

I am Your Sister: Black Women Organizing Across Sexualities

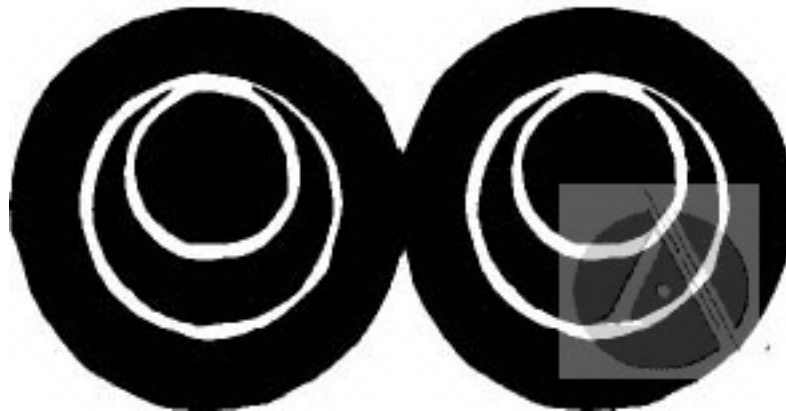
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FULL TEXT

Front matter

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FREEDOM ORGANIZING SERIES #3

I Am Your

Sister:

Black Women

Organizing Across

Sexualities

Audre Lorde

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KITCHEN TABLE: Women of Color Press



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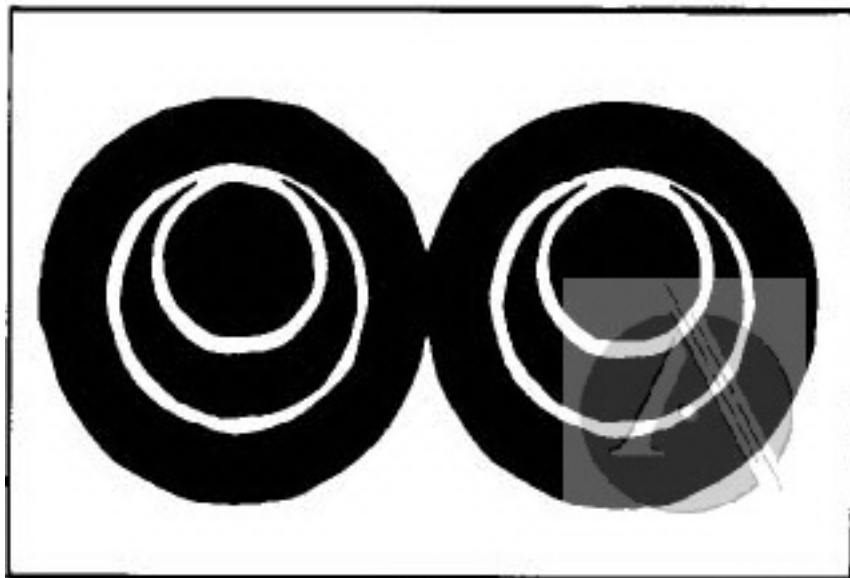
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Main text

I Am Your Sister: Black Women Organizing Across Sexualities



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Whenever I come to Medgar Evers College I always feel a thrill of anticipation and delight because it feels like coming home, like talking to family, having a chance to speak about things that are very important to me with people who matter the most. And this is particularly true whenever I talk at the Women's Center. But, as with all families, we sometimes find it difficult to deal constructively with the genuine differences between us and to recognize that unity does not require that we be identical to each other. Black women are not one great vat of homogenized chocolate milk. We have many different faces, and we do not have to become each other in order to work together.

It is not easy for me to speak here with you as a Black Lesbian feminist recognizing that some of the ways in which I identify myself make it difficult for you to hear me. But meeting across difference always requires mutual stretching and until you *can* hear me as a Black Lesbian feminist, our strengths will not be truly available to each other as Black women.

