

MARCH OR PROCACCINO

JAIL OR ASYLUM

There we were on a warm day standing on a street corner in Queens waiting Maria "of the people" Procaccino. He arrives wearing the latest in soul, blue suit and pink shirt. He is accompanied by a number of very busy public relations experts who make it difficult for anyone but selected common folk to get near him.

Our first GLFer to attempt to get through is brusque and and wags quickly passes from sides to police to ward, then one. He is impatient, subway exit and glooms that the day had been a wasted, but wait, can't he, is this our Jim, our hero, talking to Maria?

Maria has taken Jim's hand and is smiling. Jim asks: "Mr. Procaccino, what are you going to do about the oppression of the homosexual?" Maria is no longer smiling, his look is Christ all as he says, "Young man, I can see that you're very interested in this problem." Maria is still holding Jim's hand but is now also patting it in consideration. Continuing: "This is one of the many problems that we face in New York. It is sick rather than criminal, and we must show understanding and compassion for them." He then releases Jim's hand and moves on.

Here they take no more pills, just asyums. Who said Maria wasn't a true liberal? Down with "liberals" and down with everybody else. 800,000 homosexuals in New York and you can't get a politician to speak on their future, their civil rights. We sick. We don't want to be the unwarranted victim of whatever political wind is blowing, we want to be the masters of our destiny. Gay Power. Fuck all aspects of our self-imposed apathy to oppression, hatred and greed.

Crystal Chandeliers, golden drapes, scorch and suds and a gathering of 120 neat, enlightened members of the Gotham Young Republican Club to hear an address by mayoral candidate Senator John Marchi, the darling of Buckley conservatives and Gov. Rockefeller's right hand man in the Senate.

The meeting was opened by the club's president who reminded members to pay their dues, which had been raised to \$10, "a sum," he remarked, "which would not even buy one lunch." This was greeted by stoic acceptance. A moment of silent prayer was led for Everett Dirksen. There was no pledge of allegiance.

A call went out for volunteers for an hour's work as participants in a Spanish Harlem tutoring program administered by a gentleman who lived in what was described as a "devastating" apartment. The ladies were given assurances of safe conduct in and from the neighborhood.

Shortly afterwards, Senator Marchi, the man who promises law and order and who will make such safe conduct arrangements unnecessary, arrived. His speech revolved around the urban crisis, his definition of law and order, and generally reflected his willingness to participate in and promote a "democracy" which would allow the will of the majority to infringe upon the rights of even significant minorities as well as the individual. In short, he chose to define standards of human behavior rather than explore the necessity of setting boundaries for civil liberties. His speech ended, there was general applause and a call for questions.

A GLFer asks: "Senator Marchi, are you aware of the emerging turbulence within the homosexual community, and how does this relate to your views on law and order? Will homosexuals become targets or will you be responsive to their needs?"

Deafening rays of stunned silence reverberated off the crystal chandeliers and clear faces as the room closed in and dramatic waves around one's vision to now and focus on the Senator, who shared the fearful impulse to escape. For the first time that evening the Senator lost his cool, elegant, articulate style. His beginning words were almost an attempt to reassure people that no question had been asked.

He struggled repeatedly to meet the imperative, but faltered, offering time consuming, inconclusive verbiage, until calm enough to suggest that he didn't feel it necessary for him to speak on the matter, since it was being considered by some committee and was a topic for the State Legislature.

To the Gay Liberation Front:

Isaiah Brothers and Sisters,

Re: The forthcoming mayoral election in N.Y.C. In posing to ourselves the question, "Does Mayor Lindsay deserve the homosexual vote?" we must place our priorities. The real question should be, "Do any of the candidates deserve support of the people? More explicitly, does the power structure, which the capitalist politicians maintain, deserve even to exist?"

We oppressed homosexuals, we revolutionaries, must overthrow any system that denies equal access to the natural resources of the planet and denies the technological advancements of Man for all the people in preference to the privileged few. We must overthrow any system that breeds slavery and oppression and advocates competition instead of cooperation.

