

DYKES
[L]ean
American
Revolution

Honored

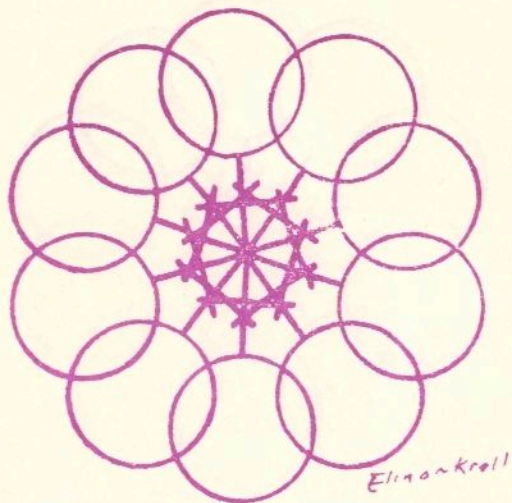
McK

PS

595

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1971



HIDDEN MESSAGE

The syllables Les, bi, an, spoken in reverse order
convey a hidden message: In, Be, Lis, or IN BLISS!

-Dolores

candle lighters

moon noticers

spring awaiters

women lovers

old clothes menders

I Ching readers

spring rejoicers

women lovers

haters

of winters

death

power

(white male amerika)

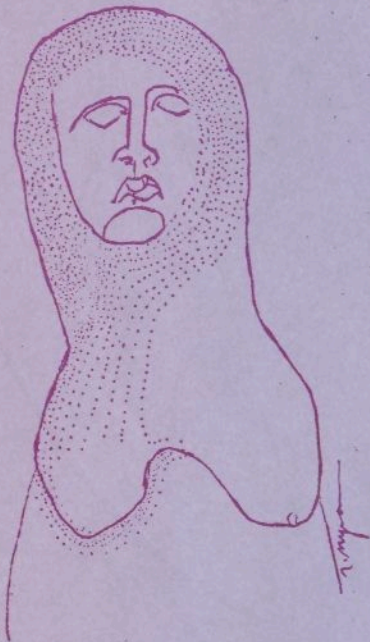
arisers

susan

I have long thought making love should be
gentle gentle as a summer breeze through
a sea of wild mustard

hair along one's face soft
snow on sleeping grass soft
finger tips along one's lips soft . . .

3/3
Debbie D.



We've awoken from the long sleep
Of mothers,
To step where mothers dreamed
And fathers nightmared.

Dolores

Collage

Fifteen and unhappy
then Lydia
and the strangeness of feeling good,
being adored and adoring,
months of tentative exploring and discovery,
passion and tenderness
We saved my life.

What do you mean, world?
Lesbian, ugly, unnatural, deformed?
I love her, that's all.
It means too much good for me,
I won't take on that shame.

Diane hunted me down dormitory halls
flirtatious, seductive, half serious.
She didn't know I'd mean it,
and once serious, she was bitter-sweet,
demanding, charming, hating, guilty.

Later she got married and
had children to glue it.
From its emptiness she asked
why didn't I tell her?
I did, but she couldn't hear.

I found a married man who could not own me
He was teacher, therapish, father, lover, friend.
I out grew it and felt bound.
With Women's Liberation
I rushed home toward women again.

Mostly straight and fearful,
They weren't much there for me or for each other—
I was desperate
in no world, but between
and much nearer to leaping
the precipice than I knew.

I met Rita—and leaped.
It was a volcanic affair
magic, quicksand, violating, fire burst
with patches of soft and exposed.
She withdrew.
I, a discarded kleenex.
Foolish, I dragged it out, trying to absorb
rejection, black pain.
She hadn't intended it to be like that.
We parted
hurt stirred up with admiration, gratitude,
appreciation, misunderstanding.

Old world rules—
pinky rings, butch-femme,
pants (at all times)
wide belts, open shirts,
the music of calling eachother "dyke"
mix with new world life-miracle
feminist-lesbianism—
political awareness, gut pride,
consciousness raising, lesbian collectives,
no more hiding,
trying to love in a new way,
community, support,
love eachother, love ourselves
helping eachother live
safety at last.

Our collective is home more than our dreams
There Dolores and I meet face to face,
respect solid, love deepening,
together and separate, whimsical and earnest,
careful.
Soft smiles and eyes and touch in contact,
proud and stubborn through conflict,
two wild colts defying taming
both lion and kitten, sun and rain
laughter, roaring, purring, basking, tears
working together, sharing together, loving together
we're making it.

