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Maine Gay Task Force Newsletter

Periodicals

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11-1976

## Maine Gay Task Force Newsletter, Vol.3, No.11(November 1976)

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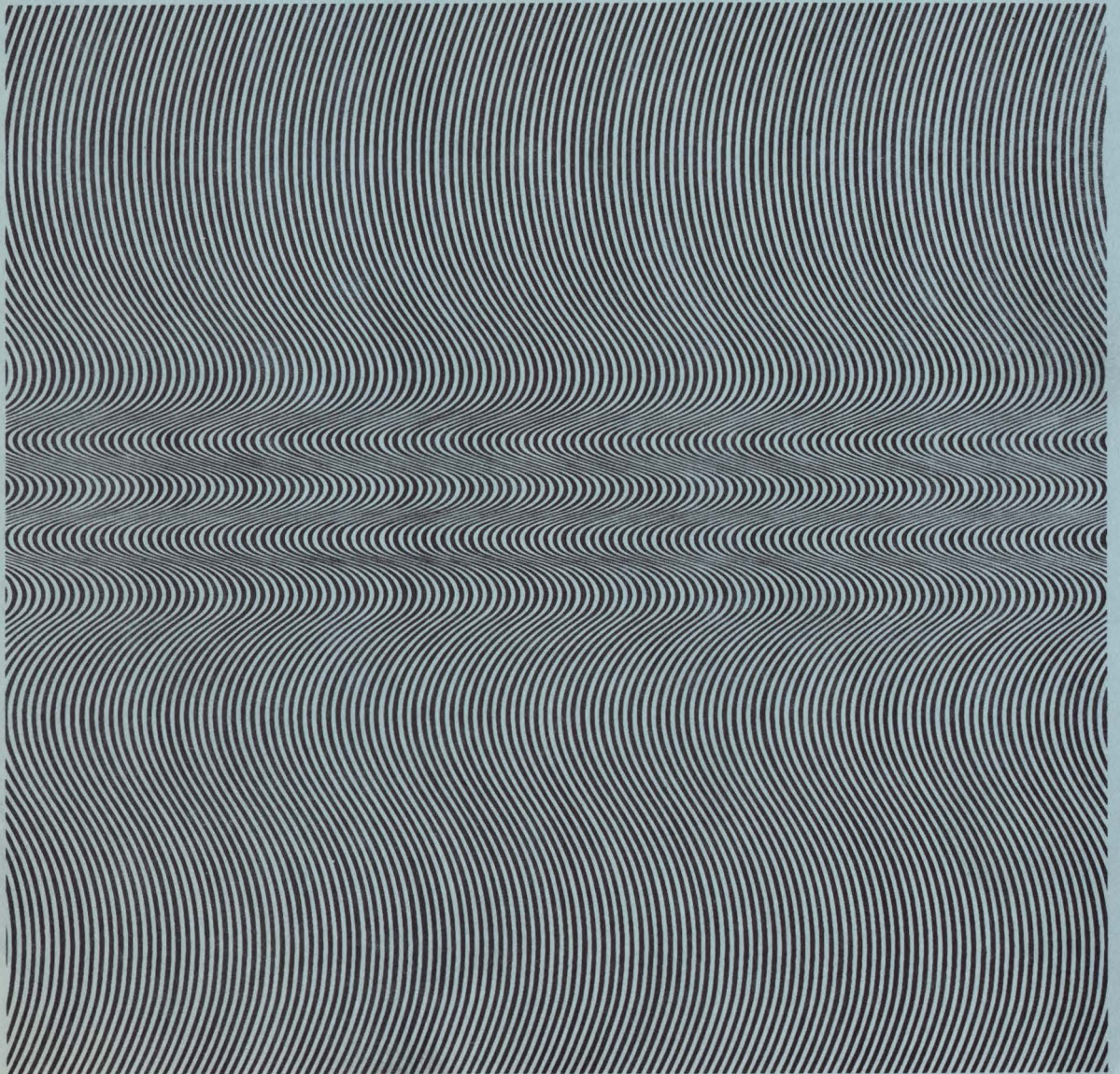
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**MAINE**

**VOL 3 NO 11**

**NOV '76**

**GAY TASK FORCE  
NEWSLETTER**



NO. 10

THE  
GAYLARD FORT  
WESTON

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## Note To Readers

With this issue, the Newsletter "comes out:" there are no less than three articles on the infinitely complex subject, written by two men and a woman. For anyone who has come out, is in the process, or is contemplating informing others of their sexual or affectional preference, these articles should be of special interest. Similarly, the thoughts and comments of Lesbians and Gay men on "coming out" may be informative to nonGay readers as well. After all, these people are central to the process.

Not to forget the book reviews, a review on a collection of poems and the regular Newsletter articles of ideas and opinion.

\* \* \*

Tom Hurley's September article entitled "Intrinsically Disordered: The Church that Hates Gay People and Gay People Who Love the Church" contained two typing errors:

p.33, ¶2, sentence #3: "The Declaration isn't..." and  
p.42, ¶3, sentence #5: "The bond of...and...require..."

The first error makes its paragraph incomprehensible; the second is just glaringly bad grammar. As Tom notes: "Since I now make my living teaching people about compound subjects and plural verbs, I have to protest bad grammar, whenever it appears!" Editor's lament: every once in a while, which is to say once a month, a number of gremlins sneaks into the copy of the Newsletter. To Tom, who got hit twice, and to all the countless others--both past and future--sorry!

\* \* \*

The MGTFF Newsletter, as predicted (threatened?) in the October issue, will shortly relocate itself; this time to the generously-provided office space in the home of a Portland subscriber. Our not-so-lackadaisical search for downtown commercial office space had uncovered fearful lodes of inaccessible, postage stamp-sized labyrinths, all renting at tidy sums. So we said (parenthetically) "The heck with it, we'll look elsewhere." We did, and thus was the dilemma solved.

Or, rather, our largest

dilemma. As you thumb through this MGTFN, the staff is reeling in the face of what surely will be the most awesome moving and filing task since the U.S. Post Office decided to reinstate basic delivery service...whenever *that* will be... We've got tons and reams and boxes and bundles and stacks and, in one particular corner of our office, shifting dunes, of very miscellaneous (but all crucially important!) newspapers and their attendant clippings, magazines, books, newsletters, press releases, junk, etc. from everywhere. Indeed, one great stack of multi-hued Newsletter paper appears to have begun its ascent sometime shortly after the earth's crust cooled.

So all this shit's gotta be moved. And when it's moved, it should be filed in some sort of detectable order. This process, folks, will take weeks...in fact, most of the available staff time in mid-November to mid-December will surely be occupied by the grim task.

In light of the above, the staff feels that it is

unrealistic to contemplate a December issue of MGTFN. We suspect that not only would the entire staff be short of time, but that we'd be devoid of the necessary energy as well. Rather than produce a token December issue we're concentrating, instead, on a lengthlier-than-usual November copy. And the January MGTFN will include the news of mid-November to the January publishing date.

We hope that no one is terribly disappointed. (All subscriptions will be extended to reflect the December lapse.) In any event, enjoy the holidays on the horizon, and we'll look forward to seeing you again around the first week in January.

--The Editors

## GAYELLOW PAGES

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## NEWS SHORTS

HALIFAX, Nova Scotia (*The Body Politic*) -- The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation has finally responded to questions regarding its decision to reject a public announcement submitted to radio station CBH by the Halifax Gay Alliance for Equality (GAE.) The purpose of the announcement was to advertise GAE's telephone counselling service. In a letter dated July 6 CBC Audience and Public Affairs vice-president Peter Meggs said, "there is no CBC policy against accepting public service announcements from homophile organizations as such." Meggs then went on to state the criteria which qualifying organizations must meet. He said they must have a permanent business office in Canada, make a "positive contribution to the social, artistic, spiritual or intellectual life of the community," be non-profit, and be able "to assure contributors to fund-raising campaigns that their contributions will be deductible for income tax purposes." Meggs also noted that the Corporation

additionally requires that any announcement must not promote or comment on "any controversial issue." GAE intends to pursue the matter and has sent a letter to Meggs requesting clarification and contesting the decision. If the matter is not resolved, GAE intends to file a complaint against CBC with the Canadian Radio-Television Commission.

PHILADELPHIA, Pennsylvania (*The Weekly Gayzette*) -- A mysterious explosion, which occurred in the early hours of Monday, September 27, ripped through the offices of the *Gayzette*, located in the basement of the Christian Association, 36th and Locust Walk. The explosion and subsequent fire destroyed the offices of the *Gayzette* and much of the supplies and equipment in the offices. Some of the furnishings in the lounge outside the office were completely destroyed while the rest was partially damaged. Water and smoke damaged whatever was untouched by the flames. Virtually everything was affected by some element of the fire. What



was not demolished was burned. Things that were not burned were waterlogged. And what was dry was damaged by smoke. [Editor's note: The Gay-zette is now in urgent need of funds to relocate and return to full working capacity. Donations should be sent to the Weekly Gay-zette, PO BOX 13420, Philadelphia, PA 19101.]

LOS ANGELES, California (Sister) -- The L.A. City Council has passed by a 12-1 vote an amendment adding "sexual preference" to the city's Affirmative Action code. The entire Affirmative Action package was then passed unanimously by the City Council. In the aftermath of this decision, the city's Civil Service Commission revised its medical policy which had previously stated that homosexuality was a medical disorder and thus a bar to city employment.

WASHINGTON, D.C. (The Advocate) -- The American Psychological Association adopted, September 5, a policy recommending that a parent's sexual orientation "should not be the sole or primary variable considered" in cases involving disputes over child custody or in placement of foster chil-

dren. A one-sentence resolution on the subject was unanimously approved by the 140-member governing council of the organization representing 42,000 psychologists in the nation.

UTICA, New York (Pittsburgh Gay News) -- Utica Mayor Edward A. Hanna, meeting with a delegation of Gay people last month [September], stated that he would guarantee that Gays would no longer be harassed by police. Mayor Hanna made the statement one day after a police raid on a Gay bar which resulted in the arrest of five persons. Hanna also visited the bar, The Hub, for a first-hand glimpse of the situation. Hanna reportedly disagreed with the city's police chief's description of the bar as a "trouble spot." The appeal to the mayor came in the wake of a series of police harassments in Utica in recent months. Utica Gays had accused the local police of murdering a Gay man eight months ago and the community has reportedly been living in fear ever since. As the result of the police raid and arrests at The Hub, Gay Liberation-Utica has been formed. The organization meets at the Utica Unitarian Church.