In the mayoral race, voters are faced with the choice of three candidates under the guise of "conservative", "moderate" and "liberal." Capitalist politics are plastic enough to offer us the game of hero vs. the median man vs. the villain. None can offer anything better than limited reform, all the while controlling the power to withdraw such reform measures whenever it is deemed necessary to maintain the existing social order. Power and control are in the hands of the ruling class and not in the hands of the people. Thus, the ruling class exploits the good intentions of the voter under false pretenses. These "reforms" amount to nothing but pacifiers, tokenisms, and crumbs of our real needs and wants. People are made to think that there is no alternative to this process of no-meaningful-change of the status quo. We, as Gay revolutionaries, recognize that the only hero is our own selves. We, by the rights of being men and women, we are the heroes who can make the real changes necessary to us. By roughly rejecting these false gods we will believe in ourselves and therefore develop the power to control our own destiny. Power to the People!

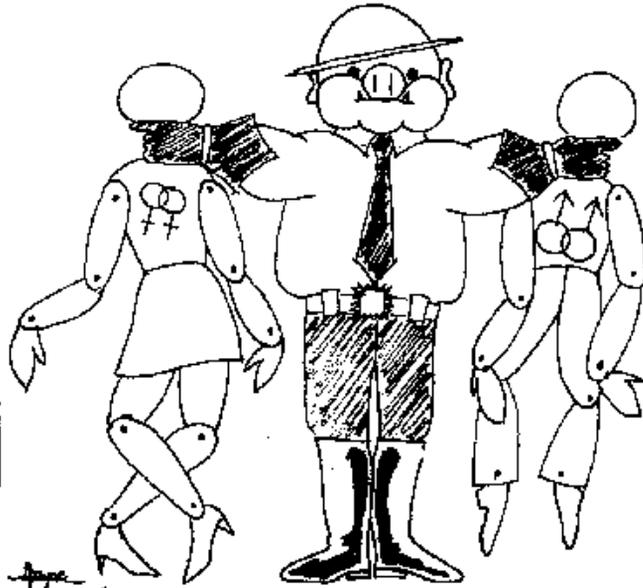
The liberal candidate campaigns on popular issues such as the war in Viet Nam, discrimination, community control, and social issues by masquerading as a crusader on these matters. Having been elected on these issues, he uses the corrupt political framework of which he is a part as an excuse for being unable to carry them forth. Based on his past experiences of having failed to make change, an honest man would leave his office rather than give cries of helplessness. For example, a true "peace candidate" would cease crying and work within one of the many existing anti-war organizations, but the capitalist political campaign yet again for re-election on the same promises and under the same deception. But what indeed does happen to the liberal who fails to get elected? Humphrey? McCarthy? What are they doing to end the Viet Nam war now that they don't need your vote?

"We must not get into a bag of thinking that we're involved in a game — a revolution is not a game, it is a war. We're involved in a war — a people's war against those who oppress the people, and this is the war in the clearcut sense of the word. It is only that our resistance is under-developed, the repression is over-developed and it is our resistance that is under-developed because the ruling class has means of the materials of war to mislead upon us, and they're only using these flimsy materials at this particular time, because our resistance to their aggression has hitherto been small." (A black revolutionary) POWER TO THE PEOPLE!

Ronald Ballard
Bob Fantanello

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cont.



A second unwarranted question: "Senator, it's not just for the legislature. As Mayor you would have control of the police force. How will this affect the lives of New York's 800,000 homosexuals?" Tensions still high. Marchi answered: "I will enforce the laws and prevailing social mores of society." The staccato manner of his delivery seemed devoid of personal moral conscience, as if he were not talking about human beings at all.

"Do you consider homosexuals oppressed minority?"

"No," he says, but the president of the club, sensing the general desperation, interrupts and suggests that something be discussed that is of general interest, implying that no Republican is queer.

The pressing issue of service on the Lexington Avenue Subway was raised, to the relief and weighty interest of the YRs. The Senator, once again within the realm of his competence, replied that he too had suffered mental and physical anguish on the JRT, and furthermore, had discovered that it was necessary in some instances for decent people to climb as many as 65 steps! TSK, TSK.

The question of the use of force by private citizens for self-protection is raised, and the Senator explains that on this and other matters he will rely on the judgment of the police department. In addition, in a moment of candor, he suggested the possibility of vigilante action: "We may have to fall back on vigilantes, but with a vigorous, no nonsense administration, I hope this will not be necessary." A few more mild questions and the meeting is adjourned.

A GLF member approaches the Senator for an interview, but is rebuffed by an aide. However, as the Senator exits he is confronted by a GLF member who says: "Evidently you feel no social suffering is involved in the issue (the status of the homosexual). You don't seem to feel obligated to address yourself to it."

"Well, yes," he muttered as he walked away.