Woman love, woman reach, woman fight, woman win—
Our work is revolution.

Prose poem—4/20/71
Cynthia Funk

Cynthia Funk



Williamette Bridge 7/6/71

(A POEM)
2/10/71
by Tami

I WISH I WERE

I wish I were a flower
Or full of magic power.

I wish I were a butterfly,
So I could just fly by.

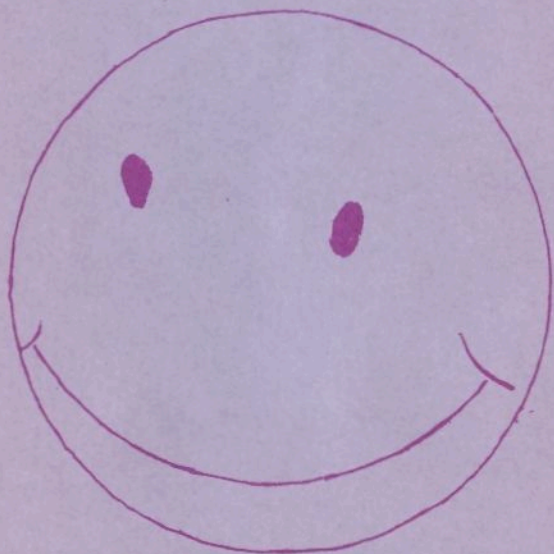
I wish I were a stream,
And I would be warmed by the sun's beam.

I wish I were a tree,
As long as I wasn't stung by a bee.

I wish I were a cat,
I just hope I don't get fat.

I wish I were a dog,
Or maybe a slippery forg.

NO!
I think I'm happy the way I am!



I'm Lesbian
Mother
Communist
Jewish
32
Angry
Struggling.

Marcie

for Joan

sometimes when I am exhausted
I half-wish for a serene and steady love
without the pain
without the struggle
when I was ordinary
I could love and be loved like that
and be satisfied

but that was before
women began to make a revolution
before we saw we had to fight—
to change, to love, even to survive

I have told myself that loving you
is like living on top of a volcano
but that is wrong
it is like, and is,
living in the midst of the revolution
raging, hurting, fighting fury
whirling, dancing, laughing joy
without the rage we cannot
destroy the past
without the joy we cannot
build the future
you are the rage and the joy
the anger and laughter
you have freed me from
an ordinary half-life
of plastic Amerikan serenity
because of you
because of us
I am a revolutionary woman

sharon

She met me with her mouth.

—dolores

Nancy Rainey, beautiful lady,
Here is a song without any music
Sung in a graveyard, cold under moonlight,
Warm in the walking and being together.
Steeple and stars, a country night's beauty
Led us to talking of childhood and loving.

I thought of the times when I'm making my music,
When the singing seems pure as a liquor of moonlight
And my heart is caught up in the power of beauty.
Those times above all, I wish for my lady.
I want to rejoice in the freedom of loving,
Want us to be feeling the power together.

Today in the car, riding together,
We talked of the times when you hated your beauty,
Hating to act out the role of the lady,
Knowing the hatred is breaking your music.
I pictured another you, happy and loving,
Not angry and dark, alone as the moonlight.

I know you will come to be gay in your beauty,
Trusting it as you believe in the moonlight,
Finding its source in the power of loving.
One time when you love it will all come together;
You'll know you've resolved the clash in your music,
Gladly your own, and somebody's, lady.

—Kate Winter
September, 1969

EXCERPT FROM A LETTER TO CYNTHIA
November, 1970

Dear Cynthia,

... This may sound simplistic, but my life has been a search to find the sources of two realities stemming directly from my experience as a girl within a very brutal family circumstance. The source of violence is one reality and the other my mother's unhappiness.

Within the context of the Women's Movement, I feel I've come to an understanding of both realities and feel good about realizing the search. But, I still feel today as I did as a young girl, in most ways helpless to change this violence much.

As this system operates, violence or violent behavior is changed when it is absorbed, transformed and reintegrated into a new kind of energy pattern or response. It requires an incredible amount of energy or political force to do this and I really feel, by myself, small in comparison to what I see has to change. I still have the most hope for the Women's Movement bringing about these kinds of changes more than any other force, yet only time will tell.

