



**Before the invention of Bench clothing lesbians were often branded as witches. Maybe the Pink Pound isn't so bad after all.**

The Daily Snail

Boris Johnson has booked a wide variety of musical talents for London Pride, that reflect the diversity and interest of the gay community. However, to appease taxpayers who are footing the bill for big names like Tina Cousins and the guy from AI, he attempted to make a few changes.

Unfortunately the Musical Grasshopper turned out to be more expensive than Scooch.



THE MUSICAL GRASSHOPPER.

All comments, rants, praise or legal writs for transcending / wholly ignoring copyright law should go to the following address: pauly\_rah@hotmail.com

Heather's D =

Smalls =

*Celebrating the bite of Pride. Boris doesn't want you to see.*



Stonewall Was A Riot + some

As Pride 2009 marks the 40<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the Stonewall riots, we thought a little historical and political context might be in order at this year's party. The official organisers of London's Pride march aren't quite so keen. At the event's reception at City Hall many political voices from the gay community, most noticeably rights campaigner Peter Tatchell, were left off the list. Voices that seem to be welcome at Pride this year are those which don't challenge corporate agenda too much. Could this be due to a conflict of interest with their corporate sponsors?

Whatever the reasoning we thought we'd save the poor dears the trouble of dusting off the history book (looking at Wikipedia) and had a go and ourselves. So we've tried to give a brief description of what happened early one morning in a New York City dive all those years ago.

We feel it's important that a movement with its roots in activism and a right to be different should resist attempts to sanitise its political dimensions and create a marketable demographic. We feel LGBTQ people have a duty to acknowledge those who went before and inspire youth with idea that we can change things through direct action. We have a long history of that to be proud of. If we're not going to shout about it, who is?

## What was Stonewall?..

In 1969, the Stonewall Inn was a far cry from the plasma-screen paradises we're used to visiting now. It had no running water, no fire exits, drinks were over-priced and watered down, and the toilets overflowed regularly (okay so some things never change). It was run by the Mafia who made weekly pay-offs to the police who in turn would tip them off about any upcoming raids.



As Stonewall was the only gay bar in the city where dancing was allowed it attracted a diverse mix of gay people from across New York. The clientele was largely male but lesbians often visited too. In all it was a colourful assortment of black, white and Hispanics, drag queens who inhabited the smaller room at the back, and street kids who tried to gain entrance in the hope of being bought a drink.

During an average raid the black pulsing lights of the dance floor would be switched to regular white light which signalled that everyone should stop dancing or touching. Police would confiscate the alcohol, and arrest anyone without ID or in full drag. Female officers would take those dressed as women to the toilets to verify their gender.



## PISS WITH PRIDE! AL FRESCO PISSING IS A FEMINIST ACT.



Ladies! For centuries men have been able to wee freely, on any street corner that takes their fancy.

We have been condemned to a life shut away behind closed doors, squatting in fear and oppression.

And even so-called emancipated women- those who can wear bodyform and use a fax machine- even these very modern creatures- are still shy of performance pissing!

My own proclivity for outdoor pissing may have been borne out of a weak bladder and a philosophy that life's too short to queue. When you're watching a gig or at a festival, who wants to miss half of electric light orchestra because you're queuing for a portaloos? Far better to hitch up your skirts and sit down for a quick, efficient outdoor wizz. However, as time's gone on, I've realized that MANY young women are VERY scared to do the same. NO! I say! Men aren't held back by the tyranny of the queue! They do their business and whip out again! Men don't have to walk for miles to find a public facility! They find a wall or hedge! And we must do the same! Reclaim the streets!

"But...." They say. "But....."

"It'll go all over my feet"!

Like many things in life, such as piano forte and oral sex, your success comes down to practice. You'll find the right angle. Stay low to the ground and point your molly backwards.

"They'll all see my fanny"!

Use the cover of a hedge/ darkness/ bushes/ a wall, if you can. If anyone disturbs you, fear not. Try and carry on with your wee as best you can. In my experience 90% of people will look away, embarrassed. A small minority may jeer and catcall but once you've pulled your pants up you can deal with them in your own way. I favour a witty repartee, but violence is of course acceptable.