Because I feel it is urgent that we not waste each other's resources, that we recognize each sister on her own terms so that we may better work together toward our mutual survival, I speak here about heterosexism and homophobia, two grave barriers to organizing among Black women. And so that we have a common language between us, I would like to define some of the terms I use. HETEROSEXISM: A belief in the inherent superiority of one form of loving over all others and thereby the right to dominance. HOMOPHOBIA: A terror surrounding feelings

of love for members of the same sex and thereby a hatred of those feelings in others.

In the 1960's, when liberal white people decided that they didn't want to appear racist, they wore dashikis, and danced Black, and ate Black, and even married Black, but they did not want to feel Black or even think Black, so they never even questioned the textures of their daily living (why should flesh-colored band-aids always be pink) and then they always wondered "why are those Black folks always taking offense so easily at the least little thing? Some of our best friends are Black ..."

Well, it is not necessary for some of your best friends to be Lesbian, although some of them probably are, no doubt. But it is necessary for you to stop oppressing me through false judgement. I do not want you to ignore my identity, nor do I want you to make it an insurmountable barrier between our sharing of strengths.

When I say I am a Black feminist, I mean I recognize that my power as well as my primary oppressions come as a result of my Blackness as well as my womanness, and therefore my struggles on both these fronts are inseparable.

When I say I am a Black Lesbian, I mean I am a woman whose primary focus of loving, physical as well as emotional, is directed to women. It does not mean I hate men. Far from it. The harshest attacks I have ever heard against Black men come from those women who are intimately bound to them and cannot free themselves from a subservient and silent position. I would never presume to speak about Black men the way I have heard some of my straight sisters talk about the men they are attached to. And of course that concerns me, because it reflects a situation of non-communication in the heterosexual Black community that is far more truly threatening than the existence of Black Lesbians.

What does this have to do with Black women organizing?

I have heard it said – usually behind my back – that Black Lesbians are not normal. But what is normal in this deranged society by which we are all trapped? I remember, and so do many of you, when being Black was considered NOT NORMAL, when they talked about us in whispers, tried to paint us, lynch us, bleach us, ignore us, pretend we did not exist. We called that racism.

I have heard it said that Black Lesbians are a threat to the Black family. But when 50% of children born to Black women are born out of wedlock, and 30% of all Black families are headed by women without husbands, we need to broaden and redefine what we mean by family.

I have heard it said that Black Lesbians will mean the death of the race. Yet Black Lesbians bear children in exactly the same way other women bear children, and a Lesbian household is simply another kind of family. Ask my son and daughter.

The terror of Black Lesbians is buried in that deep inner place where we have been taught to fear all difference – to kill it or ignore it. Be assured – loving women is not a communicable disease. You don't catch it like the common cold. Yet the one accusation that seems to render even the most vocal straight Black woman totally silent and ineffective is the suggestion that she might be a Black Lesbian.

If someone says you're Russian and you know you're not, you don't collapse into stunned silence. Even if someone calls you a bigamist, or a childbeater, and you know you're not, you don't crumple into bits. You say it's not true, and keep on printing the posters. But let anyone, particularly a Black man, accuse a straight Black woman of being a Black Lesbian, and right away that sister becomes immobilized, as if that is the most horrible thing she could be, and must at all costs be proven false. That is homophobia. It is a waste of woman energy, and it puts a terrible weapon into the hands of your enemies to be used against you to silence you, to keep you docile and in line. It also serves to keep us isolated and apart.

I have heard it said that Black Lesbians are not political, that we have not been and are not involved in the struggles of Black people. But when I taught Black and Puerto Rican students writing at City College in the SEEK program in the 60s I was a Black Lesbian. I was a Black Lesbian when I helped organize and fight for the Black Studies Department of John Jay College. And because I was 15 years younger then and less sure of myself, at one crucial moment I yielded to pressures that said I should step back for a Black man even though I knew him to be a serious error of choice, and I did, and he was. But I was a Black Lesbian then.

