



STREET PEOPLE, DENIZENS OF THE PARK, THE HOMELESS & UNWASHED, ALL LOVED MARSHA P. JOHNSON AS MUCH AS THE GLITTERING JET SETTERS WERE CHARMED BY HER. ON THE SPOT THAT THEY LAID MARSHA'S BODY AT THE FOOT OF CHRISTOPHER STREET, HER FRIENDS ERECTED AN IMPROMPTU MEMORIAL. A ROW OF BOTTLES COLLECTED IN THE PARK OUTLINED THE VERY POSITION HER BODY WAS LAID IN. A SMALL WOODEN CROSS MADE OF TWO STICKS SAT AT THE TOP. GREEN GLASS & A LEAFLET ANNOUNCING HER DEATH SAT IN THE MIDDLE. AS THE WEEK WENT ON, SOME PEOPLE CAME AND BROUGHT FLOWERS. IT WAS THE KIND OF MEMORIAL MARSHA P. JOHNSON WOULD HAVE BEEN IMMENSELY TOUCHED BY.