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parked small cars into the streets to stop traffic. At Dupont Circle we found several hundred (maybe a thousand) pigs and National Guardsmen. There was a ring of gas around the Circle and anyone walking near the Circle, looking less straight than Shirley Temple, was arrested. Arrests were already starting to pile up. We way several buses filled with demonstrators and there were Hertz Rent a Vans parked along the Circle to fill in when the buses became filled. Let Hertz put you pokey today!

The main boulevards of Washington were filled with gas. The attitude of most people on the street was quietly hostile but not always; sometimes more genteel Washingtonians would point out freaks to the pigs to assist in the course of justice. We tried to talk with people on the street to see what they had to say about the day, if they realized that every minute of disruption that they had to suffer would kill seven people in Viet Nam would cost one million dollars would take them one minute away from the center of the war machines of Washington. One young man who had just "plugged into the hip scene" as he told us, fresh from doing and he told us that he admired us for coming so far to sleep out in West Potomac Park. He also told us the name of a restaurant in Georgetown where we could eat "cheap", less than ten dollars for him and his "chick". He didn't ask us what region we were from, although we were holding hands while talking to him.

There was word spreading of a meeting in St. Steven's Church. We went to the meeting which was chaired by a white male whom no one recognized. The big issue of the meeting was whether or not to get arrested sooner or later or not at all. The vote to enlist in civil disobedience and be arrested was very tiny, maybe fifteen people out of a full church meeting room. At this meeting no woman spoke for any other women (one woman said something about continuing demos for that day, but was very ignored); we said nothing. The whole meeting seemed like a group of serious straight male revolutionaries looking for a revolution to control.

We walked out of the church holding hands, feeling very close to each other. People did not stare at us anymore, past hundreds of pigs, past a whole militia with bayonettes on their rifles in Georgetown. "You mean you're all here to protect us?" I quipped as we walked past them. I didn't smile for long though. We saw a brother dragged off by five pigs when his feet happened to land on the street on the moment. Jaywalking. We were almost arrested for standing on a streetcorner between two 'no walk' lights that were on at the same time. I was still only with two of my affinity brothers. The other two of our group had separated. We hoped they were back at the church. Pigs warned the three of us that if we did not keep walking, we would be arrested.

Back at the church, we could not find Jim, but Bill was there. We hoped nothing had happened to Jim. Very few Gay people were arrested and plans were announced for the zap of the American Psychiatric Association that was meeting that night in the Sheraton Hotel. It was announced that we would have to leave the church. Again alternative living arrangements were arranged, this time at National Student Association. We were not allowed to stay there though once we had arrived and so we went over to the Gay commune to decide tactics for the zap and the next day.

The zap was utterly incredible. It had been set up weeks ago by GAA and GLF Washington. GAA already had planted several members in the audience of the awards dinner that was to culminate the convention. Six members of GAA were given copies of the same speech, so that whoever was able to get to the mile after the disruption would not be at a loss for words at that time. About thirty people from the GayMayDay Tribe including several members of the Washington commune piled into a VW van and a few cars and headed for the Sheridan. Half of the men were in really fabulous drag, with wildly painted faces that accentuated the spontaneous, liberating attitude of brothers in drag who are not merely putting down women but are affirming the pleasures of this part of Gay culture. The hotel was lousy with pigs? we got out of the van and the cars and began walking slowly in pairs while pigs in cars and vans cruised back and forth in front of the hotel. I was really frightened, more so than earlier that day. The queens were so good at eluding the police that sometimes I did not know where they were. In fact I did not see them duck into the garage entrance that lead to the Regency Room where the shrinks were congratulating themselves upon the lies that they were able to bring forth about Gay people, women, and any one else they cannot 'socialize' in their new roles as priests of the plastic culture. I saw one of the brothers from GAA who had been infiltrating in tie-and-coat earlier. I asked him what had happened. He told me that the shrinks had completely freaked and that a general riot was happening in the Regency Room. I saw the garage entrance and ran down the embankment to it before any new uzz could be spotted.

