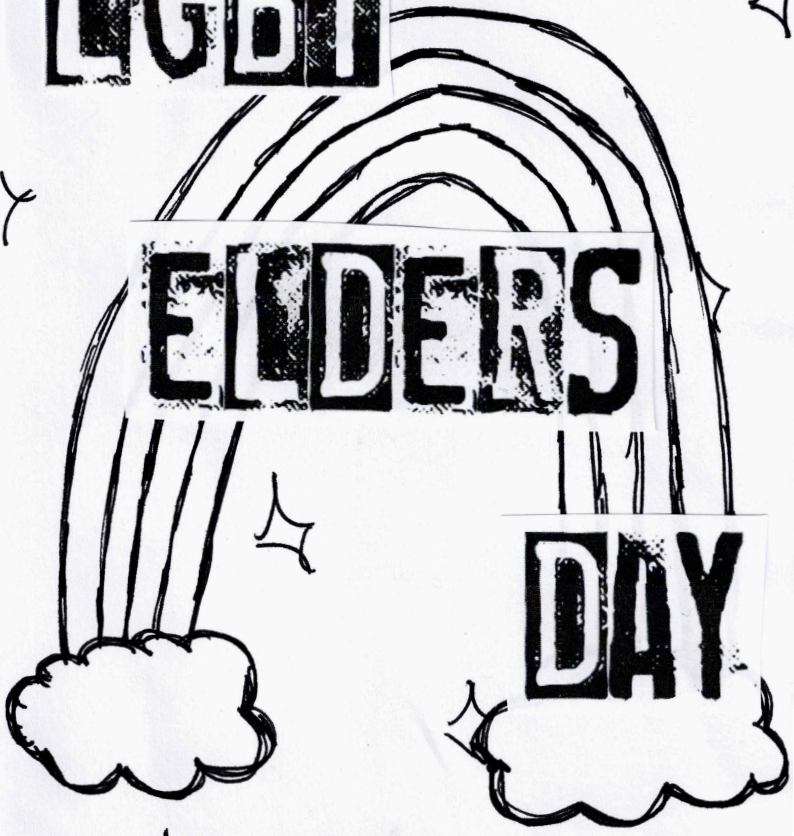


MAY 16th

LGBT

ELDERS

DAY



WHAT IS LGBT ELDERS DAY?

LGBT Elders Day was created to celebrate the lifetime of contributions made by LGBT older adults. This day was founded in 2016 by the Center for LGBTQ Health Equity of Chase Brexton Health Care to recognize and thank LGBT elders who have fought for the LGBT community. LGBT Elders Day also highlights **all LGBT elders** and their continued existence and resistance to the systems built against them. LGBT Elders Day is an opportunity for sharing stories of joy, resilience and community that call for celebration!

“Epicurean Brothers social club flyer,” Rainbow History Project Digital Collections, <https://archives.rainbowhistory.org/items/show/14>.

“D.C. Holds First Ever Black, Lesbian, Gay Pride Day,” Rainbow History Project Digital Collections, <https://archives.rainbowhistory.org/items/show/802>.

“1988 Pride Parade Map,” Rainbow History Project Digital Collections, <https://archives.rainbowhistory.org/items/show/811>.

“Pride : party or protest card,” Rainbow History Project Digital Collections, <https://archives.rainbowhistory.org/items/show/841>.

LGBT Flags: <https://www.rd.com/list/lgbtq-flags/>

Gloria Gaynor Album Cover: <https://www.discogs.com/release/3308240-Gloria-Gaynor-I-Will-Survive>

All images not cited above and all written materials were submitted by LGBTQ+ elders. Submissions were kept anonymous unless specified.



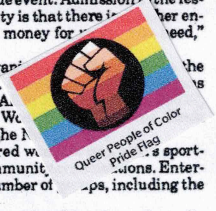
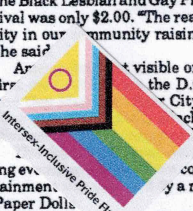
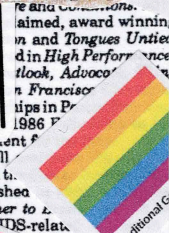
This zine was compiled by Capitol Hill Village (CHV), a DC nonprofit supporting LGBT elders aging in place in Capitol Hill, to honor 2023 LGBT Elders Day.