When my girl friends and I went out in the car one July 4th night after fireworks with cans of white spray paint and our kids asleep in the back of the car, one of us staying behind to keep the motor running and watch the kids while the other two worked our way down the suburban New Jersey street, spraying white paint over the black jockey statues and their little red jackets too, we were Lesbians.

When I drove through the Mississippi delta to Jackson in 1968 with a group of Black students from Tougaloo, another car full of redneck kids trying to bump us off the road all the way back into town, I was a Black Lesbian. When I weened my daughter in 1963 to go to Washington in August to work in the coffee tents along with Lena Home, making coffee for the marshalls because that was what most Black women did in the 1963 March on Washington, I was a Black Lesbian.

When I taught a poetry workshop at Tougaloo, a small Black college in Mississippi, where white rowdies shot up the edge of campus every night, and I felt the joy of seeing young Black poets find their voices and power through words in our mutual growth, I was a Black Lesbian. And there are strong Black poets today who date their growth and awareness from those workshops.

When Yoli and I cooked curried chicken and beans and rice and took our extra blankets and pillows up the hill to the striking students occupying buildings at City College in 1969, demanding open admissions and the right to an education, I was a Black Lesbian. When I walked through the midnight hallways of Lehman College that same year, carrying Midol and Kotex pads for the young Black radical women taking part in the action, and we tried to persuade them that their place in the revolution was not ten paces behind Black men, that spreading their legs to the guys on the tables in the cafeteria was not a revolutionary act no matter what the brothers said, I was a Black Lesbian. When I picketed for Welfare Mothers' Rights, and against the enforced sterilization of young Black girls, when I fought institutionalized racism in the New York City schools, I was a Black Lesbian.

But you did not know it, because we did not identify ourselves, so now you can still say that Black Lesbians and gay men have nothing to do with the struggles of the Black Nation.

And I am not alone.

When you read the words of Langston Hughes you are reading the words of a Black gay man. When you read the words of Alice Dunbar-Nelson and Angelina Weld Grimké, poets of the Harlem Renaissance, you are reading the words of Black Lesbians. When you listen to the life-affirming voice of Bessie Smith and Ma Rainey, you are hearing Black Lesbian women. When you see the plays and read the words of Lorraine Hansberry, you are reading the words of a woman who loved women deeply.

Today, some of the most active and engaged members of "Art Against Apartheid" which is making visible and immediate our cultural responsibilities against the tragedy of South Africa are Lesbians and gay men. We have organizations such as the National Coalition of Black Lesbians and Gays, Dykes Against Racism Everywhere, and Men of All Colors Together, all of whom are committed to and engaged in anti-racist activity.

Homophobia and heterosexism mean you allow yourselves to be robbed of the sisterhood and strength of Black Lesbian women because you are afraid of being called a Lesbian yourself. Yet we share so many concerns as Black women, so much work to be done. The urgency of the destruction of our Black children and the theft of young Black minds are joint urgencies. Black children shot down or doped up on the streets of our cities are priorities for all of us. The fact of Black women's blood flowing with grim regularity in the streets and living rooms of Black communities is not a Black Lesbian rumor. It is sad statistical fact. The fact that there is a widening and dangerous lack of communication around our differences between Black women and men is not a Black Lesbian plot. It is a fact that becomes starkly clarified as we see our young people becoming more and more uncaring of each other. Young Black boys believing that they can define their manhood between a sixth grade girl's legs, growing up believing that Black women and girls are the fitting target for their justifiable furies rather than the racist structures grinding us all into dust, these are not Black Lesbian myths. These are sad realities of Black communities today and of immediate concern to us all. We cannot afford to waste each other's energies in our common battles.

What does homophobia mean? It means that high-powered Black women are told it is not safe to attend a

Conference on the Status of Women in Nairobi simply because we are Lesbians. It means that in a political action, you rob yourselves of the vital insight and energies of political women such as Betty Powell and Barbara Smith and Gwendolyn Rogers and Raymina Mays and Robin Christian and Yvonne Flowers. It means another instance of the divide and conquer routine.

