

gAy PriDe wEeK!

JuNe 18-27, 1971

come
out!

GAY PRIDE WEEK - New York City

Friday, 6/18

GAA - Dance (official opening of GAA Firehouse) 9pm
DOB - "Special Event" - for info. call 475-9870

Saturday, 6/19

GAA - Film "Gypsy" 3:30am; at 7am continental breakfast; "Cabaret: An afternoon of Arts and Pleasures" - in the afternoon
GAA - Dance, 9pm ending with breakfast
DOB - Dance, 8:30pm

Sunday, 6/30 20

DOB - Discussion groups banner & poster making for march, 2pm

gaa -

GAA -

GAA - "Out of the Closets" fashion show, 2pm and 6pm
GAA - Community Night, 8pm

Monday, 6/21

MSNY - Legal Clinic, 243 West End Av., 6-9:30pm
GAA - Rap Happening - 7pm

Tuesday, 6/22

GAA - Play, "Requiem" performed by the Intense Family.

Wednesday, 6/23

Demonstration against YMCAs in New York City, afternoon; contact Peter Ruffet 237-1049.

WSDG - Meeting, topic "Gay Pride", 8pm
GAA - Film "the Battle of Algiers", 8pm

Thursday, 6/24

GAA - Candlelight march to City Hall in support of Clingen Burden bill; 10pm, assemble at 99 Wooster Street

Friday, 6/25

MSNY - Dance, place not set; for further info call 799-0916.

GAA - Housing center, community pot luck

supper (6pm). 2nd birthday party for gay liberation, 9pm.

Saturday, 6/26

CSLDC - All-day Gay Lib Forum, 9-6pm.

Will most likely be at Washington Irving H.S. For latest info. call 242-5273.

DOB - Dance, 8:30pm

GAA - Street Fair on Wooster Street (betw Prince & Spring Sts.)

GAA - Dance (evening - place to be announced)
GAA - Political planning sessions, 10am-12am & 2-4pm.

Sunday, 6/27

CHRISTOPHER STREET LIBERATION

DAY - Assemble on Christopher St (West of 7th Ave.) 12 Noon. Mass march at 2pm up 6th Ave. to Central Park's Sheep Meadow for Gay-In. Bring food to share, musical instruments and love.

GAA - GAA Firehouse open after march.

DOB - COMMUNAL Supper after the march. Bring food.

WBAI - Marathon on Gay Pride - Call Committee for details.

NOTES: All GAA functions will be held at: 99 Wooster St. - 226-8572.

All DOB functions will be held at: 141 Prince St

WSDG meeting will be held at: Community Center, 300 9th Ave. (at 28th St.).

HOUSING

Housing number- 237-1849 (ask for Peter)
Volunteer your house for out of town sisters and brothers.

Information number:

For women: 741-1365

For men: 242-5273

LIST OF PARTICIPATING CITIES

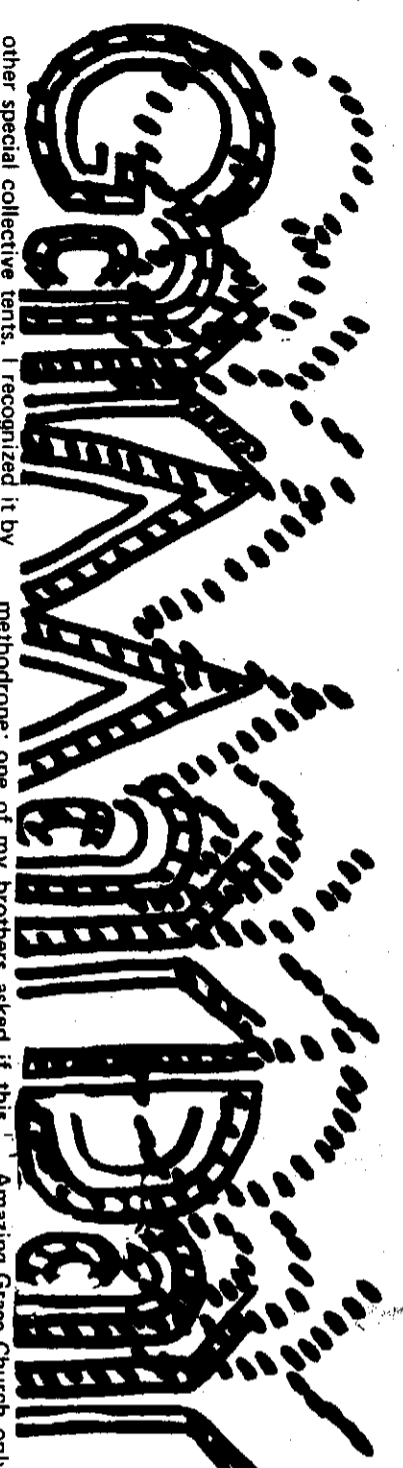
Phoenix, Arizona
Los Angeles
San Jose, Calif
Boston
Chicago Illinois
Bridgeport, Connecticut
Dallas Texas
San Fransisco
Seattle
London
Stockholm
Paris

STONEMWALL!