HOUSTON, Texas (*The Advocate*) -- Texas Lesbian feminist activist Pokey Anderson lost her write-in bid to become neighborhood development commissioner in this city's Montrose/Fourth Ward District. As expected, there was a very light turnout for the election that was held September 21 in conjunction with school bond balloting. The only name on the ballot was that of winning Democrat opponent Betty Graham White, who polled 540 votes. Anderson received 400, and a Republican write-in candidate ran a distant third with 97. Anderson entered the race in the final two weeks and had the support of the incumbent commissioner as well as the backing of every liberal organization in the area. Although she won a majority in about half of the precincts, the handicaps of low-visibility and a lack of time proved too great in the end.

PHILADELPHIA (*NewsWest*) -- Three city council members have agreed to sponsor a new bill before the council designed to protect Gay people from discrimination in employment, housing and public accommodations. The commitment of the three

council members followed a meeting with two Gay activists. The new bill would ban discrimination on the basis of sexual or affectional preference. A similar bill recently failed before the council.

TRENTON, New Jersey (*The Atlanta BARB*) -- The Judiciary Committee of the State Assembly released a revised state penal code which would decriminalize private sexual acts between consenting persons over the age of sixteen. The bill must pass both the Assembly and the Senate, be signed by the governor and wait one year before it would be applicable.

ANCHORAGE, Alaska (*Gay Community News*) -- Anchorage Mayor George Sullivan's refusal to include the name of the Alaska Gay Coalition in the city's directory of public service organizations has been upheld by a Superior Court judge. The Gay Coalition had argued in court that the deletion of its name from the Anchorage Blue Book violated its members' rights to free speech and association. Said the Mayor, "To the best of my knowledge, sodomy and incest are still against state laws. I don't think we should have listings like

that in a municipal publication."

SAN BERNARDINO COUNTY, California (*Chicago Gay Life*) -- Two California men have been arrested on lewd conduct charges. Their crime was kissing each other in a parked car at a freeway rest area. Their behavior was watched by two San Bernardino county deputies for an hour and forty minutes before the deputies arrested them. In court, the deputies testified that they would not have arrested a male-female couple for the same offense. Despite this admission, the court found both defendants guilty, fined the \$125 and ordered them to register as sex offenders under California law. Their case has been appealed and an appellate court upheld their convictions. The American Civil Liberties Union has now entered the case and is prepared to appeal the decision as far as the California Supreme Court, if necessary. It bases its objections to the law on the fact that not only is the statute unconstitutionally vague but it also denies equal protection of the law by its manner of applications. The ACLU

also contends that making the defendants register as sex offenders merely for the action of kissing one another is cruel and unusual punishment, still another Constitutional violation.

LEAVENWORTH, Kansas (*The BARB*) -- Twenty to twenty-five members of the National Coalition of Gay Activists demonstrated at the U.S. Federal Penitentiary here to protest the refusal of prison officials to allow inmates to receive Gay publications, despite the removal of restrictions on such mailings by the Federal Bureau of Prisons.

LONDON, England (*Gay Community News*) -- The British Communist Party has adopted a wide-ranging platform on Gay rights, ranging from Gay sex education in the schools to support for Lesbian child custody cases. In a statement made by the CP Executive Committee, the party also supported legislation protecting Gay people in employment, housing and education. "The Communist Party supports the rights of people to be actively and openly Gay, and gives support and encouragement to Gay comrades to work in the Gay movement," the policy statement asserted.

## Letters to the Newsletter

### RESPONSE TO "THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME"

Often and sometimes in-between words and other ideas, I suspect reality and ridiculous compete. Rita [Mae Brown's September '76] article is strong, is positive--but if she has had the occasion to crowd into the minds of some hetero/or bi sisters *surely* she must recognize that all women are not competent to lead the life of "free expression."

Some men and some women must totally lean or be *completely* dependent on the psychological society to which they are conformed. Jung explains it--he called it that "light" or "spontaneous insight." I am not undermining the validity of Rita's idea--but her vocal efforts become action; appear impossible to me.

*Free choice*, that delectable staff of life which we Lesbians have grafted from prior mental withins and precious psychological withouts (extroverted) consciousness, cannot be dispersed on those who have met with and looked away from their "moment of spontaneous in-

sight." *Whatever* their "moment" might have *become*, it's gone for this lifetime.

Should Gay people have their safeguards applied Constitutionally and people no longer feared "love" in one of its highest forms, they would no longer fear "love" in any of its most mature forms and practices. Even with this cultural and free choice of expression, I believe statistics would adapt on a level of numbers more assertive for Gays (much more numerous), yet science will be competing biologically with all of us. Both hetero and homo!

And if you forgive my clumsiness Rita, it would be a bore if all of us were carbon copies of one another--therefore, lifestyles must remain distinct and therein creative. If Lesbians had to be complete carbon copies of each other, we'd all be complaining.

I am a Lesbian separatist on the domestic level, because I have an intuition that consciousness runs in directions similar to scientific statistics concerning the surface and subsurface of the ocean and also believe that time runs in this circumference and reverse directions. Because of my personal opinion of RNA/DNA

(those biological forces which structure the human anatomy), I follow the challenge of being part of Lesbian ongoing creativity. But to eradicate totally or attempt to eradicate the conscious time span of other groups, to me, is beyond comprehension.

Yet the truth of our Lesbian consciousness speaks for itself, and whatever the following, they will be the strong, positive people who have no choice but the following of the "Jungian, spontaneous light."

Please don't accuse me of not understanding chauvinism, harassment, etc. I've lived with it, and come out the winner. Also, both men and women have applied it, and if you've ever read scriptures, the earliest version of the "devil" meant "liar." The people who have harassed me and others always must deliberate and plan (planning has its place but not when it runs counterforce to the human endeavor to "rise up" and out of those "iron-clad chains." "Misery loves company" may be more than a myth!); therefore, their spontaneous consciousness is defunct.

Rita, might is not always right, and I think history proves it. I would rather live with Lesbians who are positive

and spontaneous...

People always manage to do away with themselves, so why spoil their bloodbaths?

So dear heart, don't be a missionary attempting for converts, you'll spoil your personal spontaneity! Besides, what of your needs! Where have you time to enjoy the riches of Lesbian society if you're coping with what is often neurosis in candidates for "anything" to relieve personal pain?

Slaying dragons--well!, dragons don't often recognize one another--my heartfelt advise. Let 'em contend with each other while we, the more fortunate, walk other valleys and rest for every moment. At peace, even when peace is masked and often denied us.

Historical fact is what I'll confront you with--should you ever care to pass time intellectualizing on this subject matter. Maybe it will be printed in an issue of the Maine Gay Task Force Newsletter.

And maybe you would recognize an attempt at suggesting you're into a fortification of thought where confrontation cannot concur with solidation.

Peace

Ann M. Cotter

Boston

# THE CUMBERLAND COUNTY CURMUDGEON

*By Susan W. Henderson*

## Androgyny among the Ancient Gauls and Germans

This summer, I found an interesting story in the New York Times. It seems that archaeologists excavated some ancient Celtic graves in Germany and found the remains of women in warrior's dress. This confirms statements by Tacitus and other ancient historians to the effect that among the Gauls and Germans (Celtic peoples) women and men shared all occupations, including military service. These statements have been held by many generations of patriarchal scholars to be legendary, but archeological evidence is proving that the ancients were right.

This evidence is good news for feminists. One might not be too thrilled by the idea of anybody waging war, but then, in ancient times, warriors were rather necessary, what with grabby folk like the Romans running around. The important point is that we have a society existing in historic times where women and men shared the functions of life, and where sex roles were nowhere near so important as they have since become. It is interesting to note that the Celts never attempted to destroy the patriarchy of other societies or indicated in any way that they felt threatened by it, but that the patriarchal medieval Church waged merciless war against the Celts. Celtic non-Christians held out longest in Germany and Scotland, and it was in those two countries that witch-hunting was most ferocious. Witchcraft scares were, among other things, reactions of fear against "heresy" (or challenges to Christian orthodoxy) and pogroms against women. In some German villages, the female population was almost wiped out. Sort of says something about feelings of insecurity among the patriarchs. Arthur Evans, in his articles on Gay people and witchcraft (recently published in book form,) says that witches of both sexes were often accused of homosexual acts and transvestism, the most famous case being that of Joan of Arc. He believes that

cross-dressing and homosexual acts were included in pre-Christian Celtic religious rites (this also happened among many Native American cultures.) We do not know very much about the attitudes of the Celts toward homosexuality, but Evan's research indicates that it was probably acceptable to them. Low emphasis on sex roles and acceptance of homosexuality do not necessarily go together. However, many Gay people realize, through their life experience, that sex roles, like many other roles, are just games people play, not the Law of Nature. Those Celtic women warriors' graves are a bit of tangible evidence that backs up our life experience.

So hang up some mistletoe on Midwinter Day in honor of our Celtic brothers and sisters. They revered it as a life symbol because it stayed green through the cold season. Happy Winter Solstice, and be sure to send in your favorite recipes for the cookbook.

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## IN PREPARATION

By Daniel Spanton

Carl's frameless glasses flashed back sunlight through the spokes of the wheel. He sat cross-legged on the asphalt drive beside the bike and wiped a bright spattering of oil from the rear tire's inner rim. The bike stood poised and flawless, waiting to glide silently off in mechanical parody of a good steed. Carl's face, behind the glasses, behind the new blond beard, tightened with anticipatory pleasure.

He rose stiffly and made his way through the littered garage. And opening a door he stepped into the kitchen, met by a wave of heat. His father, arthritic, slowly drying breakfast dishes at the sink, looked up uneasily and then away. Carl and his father had recently discovered a somewhat reticent respect for one another.

"Sun's come out," said Carl.

"So I see." The hand continued fastidiously towelling the hollow of the Revere spoon. Nearby a Siamese delicately sniffed the Mount Vernon ivy hanging over the cookie jar.

His mother was vacuuming his bedroom, still in her bathrobe, tall, taut-faced, vigorous in motion. Carl lifted his wallet from atop the chest and thrust it into his hip pocket. He crossed to the full length mirror on the door, feeling his mother's eyes as he brushed his hair. He stood before the mirror, looking not-so-young in his red flannel shirt, in his cream corduroy pants, his blue and white sneakers. He was 27 years old.

