

# FAGGOTS

flaming faggots collective poem

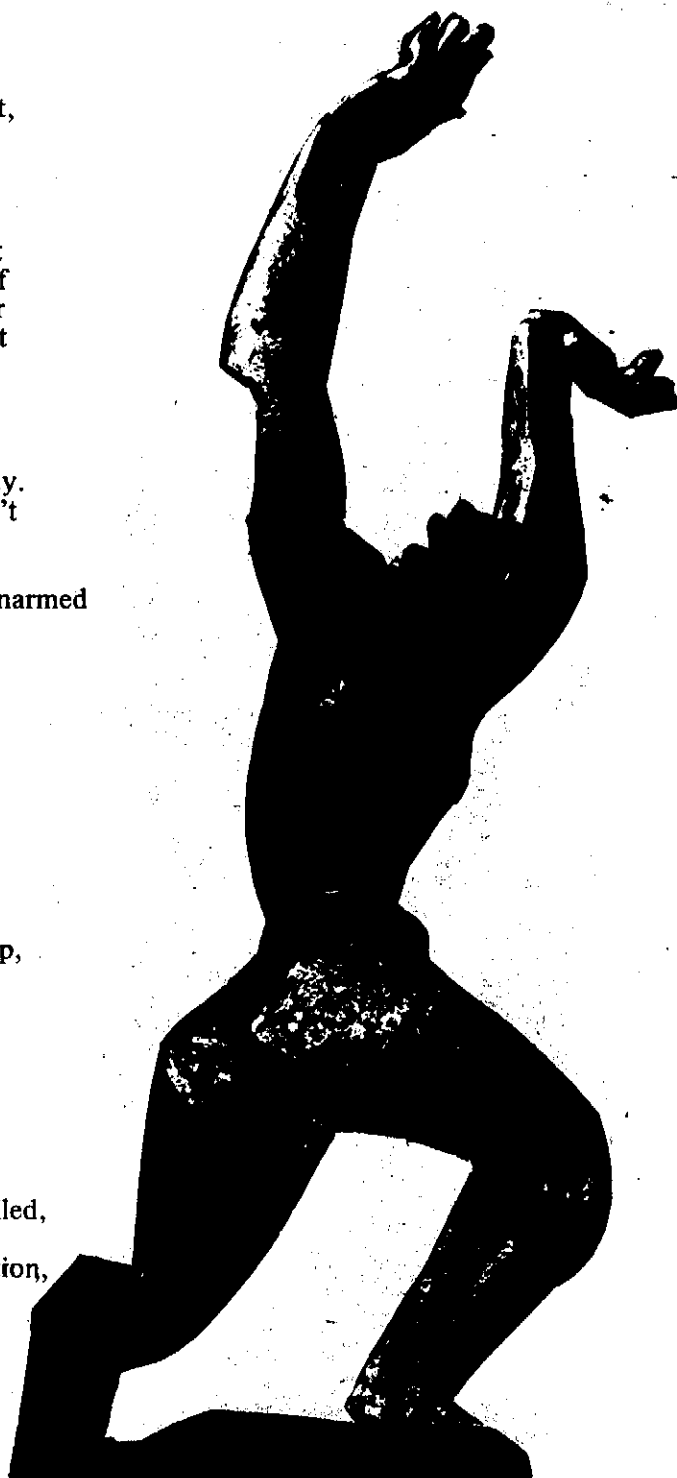
for wanting to embrace in real arms  
all comrades brave enough  
to risk with me  
the righting of old old wrongs,  
no more the victimizer and victim,  
leader and led,  
lover and loved one.

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 *is* 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 sado-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 hireling psychiatrists  
who get rich telling us it's all personal,  
not political—our fault, not his—  
*our* hang-up, *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 jailed 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,  
androcide and gynecide 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 coal 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 trellis 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 totalize 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. Tools 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 DEL  
 3<sup>ER</sup> MUNDO, COMUNIDAD  
 Come Out in Third World  
 ¡VEN! ¡VEN!  
 ¡Come Out!  
 ¡SACA EL TIEMPO!  
 ¡Seize the Time!  
 ¡Todo el Poder al  
 Pueblo!  
 ¡All Power to the People!