

FLAMING

for exactly what we are and want
and have a right to
and nothing less:
a revolution total and permanent and never-ending.

To say it one last time, wiping out the kinds of
human want the rich white straight man
has afflicted the world with
will be easy once we win
the worldwide war against his madness
and are free
to begin the work of revolution itself.
Who among us wouldn't volunteer for that?
who wouldn't put in whatever hours are needed
in whatever free fields and factories
until we get the whole species
on a non-crisis basis, everyone having
enough to eat, enough of everything.

But with all of our liberated machines and
imaginings, that would require everyone
in the world—a statistical fact—
to "work" several whole
hours a week. Gladly, gladly—
because everything would belong
to us—and no one
could fire us or starve us
or jail us or anything.
But my revolution is beyond that.

Mine catches glimpses of what we could be
when there is no more religion or family or
male domination
or money or property or mine or yours or
forced obedience
when women are free
not only to shape their own lives
but to realize a vision of liberation
that will shape the lives of all of us
when men are able
to hug and kiss babies *not* for show,
but able to care for them in every sense
and for each other

when I'm no longer called queer
for wishing my father had held me
with a love like that,
for loving still any rare stray
glimmer of tenderness in a man,
for wanting to touch that transmutation
in the flesh, but only to share,
not to hoard, such a miracle
when I no longer have to suspect myself of being
resistant to struggle
for wanting the collective help
of my brothers
in fighting my own male supremacy.



"So you're for the revolution."
somebody always seems to say,
rubbing his white male macho hands.
"Well, then, it's time to get serious, you know.
It had to come to this
it's going on all over the globe,"
—as if I didn't know
the whole third world is going up in flames
and unless they win, the species is in danger.
imperialism the ecodical enemy, in fact,
of all life everywhere.

OK, if that's what you mean, right on, etcetera,
I say,
but what's the catch?

"Nothing, except that, of course,
to be on *our* side, on the side of the *people*,
you'll certainly be willing to give up
certain little quirks
that hinder all of us from getting down
to maximum work
in the minimum of time left to us."

Quirks?

"Well, like your homosexuality, like wearing
your hair too long, like acting—well, just
generally being effeminate, unmanly;
that gets the *people* uptight as much as
women wanting to be engineers or something.
We don't have time for games."

Sorry to report this typically tiresome stereotype
of a thousand conversations
but it's exactly here that I say
Absolutely not!!!
and he says, "Utopian fucker,
faggot, fairy, fuck off,"
and I do.

Because my revolution is to the left of his,
because his would preserve the old Prison of Gender
which brutalizes
millions of people, its inmates, daily,
because he would actually jail me for being queer
as soon as he was in power,
and therefore it had better not be him who wins,
my comrades, it had better be all of us
who refuse to settle for
enslavement as the price of freedom,
who will fight and die—and win—

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THE SEARCH FOR

Many of us seem to think we must choose between
two extreme public roles which are extensions of the
sexist attitudes of society. Instead of exploring the full
range of our sexuality, we narrowly define ourselves in
terms of masculinity and femininity, having been well
inducted into thinking of all people in this rather
naive and simplistic way.

The straight world has told us that if we are not
masculine we are homosexual, that to be a homosexual
means not to be masculine.

Five and ten years ago, we often chose to emphasize
the feminine aspect of our personalities. Camp was the
language of the time in gay bars. Sharp tongues. Limp
wrists. Tight pants. Miss Thing was very popular then.
We called each other she and her. We were bold enough
to come out of our closets. We flaunted our
homosexuality while others more fearful and more
conservative still hid in the shadows, embarrassed by the
spectacle they saw.

The hip movement shattered the former all-american
male look. We began to see ourselves differently. Many
of us are now emphasizing the masculine aspect of our
personalities. Blue workshirts and belted jeans. We are
eager to prove our manliness. Some of us are

particularly intrigued by the super-masculine image;
once considered the opposite we were attracted to, it has
now become the model we imitate.

One of the things we must do is to redefine ourselves
as homosexuals. We are not non-heterosexuals. We are
not men-men. We should not think of ourselves as the
negative side of whatever roles white, male heterosexuals
have laid down. We are not the rejects of their world. We
are equals. We are who we are, neither completely
separate from straights nor an extension of their society.
When we achieve our freedom as homosexuals,
heterosexual men will also begin to liberate themselves.