THE

REMEMBER





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other special collective tents. I recognized it by a few Gay Liberation flags that were really not large enough to be seen above the lines of tents. I wondered how some of our more closeted sisters and brothers could ever find it in that melee of Southern jocks at the concert. I recognized some of the brothers from Washington, Philadelphia, and New York. At first it was just a rush to old faces, new faces, embraces, handshakes and much happiness to be back among people of warmth and feeling. Some of the people back at the 'camp' as we called it had been there all week. They were comfortable there among themselves, dressing in the collection half or full drag or nudity that was most comfortable for them. After a few hours, I ceased to be quite so freaked out by the whole thing. I had met brothers from Texas, Alaska, Mississippi, places and people that freaked me by the contrast of people and consciousnesses. But leaving the camp was an exercise in guerrilla theatre, walking over to the rock concert holding hands brought us back to stares of disbelief and whispers.

The high point of the afternoon was then the women demanded that men there confront their sexism, stop the pigpen sexist songs that had been going on for hours, stop harassing every woman trying to get around the camp not wearing armour. One of the women announced that two sisters had already been gang raped. Most of the assorted jocks and bikers took that as the expected norm. They tried to hoot down the women. Some of them showing off all those secret weapons they carry in their pants. The women went on. On chorus they shouted, "We are Lesbians! We are Lesbians!" A gay sister gave a powerful rap about the reality of gay women's oppression that went over the heads of most of the people there, but the microphone platform had already been surrounded by gay sisters and brothers and other people with some consciousness who right-conned enough to drown out all the usual sexist shit that was coming out of the beach blanket binge set who surrounded the area where the Beach Boys (?) had just sang the puberty praises for California Girls. The last woman to speak asked that the real people there recognize the solidarity of the Revolution with the struggle of Women and Gay People that every one struggle together: "sisters and sisters, brothers and brothers, sisters and brothers, brothers and sisters, sisters and sisters and brothers and sisters and brothers and brothers!"

methodone; one of my brothers asked if this wasn't going to turn into another Altamount: a totally bad trip.

The camp woke up before dawn. Word got around that the permit for the park had been revoked. By 6 o'clock an alternative plan for the Tribe had been devised. This was where my feelings about the whole situation really changed. I couldn't believe how well the whole thing had been planned. An alternative camp for each region had been planned days ago in the expectation that the permit would be revoked. A truck had been rented by the GayMayDay Tribe to take all the heavy equipment over. We were to move in small groups over to Georgetown University. The only question was when to move. A black brother with experience at the Poor Peoples Campaign that had had the same number pulled on them two years ago, convinced us that we had better haul ass immediately even though the trainers on the PA systems told us that we had at least six hours before an official warning period and not to panic. We did not panic, but there was a complete effort to leave in which our togetherness was really incredible. When I got back I couldn't find my bag. I ran back to the truck to find it there. Some one else had picked up my bag while I was putting other people's bags on the truck. This sort of concern was constantly repeated during the weekend.

At Georgetown, the time of getting together really began. The day had changed; the culture freaks were out. The jocks were gone. Our presence as Gay women and men was being felt by the other regions also at GTU who might have amounted to about three thousand. Our presence at GTU was only allowed because the administration wasn't too sure we (all the MayDay Regions) were there. The President of the school was somewhere out of town and a bureaucracy had been set up to make slow decisions in his absence. The majority of students that were visible to us seemed either neutral or a little hostile that their dorms and campus had been invaded by three thousand freaks including 150 homosexuals who were very upfront about it. GTU has a reputation for being a conservative Jesuit university. We streamed through the parking lots singing "When the Gays go marching in", and seemed to find each other through the endless changes of meeting places caused by the rain and presence of campus pigs (one of whom went around with a camera and when asked who he was merely said that he "worked for the University"). Another alternative to GTU had to be found. After weighing several places, brothers who knew Washington cleared it for us to go to

Amazing Grace Church only a few blocks away and very close to our target for Monday. Signs were made for Gay brothers and sisters to go out of the University, I overheard two brothers asking some one where the Gay region was meeting. I went over to them and told them where we were going. They told me that they wanted to join us. I was very happy, hoping that they were just coming out because of the strength that our being there had given them. Then they told me that they were straight but that they had heard that the Gay Tribe was the "move together group here." They asked if we would mind having them; I said that I could not speak for everybody but I "wouldn't..."