Linda Feldman said to me once that the Women's Movement was meant to relieve suffering. That really hit home with me and said what I thought we should be about, with the main priority of relieving Women's (our own too) first. When Nancy and I talked in Detroit she also made what I thought was an accurate statement of what we should be about, not I think separate from what Linda said. Nancy said we were, each of us, responsible for making ourselves happy. I think I told you once about how when I was 12 or 13 I entered every contest I could because I wanted to win money so I could buy things to make my mother happy. I remember waking up one morning feeling great after I'd had a dream in which I'd won a contest and spent the money buying my mother a house with all new furniture in it.

My mother's dream, transmitted to me, for happiness was a material structure filled with "nice" furnishings. This was a dream for a house that was a "home". This she dreamed, and I too, would complete her happiness. But it never did happen. I kept that dream in me and as I grew up with my involvement in the Women's Movement, that dream took on a different scope. My dream now is for a house that encompasses the whole world and houses the structures in which women can be free and feel at "home" in that freedom.

At the Philadelphia Conference (Oct. 1970) Saturday night the "Burning Cities" guerrilla theater group performed a series of short skits for heterosexual women only and not taking into account that most of the women present were lesbians and/or headed in that direction. In spite of this the acting and dramatization were excellent, especially in using physical and dance rhythms.

Later when I saw Linda Feldman her eyes were red and she said she had been crying. This was immediately after the group had finished the series of skits. The first thing she said when I asked what was the matter was "I can't talk everyone's crying." "About what?" I asked. "The play," she said. I told her I'd left part way through. She said I'd really missed something! She kept insisting she couldn't talk and I kept insisting she tell me what I'd missed. She finally did. She said everyone was crying because the final skit was about a daughter returning to her mother. The mother had built her whole life in a way of a dream of happiness around her children, husband and home. The children had since grown up and moved away. The mother was now old, lonely, and sick. She called out for "Kathy" the daughter she especially loved who had gone away to school to come and be with her. Kathy at first was repelled by her mother's plea. She rejected her and her life. Then, she realized, she let herself see, and she turned toward her mother and called out to her. At that moment of recognition she saw herself in her mother. She identified with her mother's condition as a woman. She and her mother were reunited.

The skit made conscious a very deep feeling in all these women. It's not just me," must have been what every woman there thought separately until that dramatization made conscious a collective desire we all share to really make contact, to really communicate and be united with ourselves and our mothers.

What I saw in this later as I thought about it was that we've all been reservoirs of our mother's sufferings, unhappinesses (extended oppressions) and carry it with us and pass it onto our daughters and will continue until we finally get relief. That maybe is in essence the success of the Women's Revolution, the reuniting--in consciousness of mothers and daughters. It is much more complex than this in the external conditions of life, but fundamentally, I think, that's probably what it's about...

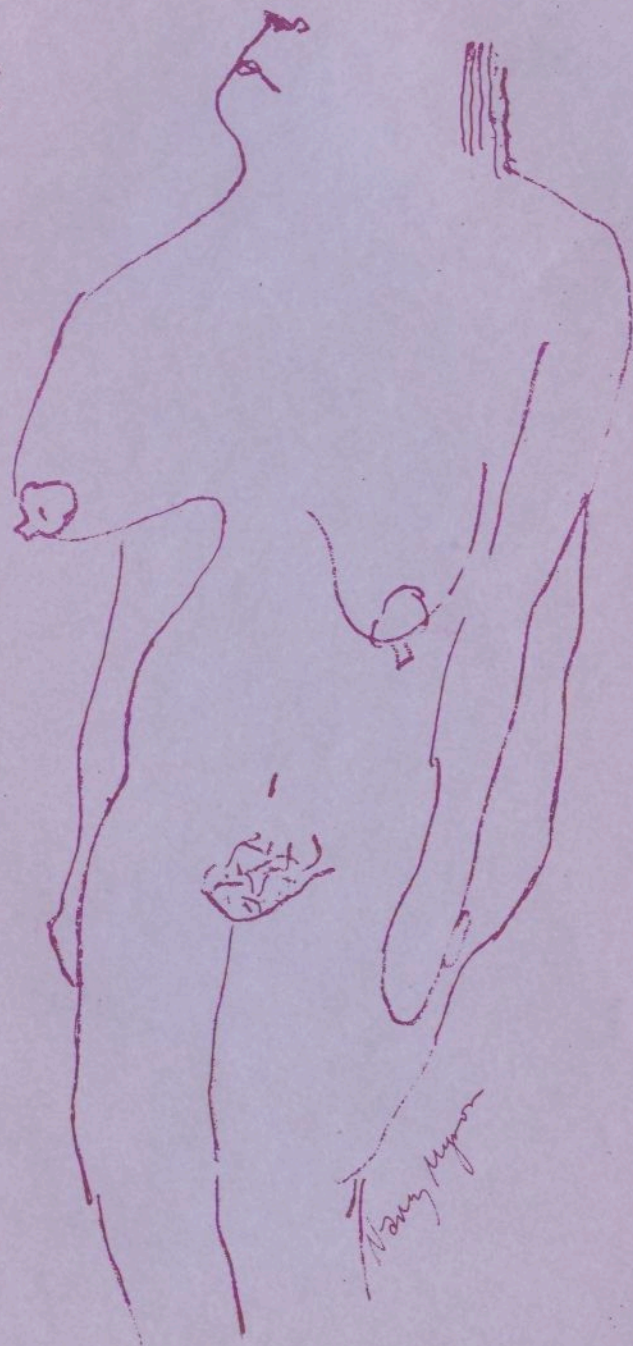
...I hope you were successful regarding your job possibilities. I miss you, miss being physically close to you, talking with you, doing "little things" with you.