D.C. Holds First Ever Black Lesbian, Gay Pride

By Mark Haile
 WASHINGTON, D.C. — A rainbow flag with a black stripe in the center, symbolizing the inclusion of Black people in the LGBTQ+ community, is a central theme of the event. The article discusses the challenges of organizing such an event, particularly in a city where the LGBTQ+ community is often marginalized. The author, Mark Haile, notes that while the event is a significant step forward, it still faces many obstacles, including a lack of government support and funding. The article also mentions the importance of community organizing and the role of various groups in making the event possible.

“We’ve expanded (the acronym) and if we have to say all 26 letters, let’s do it. Whatever it takes to make people feel comfortable. I may not remember it, but I support it.”

The article continues to discuss the event's significance and the challenges it faces. It mentions that the event is a first for D.C. and highlights the importance of community support. The author also notes that the event is a step towards greater visibility and acceptance for the Black LGBTQ+ community. The article concludes with a call to action for continued community organizing and support.



The article concludes with a call to action for continued community organizing and support. It emphasizes the importance of visibility and acceptance for the Black LGBTQ+ community and encourages readers to get involved in the event and other community activities.

If You Didn't Know How Much You Mean to Me...

By Wes Morrison, March 16, 2021



I'm active in various groups on Zoom, and recently there's been much discussion about rituals and how they can mark milestones in our lives or punctuate an event.

My mother passed away in 1995. During her last week in hospice home care at her assisted living facility, I knew her time was short. She had had a series of mini-strokes, and her speech and understanding were affected.

I knew her three closest girlfriends, who could not visit because they too were homebound. So I decided they all needed to say goodbyes. I took the telephone, dialed their numbers, and told them about my mother's condition. Then I put the telephone to my mother's ear so they could all say goodbye. I held it there for a reasonable time while my mother smiled and sometimes tried to make a sound. I would then thank her friend and say goodbye, and they in turned thanked me.

The most difficult call was with my mother's friend Isabell. They were closer than some sisters. In fact, some friends teased them as if they were a couple, which both found hysterical. When I put the phone to my mother's ear, there were tears in her eyes while she listened to Isabell. Mother passed about a week later. When I called Isabell to let her know, her cousin answered, and we realized Isabell had passed about three days after my mother.

So now that we are in this COVID-19 pandemic, what does all this have to do with anything? Well, we all know families who have not been able to say goodbye or be there with their family members. So many people never got to tell their families and friends that they loved them one last time. Others wish they hadn't argued with their loved one the last time they spoke.

I have decided that I am not going to let that happen to the very close friends I have left. So, I am creating a new ritual for myself in which I will call those four friends and tell them how much they mean to me. If they should pass or become ill, it's not like I could travel to see them or they could come to see me. And we all know that COVID can happen fast.

I am calling this ritual: **"If you didn't know how much you mean to me."** Here's how it works:

1 First, I mention the number of years we've been friends.

2 Then, I talk about some historic event we've both seen in those years, such as the first Gay Pride celebration, the legalization of gay marriage, the two Kennedy assassinations, or Martin Luther King, Jr.'s assassination.

3 Next, I talk about some of the good and bad times we've shared together: our cross-country trip by air, great dinner parties, the hotel with the heart-shaped pool, and dressing for dinner.

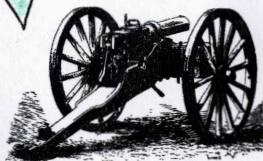
4 Finally, I offer my personal support, encourage my friend to pursue a specific goal, or just let them know that they've always been there for me.

5 I end the call by saying, "I do not want you to respond to this, just know it." Then I change the subject or say we will talk another time.

Life is short. Let the people you love know that, right now!

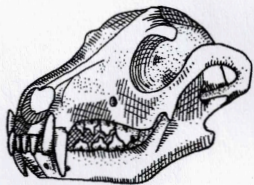


The Natural History Museum

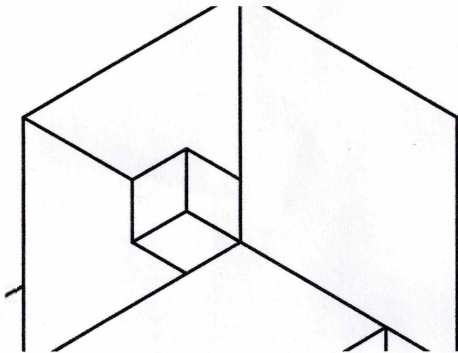


is this body a battlefield?
even after surrender the fight goes on
as though defeat were not enough
she wants you to know every
humiliation, every pain and decline

or is she less malevolent General
than an exacting docent?
her gaze a steel eyed grip as she leads
to those rooms - unpopular - unnamed -
in the basement and below



rooms if you're lucky, you won't visit soon
but it's just her job, there's no malice there
her glasses sway on the chain about her neck
and it is, after all, the only way to the exit.