Once again the world reaffirms its belief in the fairness of the earth, that all Jews crucified Christ, that there is a Santa Claus, but that there are no homosexuals.



THE OCTOBER REBELLION

By the Gay Commandos

"1776!" "Prozacious, you're out!" "What are you going to do about the homosexual community?" "Police harassment." "Bitchy." "Job discrimination." "Archaic, repressive sex laws." "Why haven't you spoken to the homosexual community?" These were the questions and challenges that bombarded the candidates' platform at Temple Torah on October 1st. The League of Women Voters had gathered the three mayoral candidates for their community and the media to deal with questions and issues. The Gay Libertarian Front was there to see that the Gay Community was dealt to also. Forty questions were submitted according to the stated procedure, with only a few of us still naive enough to think that perhaps someone would address himself to the issue. By the time Lindsay responded to questions dear to the hearts of the husbands of Queens, i.e., drugs, transportation, medical schools and these hoodlums in the street we realized we had to escalate to be heard. 1776! was the signal and a disruption began that is in to the Gay Community what the Boston Tea Party was to the American Colonists.

13 GLFers mingled singly or in couples with the 2000 young and old from the borough Queens. An immediate identification was established with the young just on the basis of long hair and casual, playful clothing. It became apparent though that the bond ran much deeper. Laughing, jerking boys and girls booted the cardboard demands for greater respect for the elders and the schools. They applauded when the burning of City College was mentioned and when the cant turned to jailing the junkies. A cry to "Free the people" caused the first disruption and the first appearance of the cops. They showed a beautiful contempt for the expected courtesy to candidate and orderliness that would permit the charade to continue without a hitch.

When GLF rose to demand that the candidates respond to the 800,000 homosexual men and women in NYC, the kids were with us all the way. "Answer them." "Let them speak." But there was no space for answers. The audience erupted. Many elders were angry at the rowdiness and disrespect. Many, bewildered, said, "What's happening?" Small groups gathered around the original commandos and some real communication began. The cops moved in toward Marty and Jim, who had signalled the barrage, but the women standing the event lined up protectively in front of them. As soon as order was established, and the cops retired, the questions burst forth again. This time, Marty and Jim were escorted out gently under the watchful eyes of the women and the cameras of the media. Again the assembly settled down peacefully only to heat from the remaining gay commandos, "Why don't you answer our questions?" "Speak in the community," rang out again and again during the now anarchic proceedings.

Small group discussions were now going on unabated as people wanted to understand why we were there and wanted to express their concern for us or their hostility. Jack was dealing with one uptight mother when

her daughter burst out, "What if he likes guys, I groove on girls!" The stricken woman, dragging her daughter, fled the room.

The meeting dragged on. The Democrats promise a new medical school, the Republicans a new subway, the Conservatives more police. The audience is aware that much of what is being said is lip service. A crucial question: what about more bus shelters, extra garbage service, a new community pool. Answers: 15 bus shelters are being built and a promise of more. Garbage trucks will be diverted from Manhattan. The conservative says, "Of the \$2 million allocated for an additional swimming pool, 1% million had been cut out and squandered on Bedford Stuyvesant and Tompkins Square."