Love, Salome

on the crook of an elbow
(one of two)
of yours
most moss-green-eyed woman
rests my spirit

Susan

MDVADISCT
2413



We want the daycare center to express revolutionary lesbian politics so that our children can love themselves and each other. We are not just another special interest group asking for tolerance and a little part of the daycare center's program. As lesbians we are challenging the basic structure and value of the daycare center. We want you to question them too, struggle with us over its present politics and become part of the new vision.

We are trying to provide an environment in which children have a chance to become new people. That means that we have to be in the process of becoming revolutionary ourselves. Revolutionary lesbians are not only fighting against the institutions of male heterosexual power and privilege but are attacking the very foundations of the male world view—a view which is based on competition, aggression, and acquisitiveness. Lesbians choose to reject that world view and to live apart from men who have perpetuated those values for thousands of years. We have broken our last dependence on male privilege which kept us from being revolutionary. As long as women cannot love each other they still see themselves as second class persons. We are building a new vision. We are creating a new identity, a new politic. Since we have begun to experience what it is to become new women—new persons—we have a vision of what children can become.

Our criticisms of the daycare center are in the context of that vision. Because we are becoming women identified women, we can see how the daycare center is failing in helping the children become new persons. We must start to change the daycare center now.

Criticisms

1) The primary content of the meetings is how to keep the daycare center running, not how we relate to children and to each other and what environment we want them to be in.

2) The basic sexism of the daycare center has not been challenged. The main challenge to sexism has been that of requiring men to take equal responsibility for children (at the daycare center!), with some subsequent changing of home housework roles. The daycare center is still oriented towards heterosexuality and the nuclear family. No sustained effort has been made to encourage girls to become more active and boys less macho. The rampant sexism is evident in the fact that people still believe that "a fucked-up man is better than no man at all."

3) Homosexuality has been ignored. There has been no effort to encourage children to love themselves and those of their own sex.

4) The daycare center is not a collective. How much time people work is based not on need and ability but on a mechanical rule. People's relationships to each other and to the children are not open to challenge and pushing within the group.

5) There has been little attempt to deal with adult chauvinism beyond the liberal dictum of permissiveness. The parent/child relationship of exclusivity, dependency, and monogamy has not been called in question.

The daycare center must change now if it is to begin to express the politics of what we want the world to become. It is destructive to our children for them to continue to be in this environment. The expression of our politics in terms of the daycare center means the following changes:

1) The heterosexual bias of the center has to go. There must be a continual gay presence so children can see women loving women and men loving men. Books and games that only express the heterosexual world view should be thrown out. We must develop new ones that show positively homosexuality and alternative life styles.

2) The daycare center must be run on communist principles. Scheduling in terms of needs and abilities must be worked out collectively in group meetings. The primacy of the parent/child relationship can no longer be assumed. Those who belong to the daycare center must be moving towards collective living themselves.

3) The primary subject of meetings must be the content of our relationships and the goals towards which we are moving—not the mechanics of running the daycare center. Adult chauvinism must be struggled with, along with class and race.

4) The nuclear family prejudice must end. Single women and lesbians with children must be the top recruiting priority.

5) Men who are not struggling with their sexism *must* leave. The women will decide who can stay. The men who stay must be in men's consciousness raising groups that help them express their homosexuality.