"I'm going for a ride on my bike," he told his mother. She turned off the cleaner.

"Going out?"

"Good day to see the autumn leaves," he said lightly.

"Take your camera," she advised sarcastically. She switched the vacuum back on.

The bike bore him on a swift journey. His eyes photographed a dozen shifting angles of a peach-colored beach house through the pines, where bluejays shrieked above the



hum of traffic. Sunlight glowed translucently on the surface of the house, as if through film. And then uphill, his legs growing leaden. "I'll tell them at dinner," thought Carl. "Tell them what they don't want to know." The thrust of his legs against the pedals weakened as he approached the top of the hill. "Tell-them-what-they-don't-want-to....know ....!"

Having ascended the incline, the bike rolled smoothly along level ground, tires muffled by a drift of powdered acorns and the fallen berries of a mountain ash. Pidgeons on the sidewalk ruffled necks of shimmering wine and aquamarine.

He had been in love all summer with the man behind the counter at the Oak Street Grocery. This man was a few years younger than Carl, perhaps 19 or 20, and had started working in the store toward the end of June. He wore a mass of copy hair bound at the nape of his neck. Carl, inspired by the most implausible clues, began to see an autonomous, unencumbered nature; casually fearless, free and gentle, striding and country-easy, etc. Actual evidence furnished only the information that the man's name was Mike, that he worked, that he drove a dark green '72 Chevy Impala.

"You work around here?" Mike asked one day.

"In the shoe factory," said Carl.

Mike wore glasses too and for a moment their gazes met through varying degrees of distortion.

"Not much goin' on in this town," commented Mike.

"Really, there isn't," agreed Carl, placing his diet 7-Up on the counter beside the cash register, stomach churning, face drained of color. "Especially not for Gay people."

"That's 32 cents," said Mike.

The bike glided on. The pavement narrowed, through a corridor of pines, between roadside fringes of purple astors vibrating with a low-pitched thrum of insect song. And cricket stereo, like the methodical winding of a watch musically magnified. Carl hummed, rising in his seat, crouching forward, pedalling fast. Into town again, circling at a tilt through the boat yard, slowing, coasting down the rutted grade to the jetty. He pulled up the bike and slid off, nudging out the stand with his sneaker, and walked, hands in pockets, toward the curved granite length of jetty

which protected the harbor. It was one of Carl's favorite places and usually deserted. Here feelings stirred, thoughts meshed, fantasies reeled out. Sometimes a Discovery popped out of the void like the Original Egg from the phantasmal Chichen's ass. And sometimes Carl just picked his nose and plotted the course of a day off from the Herbert Herman Shoe Factory.

He sat on the jetty and took off his glasses, rubbing his eyes. His father would have to be stood up to. When Carl, at 12, had shown himself staunchly set on raising Flemish giants in the garage, his father had yielded to the menace of rodent proliferation in the vague hope of encouraging initiative. Thick-waisted, heavy-footed, shorter than Carl, he boasted a nose plugged with black, unclipped hairs and fiendishly nipped on either nostril by two pink warts. Carl plunked a rock into blue sun-sky-shot waves.

"I just decided I liked fucking men instead," said Carl. He squared his shoulders, passing the second soapy teacup from the sink into his father's slow hands. The Siamese on the kitchen counter listened to the faint silvered chimes of nine o'clock. That was it. Maybe.

His mother was a different case. In the evenings she dressed up a little. She had keen Scandinavian features that convinced through the beauty of the actual skull. Eyes structurally, marvellously deep within the face, paradoxically unshielded by the resulting fortress of brow. She could look haunted flipping through the pages of Good Housekeeping.

"Have you thought about calling Julie? She's home for two weeks. Her mother told me this afternoon."

"Umm...No, I hadn't thought about it. Not much."

Carl's mother locked his eyes with hers. "I thought I might invite her for dinner on Friday."

"Who?"

Looking up from his copy of The Magus as the family sat before the fireplace, ostensibly warming. "I don't know how to put this but I guess there's only one way. I'm Gay, Mom. Homosexual."

His mother, flushing in ragged patches, as if she had

been slapped, his father, beaten from the African Bush of his National Geographic, stunned by elephant guns, badly needing to swap existences with the rubber plant at the end of the sofa.

His mother livid. "Can't you see you're killing us??!!!"

"I know it's hard for you to face, Mom. I know you're hurt."

Give in to his mother. Give in. She might never read another Gothic novel.

Ensclosed in a corner of the living room, diminished by an adjacent, mammoth velvet depiction of outriggers of Maui, stood an informal portrait of Carl's parents. Because of some remark, or a comic charade by the photographer, they were both grinning and rather loosely clutching each other. Certainly the photographer, a family acquaintance, had not said, "I bet all the guys are crazy about that boy of yours."

In any case they were waiting. Waiting blessedly beyond the black and purple Maui beach, waiting painfully as they read the morning paper in the cautious silence of the living room. His father, in the sports section. Go ahead and break my heart. His mother, petrified, unable to break eye contact with Erma Bombeck.

And Carl. "Let's talk about this, ok?"

In the lee of the jetty, sailboats and a number of lobster boats moored in the harbor began to swing seaward as the tide reversed.

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## COMING OUT-THE SECOND DAUGHTER TO BECOME A LESBIAN

*By Dodie Anderson*

I've looked everywhere for books that would explain the "coming out" process. I've read numerous books on the subject of homosexuality and have discussed the process at length with other Lesbians who've been out for a long time. And although they've been informative, they have not given me what I've been looking for. That is, most of the Lesbian writers or women that I know already have their identity together; have great pride in themselves and, I think, have forgotten what it is like to come out at the beginning.

In every book I've read, the writers seem to deal with a specific issue, which is okay and I learn alot from that, but what I have been searching for is something they all shoot right past: I want to know how they got it "together" in the first place!

I'm fortunate to be surrounded by some beautiful Lesbians. I have talked with many of them who I've found are at different levels of coming out. Each week I attend a Lesbian rap group, and because of my confusion and fears, I have never felt comfortable in letting them know exactly how I felt about myself. After all, they acted like they had their own identities together and I just kept believing that some day, some how, I too would establish my own.

The more I opened up the better I started feeling about myself which gave me courage to start taking more risks. I soon discovered that there were other Lesbians who have or had had similar experiences to mine. Some of these experiences are feelings of: fear of rejection (on all levels), loss of priviledges, questioning self-worth as a human being, getting angry with one's self and the whole system, loneliness and often just feeling generally lousy about one's self.

I will not attempt to cover all these areas in this

article, but I did want to point out that coming out, no matter what level, can be difficult and a painful process at times.

I've been a strong feminist for the last 4 years and was considered a "radical" when I was living in Florida. I have been politically active as a Lesbian for the last two years, even though I was involved in a heterosexual relationship. I finally took a stand on becoming an active Lesbian by living a Lesbian lifestyle this last June. I thought after being politically active I would have no problem with incorporating what I had been preaching for so long, but I got a big surprise! It's been hard as hell!

I am from a family in Maine and have three sisters; I'm the 3rd in line. My oldest sister is also a dyke and the other 2 are happily married heteros. It seems that the dykes and the heteros are at complete opposites of the societal continuum--the Radical Lesbian Feminists on one end and the "Total Women" on the other--with a strong mother in the middle, for the most part, who believes in family unity/harmony at all costs...That is, until she found out that I was a dyke too!

My parents were divorced when I was 12. By this time time my oldest sister, Marilyn, married and moved out, my father went through bankruptcy leaving the rest of us at home on welfare and my mother working at a local school as a janitoress. For years there was very little money and my mother was often struggling to get food on the table for us. I remember her exhaustion. I started working when I was 12 to help buy things for school. For years she worked long hours to support us, and I've always felt indebted to her, even to the point of feeling guilty and responsible for her happiness. Therefore, I strove to do things the 'right' way so she could be proud of me and ultimately feel that all the energy she used to rear me would seem worthwhile; that all of her struggles were not in vain.

Well, I guess the 'right way' has always caused me a lot of conflict because I have done many things that have shown that I rebelled against the system. One, for example,

is that I got hooked on drugs. Being "high" all the time, no one has to feel pain! At any rate, I finally busted my drug habit a little over a year ago, went through drug treatment and have since developed an immense pride about being an ex-drug abuser. Needless-to-say, I believe my mother went through a lot of pain dealing with the fact that she had one daughter who was a dyke and a second who was a dope fiend. (Interesting that both would be put into the same categories, but it's a reality.) When I moved back to N.E., I was able to explain the process of drug addiction I had gone through and the pride I had since developed. Mother seemed to be relieved, as she began to understand that being an ex-drug abuser wasn't something to be ashamed of; rather it was something she could also take pride in. I'm sure she was probably rationalizing by saying "Well, at least she's not a Lesbian."

Knowing that she is still recovering from this, and still trying to deal with the fact that her number one daughter is a dyke, how could I tell her that I, also, am a Lesbian? It all appeared too lugubrious for me to be able to handle at this point. However, I was feeling forced into the position of telling her because my youngest sister was openly hostile toward me after I had taken her into my confidence. I was afraid she might come out to my mother for me, which would be very negative. My gawd, how's your fear, panic? Over-whelming to say the least!

My mother and I've always had a fairly open relationship. We've had long discussions about Marilyn's Lesbianism. She never felt comfortable asking Marilyn questions, so I sort of became the middle woman in my attempts to educate my mother about Lesbianism--politically, emotionally and physically. She's gone through a lot of pain and conflict with her co-workers and relatives, as she hears how oppressive these people are toward homosexuals. She wants to strike out at them, to sensitize them, because all the put downs she relates to Marilyn, but she finds that very difficult to do without exposing the fact that she has a daughter who's "one of them." Although she still does not approve of homosexuality, she also

knows that Marilyn is far from being sick or perverted as these people so ludicrously and sarcastically portray. I've seen her pain, her tears and her anger. How could I tell her that now too, I'm a Lesbian?

Truly, this has been the most painful of any of my coming out processes yet. I finally wrote her a letter after I had made arrangements over the telephone to visit her. I came out to her in my letter and told her that that was what I wanted to talk about on my visit. I also suggested that if she was not in the frame of mind to discuss this matter, that she should call me and we could post-poner it to another time. The day came that I was suppose to drive to Maine and I hadn't heard from her. "I wonder if she got the letter? What happens if she totally rejects me? What if she's an emotional wreck over it? Oh forget it, I'm going to call her to find out for sure." And call her I did.

