

MIAMI MEEMIES

Just a red hot-bed

by Angela Keyes Douglas

Scene: A meeting of activists in Miami, Florida, held at the Center for Dialogue, 2175 N.W. 26th Street, to discuss ways and means of dealing with the unpredictable number of people who are expected to come to the Miami area not for sun and fun and cocaine and Jamaican and Columbian marijuana but to demonstrate at the Democratic convention, and may be attend the Peoples' Party convention -- which is to be held shortly after the Democrats get together.

Other sisters are discussing child care, etc. etc. The C.F.D. seems to try and suck people into a Jesus trip by any way necessary.

Shortly before this, the gay-oriented Metropolitan Community Church held memorial services for a gay bartender who had been shot to death when he tried to break up a fight between his gay customers and some straights who had invaded the bar; after the memorial was over, the well-dressed gays socialized among each other for an hour then drove off in spotless cars....

From the bathroom window one can look out over the city of Miami, glittering in the warm night, half-asleep, waiting, peacefully waiting.

SCENE: A Krishna Consciousness ashram in Coconut Grove on Mary Street, where the female devotees serve Lord Caitanya-Krishna faithfully and unquestioningly. The president of the ashram is on the phone, calling a doctor as he has the flu.

The Krishna devotees have been busted six times or so in Miami, especially when they visit Miami

sess "male genitalia" and "female impersonators" aren't permitted to do their thing, including stage performances...where a prep transsexual runs a bar and tries to get male-to-female transsexuals to perform on stage in masculine attire. Unreal.

"We'll have a breast-in, down Collins Avenue. Topless. Since they say we're men we don't have to wear shirts!" One of the kids has a brilliant idea which we discuss as we drive along.

We stop for gas, and one of them tries to be butch and pops off the radiator cap, and is, of course, scalded; her face, neck and one of her breasts burned badly. Someone produces a jar of Vaseline and we give her first aid in the men's room of the gas station (every cop in Miami spends his time watching the bathrooms, so transsexuals won't use the ladies' rooms.)

Her tears are not so much those of physical pain as those of psychic agony and frustration. She is taken off to a hospital where twenty doctors will poke and prod her and write insightful reports...

SCENE: Outside of Lum's family restaurant in the Grove, holding a huge balloon with the words "gay liberation" written on it in lipstick, while the Black transvestite balloon-owner wanders around inside the place...a faggot walks by, thirtyish, shorthaired, and pops it with a lit cigarette. I call him a straight son of a bitch and he looks insulted.

Coconut Grove, tiny Berkeleyish ghetto in Miami, everyone is playing Telegraph Avenue, selling dope, sex, hardly any leaflets, no demonstrations. Heaviest radical trip is a vamp on Pepsi-Cola for polluting a canal.

The people from the north and midwest and west come to Miami and go to the switchboard and look

is cooling it. Dealing. Jiving. Waiting. And I wonder why it's the only place I can go and strangers walk up to me and say hello like human beings...

SCENE: Several thousand Cuban refugees holding a demonstration in downtown Miami, protesting the seizure of a fishing boat by the Cuban government. United, strong, uptight. A vocal minority out in the streets, they say there are 500,000 Cuban refugees in the Miami area now...I'm walking/hitching through the Cuban section in Miami, SW 8th Street, and the macho dudes drive by and call me to them, freaking out when I curse them in gutter Spanish. One dude yells "fuck you" and drives off then comes back and says he'll give me a ride if I'll fuck, and if I don't he'll run me over...

SCENE: One million demonstrators in Miami. The Goodyear blimp has been seized and is flying above the convention hall with electric patterns of "off the ruling class" on its sides instead of "welcome to the Gold Coast". The Orange Bowl is filled with freaks, including the assholes who used to drive around in Volkswagens with "I'm a Dolfan" bumperstickers...

One hundred thousand protestors chained and locked in the Orange Bowl while a group of elderly Jews counterdemonstrate at the gates with signs reading Dachau and Auschwitz. The Cuban refugees demonstrating in support. And Muskie, Humphrey, Kennedy, Hartke, Lindsay, McCarthy are in a helicopter with a public address hookup blaring "our names rhyme! Isn't that far out!"

Elvis Presley declares himself a candidate at the last minute, and a Presley-Wallace ticket results. Elvis, wearing his narc badge and an ermine floor-length cape, rides across the McArthur Causeway to the Orange Bowl on a palomino, with McGovern and Jackson (Secretary of the Treasury and Defense, respectively) following in a desegregated schoolbus made in Tokyo by Datsun especially for the occasion chanting nam-myoho-enge-kyo, arriving at the Orange Bowl just as the ghosts of John and Bobby Kennedy and Martin Luther King materialize above it with blood and brains oozing out of their skulls, singing "It's just a shot away" accompanied by Jimi Hendrix on steel drum.

"Gay militants are organizing throughout the country to zap both conventions," said the dude at the Center for Dialogue meeting. "The Gay Activists Alliance recently held a Kill Lindsay Day in New York. Gays east of the Mississippi will zap the Miami convention. West of the river -- the San Diego convention. Gay issues will be forced before the candidates and the world!"

The Gay Activists Alliance formed a chapter in Miami recently. San Diego might survive the convention and the demonstrations. It's doubtful if Miami will, the raise in consciousness alone might cause it to sink into the ocean, with the sound of one claphanding.



Miami Beach police chief Rocky Pomerance feels that no more than 5,000 demonstrators will show up.

The Center for Dialogue is an institutionalized "movement" center where drug crisis help, a switchboard, etc., are functioning -- located in a section of a Cuban church. The Young Socialists Alliance, the National Organization for Women and other groups meet there on occasion.