"I feel vulnerable"

This is where the use of a Pissing Partner comes in. Sisterhood has never felt truer than in this remarkable act of female solidarity. You and a friend (or lover) take turns to wee, 'covering' each other and taking care not to tread in the tributary rivers. It's a special bond you'll always share, and it can be useful if the wee is in a slightly illegal place, as one acts as a look-out. "It's the rozzers- scarpers!"

If all this still seems too much, and the squatting position too undignified, you may of course invest in a she-pee or she-wee which allows you to urinate in standing position. However you do it, once you take the brave step of being a proud pisser, you will no longer look at the world in the same way. You will start to think fondly of memorable wee-wees, and see them as adventures- anecdotes even. So BE BOLD! Be PROUD! And wee, wee, wee, to make women free. DON'T BE A HATER, BE A URINATOR. Peace.

x



And now a word from our sponsors

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This summer take a well-earned break from double clicking the mouse and swap your flaptula for a spatula with our great new product! Our GaydarGrill is the must-have item for every homosexual, not just foodie fags and deli dykes. It's an essential component of any gay lifestyle.



Soon you'll forget how you ever flipped a furburger without it!

Meanwhile, across town, on the wrong side of the tracks...



**Saz was distraught. Being unable to afford the GaydarGrill meant only one thing: she'd have to go back to cock.**



*So what happened? =*

The raid on Stonewall at lam on Saturday June 28th 1969 did not go as planned. The clientele, approx 200 people, refused to produce their ID, or to be searched by the officers. In response the police decided to take everyone present to the station. The sense of unrest was added to by officers who were inappropriately touching some of the lesbians when frisking them. Whilst waiting for more patrol wagons to arrive a crowd gathered outside and began to cheer the limp-wristed camaraderie and antagonistic hair-primping of the patrons. There were further cheers when the mafia bar staff were arrested. Chants of gay power began and soon coins and bottles were hurled. Some sources suggest the explosive moment came when a gay lady of the more masculine persuasion was hit on the head with a club and manhandled into a van for complaining her handcuffs were too tight.



The commotion attracted more people and the crowd grew to around 600 causing a full scale riot to break on the streets surrounding the bar. A police task force was deployed to clear the streets of angry protesters which was only achieved around 4am.

Despite claims that Stonewall was a planned riot in reality it was a spontaneous uprising due to a growing sense of discontent. As Michael Fader explains:

*We all had a collective feeling like we'd had enough of this kind of shit. It wasn't anything tangible anybody said to anyone else, it was just kind of like everything over the years had come to a head on that one particular night in the one particular place, and it was not an organized demonstration.... Everyone in the crowd felt that we were never going to go back. It was like the last straw. It was time to reclaim something that had always been taken from us.... All kinds of people, all different reasons, but mostly it was total outrage, anger, sorrow, everything combined, and everything just kind of ran its course. It was the police who were doing most of the destruction. We were really trying to get back in and break free. And we felt that we had freedom at last, or freedom to at least show that we demanded freedom. We weren't going to be walking meekly in the night and letting them shove us around it's like standing your ground for the first time and in a really strong way, and that's what caught the police by surprise. There was something in the air, freedom a long time overdue, and we're going to fight for it. It took different forms, but the bottom line was, we weren't going to go away. And we didn't.*

*It's this sense of unity in the face of =  
injustice that we celebrate every year =  
This is what Pride is really about =*

*So what's up with Pride today?, Why are we pissed off?*

No, it's not that time of the month! The first pride in UK was attended by 700 people and was both a party and a political celebration of Stonewall and the gay rights movement that came from it. Today the organisers of Pride seem to feel that politics and partying are mutually exclusive. We don't agree. Pride is a chance to celebrate the huge gains made by LGBTQ people over the last 40 years.

We've come a long way, but we're not there yet. Homosexuality isn't illegal in this country anymore but there are still injustices. For example civil partnership is a step in the right direction but it's not the same as marriage, our government routinely sends LGBTQ refugees home to their deaths, and homophobic bullying is routinely dismissed.

London has a great gay scene which is as diverse as its inhabitants, but it's not like this across the whole of the UK, let alone the world. It's easy to forget, as we're happily dancing in our specifically catered niche, that there are still things to fight for.

We want to party like everyone else but we also feel it's important to include these political debates. Emma Goldman, an early 20<sup>th</sup> Century anarchist, put it best when she said:

**A revolution without dancing is not worth having!**

And with that in mind, here are some silly bits