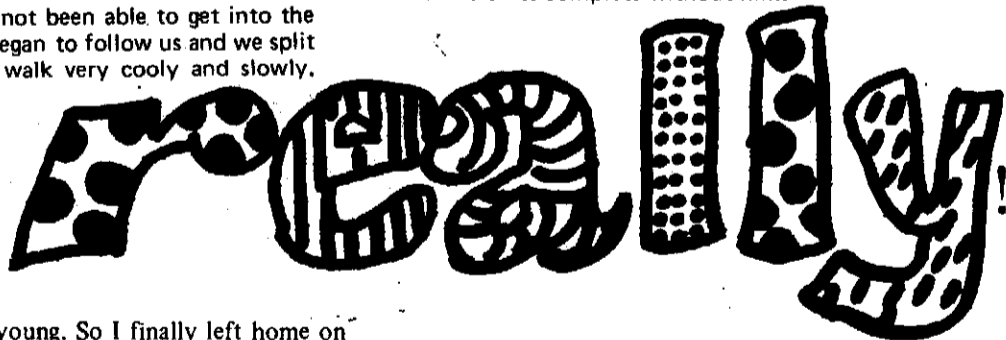
The noise coming from the Regency Room was like out of the Inferno. I tried to open the door, but a shrink was pulling it tight. I managed to get it open for a minute. "Get out of here. We don't want any more of you people in here!" he was shouting. I heard voices from inside the room shouting, Faggots! Drag queens!" I ran back up the embankment to the street and joined the GAA brother and another brother who had not been able to get into the room. A pig car began to follow us and we split up and began to walk very coolly and slowly.

Then I saw all of our people start streaming out of the garage entrance virtually followed by this posse of cursing shrinks. A pig car picked up on them immediately, but by some miracle they were able to get into cars before the pigs were able to get them. It was all just too incredible; I was praying none of our people were busted. Then I saw two sisters who had been trying to get in but had come too late. We walked back to their car about two blocks away while a pig cruiser followed us. A few get away away from the car, two pigs got out and began to follow us on foot, but stopped when they saw that we had a car.

When we arrived back at the commune, the queens had already broken out into a Fred Waring arrangement of "When the Gays Go Marching In". The feelings at that time were so high that I could hardly control myself. I just wanted to kiss and hug everyone. We had done this incredible thing- we had got into that hotel, many of us in full, flaming drag, ringed with pigs; even the Palestinian guerrillas could not have done better. Suddenly I realized my friend Tom was not there. I became afraid that he might have been the only one arrested. I knew the shrinks would have been out for blood. But he showed up a few minutes later, and it was complete that none of us had been busted and that the zap had been very effective because Frank Kameny from Washington Mattachine had been allowed to speak and he had spoken and said the most revolutionary things anyone had ever heard him say. Our feelings were so together and so high. I wondered how I could ever leave this group of people the next day and go back to the strangers that we know, after after knowing strangers for such a short time and loving them. Tom was supposed to take the bus back with Rick and me. We did not find him near the Lincoln Monument where we supposed to meet the buses that NYU had chartered for four days. How NYU had ever chartered buses to take radicals to Washington, most of whom did not even go to NYU, after they had called TPF pigs to Gay people in the basement of Weinstein Hall- well that's still a mystery. I was emotionally very exhausted. A group of women sitting in front of us talked Womens' Liberation and the sexism in the movement and in Washington. We felt free to touch each other, to be Gay now, without feeling like constant guerrilla theatre actors, something I had not felt in straight society in a long time, if ever.

The next day I found out that Tom had been arrested. He had not heard about Jim and we still had his blanket. Tom called me as soon as he got back to New York. He asked me if I heard from Jim, because he'd been missed and we felt less complete without him.

a queen is a person



Come Out! note: This article is reprinted from "Come Together", the newspaper of London Gay Liberation Front. The address of the London GLF is: 5 Caledonian Road, London N.1. England. The problems of Gay People in London are very often not too different than the problems of Gay People in this country even though the English are blessed with the benefits of "legalization" through the famous law passed by the Wolfendon Report that legalized homosexuality through Parliamentary action.

First I must say, I am a queen - perhaps one of the campiest variety. Since joining GLF three months ago, I have been asking myself "Why?", and I am happy with myself. I ask the first question because I see so many gay boys at the general meetings who although obviously feminine, are not queens. At last, I think I've got the answer. First of all, when I was launched into the Gay wWorld proper, I was conditioned by Gay Society into being camp - it was the thing to be. All my friends had gone through the same process, so I followed suit; older people found us amusing.