"You mean you wouldn't mind?"
"No," I said, "I wouldn't want it. I think we have enough to work on without worrying about offending straight men."
"But nothing you could do would offend us. We've lived with Gay people before."
"So have I."
"We didn't mean it that way."
"Why don't you go back to your brothers and talk with them and try to work on their sexism."
"We can't," he said, "They won't even give us a chance to speak. Every time some one says something everybody else accuses him of being on an ego trip or of being a pig. Or else, everybody tries to be a leader at once."
They seemed very surprised that we might reject them. I wondered why it was so impossible for them to drop some of those straight male privileges and just say that they, too, were gay. That they too are as oppressed as we are. If all Women in Women's Liberation are Lesbians who can't all men drop their clubs and become homosexuals (drop their faggots, the sticks that used to burn us at the stake). But they've got to be MEN.

The meeting at the Church was really beautiful. There was no jockeying for leadership because most of us didn't know what we were doing and were looking for anyone to lead us. We listened to a sister tell us about the Women's march that had been come down upon by pigs on cycles that could scoot between marchers,



run up sidewalks, up hills, over grass. We talked about tactics of police harassment as opposed to "straight classic civil disobedience". Since most homosexuals have lived whole lives of "civil disobedience", have illegalized lives, have been harassed by the pigs always and have known jails like straight middle-class radicals will never know (in jail all freaks are faggots but faggots are really faggots and the pigs know it, maryl! The same way that they know black people, not to even mention our own black sisters and brothers.). So there was no great enthusiasm to do "classic civil disobedience" which very much upset some of our people but did not split us apart.

We wondered how we could confront the fear in us. For some people fear had to be looked and dealt with. They could not just go out there the next morning and get their eads cllobbered and wonder what happened. They had to prepare themselves for it. Other people just freaked at the thought of fear and wanted to go out the next morning and face it as it came. Even after hearing the sister speak about the Women's march, even after seeing bandages prepared, and seeing medical people (who also shared the charch) getting their things together, I still could not be afraid. I just couldn't comprehend what was happening. All I felt was really queazy anxiety and looking at my sisters and brothers and feeling how could anyone want to hurt them, they were so beautiful? But I had really just removed myself from the situation which even on a physical level I couldn't take. I asked one of my brothers who had been in Viet Nam what it was like "waiting" and he said it was the way we felt that night. There was a great necessity not to become hysterical even though there were four pigs to a block in Georgetown, there were bus loads of pigs on corners, Civil Defense Units were riding through every, so often and things were looking quite "heavy".

That night in the sanctuary of Amazing Grace, which had been staked out for us to sleep in, I stayed up for a while and listened to people talking about the Gay Movement as it has appeared all over the country. It was very astounding for me to realize that what became very much of my life was now a part of many people's lives. Gay Liberation was indeed something that to many people in cities other than New York and Los Angeles and San Francisco- cities that have long offered some sort of nominal protection to Gay Chicago and Albany and Buffalo and in small people who could pay for it, but in cities like towns in Kansas and Texas, was a real part of people's lives. Jose from the Washington commune occasionally interrupted by giving us briefings on the situation outside. He had been our liaison with the MayDay Collective. It had been decided at a Collective Meeting to start making rip-off calls to every underground media possible to let people outside of the city know that Washington was now an occupied city.

We were awakened the next morning at 4:30. It was really difficult getting up at that hour to face a bunch of pigs. Really up before breakfast as they say in the South. We had a last minute conference, and tried to calm ourselves about rumors- some of which were that the pigs had surrounded the church and would get us as we left the door.; that Georgetown University had been invaded by pigs who had mass arrested everyone before they had had any chance to get

out to their targets; that armies of pigs would be waiting at each target. But we had no way of knowing if these were the situations. Before leaving, everyone in the church, Gays and church men, everyone there linked arms and hands to pray for a peaceful day of civil disobedience. Feeling this great circle, feeling vibrations of OOOOmmmmmm, and hearing give peace a chance (knowing that there was very little chance and that my sisters and brothers were putting their selves on the line in a society that still does not recognize their existence?) I thought I was going to break out and cry. We left the church in affinity groups of four and five.

We were supposed to sneak up to Rock Creek Parkway and wait in the brush near there for our other sisters and brothers. We found some bushes near the bridge over the part that we were to hold. A few minutes later more people joined us, we got out of the brush and found several cars of cruising pigs waiting. We could not be seen in a large group so we had to mill some until the pigs left and we could gather some strength down by the target. The pigs were already starting to jump down on any group of more than two that stayed put for more than a second. They were using the cycles that they had used the day before at the Women's march and gas was already out there at a little after sex. Somehow though they left our target and we were able to scramble down the ravine that sided the parkway and get down onto the parkway. The first few cars knew what it was all about. But within a few minutes (and I mean very few) we were able to stop up some traffic. I think we were able to hold the Parkway for about seven to ten minutes before the police helicopter above sent a few magical words to the minions of justice underneath who came up like fat mushrooms. We immediately pulled our way up the ravine again with the pigs scrambling behind us. Luckily for many people that day who had to use their feet a lot, the Washington pigs are very overfed and not used to using their feet for other purposes than kicking ass when they can (which they did a lot of that day!).