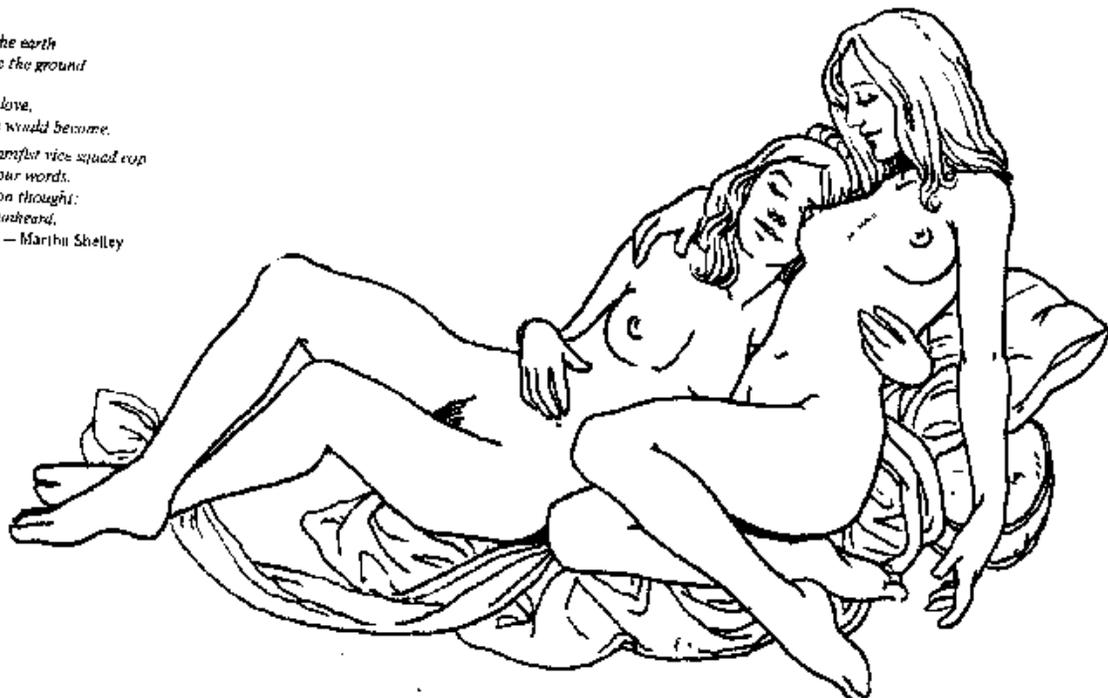
When Marchi approached the speaker's podium, the president of the League of Women Voters asked him to respond to the homosexual questions. Marchi: "We have not yet provided room on our platform for them." He then turned to the women near the podium and said, after having read the demands which were handed to him by a GLF'er. "They are sick, you know, it's a sickness." After Marchi had been confronted, GLFers started leaving the room, talking with the aroused and interested community as they left. Jerry and girl Marty walked casually to the front of the assembly. Jerry handed the leaflet with the GLF demands to the press, while Marty deliberately handed the paper to each of the appalled people on the speaker's platform.

Apparently the people present could tell a real event from the blind mirage that politicians pass off as confrontation and debate. They began leaving, too, though the program wasn't over. Out on the street the rapping and interest continued. We had moved a long way from the first shock of our presence. Statements like "You have no right to protest unless you own property," "It's a conspiracy," gave way to concerned questioning. "Why didn't you confront Lindsay?" "Do you really think this system can do anything for you?" Finally the cops pushed into the group, saying "Move along," and someone said, "Maybe someday people will be able to stand on the street and talk to each other."

"Look, ma, a homosexual." We had come out, in this temple people inhaled to us, met us, and many were astounded. In America, there are a few, token, public, known homosexuals. No wonder people think we are weird. They never see us. That night they did. Twisted characterizations of what it meant to be homosexual gave way to the sight of real people, determined self-respecting homosexuals. Hello, world! Dig us. No apologies. We have come out. Now world, now we want our share, now we want to share.

ROOTS

*We grow darker,
turned back in the earth
Forbidden to pierce the ground
and see the sun,
Denied the fruit of love,
We are not what we would become.
Entrapment is no harvest vice squal cup
but rigid cages - of your words.
Philosophies imprison thought:
Our voice has been unheard.
— Marjhu Shelley*



VOICE FROM THE CLOSET

*Oh Teabag
In my Cup below.
Are you Black
Or Orange Pekoe?*
— Ron Ballard

SOCIETY'S PRISONER

*I glide along with the mainstream
And ignore the Original Me.
It is too hard to look and see
What I am all about.
I pretend that it is unimportant
And play at enjoying my life.
I have friends, a home, a wife,
But still I doubt.
I identify with the milling crowds
And thus can never be totally free.
I will never say the words, "This is Me!"
With a Joyful Shout.
I am trapped in Society's Web of Rules
And obey them all, in abject fear
I am a Social Slave to a Degrading Idea
But follow it's route.
Michael F. Boyle*

*A laugh cried in a room full of people
must be heard,
but love even thought
can be missed.
I am not a poet of lament
nor a fool,
But you would-be mistress at the door
Let me in,
My love can fill you
With a wildness, and oceans and autumn:
Help me!
Give to yourself the you that I can make,
And give to me a self that I can take.*

*We two
Standing at the edge of the marsh
Must listen to the harsh sounds of crickets
We have no choice,
But if we work together
Perhaps we can hear the sound of sky
standing still,
Or the sounds of sins sung to God,
Or our skittering the hypocrisy of our souls.
"How far shall we go,
Can people hold this close?"
"Must we go this time
If we are to go at all?"
Don't miss the shouting scratching at my breath,
The letters that make love.
"We."
Daniel H. Smith*