I soon realized that I wanted to "come out" but found it extremely difficult, as do all Gay People

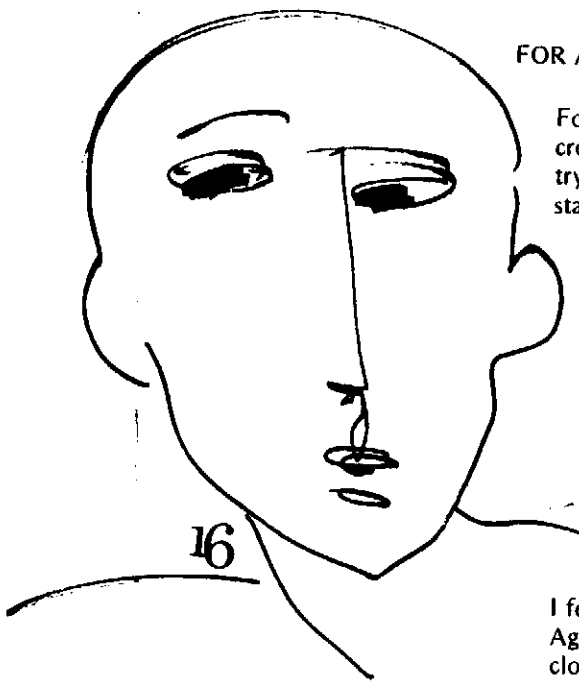
when they are very young. So I finally left home on my seventeenth birthday and came to the big metropolis. Here I found that people did not care as much as in Bournemouth, so my "coming out" was quite automatic. But in this, the conditioning by the Gay World continued, so I became more camp, and the more people I found liked me, the more camp I got! Where will it all end, you may ask yourself, - where indeed! To me, coming out was simply to camp oneself in front of straights. It was all good clean fun, and I had many good times. But then my second boyfriend left me, and in doing so told me that I was far too camp. This was a shock to me because I thought that was what one was supposed to be. No, they all said. Don't take any notice of them all the queens said; they're only men and what do they know? And so there lies the sexism in the Gay World. Sad isn't it? I was one of its victims, and if it were possible to do so, I would regret it. But there we are.

"Am I happy?" Well I've decided not. Life shouldn't be one long ego trip and a daily

performance seven days a week, fifty two weeks a year gets do boring for everyone. What can I do? This is hard to answer. Just don't camp - be yourself, the men (whoops, there I go again) might say. I often start the day off alright, but then something happens, and off I go again screaming my tits off.

I am very politically minded and very "aware", so I enjoy the lively GLF meetings, and I get quite excited when some one stands up, red faced, and souls back at someone else. Then someone says something about a lot of screaming queens -BANG- that hurts. I tell myself queens have a part to play in GLF and in society at large; all my friends agree. So what am I really worried about? Can anyone tell me???

Richard Shipp



FOR A LONG TIME

For a long time I lived trying to pass my time creatively, trying to forget how difficult it was for me to stand the circumstances in which I found myself

We learned to hate our parents because they did not give us the food that we needed, that they did not give us the love that we had to have, that they were incapable of giving us the love that we had to have.

I cut myself, the blood flowed from my finger, suddenly I felt the room revolve around me like one of those mirrored globes that cast reflections on the ceilings of old dance halls.