6) The kids should be encouraged to explore their own bodies and the bodies of each other and to masterbate.

THOSE WOMEN

Colitta
Helaine
Sue
Ginny
Sharon
Joan
Susan
Rita
Tasha
Betty
Charlotte
Marlene

TAMI KALLEN

My mother

When she was little she had tough life, she worked very hard, she lived very hard. The first 5 yrs. of her life she was very skinny & dying. But thank heavens she lived. And soon she got chubby. Soon when she was in her teens she went on dates with boy & girl friends. ~~Later on~~ ^{soon} she met my father, she then married him and ^{TURN PAGE}

was heterosexual. ~~She~~ She had me & my brother. She and my daddy in 1967 separated. She still had heterosexual relationships with men. Early March she met Donna & they loved each other & made love and was a lesbian,

The END

Its really very funny. I felt like a fool and as I pulled the covers over my head that night I vowed that I would never again set foot in another gay bar I didn't want to end up like Winnie. The following Sunday I was again standing sentry with my stale screwdriver at the piano bar. So much for vows. So much for any character I'd ever thought I'd had. How else could I possibly believe in my own unending innocence despite my perversions and indulgences if I were not almost totally powerless against my weakness.

My reality consists of nothing, for some time now I have believed in nothing at all. Actually this philosophy seems to be a natural and logical manifestation of my own self. After all how can a person who cannot even keep her word to herself ever expect other people to keep their word. When my feelings about things change from day to day, and consequently my ways of dealing with them do the same how can I possibly believe that anything is really there. I know that other people that some other people feel the same way I do. There are some people who feel almost the opposite way. They are the kind of people who make decisions and rule. They are often cruel on a large scale. I am only often cruel on a small scale.

D. Gottschalk



PORTRAIT OF BUTTER

Princeton, Yale, or Wesleyan. You still had another choice, Trinity, Colgate, Williams, not to mention those not to be mentioned. She had of course no idea of this. She took the top three on the list. Simply.

She was all for women's liberation. It was part of her pride. And this came easily in sharing. Socialability was not such a difficulty. And she was very involved in the struggle to understand and to break free. The Spanish blood to be free. And the revolution is too far to see. But we are still hungry and will eat, thank you.

We are fed at set hours like a valuable herd of young cattle. She said well that's what they think we are, Vassar girls. I said HA we'll see. Black Spanish lace, she smiled at me.

We will make our own all together. Can we. We will somehow have to leave the past behind as no longer important. Princeton.

love. cry. want. and pictures of poverty. The idealism of ecology. Animal pictures. Huge. Looking like life-like animal crackers and in color. Across from the pictures of poverty. love. cry. want. what did she want. love. cry. want. what does she want. Dirty dishes. Polluted streams. Gallapogos turtles. what did she want. These things hanging on her wall confuse.

I was deported to my room wjth my wishes I was not alone. She was waiting for me she was not. Simply we had walked there together. It was very dark. And then it was more casual. Casual. Tomorrow it was being casual. There was that coyness because it had been dark, but it was not dark anymore. The coyness was not staying. No things to hide behind. The coyness was not staying. There were some who were very upset that all of this was happening.

Turtles. Turtles have hard shells and retractable necks and that is what she said. They could hide well. whenever they chose, whenever the moment of need arose. They could hide.

She suddenly became a cocker spaniel. But, Emily dogs fawn overly. I died nearly with love and contempt. She said Hello. Rich melting butter held coats you golden. Gilt.

She usually stood straight, straight enough to see the long lines of her tall body. That made her beautiful. Besides a cocker spaniel, no longer a puppy. She looked proud. I guess that's what got me. The Pride of an Iberian sun flaming down and overheating everything, drying out the ground, and making dust into an obstacle. Spain and Spanish blood not quite. There was the cream cheese sense to it if I am going to be totally honest. She was more like a stone skipping across the surface of the water. Stones of course sink. She discuss this she would not would not discuss this. Very well I thank you.

We are all for disposing of these difficult and hard to solve problems.

Rich melting butter held makes you golden and gloriously happy. Especially in bed with a smile, I thank you. Makes her dark dark hair flopp soft and short beautifully around her fair light skin and dark eyes. Those eyes they'll grasp you. Those eyes have hands. They hold. They envelope. They perfume. They emanate sweet dreams and sensuality. Don't forget to mention that to her, don't forget to remind them. About, yes, the eyes. The eyes and the hands. And the body. They're always talking but they never say a word. They're always singing but they never make a sound. And still I always heard it still I hear it still my only only lyrical ballad is to you.

