraid that he might lose something or discover something that he might not have. You're some kind of threat to him. This kind of psychology is in operation when we view oppressed people and we're angry with them because of their particular kind of deviation from the established norm.

Remember we haven't established a revolutionary value system; we're only in the process of establishing it. I don't remember us ever constituting any value that said that a revolutionary must say offensive things towards

homosexuals or that a revolutionary would make sure that women do not speak out about their own particular kind of oppression.

Matter of fact, it's just the opposite, we say that we recognize the woman's right to be free. We haven't said much about the homosexual at all and we must relate to the homosexual movement because it is a real movement. And I know through reading and through my life experience, my observation, that homosexuals are not given freedom and liberty by anyone in this society. Maybe they might be the most oppressed people in the society.

What made them homosexuals? Perhaps it's a whole phenomena that I don't understand entirely. Some people say that it's the decadence of capitalism — I don't know whether this is the case, I rather doubt it. But, whatever the case is, we know that homosexuality is a fact that exists and we must understand it in its purest form; that is, a person should have freedom to use his body whatever way he wants to.

That's not endorsing things in homosexuality that we wouldn't view as revolutionary. But there is nothing to say that a homosexual can not also be a revolutionary. And maybe I'm now injecting some of my prejudice by saying, "even a homosexual can be a revolutionary." Quite the contrary, maybe a homosexual could be the most revolutionary.

When we have revolutionary conferences, rallies, and demonstrations, there should be full participation of the Gay Liberation Movement and the Women's Liberation Movement. Some groups might be more revolutionary than others. We shouldn't use the actions of a few to say that they're all reactionary or counterrevolutionary because they're not.

We should deal with any other group or party that claims to be revolutionary. We should try to judge somehow whether they're operating sincerely in a revolutionary fashion from a really oppressed situation (and we'll grant that if they're women they're probably oppressed). If they do things that are unrevolutionary or counter-revolutionary, then criticize that action. If we feel that

the group in spirit means to be revolutionary in practice but they make mistakes in interpretation of the revolutionary philosophy or they don't understand the dialectics of the social forces in operation, we should criticize that and not criticize them because they are women trying to be free. And the same is true for homosexuals.

We should never say a whole movement is dishonest when in fact they are trying to be honest; they're just making honest mistakes. The enemy is not allowed to make mistakes, because his whole existence is a mistake and we suffer from it. But the Women's Liberation Front and Gay Liberation Front are our friends, they are our potential allies and we need as many allies as possible.

We should be willing to discuss the insecurities that many people have about homosexuality. When I say, "insecurities" I mean the fear that there is some kind of threat to our manhood. I can understand this fear, because of the long conditioning process that builds insecurity in the American male, homosexuality might produce certain hang-ups in us. I have hang-ups myself about male homosexuality where on the other hand I have no hang-ups about female homosexuality and that's a phenomena in itself. I think that it's probably because that's a threat to me maybe, and the females are no threat. It's just another erotic sexual thing.

We should be careful about using terms which might turn our friends off. The terms "faggot" and "punk" should be deleted from our vocabulary and especially we should not attach names normally designed for homosexuals to men who are enemies of the people such as Nixon or Mitchell. Homosexuals are not enemies of the people.

We should try to form a working coalition with the Gay Liberation and Women's Liberation Groups. We must always handle social forces in an appropriate manner and this is really a significant part of the population — both women and the growing number of homosexuals that we have to deal with.