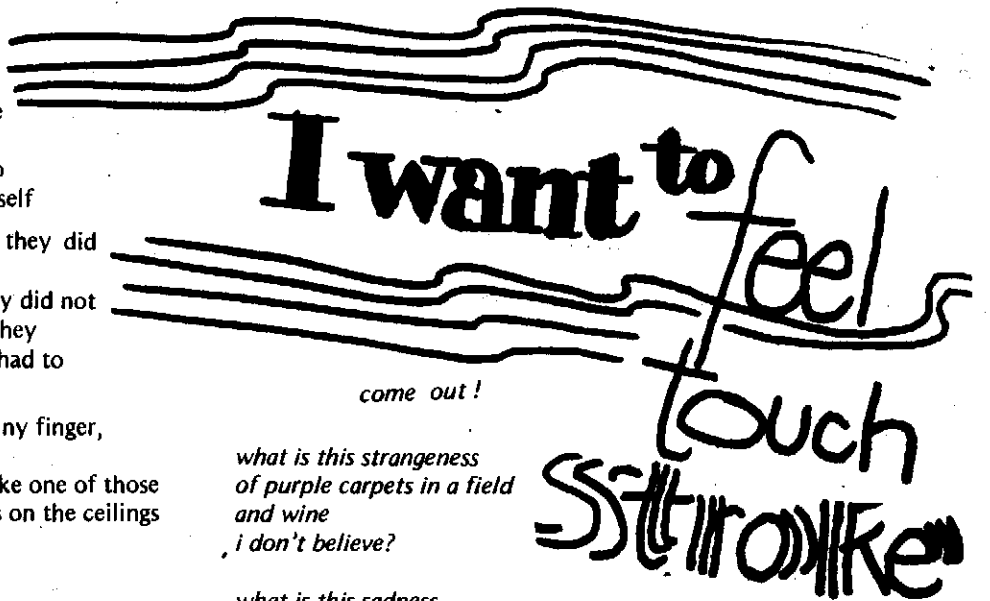
I fell to the floor in a cold pile of warm flesh. Ages passed in front of me. They pressed cold clothes to my head, and I awoke in a shiver of cold towels. What is wrong with him they asked? Where am I? I asked. The room continued to revolve.

He is too sensitive, they said.

I cannot pierce the face. The eyes move. I cannot tell the difference between him and a self-animated doll. I want him to speak to me, I want him to talk to me, at least to calm me down and assure me that he is not a part of an old dream. He ceases to exist. He is just an old joke. The puppet will leave me. I am tired and want to sleep until the next day's dying.

Fantasy, fantasy, fantasy, music to jerk off by. The fantasy becomes real and it is now a lie.

Perry Brass



come out!

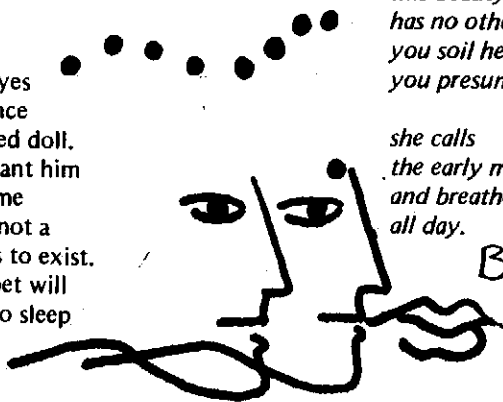
what is this strangeness of purple carpets in a field and wine I don't believe?

what is this sadness of a promise broken? your house is furnished with denials.

this beauty has no other beauty you soil her goodness you presume.

she calls the early morning for your touch and breathes for you all day.

Bohdan L.



Be glad for the War.

Be glad for the War. Be glad that a war is going on so that men can no longer ignore the beast of male-chauvinis, prowling inside of them, gnawing at their insides erupting in old-fashioned, normal, good-natured destruction so that people can no longer ignore the insanity of capitalism instead of shoveling it under the rug like they did in the decade of the 50's so that they can no longer jail and cage anyone who dares to escape the prisons: back to BUSINESS as usual, back to everything in its own time back to a time and a place for everything, back to lobotomy back to Librium, back to coffee breaks, back to If you don't THINK about it it doesn't hurt, back to ALL-AMERICAN BOY, ALL-AMERICAN GIRL, back to faggot-faces waiting, staring. waiting, staring in little bars in back-to-back allies.

Be glad for the War. Be glad that a war is going on that is the pit of our insanity open for the floods of revolution.