The rain. The rain came down like a kingdom of cats & dogs dumped uniformly from the 62nd floor of the world. It camd down. Not too hard rather softly but big big drops one enough to wet your whole face in. The kind of rain to run in. A fast and a furious watering every blade of grass soaking greener every bush every tree every weed every vine seems growing up absorbing moisture being green in its own way and beautiful. These are not hard times. These are not hard times to be

alone. These are not hard times to be together and to share these times. The sun and this pride are simply out of the question behind the gray cotton puffs clouds pulled curtain.

Carla Duke



The Meaning of Revolution

Things that work should be broken.
Their ability to work is evidence and cause of the
murderous abstraction—the social system.

Things that don't work should be fixed.
Cars, bodies, selves.
That is the love part.

To repair
Mends despair,
Makes the soul whole,
Ready for destruction again.
Fuck you.

Edith Rosenthal
Winter, 1971

I AM

We like

LESBIANS

We Hope

are
LESBIANS
live,

I like the
LESBIANS

AN EPISTULE FOR TASHA

The dead are the only people
to have permanent dwellings.
We, nomads of Revolution
Wander over the desolation of
many generations
And are reborn on each other's lips
To ride wild mares over unfathomable
canyons
Heralding dawns, dreams and sweet desire.

Rita Mae Brown

before Chincoteague

wrestling on the kitchen floor
is crazy
I want to go away
with you

last night
I let myself
have fantasies
and learned
to touch myself
there was music rhythm
I danced
and saw myself
small slim woman
moving to the accent
of your drum
tall full-breasted woman
I danced
you drummed
until we ached
with the dancing drumming
drumming desire
and fell together
in the rhythm
dancing
drumming
with our bodies
against each other
with each other
together each other
together

sharon

Song In the Key of C

This is a poem without references
I mean it's just here.
It has no rose bushes or gardens.
But soft,
It has pain, so much
And tears, so many
And fears,
For a rhyme.
How to get from self lost
To self given.
No way.
No way.

Edith Rosenthal
Winter, 1971



2-1-71 Debbie D

The Woman's Maid of Honor

went to New Jersey felt like a crab
Peering out at the world from behind a blue
velvet dress
smiling and dancing and kissing the boys
in Middle America
Cold-blooded side-walker scavenging severed
emotions,
Scanning them curiously with stalky eyes,
trying to decide with air-numbed brain.
Crustacean upended on the shore of the
American Dream:
Four jobs, four cars America loveitorleaveit
Son to college bride to be
Work Work Work
Proud white attainer of back breaking streets
of gold.
Blue velvet shelled friend filled with
back fin love
out on the land and down the runner
Witness to treason of women.
Wanting to cry & having no tears, no rage
unfathomable helplessness for a
small fragile woman
walking the dandy beach not able to see
for all the wind blown sand in her veins.
Not able to see for all the pain in her back,
the fullness in her belly,
Not able to see for the man at her side the
backfinning creature who returned to the sea.

FOR QUEEN CHRISTINA

Who ascended the throne of Sweden
in the 17th century and shocked
Europe by her love for Countess
Sparre, who loved the queen in return.
Christina announced this union in
no uncertain terms.

I will not bend
I will not bow
I will not sing the praises
of their sacred cow
I will not pervert my tiny
shred of imagination
To save myself from "abnormal"
incrimination.
I will face them
I will fight them
I will fling my fury into their
festering faces,
Love left her kiss in the cup
I dare men deny me the drink.

Rita Mae Brown

The collection of
statements in this
booklet is as diverse
in sentiment and
form as is the Lesbian
Population. We are
beautiful and getting
more so every day!

We hope this
booklet will bring
pleasure to all our
sisters and we encourage
Lesbians to come out in
every cultural and political
form.

The movement of
Dykes for an American
Revolution belongs to all
women...

Additional copies of this
booklet can be obtained by
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to:

Easter Day Press
P. O. Box 6425
T St. Station
Washington, D. C. 20009

Proceeds from the sale of this
booklet go toward the financing
of another booklet of Lesbian
writings and the establishment
of a Lesbian Press. Additional
writings and donations are grate-
fully welcomed and can be sent to
Easter Day Press.

printed by Diana Press, 12 W. 25th St., Baltimore, Md. 21218

cover photo—D. Gottschalk



DYKES
for an
American
Revolution