The first thing she said was, "I don't think there's anything to talk about." I had never felt my mother to be so distant, so controlled and her love for me so quickly fading away. Her voice cracked several times and I had a hard time not feeling like a shit for causing her pain. It seems that she could accept Marilyn as a Lesbian, but with me, she was having difficulty...for whatever reasons. We talked for some time. She tried to reassure me that she needed more time to think about it; that it was not because she didn't love me, but I could feel the disappointment and hurt in her voice.

Well, I did it and I still haven't heard from her (we left it that, when she was ready to talk with me, she would get in touch ) and although I'm relieved that she knows, I've gone through feeling rejected as hell. I'm grateful for the time though, because if I had told her to her face, I think she may have reacted more strongly. She will allow herself enough time and space so that she can gather her thoughts and feelings and I feel even more love for her for having enough respect for me to do that. Though waiting is scary at times.

I realize that some people have had to go through much more stringent measures in coming out while others have had little or no hassles at all, but whatever the circumstances, I feel it important that we start sharing our coming out processes with each other no matter what level we are at. If I had been able to read about some of those experiences, it might have saved me much energy wasted on depression or at least to know that what I was going through at certain times, was a usual process of coming out.

The pain is still fresh from my experience with my mother, but I'm also learning a lot in the mean time. I'm questioning the 'unconditional love' concept that's always existed within my family, what a mother-daughter relationship is supposed to be, determining my responsibility as a daughter, what are my expectations of my mother and how I live my life the way I feel is right for me without the guilt imposed by others with differing views. Life is a learning experience. My strong belief is that everything happens for a positive reason and thus, even though my mother's distance hurts right now, I know too that this is happening for a reason. I'm beginning to see it.

I'll end by sharing another experience. About a month ago, a group of us went to the Saints, a Lesbian Feminist bar in Boston. Marilyn's 2 daughters were here visiting for the weekend. One is 17 and the other is 12. Obviously, a 12 year old might have a hard time passing for an 18 year old. The 12 yr. old who I'll refer to as C, went to the bathroom at one point and she had a conversation with a woman there which went as follows:

Woman to C: "Aren't you a little young to be here?"

C: "Well yes, but I'm here with my mother and her lover, my sister and her lover and my aunt, who's a dyke too, and a lot of their friends."

Woman in amazement: "My gawd, is everyone in your family a



dyke?"

C: "Yes, everyone on my mother's side, but my father's a hopeless hetero!"

Woman in absolute awe: "Isn't that wonderful! You should write a story on the family of dykes!"

Maybe, she'll do that sometime, but for now remember FREEDOM IS A CONSTANT STRUGGLE, that pain is never easy and that your Gay life is a continuous coming out process. So, it would be good then to put a positive value on struggle.

Still struggling, but feeling  
PROUD.

---

EXCEPTION IF LOBSTER IMMEDIATELY LIBERATED  
ALIVE WHEN CAUGHT

If any lobster which is shorter  
than 3 1/16 inches in length  
or no longer than 5 inches in length  
as determined by  
the method of measuring  
provided in subsections 1 and 2  
or is mutilated in such a manner  
as to make accurate  
measurement impossible  
is immediately liberated when caught  
the person who so liberates the lobster  
is excused from the unlawful  
possession of that lobster

poem found in "Maine Marine  
Resources Laws and Regulations"  
by Miriam Dyak

## THE STATE STREET STRAW

by Peter Prizer

Oct. 25: This Straw's gotta last two whole months, so read slowly. As usual, a grab bag of political commentary (ZZZZzz) and more serious stuff, but nothing too terrifying.

I guess we all survived the 1976 Blahcentennial Presidential election; that is, all except J.F. (my prediction) and Earl Butz. Even the Dynamic Duo's TV spots--usually a tailor-made opportunity for high camp & wry wit--were nail-chewingly tedious. Let's note, though, that Ford's media wizards managed a particularly jingoistic 5 minute blurb in which ole Jer' seemingly enjoyed the wholehearted & unconditional support of Arthur Fiedler, the Soviet hierarchy, Mao Tse-Tung-in-his-chair, the Tall Ships, Iowa, and a fireworks-enshrouded Statue of Liberty. And meanwhile, bless us, we watched po' Jimmy Carter plod through his cryptostrange video messages the victim, apparently, of a malfunctioning teleprompter. The amount

of viewer fingernails, in board (bored?) feet, that Carter knowingly destroyed with his ineptitude on TV, will never be known. But then there was Dole, the jackass's jackass, to liven up the Show, and let's not forget Mondale, whose grim predictability rivaled that of the cute little unctuous message you get about the beauty of extension phones when you dial the Portland time/temp number [775-4321.] Added extra: the continuing saga of lean/mean/Gene McCarthy (the half-aspirant,) local boy Ben Bubar of the Pro Hibs, and Hall & Tyner, who weren't conspicuous by their absence on the Maine ballot. But getting back to the TV ads, what's happened to good old American slander? Back in '68 the Democrats ran a TV ad that said simply, SPIRO AGNEW FOR VICE PRESIDENT; the sound track was a long burst of near-hysterical laughter. Fianlly, the words flashed up on the screen, THIS WOULD BE FUNNY IF IT WASN'T SO SERIOUS. And in '64, an anti-Goldwater radio ad began with the sound of a large rip saw cutting what apparently was the base of a large tree. As the saw proceeded along its merry

course a voice began, "Senator Goldwater has said that the Northeast should be cut off from the U.S. and left to drift out to sea." Suddenly the saw ceases and we hear the sound of a huge tree crashing to the ground. Then the voice advises, "Don't you think that the President should be President of ALL the people?" Even more notorious was the anti-Goldwater spot featuring the hydrogen bomb (opps, I mean *device*.) And this, mind you, in support of the "peace" candidacy of the Mad Devicer himself. Those were the days, my friends...

Yes, even though the three Carter/Ford debates were certifiable sellouts, they were still blacked out locally by TV affiliates in the originating areas...

CO-OPT CITY: Burlington Industries asks in a full-page ad in the New York Times Magazine, "Are You A Closet Idealist?" No, and I'm not a latent idealist, either.

The Campaign Committees of Bob Monks and Portland State Senate Candidate Jim Ward should have been forced

to file Environmental Impact Statements before "distributing" their respective campaign brochures around the streets & hallways of Portland. Already, the litter we've got is just fine, thank you.

Does anybody know if Governor Longley still wears his "Think About It" button in his lapel? I've got a haunting feeling (it's that time of year again) that he does, and I'm beginning to wonder what strange hold this seemingly innocent campaign device maintains over this state's Chief Executive. Is Big Jim superstitious about removing it? Does it provide a catchy gubernatorial status symbol for a not immodest ego? Or simply, did he forget to remove it before his inauguration festivities two years ago and been gaffed (my word) ever since to continually display it against both his better judgement and mounting subconscious public opinion? Years from now, if we come across an expensively tailored suit in a bin at the local Salvation Army, with a hole in the left lapel the size of a dime, we'll know from whence the threads came...

GOP KNOWLEDGE: A couple of weeks ago I was chatting with a man from South Portland, a person who is highly active and visible in both city and county Republican affairs. I consider him rather intelligent. Commenting on the future of the Republican Party, I opined that regardless of its basic philosophical views, it had better (at least) start paying lip service to my admittedly bullshit term "human liberation," as I thought that future political battles around the globe would be fought over the right of all people to live unhassled lives. This man looked somewhat perplexed at what I had said, so I gave him an example. "Secretary Butz's racist remarks about black people desiring good sex, loose shoes and a warm place to shit were a little uncalled for, and did not give a good image of the Party," I said. To which this GOP workhorse almost shouted, "Hey, look! I can show you demographic figures that would support Butz's remarks..." The Republican Party, as an admittedly sardonic

Gene McCarthy said in 1968, "...is somewhat like the lowest forms of plant and animal life. Even at their highest point of vitality there is not much life in them; on the other hand, they don't die." I agree, although the Democrats aren't much better.

SPEAKING OF GOP, raise your right hand if you're utterly bowled over by the brimming savoir faire of U.S. Rep. William Cohen. He is just so suave, so cool, so tidy! Mucho better than First Dist. Rep. Dave Emery, whose own family doesn't have the heart to tell him that he looks ridiculous in those flaired plaid double-knits...

Did I mention earlier in this space that J.C.'s 26 year-old son, Chip, participated in a benefit tricycle race sponsored by a San Francisco Gay bar, the Mint Tavern, last May? And that the Mint is the same barroom that J.C.'s 29 year-old nephew, William Carter Spann, robbed at gunpoint last March? And that the results for both were somewhat less than hoped (Chip lost the tricycle race and Spann's in a S.F. jail)? Oh.

STOP THE PRESSES!!! Four-column headline in the Modesto (Ca.) Bee: "Ford Will Take Up Role Of Dole's Wife In Campaign." Nice of Jerry to come out, but I don't care for his role-playing...

For what it's worth: if somebody wants to sell you a pound (16 ozs.) of common house fly, make sure you get 99,994 in count. I checked it out...

TURNED ON THE TUBE the other day and observed Bob Hope (sic) plugging products for the Texaco Oil Corporation. Hope, hobnobber & golf pal of Pigs Unlimited (Agnew, Sinatra & Nixon for openers) controls a fortune from southern California land dealings that runs into the hundreds of millions of dollars. Nobody asked, so I will: is Hope really doing it for the money or does his right-wing mentality mesh pleasantly with the corporate aspirations of one of America's largest conglomerates? On the other hand, he *could* be doing it for the money...

OF THE THOUSANDS OF local U.S. elections that will culminate on Nov. 2, perhaps the most predictable

is that which pits (as they say in the biz) Nice Person Leighton Cooney against Maine's 2nd Dist. Rep. Bill Cohen, Star of Watergate & Successor to Bill Hathaway's Senate Seat. Yet unknown: the plumb the Democratic legislature will hurl Leighton's way for the thankless (?) duty of filling the ballot for Dist. voters. Leighton might consult Mark Gartley who, quite coincidentally, landed the not-so-awesome task as Secretary of State after his crushing 'tho-gallant defeat by Cohen two years ago.

FOOTNOTE: the anti-bottle bill people provided the only lift to an otherwise laid back political season. The can & bottle mgfrs were (understandably) quite put out by the proposal, and spent close to a half-million big ones in a statewide "educational" endeavor. To hear them speak, you'd think that throw-out cans & bottles were as indispensable to you & me as booze, gas & cigarettes. I hope they lose.