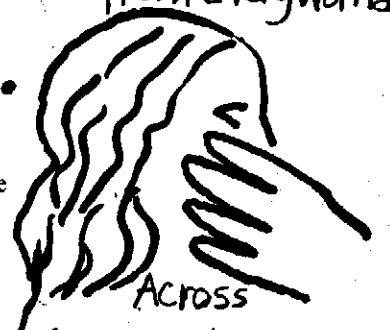
Perry Brass

what really happened was

I wanted love uninhibited motion and without deceit, but you were weak and wanted love as one would seek toothpaste a towel a place to sleep. things to borrow but not to keep. a durable arrangement. Easy. like visiting a vacant cell. your version of enduring. my vision of hell.

patricia wheeler chase

from "Everywoman"



Across

1. _____ noir
5. Spanish nuclear family sexist
10. have a gay time
14. Black Sea gulf
15. European country
16. Jai _____, Mexican game
17. part of GLF
20. Mirna _____
21. misfortunes
22. fungus attacking rye
23. _____ of lovers
24. nimbus
26. produced by 22a
29. what to do with love juice
32. elephant-ear plant
33. gain admission
34. Ode _____ Grecian Urn
36. goal of 56a
40. deep recess
41. to us (Latin)
42. hip bones
43. assault
45. moves thru the air (Old English)
47. small bird
48. je ne sais _____
49. oriental inn
52. unite
53. homosexual, a la francaise
56. people of the highest consciousness
60. Algerian city
61. barnyard fowl
62. less, musically
63. snake sound
64. _____ Unis (Amerika)
65. scheme

he offers me a measure of peace

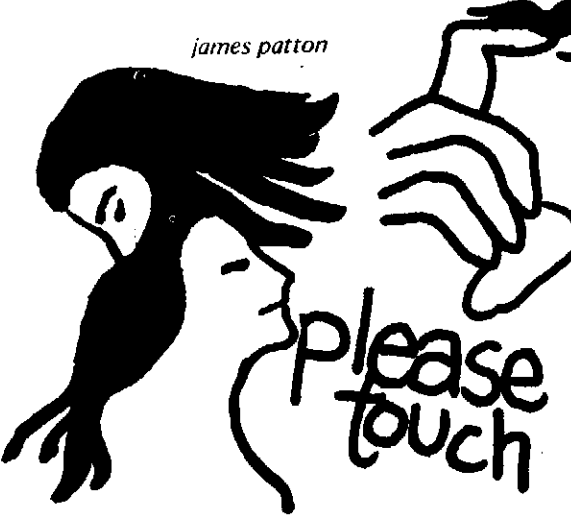
sleeping curled into the center

of his body
I don't dream beyond his arms lips at nape knees contract to be all at night curled into the center of his body sleeping with the entire world at my back curled onto my body dreaming at my back he offers me a measure of peace.

James Patton

DOWN Kiss

1. round plaything
2. _____ Pinza
3. beer jug
4. woman in sexist mythology
5. hymns to a sexist god
6. capably
7. elevated platform
8. nickname for Brazilian city
9. letter of the alphabet
10. bunny treat
11. sleep like _____
12. hand (Italian)
13. British parliamentarian late 18th century
14. laugh (French)
19. cat
23. cock (see 11 down)
24. detests
25. honeybee genus
26. watch your _____, honey
27. French GLF headquarters
28. make a speech
29. open up for
30. useful
31. hypothesize
33. African country
35. oriental nurse
37. pertaining to hardening
38. overcome
39. unlucky Roman numeral
44. two's (poetic)
45. ado's
46. NYU closet queen center
49. signs of a hit play
50. listening devices
51. recommended dietary allowances (abbr.)
52. insect pest
53. Scottish highlander
54. woman's name
55. the joke _____ me
57. chronological state
58. permit
59. fairy



please touch

M. Carol, in the park, chewing on straws

She has taken a woman lover whatever shall we do she has taken a woman lover how lucky it wasnt you And all the day through she smiles and lies and grits her teeth and pretends to be shy, or weak, or busy. Then she goes home and pounds her own nails, makes her own bats, and fixes her own car, with her friend. She goes as far as women can go without protection from men. On weekends, she dreams of becoming a tree; a tree that dreams it is ground up and sent to the paper factory, where it lies helpless in sheets, until it dreams of becoming appaper airplane, and rises on its own current; where it turns into a bird, a great coasting bird that dreams more free, even, than that-- a feather, Finally, or a piece of air with lightning in it. she has taken a woman lover whatever can we say She walks round all day quietly, but underneath it she's obtrid; angry energy inside a passive form. The common woman is as common as a thunderstorm. Judy Grahn Our thanks to L.N.S, the Detroit Gay Liberator and Judy Grahn

GAY Liberation X word