About 20 people were in attendance, all Caucasians, mostly males. Suggestions concerned providing food, housing, communications (one group calling itself the Miami Liberation Front is issuing a regular "Weather Report" concerning the condition of the movement in Miami) and a great deal of effort was made to impress those present that violence must be prevented during the demonstrations.

One of the radical tornadoes from the northern cities was present, a gay militant, who disrupted the meeting with charges that the Miami movement was "straight white male dominated" and that gays could not and should not work with any Miami effort.

"Miami sucks. I've heard that said at least fifty times since I came here. Miami sucks, the ultimate put down. We happen to like to suck cocks," he says, then explodes all over them.

A moment of silence, then a woman shouts "this is ridiculous. The important thing is for us to get together and ELECT THE BEST MAN."

We were stunned, THE BEST MAN? The candidacy of Shirley Chisholm has almost gone unnoticed in Miami. A number of Miami "radicals" -- white males, of course, talk about her "probably being a lousy fuck anyway". A few "Shirley Chisholm for President" signs can be seen in the city, but not many. She isn't being taken seriously, even by most of the feminists in the area. One of the higher ranking members of a Miami feminist group feels her duty is to "develop more support for Richard Nixon".

Bullet holes stretch across the walls of the Center for Dialogue's lower rooms; no one has ever discovered who it was that pumped them into the building a year or so ago -- not long before Al Featherston, head of the Black Afro Militant Movement (BAMM) went to prison, turned in by a comrade soul brother who also happened to be an FBI informant -- before Featherston left the Center behind where his letters from jail are tacked neatly on the bulletin board and BAMM is no more.

A NOW meeting is going on in the church; sister sitting in the pews before a mural of Jesus!

Another suggestion to provide housing. Parks and beaches. Someone mentions that the football stadiums, horsetracks will become concentration camps. Someone says the national guard and the Air Force will provide blankets and food.

Scene: Off the shores of one of the tiny islands near Dinner Key marina in the Coconut Grove area, where twenty or so wind-powered ships lay anchored. The counterculture has taken to the sea. The

Beach to proselytize.

ACLU attorney Lou Beller is representing them in a Miami Federal court, where they chant and sing and dance as part of their defense testimony.

SCENE: A block away from Miami's only surviving alternative publication, halted for the fifth or sixth time by Miami police, asked if I'm enroute to a masquerade party. "Transsexual. T-r-a-n-s-s-e-x-u-a-l. Sex change. Here's my papers." They're off balance



movement has a navy, anchored half a mile from the marina so the city won't get dock rent. A hundred homeless people moved onto one of the islands, and they say the Coast Guard sailed up, poked a few cannons at them and gave them a few hours to leave or be blasted into oblivion.

A Miami police boat sails by. Miami Beach is an island, connected to the mainland by several causeway-bridges; easily secured. By land. But by sea...

"It's going to be unreal. Ten thousand freaks storming the beaches! Scuba divers suddenly surfacing in the ocean behind the Fountainebleu with protest signs!" He was trembling with excitement.

I walked out onto the deck of the ship and looked at the watery reflection of the sunset, which is almost as together as the ones in Honolulu. I always spend election years in Honolulu.

Scene: The Freedom Tower is a building on Biscayne Boulevard, not far from Bayfront Park where hustlers walk around in droves and tricks are turned under the palm trees -- Freedom Tower, where the Cuban refugees are welcomed and processed.

A few floors above the refugee center, the American Civil Liberties Union's legal panel is discussing various cases and giving a few minutes of attention to the legal nightmare which is sure to come as a spinoff of the conventions.

for a minute, then tell me they can bust me for "female impersonation". I let them know that the cross-dressing law was declared unconstitutional in Miami six months ago, at least.

A moment of confusion. One of them wishes me good luck and they hop on their bikes and roar off.

There are a few transsexuals in Miami and five of us got together one afternoon and ran around the city, everyone staring at us in disbelief, the faggots in their Bermuda shorts and knit shirts horrified...the others live in Miami Beach, where Rocky defines them as males because they still pos-

for a place to crash and are sent to the Salvation Army...(which pickets the whorehouses in Atlanta, by the way).

Sexy runaways always find a place to crash at least for a night...but the woman with a child or the pregnant woman or the dyke or the unpretty woman sleeps in the park or the streets or in jail, or wanders along the dirty unside-walked roads of the Grove into oblivious starvation...

The Black ghetto in the Grove is a small one and cleaner than others -- "It's all right here, ain't so bad, fat city, long as you don't make no trouble". Everyone

POLICE TRAIN FOR MIAMI

MIAMI BEACH -- An innovative law enforcement project to provide special training for police officers for the 1972 Democratic National Convention will begin at Miami Beach, Monday, February 14. The project is a joint effort of the Miami Beach Police Department and Florida International University.

Planning of the training project has been under way since last November, when the Miami Beach Police Department, under the command of Police Chief Rocky Pomerance, received a grant of

\$395,424 to prepare police officers for the July convention.

The grant -- the first of its kind -- was approved November 5, 1971, by the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration of the U.S. Department of Justice.

Prof. Wayne B. Hanewicz said he plans to prepare his officers for a wide variety of experiences. His emphasis will be upon the preventive and protective roles officers must assume.

Commenting upon his assignment, Professor Hanewicz said that "we're concerned with the

preservation of the basic rights of freedom.

"One of these rights is that of the delegates to assemble and select a candidate, a right that is critical to our democratic and political processes.

"This requires informed and sensitive law enforcement. That is the goal of our program."

Speaking of the program and its aims, Chief Pomerance said it will help "provide for effective and humane policing on the highest level."