

# gay flames

ISSUE ONE

A BULLETIN OF THE HOMOFIRE MOVEMENT

SEPT. 1, 197

## WE'RE FIGHTING BACK!

For most of our lives, we have been forced to stay hidden. Even if we come out of the closet, we stay in the Village or in other places set aside for gay people. As long as we're not obvious, the straights who rule this country allow us to exist. But every once and a while they decide to clean us up and chase us off the streets. This month has been one of those times. But something is different now in the way gay people react. Since the Stonewall Riot, gays have been moving. Saturday night, we made one of our biggest moves yet.

Forty-second street is one of our places. But the pigs had been busting us there for the past few weeks. So GLF, Radical Lesbians, the Third World Gay Revolution, and GAA got together for a demonstration. No one knew how many would show, if the pigs would come down heavy, or if the straights would harrass us; but we knew that if we didn't get ourselves out on that street, there would be no end to the pigs actions. So we went. And 550 people marched down forty-second and back and around again. Chanting G-A-Y P-O-W-E-R; Hey Hey Whatta You Say, Try It Once The Other Way; and others. The straights and pigs were too stunned by our strength and power to do anything but watch and read our leaflets.

We left forty-second and went down to the 35th St. pig station that had done the harrassment. We shouted at them for a while. From there, we weren't sure where to go: back to 42nd street or down to the Village. Finally we decided to go down to Christopher. As we walked along 34th, we shouted "Out of the Showers and into the Streets" at the YMCA. A block later three brothers were hit by bottles from nearby buildings. One had to go to the hospital, but he was soon back with us.

We marched on down Seventh Ave., growing more confident as we went. We stopped marching two by two as the pigs had told us to. We crossed against the lights. Everything had to get out of the way for the united gay people.

We started talking about where to go in the Village. Some wanted to go straight to Sheridan Square, talk for a while, and then go back to our closets or into the exploiting bars. But most of us wanted this night to end on an accent of power. So we thought we could march around the Women's House of Detention, the biggest pig institution in the Village. By the time we got to Greenwich Ave., almost everyone was shouting, "Unity: House of D."

The people on the streets must have been surprised to see us coming. A lot stood around and watched, unsure of what we were doing or whether they wanted to get involved. And we had long since run out of leaflets which could have explained.

**- fight -**

But many did join as we chanted "Hey Hey Ho Ho, House of D has Got to Go" and "Free Our Sisters, Free Ourselves." We wanted to let the women there, both gay and straight, that we support them since their "crimes" against sexist AmeriKKKan institutions are as much political acts as was our march.

Some people started running down Christopher toward Sheridan Square, banners and flags flying. When we got there, we heard a rumor that the Haven had been raided. Coming on the heels of a lot of raids in the past few weeks, we believed it and went over. There didn't seem to be anything happening so we were about to leave, but then the pigs came at us with billy clubs flying. They drove us back to the square like so many cattle. There we heard that a riot had started in the House of D, so we went running over there. We marched around again, but couldn't tell what was happening. (Later we learned that things were burned on two floors.)

Eighth Street was the next target. Lindsay had closed it off to traffic to attract more tourist money, but we made it a gay street instead. We did a big circle dance with about fifty people, and otherwise outraged the midwesterners who had come to see "Fun City." At midnight, Lindsay's boys came to open the street back to the exhaust fumes, but we were having too much fun to let them.

At about this point we could see burning material coming out of the windows of the House of D, so we went back over there, leaving enough people to hold the street. We shouted "Burn it Down" and "Nine Seven Five Three, Liberate the House od D." The women shouted "Let Us Out." We can't do that yet, but someday .....

The pigs decided to clear the streets. They drove us up on the sidewalks and then off the square entirely and back to Eighth Street. There, a couple of bottles came down on top of us, at least one thrown by a pig who was stationed on a roof. One black brother was viciously beaten without apparent reason, and his blood stained the street. Various people smeared his blood on their faces to let the pigs know we would not forget.

People started returning the bottles to the pigs -- through the air of course. An undercover pig grabbed one brother out of the crowd and several of them started beating on him. Two gays rushed out to help him and got attacked themselves. Meanwhile, some people took advantage of the occupied pigs and looted a record store. The pigs then cleared the street, arresting several people.

The action now moved back to Christopher, where people started running and breaking windows and taking jewelry and such. Two cars were overturned. GAY RAGE, held back for two long, was breaking out all over.

By time it was quiet, about eighteen arrests had been made, six pigs and two people were injured. In the police station, some of those arrested were brutally beaten and others left alone, depending entirely on the whim of the pig who made the arrest. GLF's lawyer was there to help anyone busted in the demonstration. He did all he could, despite the harrassment the pigs gave him. Only three people had bail set, \$500 each. They are all out now thanks to a depleted GLF Community Center fund. (We'll need your help in getting more bread soon!)

