



Character:

There was a lot of unhappy people like myself with no homes, no jobs, you know. There was a lot of suicides, young people killing themselves, people ending up in prison or with a drug problem. These were all gay people now yeah? We felt safe in The Union. It was a right dive but it was our dive. You felt safe in there. Because the minute you stepped out of The Union and onto the street you had to run for your life between pubs and clubs because of all the queer bashers, as they were called, and the police at that time.

None of us knew what to do or how we could change anything. We were a mess. I had things going on in my head thinking – this has to change. This HAS to change – because we were losing too many young people. It was starting to get me down, so when I heard the conversation at the table in The Union one night about the Gay Liberation Front – well I didn't know what liberation was! I knew nothing about politics. Nothing about nothing. So, when I heard my friend Angela talking about all this gay liberation stuff I asked her – could I join?

You either had to be butch or femme in those days. Well I had to go for butch love because I looked ridiculous in a skirt! It's not that I was very mannish or anything, I just never felt like wearing high heels and a skirt.