See you next month (January.) Till then, take care!

## THE BOTTOM RUNG

By Shelly Ettinger

As lesbians, we have a clear stake in opposing the existing hierarchy in our society, in which our position is very low. We should have an equally clear commitment to the fight against all the oppressive institutions and attitudes which unite with sexism and homophobia into a system where you're in trouble if you're not rich or straight or old or white or male. Our enemies are sexism and homophobia, yes, but also capitalism and imperialism and racism. And ageism.

Ageism. That's a newer term, and one that a lot of people haven't bothered to deal with. But it's one just as vicious and just as widespread as any of the others. And it's just as prevalent among dykes as in the straight world; that's a shame.

It's a shame because it means that we don't see how intimately connected is the oppression of women and the oppression of young people. It's a shame that we can't recognize the parallels between the ways "adults" relate to young people. It's called power, and it's the same power that the straight world holds over Lesbians that "adults" hold over young people. Marriage, the nuclear family, and domestic slavery of women are a vise that clamps down the potential strengths of both women and young people.

Just because some of us, as Lesbians, have been lucky enough or strong enough to escape from that vise, doesn't



*When you're a grown-up Lesbian Star, don't forget your younger sisters who are still struggling for their freedom.*

give us the right to tighten or ignore the grip it still holds on most women and on all young people. If we can't see that ageism and sexism are the same disease, and that the struggle of Lesbians and or young people is one and the same, then we haven't raised our consciousness very far at all.

The Lesbian community owes it to itself to deal with its ageism. We owe it to ourselves to guard against turning around and laying the same power trips, as "adults," on young people that straight people lay on us. That's called kicking the person on the next rung down the ladder. And we owe it to ourselves because there are young Lesbians in our community. Young women will be able to come out without having to go through years of the bullshit of straight life if there exists attitudes of support for them in their dual oppression as young people and Lesbians.

That support is at present minimal. When Gay people hold a dance at a place where only those over eighteen can get in, that displays an ugly arrogance on the part of older Gays, a smug attitude of unconcern. It's a gesture of "tough luck, kid" to the young people that says we don't really consider them part of our community anyway, so it doesn't bother us that they can't come to our dance.

Lesbians should fight that attitude. We should build an atmosphere of support for our young sisters and welcome them into our community. And we should work politically in solidarity with the youth liberation movement, and all other movements to overthrow the present system.

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*The above article originally appeared in the Youth Liberation Pamphlet entitled "Growing Up Gay."*

*Shelly Ettinger was a recent School Board candidate in Ann Arbor, Michigan. She ran on a Youth Liberation platform.*



## AT SEVENTEEN...

*Anonymous*

Coming out at seventeen has been the best thing that ever happened to me. Before doing so, my life was confusing and a constant search for something better. I always figured I would be Gay, but for the greater part of my life I didn't know there was even such a concept as Gayness. I thought I was a "sissy" and would always be "weird."

I took all the criticisms hard (queer, faggot, etc.) knowing inside that it was all true. I was more expressive of my inner feelings than most males my age. The majority of the guys my age are mirror images of the next; hands in pockets, similar dress (jeans, T-shirts, earthshoes) and always excessively nice to any available female. I wasn't into all this at all. If I became acquainted with a woman, which often happens in high school, I didn't look at her for her sensuous value, but instead for companionship. I've always related well to women, straight or otherwise, ever so much more than straight males. I

found myself all through school with female best friends and buddies.

This, of course, bothered everyone. The boys thought it ridiculous that I should fit in only with women. Thus I was labeled a "faggot." My peers all noticed my feminine traits and automatically I was marked, destined to be the victim of vicious callousness and unsuppressed hatred.

After spending my junior year vitually friendless and lonely, I decided to better the situation. By this time I had read and learned a lot about Gayness and found the topic very much to my liking. It seemed to be something I could positively identify with. I read about several things that males did together that I had been raised to believe were strictly meant for a man and woman. This is what I had always wanted. I never went through puberty as other males did: fantasizing about girls I had known. Instead, my mind was always occupied by thoughts of males. I've always found males more physically attractive.

I admit coming out was hard and created many myster-



ies for me, but I was determined to find out for sure. I did; I am Gay and can honestly say that in general my life is better. I no longer feel burdened by the remarks that used to be so painful. For example, one day, upon returning to class for some books, I found scrawled boldly across a school book: THE ONLY GOOD FAGGOT IS A DEAD FAGGOT. I shrug them off and often feel like yelling back "YOU'RE RIGHT! I'M GAY!!" Of course, still being a high school senior, this isn't at all advisable. Right now I feel more comfortable at school denying the fact. Inside, and in Gay company, I feel so much more of a person; I can be myself now and I understand what "myself" means.

I still live at home, which gets a little impossible at times because I haven't told my parents. They understand that I've always been more "gentle" and have left it at that. If they were ever to ask me if I was Gay, I would say yes and explain it the best I could. I know it would hurt them terribly, but, then I think of all the times I was hurt trying to please them by going steady and dating. I tried to be "normal," even

though it was against my inner feelings, but it just didn't work. I feel it would be better if my parents knew and understood, but at this point I wouldn't be the first to bring it up in conversation.

Being Gay has benefited me greatly and has given me a good perspective concerning myself and the world around me. I'm very disturbed by the fact that it isn't at all easy for one to express her/him self openly, and I dearly hope that there comes a day when this is possible. I think Gay writer John Marvin states it well: "Gay Lib is not a fight for the ability to be blatantly Gay, but rather, a fight for the ability to be unique and individual. As several of the leading activists have said, they are not working for Gay Liberation so much as Human Liberation, something to benefit us all, Gay and straight alike."

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*The above article appeared in the Youth Liberation Pamphlet entitled "Growing Up Gay."*

*This article was written by a seventeen year-old high school student from Brighton, Michigan.*

## MINI-REVIEW

### The 1976 Official Transportation Map

Published by the Maine Department of Transportation under authority of R.S. 1964, T23, Sec. 1351. 2pp. Free.

When we turned to the 1975 Official Transportation Map in this space last year, one of my least rhapsodic observations was that the 1975 edition appeared to draw, with meager exception, upon preceding volumes in this particular series. Inventiveness, imagination, creativity or threads thereof were not to be found in 1975, and whether or not this inactiveness was indigenous to Maine or indicative of national cartographers is a question that may never be answered.

In any event, between-the-lines readers of last year's review may have detected this commentator's hope (now dimmed) that the 1976 Official State Roadmap would receive a well-funded Bicen boot-in-the-ass and strike a tepid note for, well, *originality*, for openers. Alas, this year's map is finally out and, sad to say, it's no better than before. The same crew of mapmakers--apparently bribed against their will--have turned out a '76 edition that adapts wholesale sheets of material from issues past and does so, it should be noted, in a not-so-latent exercise of plagiarism unbecoming to even a college Xerox copier. In short, the 1976 map will be a disappointment to readers familiar with previous editions. These people might consider a Rand McNally publication or even a copy of the increasingly dear editions sponsored by the roadside multinationals.

But the map can surprise. For instance, persistent readers will be treated on page two with a full-color photograph of the entire Longley tribe, including the family's Labrador retriever, Casey. Casey is particularly photogenic and sports, with no doubt, the broadest smile of the lot. And Yes, Big Jim has some sort of political button jammed in his lapel. (Notably absent from the family por-

trait was the governor's pet rock; the victim of a rare factory recall two weeks earlier.)

Another inspirational plateau for this reviewer was undoubtedly the plethora of factual information on state parks and historic sites, addresses of golf courses, seacoast ferry routes, major ski areas and various bus and airline schedules. Even the governor's Welcome/Warning letter was a treat with the phrase "God-given" used twice in one sentence and the state of Maine referred to by the pronoun "her" three times; demonstrating once again that the heterosexist patriarchy is alive and well in the Blaine House.

Although the roadmap is intended for free distribution, it most surely was printed at taxpayer expense. Proving, I suppose, the new axiom: instead of getting what you pay for, now you pay and take what you get.

Next month: Part II--How To Refold The Roadmap.

-Peter Prizer

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\*Abstruse humor, too!

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## BOOK REVIEW

### WOMAN ON THE EDGE OF TIME

By Marge Piercy. Alfred Knopf publishers. \$10.00 hard-cover.

*Reviewed by Miriam Dyak*

Consuelo Ramos (Connie) is 35, a Chicana living in New York's slums. She has been in the mental hospital before for child abuse -- i.e. one day in the overwhelming frustration of never being able to provide her child with the necessities of life, she struck out at her and as a result lost her to some white suburban family. As the book opens Connie is heading back to the institution, this time for being violent -- i.e. cracking her niece's pimp's nose with a bottle as he is about to beat up her pregnant niece for the second time in one day. Connie sees a significant difference between her two "violent actions," but she has no power, no one will listen to her, and Dolly, her niece, lies to save her own skin from the man.

From this beginning, WOMAN ON THE EDGE OF TIME widens out to a science fiction novel on three levels. We have Connie in the institution fighting for her life and mind as she learns that she has been chosen as a subject for drug experimentation. Connie is also a "catcher" -- a person who is psychically very receptive -- and she has been contacted by a possible future in which many of today's struggles have ingeniously and creatively resolved. A good part of the book is spent in Mattapoisset in this future as Connie time-travels there and becomes increasingly involved with its people and ideas. There is also, for the third level, a time where Connie travels through time to a different possible future in which all our current systems of capitalism, competition, patriarchy, militarism, machismo, and machines have been developed to their nth degree.

I have a natural dread of utopian systems -- what if

you won't let me be in your world even if I let you be in mine? I was delighted reading Piercy's book, to find instead of a closed utopian system (one person's limited ideal) an open-ended and intricate vision of future possibilities with suggestions for solutions to problems and directions for development that always remained flexible and ready for change. I felt if I were living in that society I would have power to change what I didn't like and was reassured by the often repeated phrase, "person must not do what person cannot do." In fact in Mattapoisset people make changes just for the hell of it, for variety, to satisfy their creative urge; I found myself half way through the book aching to time-travel too and planning to incorporate a lot of Mattapoisset living into my own here and now.