How do we organize around our differences, neither denying them nor blowing them up out of proportion?

The first step is an effort of will on your part. Try to remember, to keep certain facts in mind. Black Lesbians are not apolitical. We have been a part of every freedom struggle within this country. Black Lesbians are not a threat to the Black family. Many of us have families of our own. We are not white, and we are not a disease. We are women who love women. This does not mean we are going to assault your daughters in an alley on Nostrand Avenue. It does not mean we are about to attack you if we pay you a compliment on your dress. It does not mean we only think about sex, any more than you only think about sex.

Even if you *do* believe any of these stereotypes about Black Lesbians, begin to practice *acting* like you don't believe them. Just as racist stereotypes are the problem of the white people who believe them, so also are homophobic stereotypes the problem of the heterosexuals who believe them. In other words, those stereotypes are yours to solve, not mine, and they are a terrible and wasteful barrier to our working together. I am not your enemy. We do not have to become each other's unique experiences and insights in order to share what we have learned through our particular battles for survival as Black women ...

There was a poster in the 60s that was very popular: HE'S NOT BLACK, HE'S MY BROTHER! It used to infuriate me because it implied that the two were mutually exclusive—"he" couldn't be both brother and Black. Well, I do not want to be tolerated, nor misnamed. I want to be recognized.

I am a Black Lesbian, and I *am* your sister.

Back matter

RESOURCES FOR ORGANIZING

The following is a partial listing of organizations and publications which focus upon issues discussed in this pamphlet.

ORGANIZATIONS:

Asian/Pacific Lesbians and Gays, Suite 109

7985 Santa Monica Blvd.

West Hollywood, CA 90046

Asian/Pacific Lesbians and Gays, P. O. Box 3146

Los Angeles, CA 90028

Baltimore Coalition of Black Gay Women and Men

618 W. Franklin Street, #6

Baltimore, MD 21201

Bay Area Black Lesbians and Gays

437 Webster Street

San Francisco, CA 94114

Black Lesbians/Gays United

654 S. W. Grant, #101

Portland, OR 97201

Black Lesbian and Gay Centre Project

BM Box #4390

London WC1N 3XX

UNITED KINGDOM

Boston Asian Gay Men and Lesbians

43 Winter Street

Boston, MA 02108

D. C. Coalition of Black Gay Women and Men

P. O. Box 50662
Washington, DC 20004

El Comité Latino de Lesbianas y Homosexuales

P. O. Box 365
Boston, MA 02139

Faith Temple

Howard University, Box 386
Washington DC 20059

GAMA/Gay Atlanta Minority Association

P. O. Box 3381
Atlanta, GA 30302

Gay American Indians

c/o Pride Center
Filmore and Hayes
San Francisco, CA 94117

Gays, Bisexuals and Lesbians of Color

Cornell University
535 Willard Straight Hall
Ithaca, NY 14853

Gay Black Women's Rap and Support Group

1505 Broadway
Seattle, WA 98122

The Gay and Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation

P. O. Box 809
263A West 19th Street
New York, NY 10011

Gay and Lesbian Latinos Unidos

1213 N. Highland Avenue
Hollywood, CA 90038

Harlem Metropolitan Community Church

P. O. Box 574
New York, NY 10030

International Council of African Women (ICAW)

P. O. Box 8676
Washington, DC 20011

ILGPOC 86

International Lesbian and Gay People of Color
Conference 86
859 N. Virgil/STA. D 145
Los Angeles, CA 90029