CPMC

By Alan
Martinez
2013

I've spent the day at California Pacific Medical Center and have gotten weirdly nostalgic and even a little weepy, which surprises me. Looking up from the truly depressing lunchroom patio with its HVAC units and dirty white steel patio chairs screwed to the concrete I see a small rectangle of grey sky. This is not so much a patio as it is a repurposed light well, a windy concrete milk carton. It's a truly depressing place, sitting alone with my sandwich in its open clear plastic box. I've been thinking of how many difficult times of my life i have spent here over the decades, but only realized that this hospital's days are numbered when i saw the model of the new replacement hospital that is under construction at Geary and Van Ness. I guess I will miss CPMC - not that it is appealing - it is not - although the Brutalist architecture has a reassuring solidity that the new building does not appear to have.

I will simply miss its familiarity: that when i come here, i feel connected to my own life. My two (or three depending on how you look at it) brushes with death happened here. Plus innumerable tests, blood draws, every type of scan, eye exam, invasive and noninvasive procedure. The only time i have ever been told straight out by a doctor that i had only a few months to live happened here on the second floor, almost twenty years ago. I have had countless meals in the lunchroom and this patio and have had my blood pressure impossibly cranked up by the tight corners of the parking garage time after time. Ah, memories.



I haven't known anyone who died at CPMC or even visited anyone who has been sick here. So it seems to me it doesn't have the status in the AIDS epidemic that SF General, R. K. Davies or even Mt. Zion have. The first person that i remember visiting who died, died in Mt. Zion. I think I always liked that hospital best - it was smaller, had better food, the main floors were sunny and in general it seemed to have a nice atmosphere. R. K.

Davies had the virtue of being the neighborhood hospital, and kind of seemed like "our hospital". I always found SF General to be frightening- probably a result of both its size and intensity- it seemed raw to me, but this is just an impression. I never had to spend much time there.

So CPMC has kind of been like my own private hospital in a way. I never knew of anyone else who went here, and i didn't have to visit anyone who was dying here. In the annals of AIDS, as far as I know, it will not be mentioned.



When it is torn down, i doubt if anyone will care. But. So much of my life has happened here, things that even i have forgotten about until i come here, that its disappearance will be a loss of connection to my own life.

Perhaps we do not put enough value on familiarity as being valuable in and of itself.




To be able to find your way around a confusing place without thinking.

To feel connected.

To be able to feel safe in a hospital is not such a bad or small thing. It's been a kind of friend, really.

Being one of those inveterate improvers of things, it is something for me, at least, to keep in mind. It is hard to know what places really mean to people, even if they appear to be ordinary or even aggressively ugly places that it would seem no one could possibly find important.

Every time i go to R. K. Davis, another Brutalist monument, there is the turret of the ground floor apartment across the street from which Allen called weeping on the phone when he woke up and found that Don was dead. I rushed over and sat with them until they came and took the body and went outside and found I had a parking ticket.



Being old and having lived in the same place for decades these reminders are all around me all the time. I met Chris here, or I sat with Stephen there when he was inconsolable over his young mother's death. Someone looking at me sitting here in this patio would not give me a second thought. What could it mean to be sitting alone in this aggressively ordinary lunch lightwell on a distinctly unbeautiful and un-special day?

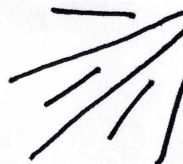
Cold, alone, but I'm still alive next to these HVAC units.

And these things, being on the edge of our awareness, are not simple to talk about.

CUREAN
OTHERS

ARE AT
THE
CLUB HOUSE
1236 UPSHUR ST. NW
THURSDAY NIGHT

\$3.00
IN
ADVANCE
\$4.00
AT THE
DOOR



One thing that really helped
in the 70s and 80s was the
disco and hippy era- it opened
a whole new freedom of fashion
for gay people. That era
helped people come out more
and that carries into today."