Some of the changes in living that have been made are: a return to small units of civilization -- settlements are about the size of our villages or small towns; at the same time a maximum use of technology, for everything from factory production to dishwashing to transportation, but always in keeping with the rules of ecology so that nothing in nature is used needlessly or destroyed. People work efficiently at tasks that are either expressive of their own creativity, tie them closer to the earth or involve working with and relating to other people at the same time never hurrying or lacking time for play. All work is equal, everyone just lives, no one is paid, and being a plant geneticist does not excuse you from helping with the harvest. Cooking, however, is considered a art along with film-making and creating festivals and is done by those who love it. To Connie's astonishment, madness is considered important and creative and there is an environment set aside for working through it, rather than suppressing it and punishing it with drugs as we do now.

The people of Mattapoisset are strong and androgynous in appearance -- Connie has a hard time distinguishing male and female. Sexuality is expressed by everyone everywhere -- there is no distinction made between hetero- and homosexual, no values attached to any particular sexual activity.

A great deal of energy goes into relating, expressing feelings, getting clear with one another, but when Connie asks about the government, she is told (after a moment's confusion over her question) that it's closed for the day. Each child has three mothers, male and/or female, and no one gives live birth. The people of Mattapoissett are very conscious of their history (and this is close enough in the future that some of the old grange halls on Cape Cod are still standing and used) and of the change they and those before them have had to go through to achieve an androgynous, non-sexist society. Piercy's presentation of the conflict between Connie's world in which giving birth and mothering are the only goals, pleasures and sources of power and self worth left to a woman (as well as the reason for her inequality) and the world of Mattapoissett in which women have given up this power in order to be completely equal, is one of the strongest aspects of the whole novel, a landmark in feminist literature and theory.

I have only touched on a few elements of Mattapoissett. There are things there that disturb me too, but not greatly. I wonder why all sexual activity occurs in twos (coupling), though each person has their own private space and core groups of "sweet friends" occur in threes or fours or more. Cigarettes are gone, but not wine or dope -- obviously a preference of the author, and if I wrote it, all three would go. Some things are left unsatisfactorily unresolved such as what to do with those rare people who keep on killing other people -- there are no prisons. The people of Mattapoissett matter-of-factly say, "we haven't worked out everything yet." Life is one life only and for those of us who believe in reincarnation, an adjustment needs to be made to make our concepts mesh smoothly. One of the criticisms I have heard of WOMAN ON THE EDGE OF TIME is that the problems people have to work through in Mattapoissett are not serious enough. I detect here the familiar reluctance we all have to believe that there could indeed be some simple solutions to our problems, that we could learn more effective ways of relating with each other so that huge quarrels never even develop much less need to be resolved -- clinging to our present troubles,

like a neurotic to her or his neurosis, many of us refuse to accept the possibility of change, after all it would make our present values and struggles a little bit silly. That's how change always works, though, and I'll sacrifice a little false pride for a better life any day. Reading Piercy's book involves a stretching of the mind, imagination, ego and will. I hope that everyone who has any interest in the future reads it.

I would also like to add a small postscript to this review. WOMAN ON THE EDGE OF TIME came close to being the first Piercy novel not to make it into paperback. Book prices have skyrocketed and \$10.00 seems outrageous to pay for a novel no matter how good, if like most of us, you are not reaping the benefits and rewards the System gives to its own. However, books don't make it into paperback unless enough hardbacks are sold. This means that a small minority of affluent suburbanites are deciding what we should read. I recommend that people band together and buy this book communally, as well as make a concerted effort to get enough people down to your local public library to request it (if they get enough requests for a book, they will get it in). We need to examine our values continually if we are to shape a revolution and a future even approaching that of our best visions -- spending money to support our visionaries might be a good way to start.

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## FIGS FROM THISTLES

by Joe Derbyshire

C. P. Cavafy: Collected Poems, translated by Edmund Keeley and Phillip Sherrard. Edited by George Savidis. Princeton University Press. 1975. \$3.45 paper.

Constantine Cavafy was born in Alexandria, Egypt, in 1863, the last child in a family of nine. Peter, his father, originally from Constantinople, had an export-import business in England, and between the ages of nine and sixteen, Cavafy lived there--an important influence on his life: he read English literature, learned English manners which he kept throughout his life, even spoke Greek with an English accent all his life. After his father's death and the failure of the family business in England, Hariklia his mother, returned with her family to Alexandria but left in the face of British bombardment for Constantinople, and there he had his first homosexual encounters. His life and art had begun to take shape. He returned to Alexandria in 1885, twenty years old, and lived there until his death in 1933.

Greek was Cavafy's tongue; Alexandria, with its rich occidental-oriental, Arab-Greek-Jew, cultural mix, was his city; the themes of his poetry are those fateful moments drawn from history when individuals confront a point-of-no-return in their lives, full in the knowledge that now there is no turning back. Mark Anthony speaks of those wailing for his fate in "Anthony's Ending:"

They ought to be singing his praises  
for having been a great ruler,  
a rich, heroic man.  
And if he'd fallen now, he hadn't fallen humbly,  
but as a Roman vanquished by a Roman.



So Cavafy's art is shaped by his sense of fleeting moments drawn from history and those equally fleeting moments in his private sexual life--moments which hold for him the same kind of fatal fascination with irreversible sequences in life. He sees the historic hero at a moment when there is no other resolution to the situation, no other choice, than the one which has presented itself. And he sees a similar absence of rectifying a choice in his personal encounters:

I never had you, nor I suppose  
will I ever have you. A few words, an approach,  
as in the bar yesterday--nothing more.  
It's sad, I admit... ("Half an Hour.")

But for us, for the Gay reader, Cavafy commands special attention. In the work of a Gay poet we look for a sensitivity to the realities of our own consciousness: the shared experience, the shared knowledge of Gay love, the realities of its emotion, its pain and hope and joy. What is it like for him? we ask, and we read "The Window of the Tobacco Shop" and know:

They stood among many others  
close to a tobacco shop window.  
Their looks met by chance  
and timidly, haltingly expressed  
the illicit desire of their bodies.  
Then a few uneasy steps along the street  
until they smiled, and nodded slightly.

And after that the closed carriage,  
the sensitive approach of body to body,  
hands joined, lips meeting.

Cavafy knows, too. He knows. So we look for Cavafy to express other kinds of experience--to express the kinds of fears, the loneliness we have felt, and in "In the Boring Village," he depicts the loneliness of a young man living away from the "center of action," a young man who might be living in rural New England--in Vermont or rural

Maine--who waits "another two or three months.../ so he can leave for the city and plunge headlong/ into its action..." Cavafy conveys the young man's frustration, his sense of being out-of-it, and yet there is subtler knowledge on the poet's part:

in the boring village where he's waiting out the time--  
he goes to bed tonight full of sexual longing,  
all his youth on fire with the body's passion,  
his lonely youth given over to a fine intensity.  
And in his sleep pleasure comes to him;  
in his sleep he sees and had the figure, the flesh he  
longed for...

Here, Cavafy suspects that the fantasy, the dream, might be more important than the reality, and we can feel Cavafy's power to define that experience, too. It is an important test of the poet's power for Gay men reading his words. In one of his finest pieces, "The Twenty-Fifth Year of His Life," Cavafy tells of the young man who goes "regularly to the taverna" to look for a partner he has met there, a lover perhaps, maybe a fantasy, to wait and watch at the door:

But he still goes to the taverna regularly, at night,  
and sits there gazing toward the doorway,  
gazing toward the doorway until he's worn out.  
Maybe he'll walk in. Tonight maybe he'll turn up.

He does this for nearly three weeks.  
His mind's sick with longing.  
The kisses are there on his mouth.  
His flesh, all of it, suffers from endless desire,  
the feel of that other body is on his,  
he wants to be joined with it again.

But it is finally Cavafy's concept of art as its own eroticism which keeps us going back again and again to his lines. The general critics have praised the poet's historic poems as being better, more universal, than the Gay

love poems, and perhaps they are right. (Maybe the non-Gay critics just like to read about Dimitrios Sotir and King Claudius more than they do about the experiences of Gay men. I am not a Cavafy scholar, and I don't read Greek, so I cannot say.) But many of the Gay poems do have a rich erotic quality all their own. Apart from the depiction of experience, Cavafy seems to be telling us that the fantasy, the wish, the desire, and therefore the art, art, are greater experiences than the reality. Just as he feels that the young man's wet dream in "The Boring Village" will be erotically more satisfying than many of the encounters he will find in the city, so it is that Cavafy's fantasy, when he looks at the young man in the pornographic picture, is more pleasurable for him, more rich in art, than the reality of the man's original sexual experience must have been:

how horrible the surroundings must have been  
when you posed to have this picture taken;  
what a cheap soul you must have.  
But in spite of all this, and even more, you  
remain for me  
the dream-like face, the figure  
shaped for and dedicated to the Hellenic kind  
of pleasure--  
that's how you remain for me  
and how my poetry speaks for you. (The Photo-  
graph")

It is ultimately Cavafy's theme that memory, the re-creation of pleasure, may be a more pleasurable act than the original pleasure itself. Maybe it is a more exquisite experience for the young man in the tavern to remember the other body on his than to have the experience again. Memory is its own reward, and art. It is art we are dealing with in Cavafy's poems, not sex. These are not erotic experiences as such--sexual encounters--but recreations of them: structured by time and memory and words. Cavafy's word mirrors--and he knew this himself--are not eroticism as such but erotic pleasure caught, stopped, crystallized in the power and beauty of poetry,

perhaps more powerful and beautiful for the poet than the initial pleasure. Sex is in the having, art in the re-making. And yet...and yet, without the first how could there be the second?

This is an admirable translation of Cavafy. An admirable collection.

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REMEMBER  
NO DECEMBER ISSUE OF NEWSLETTER  
FOR DETAILS SEE 'NOTE TO READERS'.