We came to GLF because it was not just a social club
but an organization of radical homosexual women and
men. An organization that is against the oppression of
gays and other minority peoples. We are against the war.
We are for a new society of love and freedom, humanely
ordered. The issues which drew us to GLF are movement
issues. We are not satisfied with reformation of the
present system but demand a complete transformation of
society, which must begin with ourselves.

What is strange is that we have been relating to each
other as if we were heterosexual men. Instead of radical
homosexuals. As if our homosexuality were an

accidental common interest and the last thing we are
willing to deal with. If we no longer cruise bars because
realize our oppression there and we no longer cruise the
other traditional cruising places, we have turned to GLF
for an alternative but pretend sex is unimportant to our
lives. Yet it is very important. We must not
compartamentalize it, we must integrate it into our total
being.

Whether we are willing to admit it even to ourselves,
each of us has come to GLF because we are gay and
eager to relate to other gay men, not only politically but
also socially and sexually. Yet so much of our energy has
been taken up by secondary issues. All issues not
directly concerned with gay liberation and our own
personal liberation must be considered secondary. This
does not mean we should ignore the other important
minorities around us. What it does mean is getting our
own heads together before going out to help other
people beyond our own immediate sphere of concern.
We must help ourselves before we can begin to help
them.

A lot of rhetoric at general meetings seems to be a
way of avoiding the areas we should concentrate on
now. How we see ourselves as gay men. How we can

FAGGOTS

flaming faggots collective poem

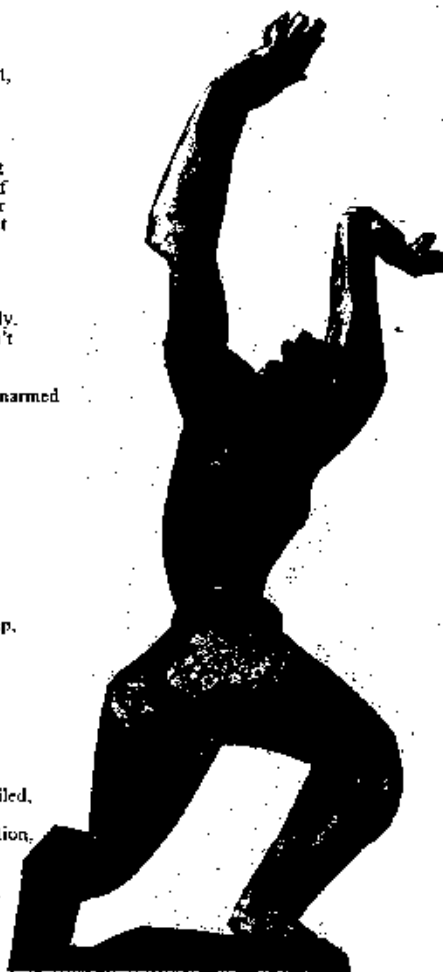
for wanting to embrace in real arms
all comrades brave enough
to risk with me
the righting of old old wrongs,
no more the victimizer and victim,
leader and led,
lover and loved one.

Listen! No matter how powerless we are as yet,
both our pain and our demands
give us every right to face any
roundtrip U.S. cane-cutter who tells us
we don't know what it's like
to be oppressed. He's really talking about
his own white butch self, marking himself
as a collaborator in our oppression, signer
of the current Gender Nonaggression Pact
with the likes of David Rockefeller,
Machismo & fascism, as the sisters
of the Young Lords Party have said.

—All the more reason why we have to get ready.
The enemy thinks that our demands aren't
important, that we won't fight for them
By Any Means Necessary,
that we will go on being that meek and unarmed
people who "are slaves or are subject
to slavery at any given moment."

We'd better make The Man understand
right now
how wrong he is.
We're fighting the total fight
in which it remains to be seen
whether he can ever be
part of the solution
in any revolutionary future.

Because we're the majority—and we're rising up,
we're on the move;
we're all those people
who can't and won't and mustn't
fit into his pattern
of white male socio-dominance,
though we have so far been
psychically lobotomized by him,
gang-raped in prison and the army,
fired from jobs or refused them, blackmailed,
extorted, jeered at, beaten up, spit on,
and finding no relief in alcoholism, addiction,
self-mutilation, delusions of grandeur,
no relief in his birding psychiatrists
who get rich telling us it's all personal,
not political—our fault, not his—
our hang-ups, our guilt, our shame
—no wonder we are finally driven to suicide
when we see no way out of his lies.