The International Network of Lesbians of African Descent

c/o NCBLG, Suite 514
930 "F" Street, N.W.
Washington, DC 20004

IRUWA/Minnesota Coalition of Black Gays

P. O. Box 19146

Minneapolis, MN 55419-0146

Lesbian and Gay Asian Network

P. O. Box 29627

Philadelphia, PA 19144

Lesbianas Latinas

1213 N. Highland Avenue

Los Angeles, CA 90038

Lesbians of Color

P. O. Box 2344

Los Angeles, CA 90051

Lesbians of Color

P. O. Box 5602

San Diego, CA 92105

Lesbians of Colour

P. O. Box 6597, Station A Toronto, Ontario

CANADA MSW 1X4

Multi-Cultural Lesbian and Gay Studies Program

300 Eshleman Hall

University of California

Berkeley, CA 94720

The National Coalition of Black Lesbians and Gays

(NCBLG), Suite 514

930 "F" Street

Washington, DC 20004

The National Institute for Women of Color

P. O. Box 50583

Washington, DC 20004-0583

Pacific Bridge

P. O. Box 6328

San Francisco, CA 94110

Salsa Soul Sisters

P. O. Box 1119

New York, NY 10009

Sapphire Sapphos

P. O. Box 26327

Washington, DC 20001

Study Group on Black Lesbians

c/o Brooks

Lesbian Herstory Archives

P. O. Box 1258

New York, NY 10001

Triangle Coalition of Black Lesbians and Gays

604 West Chapel Hill Street

Durham, NC 27701

PUBLICATIONS:

Azalea

Box 200, Cooper Station

New York, NY 10003

Between Our Selves

Women of Color Newspaper

P. O. Box 1939

Washington, DC 20013

Black/Out Magazine

c/o NCBLG (The National Coalition of Black Lesbians and Gays), Suite 514

930 "F" Street, N.W.

Washington, DC 20004

Gay Community News

167 Tremont St., 5th Floor

Boston, MA 02111

Lesbian Herstory Archives

P. O. Box 1258

New York, NY 10001

Paz Press

P. O. Box 3146

Fayetteville, AR 72702

Trikon: Gay East Indian Magazine

P. O. Box 60536

Palo Alto, CA 94306

Upfront

Black Women's Newspaper

P. O. Box 2293

Washington, DC 20013

Freedom Organizing Pamphlet Series

#1 *The Combahee River Collective Statement*, Foreword by Barbara Smith, \$3.25 paper.

#2 *Apartheid U. S. A.* by Audre Lorde and *Our Common Enemy, Our Common Cause: Freedom Organizing in the Eighties* by Merle Woo, \$3.50 paper.

#3 *I Am Your Sister: Black Women Organizing Across Sexualities* by Audre Lorde, \$2.95 paper.

Other Titles from Kitchen Table: Women of Color Press

Narratives: Poems in the Tradition of Black Women by Cheryl Clarke, \$5.50 paper, \$14.50 cloth.

Cuentos: Stories by Latinas, Alma Gómez, Cherrie Moraga, and Mariana Romo-Carmona, eds., \$7.95 paper, \$16.95 cloth.

Home Girls: A Black Feminist Anthology, Barbara Smith, ed., \$11.95 paper, \$20.95 cloth.

This Bridge Called My Back: Writings by Radical Women of Color, Cherrie Moraga and Gloria Anzaldúa, eds., \$9.95 paper, \$18.95 cloth.

A Comrade Is As Precious As A Rice Seedling by Mila D. Aguilar, \$5.00 paper, \$14.00 cloth.

When ordering, please include \$1.00 for postage and handling for the first book and 35¢ for each additional book.

Order from: Kitchen Table: Women of Color Press, P. O. Box 2753, New York, NY 10185.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

AUDRE LORDE was born in New York City in 1934 of West Indian parents. Her eight collections of poetry and three works of prose have received international acclaim. Recent works include *Zami: A New Spelling of My Name* (Crossing Press); *Chosen Poems*; and *Sister Outsider: Essays and Speeches* (Crossing Press). *Our Dead Behind Us: New Poems* will be published in May, 1986. She is a founding member of SISA: Sisterhood in Support of Sisters in South Africa and of Kitchen Table: Women of Color Press. She is on the board of the National Coalition of Black Lesbians and Gays.

DETAILS

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