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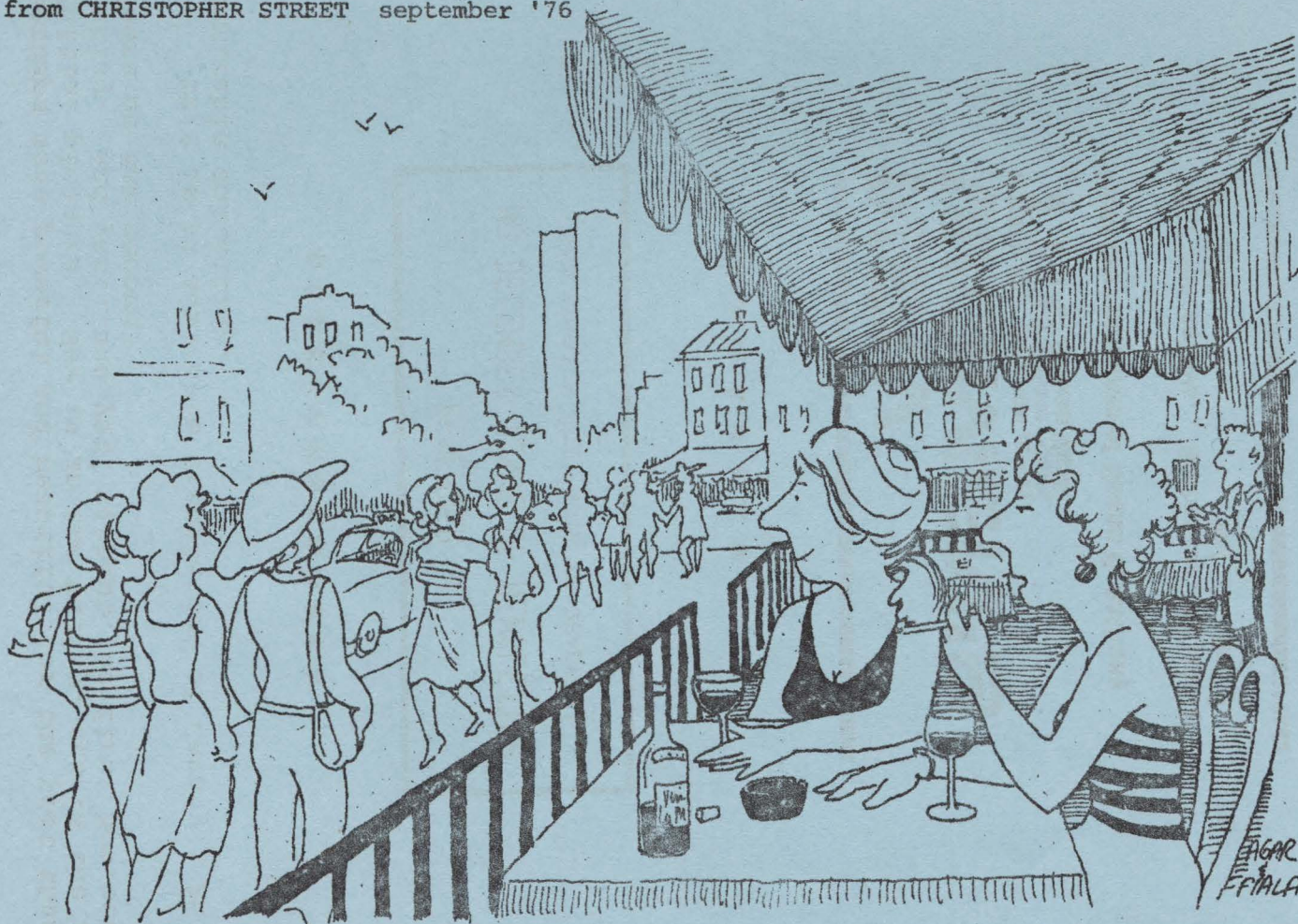
# NEW WOMEN'S TIMES

From the hometown of Susan B. Anthony

1357 Monroe Ave., Rochester, NY 14618  
271-5523 Vol. 2 No. 9

---

from CHRISTOPHER STREET september '76



*"Actually, there are only twenty lesbians in New York. It's all done with mirrors."*

BOOK REVIEW

WOMAN HATING

by Andrea Dworkin

reviewed by Marilyn A. Richard

Woman hating is not a new subject to me; however, this book brings to mind the things I would like to forget. I realized after reading halfway through that my anger was overwhelming. This rage, of course, led me to feel guilty about my comfortability at this time in my life. How can I ignore--I say for my own sanity--the incredibly poor condition of women now? Am I doing all that I can to change this in my lifetime? Needless to say, I am not ignoring it at all, but it seems that what I do is merely a drop in the bucket. Like many of us who have been active in the women's movement, I do find my "individual solutions" because I get tired!

This book should be read--at least as much as can be tolerated--by everyone. The great depth of the issues discussed provides for some real consciousness raising! Although I'm aware that fairy tales have great influence on this society's attitudes about women, I've never done a full analysis like she has done in this book.

The dwarfs, who loved Snow-white, could not bear to bury her under the ground, so they enclosed her in a glass coffin and put the coffin on a mountaintop. The heroic prince was just passing that way, immediately fell in love with Snow-white-under-glass, and bought her (it?) from the dwarfs who loved her (it?). As servants carried the coffin along behind the prince's horse, the piece of poisoned apple that Snow-white has swallowed "flew out of her throat." She soon revived fully, that is to say, not much. The prince placed her squarely in the "it" category, and marriage in its proper perspective too, when he proposed wedded bliss--"I would rather have you than anything in the world."

Cinderella's stepmother understood correctly that her only real work in life was to marry off her daughters. Her goal was upward

mobility, and her ruthlessness was consonant with the values of the marketplace.\* She loved her daughters the way Nixon loved the freedom of the Indochinese, and with much the same result. Love in a male-dominated society is a many-splendored thing.

\*This depiction of women as flesh on an open market, of crippling and mutilation for the sake of making a good marriage, *is not fiction*; cf. Chapter 6, "Gynocide: Chinese Footbinding."

These fairy-tale mothers are mythological female figures. They define for us the female character and delineate its existential possibilities. When she is good, she is soon dead. In fact, when she is good, she is so passive in life that death must be only more of the same. Here we discover the cardinal principle of sexist ontology--the only good woman is a dead woman. When she is bad she lives, or when she lives she is bad. She has only one real function, motherhood. In that function, because it is active, she is characterized by overwhelming malice, devouring greed, uncontainable avarice. She is ruthless, brutal, ambitious, a danger to children and other living things. Whether called mother, queen, step-mother, or wicked witch, she is a wicked witch, the content of

nightmare, the source of terror.

There is a whole chapter on pornography which she relates as a pervasive influence on our adult population. I won't go into the details. However, the most important point, I feel, is the comparison made between homosexual men and women. In our society both are viewed as receptacles and objects of ridicule; they need to be freed from the "stigma of being female." The whole youth and physical beauty trip of some male homosexuals is an exact carry-over of the status of women at this time.

The footbinding rituals that lasted for 1,000 years is enough to make uninterested observer's blood boil. This is something that no one can afford to miss. The correlation between the worship of feet to the worship of body beautiful in our time is obvious. We really have not moved very far; this is what's so anger-producing.

I will leave the reading of the witch trials to all of you who can withstand the pain...it is compelling yet repelling at the same time.

---

## SOUTHERN MAINE ORGANIZATIONAL MEETING

Over the past few months we've realized there are many Gay men and women living in southern Maine who are unable to participate in groups now existing in Portsmouth or Portland. The need for consciousness raising and support is very important to us and we would like to seek a commitment from you to help in organizing a consciousness raising and support group.

Our first meeting will be held on Sunday, November 21 at 2PM in Berwick (future meeting times will be decided at a later date.) We'd like to brainstorm a number of topics for discussion and plan for rotational leadership among the members of the group.

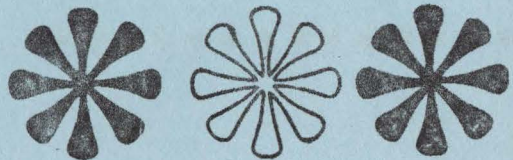
If you'd like to be part of this group, please call one of us for directions to the meeting:

Alan 698-5535  
Richard 967-4064



### **We're Alive and Well and Going to Every High School**

Gay students are coming out, and **Growing Up Gay**, a new pamphlet from Youth Liberation, is helping them do it. It is a collection of 16 articles by gay young women and men, telling of the experience of being twice oppressed — young and gay. Included are articles about accepting one's gayness, coming out, and talking with your parents. There is an extensive list of resources. Only \$1.25 from Youth Liberation, Dept. W, 2007 Washtenaw Ave., Ann Arbor, Mich. 48104.





LISTING OF AREA GAY GROUPS

MAINE LESBIAN FEMINISTS  
PO BOX 125  
BELFAST, MAINE 04915

MAINE GAY TASK FORCE/NEWS-  
LETTER  
PO BOX 4542  
PORTLAND, MAINE 04112

SEACOAST AREA GAY ALLIANCE  
75 COURT STREET  
PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE  
03801

LESBIAN CAUCUS  
FERNALD HALL  
UNIVERSITY OF MAINE  
ORONO, MAINE 04473

WILDE-STEIN CLUB  
C/O MEMORIAL UNION  
UNIVERSITY OF MAINE  
ORONO, MAINE 04473

GAY PEOPLE'S ALLIANCE  
92 BEDFORD STREET  
UNIVERSITY OF MAINE  
PORTLAND, MAINE 04103

SOUTHERN MAINE LESBIAN CAUCUS  
C/O JOHNSEN/BREEDING  
205 SPRING STREET APT. 5  
PORTLAND, MAINE 04102

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EASTERN CANADA GAY GROUPS

GAY ALLIANCE FOR EQUALITY  
BOX 161, ARMDALE STATION  
HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA B3L 4G9  
Gayline: (902) 420-6969

LESBIAN DROP-IN  
HALIFAX WOMEN'S CENTRE  
5673 BRENTON PLACE  
Wednesday nights; 6:30-10:30PM  
(902) 423-0643

COMMUNITY HOMOPHILE ASSOCIATION  
OF NEWFOUNDLAND [CHAN]  
BOX 613, STATION C  
ST JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND A1C 5K8



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BOX 128 STMS: \$5.00 YR. INDIVIDUALS  
STATION G \$10.00 YR INSTITUTIONS  
MONTREAL, PQ. 50¢ SAMPLE COPY

## CALENDAR

The Gay People's Alliance meets every Monday at 7PM at 92 Bedford Street, Portland, for a general rap. Additionally, there is a more informal rap group every Thursday--call GPA at 773-2981, ext. 535 for time and place--all are welcome to attend.

\* \* \*

The Wilde-Stein Club meets every Friday at 7PM in the International Lounge of Memorial Union for a business and general meeting. Everyone is welcome.

\* \* \*

26,27,28 November: Gay Academic Union Conference in New York City...see "BITS."

