



Character:

All of this anger, I wouldn't say hatred, but this anger came out. All of a sudden, and without any precedent, leaders arose. The toughest drag queens took control. This one queen whom I admired was up on the Stonewall window egging us on with this firm face. I had never seen a face like that with such intensity, and don't forget they were very poor queens. She jumped down, grabbed a parking meter, a number of people helped as the police ran in to the bar and closed the bar, and started ramming the door to smash it.

Another gay guy, I don't know how he got it, I thought he was peeing on the door as an insult because he was spraying up and down, but it was lighting fluid and he nonchalantly lit a match, threw it over his shoulder and the door went up. The police were inside, nobody thought if there were any gay people inside. You see, and you react, that's what happened. I don't think there were many gay people inside because they were all taken away in the paddy wagons.

The adrenalin and the need to react to this invasion was very important and somehow, we all realised that the most important thing was to keep it going. You see, we were always attacked, it was a city sport to attack gay people, and we always knew how to regroup and get together again once we'd scattered.