

From the men: Games Male Chauvinists Play



The games people play go on and on and on. This is especially true of that crucifix of human games known as dating. In this game, the hunt is on and the hunter becomes the hunted. Eventually the tension becomes so high that the whole aspect of meeting someone with the prospect of an evening, a week, or even a lifetime of satisfaction, or even pleasure, becomes lost in this contraction of wills. Cruising is one of the great male chauvinist games: I can be tougher than you can be. I can not out longer than you can hold out. I don't need you. I can't open up to you until you open up to me. Most men try to set up their own role in the first moments of this contest of wills. Whether the play is a ground on some street in the Village, one of the Avenue, or any bar or tavern there are always the same roles, often enough being played by the same men only wearing different faces. We could begin with the extreme caricature of masculinity who believes that it is below his masculine dignity to see someone anyone else. He will usually come like the speedster in soldier for hours on end, wondering why this isn't his particular night. Next to him is the aggressive animal, the tiger stalking his way through the slush on looking at everyone but not looking at anyone. He is really looking for that particular friend of some adolescent sex fantasy (referred to as his "type") who was possibly his first love at the age of twelve (his first "type") and whom he expects to win by orientality.

There is also the verbal bully who thinks the best way to captivate his talent is to out-man him (voice three octaves below normal) or outwit him (except that you've heard it all before) or out talk him (most of which you've heard even before he tried to outwit you).

And there are of course also the always-with-us clothes queens (nothing below Brnswits), size queens, body queens, height queens (nothing below six feet), race queens, blonde queens, chicken queens, astrology queens (this sign always agrees with yours), drag queens, campus queens (world's oldest frat men), muscle queens, and even queer queens.

There are the "numbers" guys who have to announce to you that you're going to be their first of the evening or the week or whatever. They also have to constantly tell you what the missing record is for every port between here, San Juan, and Duquevick. In other words, this is to make you feel like another swell number in his address book. If you're lucky.

And the put-up artist who has to list off embarrassments with how you're the most beautiful thing he's ever seen since the last most beautiful thing he has ever seen.

Or the put-down artist who thinks he has to snake you up to get you out.

There are the fantasy creeps who stare at you all night until you walk over to them and then they walk away. They don't even know you, fan well.

All of these men add up to a frightening lack of self-understanding and self confidence. They can not face up to a situation without the rules pre-defined, the definitions rolled out. We are all too afraid to find out that that certain gorgeous "number" over there is just like we

are inside: afraid and alone. Trapped in the role that he has learned how to play very successfully, but has outgrown years ago, whether it be the gorgeous "number" role or the twittering little boy of the city.

Gay roles in the whole of society are designed by fear. Just as we act in straight society out of fear that they will discover us, we react with each other out of fear that we will discover ourselves also.

It is no small wonder that I run out of this self straight-jacketing, many gay men develop a real hatred for men, just as many straight men hate women because of the roles they must act out. Because we are forced to live in a society that condemns us as half-men, many of us feel that we must become men and a half. This means to shut out all of the real tenderness and sensitivities associated with femininity. Gay life is a gay drag when it forces a man to reject most of himself and only leaves him a shell or role he must show in order to live with the reality of our situation that we are all outcasts.

We must reject what straight society has straight-jacketed us with and turn our own life as real people not merely the old male chauvinist roles left over from a gods society. It's very simple, men. It's just a matter of getting together or falling apart.



Joan Bird is free!

OH' HAPPY DAY! by Bob Kohler

On Monday, July 6th, Joan Bird was released from the Women's House of Detention after being held for fifteen months in \$100,000 ransom.

About five o'clock that afternoon I was standing on the corner of Sixth and Greenwich rapping with Steve and Bob, who were hawking CDMF GUTS. Bob was trying to convince us that he had just sold a paper to Afeni Shaker who then went "down that way". We were kidding him about being a Celebrity-hawker when I happened to glance "down that way" and saw a crowd of Women in front of The House of D.

