

To the White FATHER-country radicals:

I was once one of you.
I played straight
And fought for the Panthers' manhood,
And the liberation of Cuba's Socialist Man,
But never for myself
My "fucked-up" faggot self
Or my faggot brothers
Or my lesbian sisters
Or the transvestites.
I hid
Because I feared to be
The butt of your jokes,
But then I could hold back my
Rage
No longer, and I
Came Out.

Now, I've tried to educate you,
Tried to tell you of our struggle
We've been to
Venceremos
Newsreel Men
NYU Student Liberation Front
Revolutionary Peoples' Constitutional Convention
But where are you?

Yesterday, we had an action:
Noon, 3 p.m., 8 p.m.
Three actions so
Everyone could come:
Student, worker, street person
Even revolutionist.
Where were you?

You went to the Panther demo in the morning.
So did we.
Afeni IS our sister
A lot more than she is yours.
Then we went to ours,
But you went home
To your safe
White FATHER-country radical
Apartment/Office/Closet
Where you probably discussed
More male/abstract theory,
Not to the streets
Not to the side of the faggots
And lesbians.
Afraid?
Or is our struggle
"Controversial"?
YAWF?
Women's Union?
Hiding in the closet!

Okay
There isn't much left for us to do.
We aren't coming to you on our knees!
Either you fall in line
Or you'd better be ready
To pick up the gun
Against we the people.

The Panthers are taking the shit
For us and for you
And I think you're willing
To let it stay that way
(Excepting Weatherpeople).

We aren't because we can't
We can't because
The Panthers will not free us.
They can't.
Only we can free ourselves.
And we will,
Over your dead bodies,
If that's the way you want it.

White Panthers, if you ever say
"Keep your assholes tight"
Again
You're gonna die.

Some of you pigs
Came when we rioted
And you got high on the trashing
Not on the people's fight.
You don't give a damn
About the people
Or what we need right now
Only about your orgasm
Your brick/cock breaking/fucking a window/woman
And somehow
You're on *our* side?

Yippies, we faggots are not "wishy-washy."
We are capable of love
That's soft, "loose-ass,"
Capable of receiving a cock
And that makes us strong.

We and the sisters will be together
Sooner or later
Because our battle is the same.
But about you
Cock-privileged pigs
We've got questions.
Watch your step, honey.

- Bob Bland

Conversation '70

when the sun drops into the ocean
the birds splash tropical colors against the green dark
of trees

stretches
revolution
a Rousseau painting
reciprocity
the stretching bone of pregnant women
the DOB library

a youth (the young superstar
of GayYouth, perhaps)
(screams)
no, no
help
nooooo!!!
no, help
they're trying to cram it down our throats
(stops, spits - something white
cum, perhaps or vomits)
because I don't know
I don't know what this poem is about

Panthers, the Oakland raid, Revolution, and,
Lifestyles of the Alternate Culture

when the sun drops into the ocean
the birds splash tropical colors against the green dark
of trees

the beauty of a woman's back
it always gets me in the stomach, you know,
breathless screaming in the pit
stomach rises, falls
to stretch across
membrane clings to bone white with desire