FROM 100 SPEAKERS
(SOUNDS LIKE LIVE MUSIC)

THE BADDEST DISCO ROOM
SOUTH OF THE 'APPLE'

MUSIC
(X-RATED)

By Andy Pollock

I came in for lunch after cutting wood in the back field of our farm one snowy February day seventeen years ago. My husband looked upset and said there had been a flurry of phone calls that morning. He told me there had been an attack at one of the local gay bars in New Bedford the night before. I was stunned. The previous night, a young New Bedford man entered Puzzles Lounge, ordered a drink and casually asked the bartender if he was in a gay bar. When answered in the affirmative, the young man took out a hatchet, machete and gun. He then proceeded to attack the unlucky patrons. Because those in the bar fought back no one was killed but three people sustained serious life threatening injuries. The assailant escaped into the night. I was cochair of the SouthCoast Marriage Coalition along with Liz Dicarlo. We immediately started to organize a vigil since we were the only LGBTQ+ organization in the community that had an established data base. Liz, her wife Bev Baccelli, my husband Jeff and I organized the event within a few hours.

When we arrived at the bar that night the crowd was buzzing. Police and national media were everywhere. The vibe in the community was anger, fear and shock. How could this have happened here? To be clear it was never completely safe. There were instances of violence against unfortunate individuals and yells of "FAGGOT" from a passing cars as you entered Puzzles, but this time it was attempted murder and it could have been much worse. The air was electric on that cold wet night I led the vigil. There was a sense of incredulity, danger and urgency. No one knew where the perpetrator had gone. Was he still in the New Bedford? I remember Mayor Scott Lang coming into the bar afterwards to speak to a frightened, angry, shocked crowd. Mayor Lang spoke to our community and assured us he had our back, he would work to solve this heinous crime and that he was an ally. He was brave, adamant and resolved. Everyone was thankful for his courage and as he got ready to depart,

I remember a young man slipping off a bar stool, dropping a quarter in the juke box and Gloria Gainer's anthem "I will survive" lyrically accompanied the mayor as he left the bar.

A few days later, Mayor Lang asked all the Churches in the area to tone down the anti-gay rhetoric. We were in the middle of the marriage equality fight and people had strong feelings. Some churches did what was asked; others did not. One prominent pastor explained to me that people in his congregation told him we had gotten what we deserved. Mayor Lang understood that words and attitudes have consequences. He understood that when a minority is treated in a way that is "less than" the majority (Jews aren't allowed in a club or African Americans can't drink from a water fountain) the words give permission for violence.

I would like to say the violence has stopped and the language has improved since the attack 17 years ago but things have become worse. There is increasing violence directed against the LGBTQ+ Network from right wing paramilitary groups - actual Nazis and white supremacists in the SouthCoast. LGBTQ books are being challenged in local schools.

Violence targeting the LGBTQ+ community is on the rise yet we remain undeterred. We will challenge the hatred wherever it is found with constructive and affirmative nonviolence.

We will endure,

we will thrive and yes,



we will survive.

PARADE ROUTE (Shaded Area)

Sunday, June 19

Assembly: 10 a.m. Stepoff: 12 Noon.

Assembly Point: Lower Plaza Malcolm X (Meridian Hill) Park, on 16th St., N.W., at Florida Ave. and W St.

Dis-assembly Point: Francis Park Recreation Area, site of Pride Day Festival.

Information:

- Please obey parade marshalls.
- Health services will be available.
- Half of each block will be closed.
- For more information, call 202-691-1111.

PRIDE
party or protest?

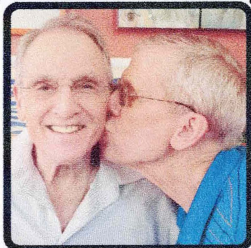
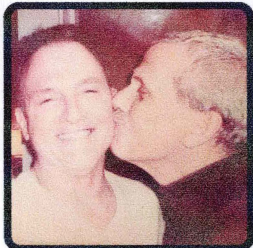
"There was no pride parade before Stonewall. It wasn't a parade; it was a protest."

PARADE AND FESTIVAL MAPS

NOTE: The streets surrounding the park will not be closed this year. Please stay on the sidewalks.

METRO BLUE LINE
FOGGY BOTTOM STA.

“Gay people, when we
grow old, we don’t turn
into pixie dust and blow
away...”



“...We’re still here,
active, and
viable.”