When we reached the prison a young Woman I recognized from the Panther Defense Committee ran up and threw her arms around me shouting: WE LOVE IT! WE LOVE JOAN BIRD! (When GLP donated \$600 to the Panther Bail Fund we were asked if it was specifically to go toward Joan Bird's release. We said that decision was

up to them. Standing there hearing the shouts of WE WANT JOAN and PEOPLE'S POWER IS THE PANTHER'S BAIL I found myself hoping it had)

While we waited, chanting and shouting, a pot bellied slab next to me started muttering, "A goddamn shame, that's what it is." Just my luck - there must have been over two hundred people there and I end up next to Harry Hardhat without his headpiece! I was about to say, politely, "Fuck you, you lousy Rat-humper!", when he added, "Keepin' that poor girl locked up in there all that time!" It just goes to prove that you can't lose 'em all!

Afeni Shaker appeared in the doorway and cried: "She's coming!" Shouts of POWER and wild applause greeted Joan Bird as she emerged, calm and smiling. Joan Bird is a slight Woman, smaller than I had thought. (Another myth laid to rest: all games aren't tall!) She embraced her parents, Mrs. Shaker, and some of the Women from the Women's Union who had worked so tirelessly for her release. Then, while Panther men cleared a path, she crossed to the other side of Greenwich Avenue. Facing the prison, she raised her fist and cried POWER to the Sisters jammed against the barred

windows. The deafening roar that answered her declaration must have shaken the cornerstones!

I watched Joan Bird drive away and wondered what it must have been like for her those past fifteen months. The closest I could come to a personal comparison was the twelve months I had spent in a hospital, which was no comparison at all. Among other considerations, I was White, I was a Man, and I was waiting to die while Joan Bird was fighting to live.

I'm twenty-three now
 But I won't be for long
 Day by Day, I'm growing older
 In a land where youth is a cult
 AmeriKKKa
 land of the free
 home of the brave
 And I am gay
 where age is feared
 and youth is worshipped
 So
 I must try to know my youth
 and my aging
 What they mean now
 And what they will become
AFTER
THE
REVOLUTION

I see the older man
 on Christopher Street
 and I wonder
 I've heard they search for youth
 and will pay
 Does your age wait you?
 do you dye your hair?
 do you dress "young"?
 why?

We live in a dying nation
 an empire aging in his own skin
 which transmits his fear
 of age
 to all his citizens

Nations young do not have power
 or money
 and are prostituted
 by the powered rich

But the rich grow old and senile
 and the prostitutes rise

Vietnam, the thin and short
 whose history is long
 but who is now young
 boats upon AmeriKKKa's coast
 While inside
 the black houseboy
 comes to fight him too
 With his cousins
 Zambian, Lesotho, Rwanda
 whose names he never knew
 but whose skin replenished
 his aging, fattened arteries,
 conspire against him

Cuba, whom he once kept
 in garrets all the other
 Latin boys

Yes
 AmeriKKKa
 Fascist Babylon
 No teenageriKKKa
 Will this

In its dying
 will be his birth
 The Phoenix of new youth
 men from the ashes
 of age

In his death
 will be yours and mine
 As the Spirit of Youth
 spreads through all the people

I am young and do not wish to
 Grow Old - here, now

I look to China
 older than any
 older than Rome
 older than Greece

Yet now younger
 I look at the pictures of her aged
 men and women
 And I see the faces of young lovers

Eternal Youth?
 Perpetual Revolution?
 They are one.

We search for the first
 I to stay
 And you to return

Our search ends in

POETRY

ATTENTION KINGS & QUEENS:

My Renaissance. I Am We Are
 We shall always be
 You make it here
 Renaissance
 Hard hard hard, the World is hard. Swim
 up stream. Crash Smash Love me Love me, Oh my God
 Love me. Crash Smash, the world is one Vibration
 Floor Plan—Hello—You have what I want,
 you have what I need.
 What is it?
 Touch me, I'll tell you
 We touched. We wrestled, putting our knowledge into
 each other. We made sounds. We touched. Our
 souls, minds, bodies, infinite beings. We touched, our
 words tangling one with another. Stop Stop Stop
 It is wrong to know too much
 Another.
 Oh my God, Love me
 Take Me I am yours
 We Encompass. We Transcend
 Rock Rock, Rock Rock, Rock Rock

lan Young

ANGEL

Three thirty at night:
 our city room
 silent and dark ...
 I lie in bed
 watching Rick,
 his body just now smooth against mine,
 now crouching, naked, by the window,
 leaning,
 motionless,
 in the black air.
 One arm draws back the curtain,
 the other
 rests upon the sill ...

Erica Fvander

I watch him there a moment
 slim and light in all that darkness,
 then look beyond him
 to the lighted screen on side ...