-Sorel David

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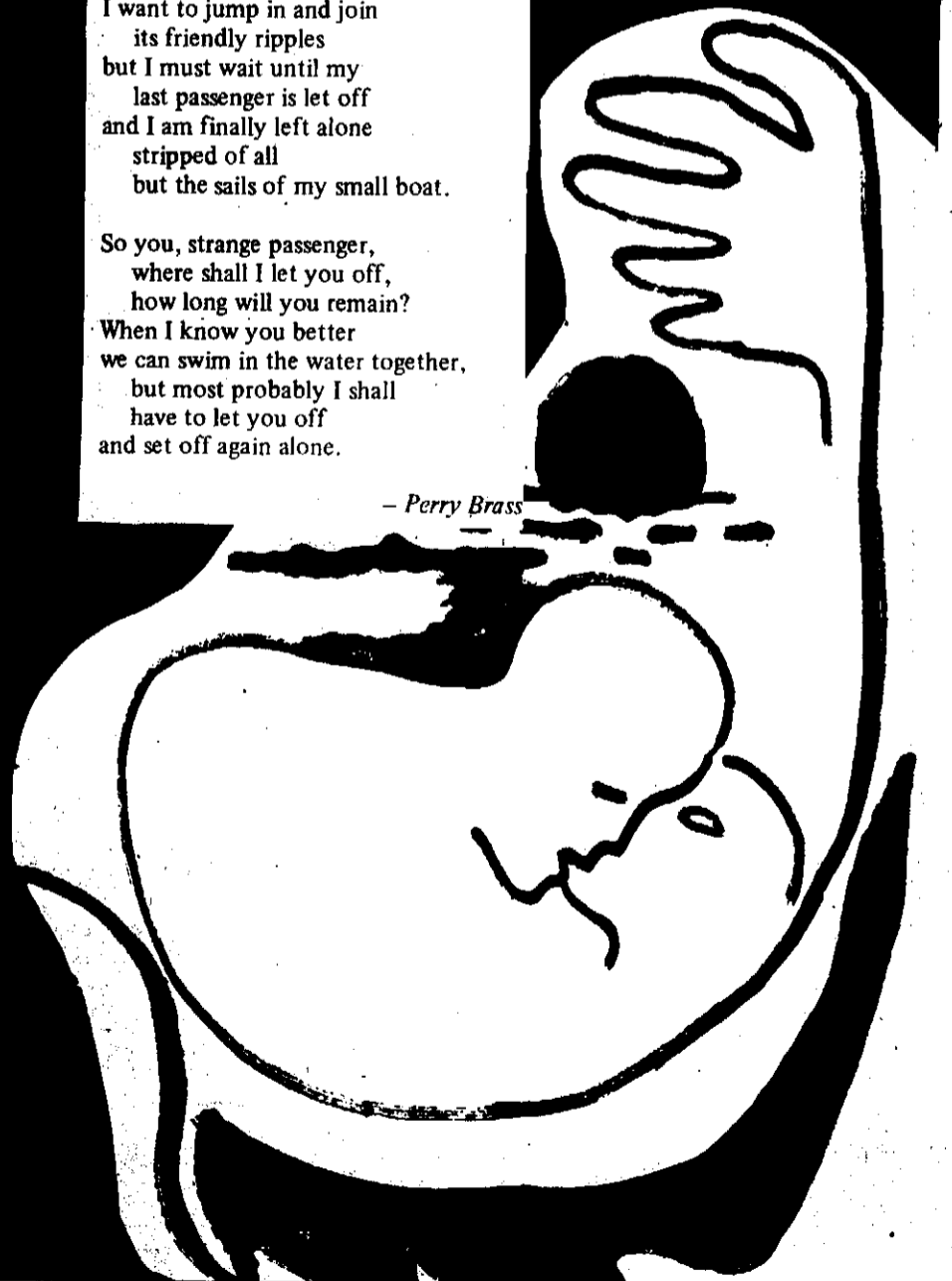
I Am Sailing on an Ancient Lake

I am sailing on an ancient lake
collecting passengers wherever I may.
Who will come to ride in my small boat?
How long will you stay and
where shall I let you off?

The sun is setting
and the water is too beautiful
to leave alone.
I want to jump in and join
its friendly ripples
but I must wait until my
last passenger is let off
and I am finally left alone
stripped of all
but the sails of my small boat.

So you, strange passenger,
where shall I let you off,
how long will you remain?
When I know you better
we can swim in the water together,
but most probably I shall
have to let you off
and set off again alone.

- Perry Brass



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 ecocidal 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 faker,
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
indoctrinated 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 our now emphasizing the masculine aspect of our
personalities. Blue workshirts and bellbottom 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 non-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
compartmentalize 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

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