

we're over it and we're going to paint the town red

Our blood runs in the streets and in the parks and in casualty and in the morgue. Our own blood, the blood of our brothers and sisters, has been spilt too often. We are going to stop the flow. All of us. Now.

Our blood runs because in this country our political, educational, legal and religious systems actively encourage violence against us. We are gay men and lesbians. We are men who have sex with men and women who have sex with women. Dykes, fags, poofers, witches, queers.

We know we are more than this. We are homophiles. We love each other. We have a sophisticated (well, sometimes) and diverse culture. We are apart from but a part of the rest of the wider world. We have been here forever. We will stay.

We are one in seven of all the people in the world. We are teachers, bankers, bakers, priests, nurses, lawyers, factory workers, taxi drivers, doctors, designers, musicians, sailors, soldiers, clerks, chefs and hairdressers. And we are in danger. Constantly.

Enough is enough. The time has come to expose the links between the schools and the churches and the courts and the parliaments. And the media. The lines will be drawn on Monday the Eighth of April in 1991. Monday next.

On this day four young men will be sentenced for committing a murder. A premeditated, hot-blooded, cruel, hateful murder. They called a man at home, asked him out and then beat him to death.

This particular crime may be unusual - in its severity or in its result. But it's not unusual in our lives. Violence against lesbians and gay men is a regular, day-to-day occurrence. Not any more.

On this day we will be seen and heard. We will no longer be silent. We don't plan a demo. No vigils or marches. We just want to see red. And pink. The colour of our blood. The colour of our pride.

Paint them over, paste them up, sprinkle them. Anywhere. Everywhere. Go against everything your colour consultant told you. Wear them both. On your body. In your attitude. All day.

And blow your whistles. From sunrise to sunset. In your backyard, on your balcony, in the streets, at the station. Do it alone or in pairs or in a group.

And if anybody asks why, then tell them. Tell them that you're fed up with violence in the streets, in the media, everywhere. Explain why. Demand change. Tell them you're over it.

the kids

We believe that the kids who will be sentenced are victims almost as much as we are: victims of the same indifference, intolerance and inhumanity. Their crimes are unacceptable but we believe their sentences should be regarded as an opportunity for rehabilitation, not just as retribution for their crime. We are better people than the lynch mobs at similar trials. We are compassionate and caring. We're also furious.

the lobby

The Gay & Lesbian Rights Lobby has done an admirable job on this issue to date. The *Streetwatch* survey and report, the follow up, the negotiations. They plan to release a discussion paper on changes in the education system on 8 April. They plan to present this paper to the minister. They plan a minute's silence in the bars on 13 April. We support their strategy but we believe the time for subtlety and silence has ended.

the queers

This is an invitation to all you "straight acting" boys and girls to show your true colours. A bunch of drag queens started a riot in 1969. That riot is pretty much responsible for publications that let you advertise for sex with people of the same gender. And drink in bars where you feel comfortable. And dance in the streets. And fuck so it's not against the law. How about it? Call your mother, your uncle, your best friend. Tell them that you're bent. Chances are that you're not quite as straight acting as you think. Chances are that they already know.

This is a paid advertisement placed by a group of people who are all over it. We call ourselves

one in seven.