## NYU Bows to GAY RAGE

We won! We took Weinstein Hall for our dance. And it was the hundreds of gays who marched and chanted and sang who did it. The closet brother sent by the administration had no choice but to give in, even thought it could cost him his job. He knew that if he did not, we would act for ourselves. He could read it in our faces and in the noise that we made. The fear of GAY POWER was being felt in the offices of NYU.

It began when the Christopher Street Liberation Day Committee booked the hall for a series of five dances. The student governing board made the arrangements. But after two of the Gay! dances, the administration freaked out -- Dean Whiteman in particular. They told the committee that they could have one more but the fourth and fifth would have to go. The committee went ahead with the third dance and asked the Gay Student Liberation if they'd like to sponsor the fourth since the publicity was already out. GSL agreed and went to the administration. For any other chartered student group, it would have been automatic, but these people were homosexuals and for the Deans that was a horse of a different sex.

The up-tight straights said NO! Such a dance would harm the "morals" of their student body. Morals! To them, homosexuals are "immoral" by our very existence. Well, I don't believe in morality myself, but I'm sure not going to stand for some stuffy-headed dean telling me I can't dance on "his" campus just because I want to dance with someone who's got the same "equipment" as me. Fuck that!

So we made some posters: "NYU is a Sexist Plot," "This Means GAY WAR," and so on. And we trotted on over to the hall. A lot of us. And hundreds more came for the dance and found out what was happening. And we all started marching.

About 9:30 the City Pigs arrived. There wasn't too much they could do except block off University Place. In fact, they played it pretty cool. (Must have thought we were all students --- not "just" people off the streets.) The Kampus Kops were pretty up-tight and they called around until they got Mr. Hogg. Supposedly, he was the highest NYU man in town. The Kops told him that the weather was threatening and so he trotted out of his closet to see if he could avert the thunderstorm.

About 20 of us went on over to Dean Whiteman's office. Hogg asked who represented us and we told him it was all or none. We went on in to the plushly carpeted office. Hogg tried to "reason" with us, like the sweet liberal he was. But 6000 years of persecution has turned gay people off to reason and this movement is not "reasonable" any more.

We told him it was Weinstein Hall or stormy weather. He looked at us and he knew we meant it. We weren't hiding in our closets and we had a foot wedged in his. So, after a little while, he gave in and said we'd have it. We ran back over and told the people who were still marching the news. Another win for GAY POWER. We have met the enemy and the hall is ours!

We had to wait a while until the Kops found the key, but we got in. Then a brother went off to get a stereo. And other sisters and brothers went for ice and beer. We danced even without the music. And we rapped with each other. Everyone was just about as stoned as we'd been on June 28.

## To Serve The Community

Gay Flames is meant to give the gay community news of itself which it can't find in other places. We plan to publish weekly so as to give you the news and our views on it as soon as possible. The Gay Flames people are all Gay Liberation Front males, but we do not represent GLF in any way. We speak only as one group within the organization. We are directed basically toward gay males, although we hope to be relevant to females as well.

We are gay and this society oppresses us for that reason. We feel that the only way we can become liberated is through revolution. The revolution we seek is not to replace one bureaucratic monster with another, but to give all power to the people and gay power to the gay people. Gay Flames will serve the gay community of NYC by letting you know the truth of what's happening: truth you can't get in the Times, News, Post, or even in Gay. Serving the people means we want to hear from you if you think we're fucking up. We aren't too experienced at this, so we need your help. Call us at 691-0166. (We're trying to get a P.O. Box.)

We take our name from the words "flaming faggots." We are faggots and we are flaming with rage. Rage at those who have put down gay sisters and brothers for too long. Rage at those who tied us together like a bundle of sticks (faggots) and set us afire. Rage at those who still put us down and try to make us hide or keep in our "place."

Today gay flames do not come from the matches of the church, the state, or the capitalistic businessmen. We are burning from within and our flames will light the path of our liberation.

GAY POWER TO THE GAY PEOPLE!!!!

## VIEWS

Gay people were in the streets last weekend. Not since the Stonewall Riots of the summer of 1969 has the New York gay community come out with such strength, anger, and pride. The marches and insurrections are scaring the shit out of the smug, heterosexual oppressors who thought we were weak, scared, and ashamed. Why did it happen?

The answers are clear. Because the pigs are occupying our community, putting us in jail without cause, chasing us off our streets, raiding our bars. Because straight society daily insults us, calls us names, denies us any freedom to live our lives as we wish, all the time calling us sick and immoral -- as if its wars, its racism, its oppression of women and the poor were sane and moral. Because the time has come when the gay people of New York have begun to realize that by getting together we can stand up against the straights and their pigs and demand the power to determine how we live.

The pigs underestimate us if they think we will be satisfied with a few dark bars, a few streets, and a few bushes in a park. We demand the liberation of the whole of New York City, of the whole of society. The time has come when not a single straight person in this city will feel secure in his home or school or business until every gay sister and brother is FREE.

GAY POWER TO THE GAY COMMUNITY!!!

TO LOVE WE MUST FIGHT!!!!