Still coldness
 gives the air
 substance.
 A few blurry lights -
 yellow blobs, and white,
 (without my glasses).
 A car passes -
 lines on the wet road
 the steady, dying sound ...

As if all Night were stopped
 at this one moment -
 I in bed,
 Rick at the window,
 cold street waiting.

Across the road,
 the EVANGEL TEMPLE's neon sign
 goes off and on.
 Part of it's broken. The rest
 gives us a message,
 glowing

ANGEL//ANGEL//ANGEL//ANGEL
 lan Young

HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE

A copy of *Elfen*,
 he wore jacket, dark attire, wool on,
 his bright eyes studying earnestly
ANDROCELES AND THE LION
 in the Shavian alphabet ...
 His friend, a few years older,
 blood and bundled in overcoat and scarf,
 carried a flute
 as they sat at the next table
 of a cafe in Toronto.
 My friend knew the younger boy
 and I asked her who they were.
 "He used to be a nice, ordinary kid,"
 she said; "Then he met *him* - Brett.
 Brett took him to Montreal,
 did things to him ... I don't know ...
 they're fags ... you know ... Music Room types."
 When they left, they were laughing,
 planning how to spend Brett's paycheck.
 I noticed they'd written in Shavian
 all over the serviettes.
 That's what corruption does to you.

lan Young

Mime the rings of rains green leaves will wring
 from banded branches, mime the flaring horns
 on suns of noons on floating fields of corn,

mime thy slendered body's touch to sug
 (beneath my garn, naked, when thy form
 as well as mind is mine - the rich of now,
 the only all we ever own - two feet
 insensuating in a river warmed
 by summer, over pebbles blue and round
 -blue as mountain winter, shaded trails
 of last fall's leaves - involved as wire men's tales
 on nights rock thrushes slug above for hours)

as long as word can entertain such thing
 as cheek on waist, sinking, like the sun.

milani
 05
 31
 70
 88

I never dreamt that I was the American Dream.
 I was born and so it happened,
 my parents were the earth and the sky.
 Every day the sun goes down,
 it is the sweet organ of the day
 when the day sighs in the voice of dusk
 and surrenders to the gentle night.

Even when it rains and I can not see the golden
 texture of the sunset, I know that there
 is the dusk, somewhere beyond the distant hills
 and I was born and was never meant to be the
 American Dream
 and my parents were the earth and the sky
 who did not wish their son to die for the myth
 of the American Dream.

picking up the gun
 and aiding those who do

It may be public
 or it may be hiding
 (we gays are good at that)

WE CAN BE TOGETHER

Bob Bland

MACHISMO

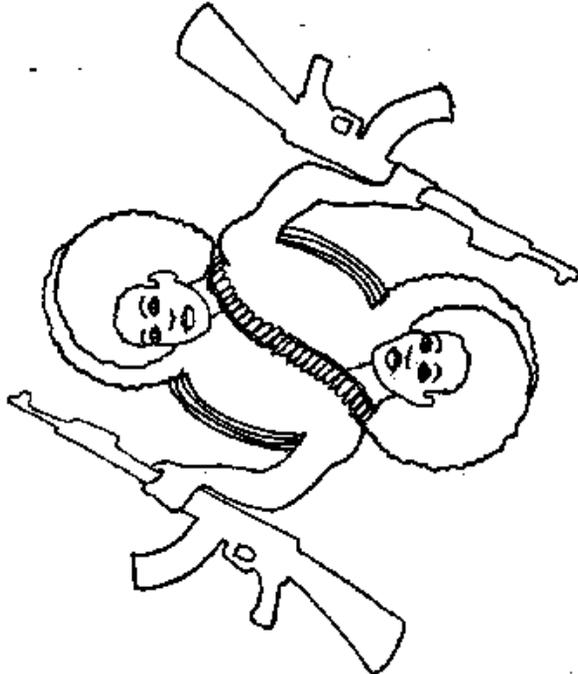
Latino homosexual;
destruye la mentira
del machismo!

Une te e tus hermanos y
hermanas Los viernes 14
de 8 a 7:30 p.m. En
124 W 23 RD ST 3RD floor

3rd world gay Revolution

Join us at Alternate U. on Friday nights

3rd World Gays



U N I T E

U N I T E

In Revolution