When witches were burned in the middle ages,
the Inquisitors ordered the good burghers
(all of them men, of course)
to scour the dungeons for failed queers,
drag them out and tie them together in bundles,
mix them in with bundles of wood
at the feet of the woman,
and set them on fire
to kindle a flame
foul enough for a witch to burn in.

The sticks of wood in bundles like that
were called faggots
and that's what they called the queers, too,
and call us still,
meaning our extinction, our complete extermination,
androicide and gynocide their one response to
any heretical blasphemy against
a god-given manliness.

Isn't it time we said yes,
yes to faggot,
proud to reclaim our martyrs
—who else will have them, or feel their pain
but we brother-lovers, we flaming faggots who
embrace the soul of final rebellion,
women already ablaze,
we catch fire from them this time,
a whole planet groaning with relief
as the bonds of
an expiring masculinity
glow like wicks, then break,
slipping from all our backs.

In that holocaust, I will risk my whole self
and body
even should I perish.

My melting flesh—

My screams are only
the death of everything they stand for.
My pain short-circuits so quickly
I can't believe it.
My hand is a tressle of fire.
I can do it. It's easier than I thought.
The crisp odor has stopped.
It's they who are falling away,
perishing, our liberation their execution.
My screams are bullets,
blood stuttering through their skin.
I can't hear my own words anymore
except that I think we must all
still be chanting, demanding, welcoming

freedom freedom freedom

THE TOTAL MAN BY TONY DIAMAN

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relate to each other. How we can relate to gay women and gay third world people. The first men's meeting brought some of these problems more to the surface but again they became submerged in the endless discussions about what we should or should not be doing. We have to struggle to go beyond the words which continue to divide us.

Many of our gay sisters and brothers who have come to Sunday night meetings have been scared away by what they have seen and heard there. It is difficult to get any kind of understanding of what GLF is about by sitting as a spectator on a battlefield. Some stay and fight, more walk away hoping to find a more peaceful scene. There seem to be few women left who are relating to these meetings because they cannot stand to hear the men fighting with one another.

We haven't gone far from the way we have treated each other in the bars, except that the silent hostility which is a part of the cruising game is expressed more openly at meetings. We are still suspicious of each other. We are very defensive. Extremely competitive. If we call ourselves brothers, perhaps we should think incest, use sex to bring us together, to bind us closer, both physically and emotionally.

Whatever we do, we have to go beyond our narrow roles to include both the masculine and feminine components of our personalities. To be a man, in straight society, is to be only half a human being, to be hard, tough, violent, aggressive, competitive, controlling. We must explore the other part of ourselves, be soft, tender, peaceful, unaggressive, cooperative, yielding.

I think every GLF man should see *Performance*, not just to look at Mick Jagger who is beautiful in the film, but to see the exploration of sexual roles which is what it's all about. *Chas* (James Fox) is the super-stud gangster, the epitome of the male image in this country. Turner (Mick Jagger) breaks all the rules as a man who is both male and female at different times and at the same time. *Chas* is an assassin whose final answer is death. Turner wants to achieve total understanding of life. They are afraid of one another in the beginning, but come to love one another in their own individual ways. And the roles they play constantly change.

As a rock star, Jagger purposely blurs the line separating the artificial categories, we know as masculine and feminine, by projecting a duo-sexual image when he performs. Perhaps that's the ultimate goal for all of us, the way we can realize our full range of sexuality. It's

something to think about. In order to achieve liberation, we must always be open to change.

This is something that can be further explored in consciousness-raising groups and gestalt encounter groups. There is something that we can all use to expand our awareness of what gay liberation means. Those who can commit themselves to a full-time struggle can deal even more fully with all aspects of liberation by joining together in living collectives. We need parties and dances and picnics as well as more demonstrations and other street actions, events for GLF members, as well as for the gay community, not to close ourselves off from other people but to give ourselves an opportunity to get to know each other better, to build greater trust among ourselves, to establish a more solid base from which we can reach out to our gay brothers and sisters outside of GLF.

We must come together in every way possible and this includes sex which is not something ugly and objectifying but a beautiful gesture, a fantastic expression of love, of care and concern for other men like ourselves. We must learn new ways to touch one another and be touched by each other. Liberation means to be who we are, to be total human beings and to relate to others in a totally human way, to live as completely as possible in the kind of world we envision for ourselves.

HERMANAS y HERMANOS DE?

3^{ER} MUNDO, COMUNITAD

Come Out in Third World

¡VEA!

¡Come Out!

¡SACA EL TIEMPO!

¡Seize The Time!

¡Todo El Poder Al

Pueblo!

¡All Power to the People!