28 November: WGAN-TV (Ch.13) "At Issue" program with people from Gay People's Alliance and Maine Lesbian Feminists.

[Note: university and community groups may alter their activities during holidays.]



## ODDS 'n ENDS

Gay people in Boston are organizing a new business association, reports the *Pittsburgh Gay News*. The first general meeting was held on Sept. 27 by owners and managers of Gay-owned, Gay-operated, or Gay-oriented businesses. Members are hoping that the new organization will support Gay businesses by offering them a forum where they can share resources, problems, and skills. They also plan to set up an information exchange so that Gay people may patronize (or matronize) other Gays when they need a product or service. Also discussed were a Gay Business Association "seal of approval" and a program of outreach to the Gay and nonGay communities.

Women at the University of Washington in Seattle are protesting the *Clairol Loving Care Hair Color* ad in the June, 1976 issue of *Good Housekeeping*. The ad headline states: "On men, gray hair is distinguished. On me, it's just plain old," apparently the words of the businesswoman pictured in the ad. The copy beneath the headlines begins, "Sure, it's unfair. I have

only a few grays. If I were a man, I'd be growing them gracefully. Instead, I'm plucking them furiously." The women state that the ad copy is based on a comparison of men and women, and exemplifies some of the inequalities that women face in the United States today. Men are given automatic prestige for aging; women, on the other hand, are made to feel ashamed of the natural process of aging. From "Media Report To Women" via *NEW WOMEN'S TIMES*.

Financial problems have forced the closing of the Charles Street Meetinghouse Cafe, the popular Boston Gay restaurant and coffeehouse, says *Gay Community News*. The Meetinghouse has been operated by the Charles Street Unitarian Universalist church for a three-year period. Plans for the future of the space will be announced soon after, in the words of a Cafe spokesperson, "consideration of the various needs of the Gay community and others for whom there currently exist few alternatives."

A new Lesbian group has formed in Montreal! says *THE OTHER WOMAN*. It's called the Montreal Lesbian Organization. Members of the group are holding the regular Lesbian Drop-In, every Thursday evening, at 8PM at 3595 St. Urbain &

corner of Prince Arthur. All Lesbians are welcome. Also, a regular monthly Newsletter is planned; call 842-4781, Mon.-Fri. 9AM-5PM, or they may be contacted at the above address.

An estimated 4,000 fans, most of them Gay people, watched the San Francisco Gay bar softball league champions fall before the heavy slugging of the S.F. police department, in the fourth annual community relations classic, reports NewsWest.

AMAZON QUARTERLY has ceased publishing, shortly after stating that they no longer wanted to be a solely Lesbian publication; LAVENDER WOMAN is going quarterly instead of bimonthly. Recently, REDSTOCKINGS, in their journal "Feminist Revolution," stated that they believe Lesbianism is a totally personal matter, and is not political in any sense. A letter in BIG MAMA RAG says that publicizing one's Lesbianism (coming out) is drawing attention to one's sexuality---; well sister, seems like the backlash (fascist, liberal or left, match them up, they're all there) has started. And within the movement itself.

-from LONG TIME COMING, May '76

A study commissioned by the board of the Corporation

for Public Broadcasting has found "pervasive underrepresentation of women, both in employment and in program content" in the nation's public TV and radio stations. The CPB board has said it will take steps to reduce inequities and would consider withholding funds from stations guilty of continued job discrimination, says *New Women's Times*.

"'Ode to Billy Joe,' reviewed last month [September] was the first homophobic film released this year. Now comes 'Norman, Is That You?' which takes the tastelessness a step farther."

-from (Oct.) PITTSBURGH GAY NEWS

Feminists have long suspected that beer baron Joseph Coors has funneled money into the campaign against the Equal Rights Amendment. Acting on solid reports that Coors is behind an archconservative effort that is working against a broad spectrum of women's rights issues, California N.O.W. voted to boycott Coors beer. We urge you to do the same.

-N.O.W. Newsletter, May '76

A "Complaint for Deprivation of Civil Rights, Infliction of Emotional Distress and Injunction" was filed in San Francisco Superior Court by Richard Gayer, on

behalf of a number of persons who allege that they have been discriminated against by the Club Bath House and deprived of their civil rights. The complaint is a class action which arises out of alleged discriminatory exclusions and ejections by the Club Baths of certain persons such as blacks, effeminate men, older people and those with disabilities not related to bath house activities. Gayer stated that he has been the attorney for others discriminated against by the same bath house, and that the situation has become serious enough to seek injunctive relief.

-BAY AREA REPORTER (9/24)

GIOVANNI'S ROOM, now owned by Arleen Olshan and Ed Hermance, has relocated to 1426 Spruce Street, Philadelphia. The grand re-opening of the bookstore was October 1. The store will have regular hours, which are: Sunday: 12-6PM, Mon/Wed/Th: 11:30-9PM, Friday: 11:30-10PM, Saturday: 10-10PM. Closed Tues.

-The Weekly Gayzette

A new book, which reveals that the head of Mount Holyoke College was a Lesbian, has caused a furor among the college's alumni and friends, says ZAP, the Newsletter of Homophiles of Penn State. The book,

written by Anna Mary Wells Smits, a graduate, is a biography of Mary Emma Woolley, president of the college from 1900 to 1937. Smit's editor, Anna Barrett, said the author had discovered letters between Woolley and an English literature professor, Jeannette Marks, which confirms their Lesbianism. Smits said that as she tried to write the biography of Woolley she found that the lives of the two women were so intertwined that she could not write about one without the other. "The record of their friendship may well be unique in the annals of American feminism," Smits wrote. Woolley, Mt. Holyoke's second woman president, took office when the college was losing its prestige as a leader in women's education. She did much to bring the college back to its former status. But she was active on a more national scale as well. She toured China in 1922 as the only woman member of a committee on mission policies in China. President Hoover sent her to a disarmament conference, which she favored after WW I, at Geneva, as part of the U.S. delegation; the first woman assigned an official position in an international undertaking. Woolley and Marks shared an intimate relationship for 52 years. The biography will be published this Spring.

After an unsuccessful attempt to avoid violent clashes by hiring extra bouncers, the

management of St. John's main gathering spot for Gay people, the Sea Breeze, has dealt with the problem by converting the establishment into a club. As of August 31, the bar became a private member's club and membership cards were issued to the regular Gay clientele. Membership is not limited, however, to the established Gay community. The waterfront business will continue to welcome visiting sailors. In addition, members can, on their own responsibility, bring guests into the club. Meanwhile, the Community Homophile Association of Newfoundland has settled into its headquarters on the third floor at 127A Queen's Road. The premises will be used for group meetings and small-scale social activities, including a regular women's night.

-The Body Politic (#27)

THE SAN FRANCISCO SENTINEL reports  
1) Bonnie Strunk, an openly Lesbian attorney is the Liberal Party nominee for D.A. of Onondaga County (she joins Gay activist Earl Colvin, who's running for Congress on the same ticket)...2) Reporter Lynn Rosellini of the Washington Star has been nominated for a Pulitzer Prize for her four-part series last December on homosexuality in pro athletics.

An article in the Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists confirms the notion that the more a society inhibits sex and other forms of bodily pleasure, the more violent that society will become, and the more pleasure is allowed, the less violent is the society. According to the article, "pleasure and violence have a reciprocal relationship, that is, the presence of one inhibits the other. More specifically, when the brain's pleasure circuits are 'on,' the violence circuits are 'off,' and vice versa." Additionally, the article states that Judaeo-Christian sex taboos encourage violence in our society and tells how attitudes toward women in the Old Testament have contributed to our present problem.

The Gay Alliance for Equality has reopened The Turret, the organization's popular discotheque in downtown Halifax. The establishment is described as a "non-oppressive gathering place for Gay people." Thanks to special permission granted by the Nova Scotia Liquor License Board. It is open every Friday from 9:30PM to 3AM at 1588 Barrington St. GAE has also started to publish a monthly Newsletter, The Voice.

-THE BODY POLITIC (#27)

## HEY OUT THERE ...

Do you eat food?

If so, do you think that your daily menu could or should be improved?

If your current cuisine is absolutely the *finast-kind*, might there be a particular recipe that you'd like to share with the rest of us?

If your answers to the above are either yes or no, then perhaps you may consider contributing to the MGTF Cookbook!

The MGTF Cookbook, now in early formation, will be the first attempt to produce a certifiably Gay cookbook anywhere. Indeed, the eyes of the Gay and nonGay communities will be watching on that fateful day sometime in the Spring of 1977 when the first issue rolls out of the local bindery. It may even look classy! But before the Cookbook editors count their chickens, as it were, they've got to have a few recipies. So, how about it, folks? Here's a chance for all of us to

gain immortality (for more information on "immortality" see: Weinberg, Society and the Healthy Homosexual) and an interesting meal, now and then.

Please send your ideas, the name or nickname of the person to whom it should be credited and, perhaps, an anecdote that might amuse us all, to:

MGTF Cookbook  
PO Box 4542  
Portland, Maine 04112

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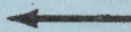
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## CAROL WHITEHEAD BENEFIT

### CAROL WHITEHEAD BENEFIT

The Gay People's Alliance of UMPG will sponsor a "Benefit Pot-luck Supper for Carol Whitehead" on Sunday afternoon at 1PM, on November 14.

The event will take place at the UMPG/Portland Student Union at 92 Bedford Street, Portland. If you bring food, the donation asked is \$1; without, the donation asked is \$2.

Carol will give a short talk after the supper. All funds will go to the Carol Whitehead Legal Defense Fund.



## SOME THOUGHTS...

The Revolution is not an event that takes two or three days, in which there is shooting and hanging. It is a long drawn out process in which new people are created, capable of renovating society so that the revolution does not replace one elite with another, but so that the revolution creates a new anti-authoritarian structure with anti-authoritarian people who in their turn re-organize the society so that it becomes a non-alienated human society, free from war, hunger, exploitation.

--Rudi Dutschke  
1968

\* \* \*

We are a feelingless people. If we could really feel, the pain would be so great that we could stop all the suffering. If we could feel that one person every six seconds dies of starvation (and as this is happening, this writing, this reading, someone is dying of starvation) we would stop it. If we could really feel it in the bowels, the groin, in the throat, in the breast, we would go into the streets and stop the war, stop slavery, stop the prisons, stop the killings, stop destruction.

Ah, I might learn what love is.

When we feel, we will feel the emergency: when we feel the emergency, we will act: when we act, we will change the world.

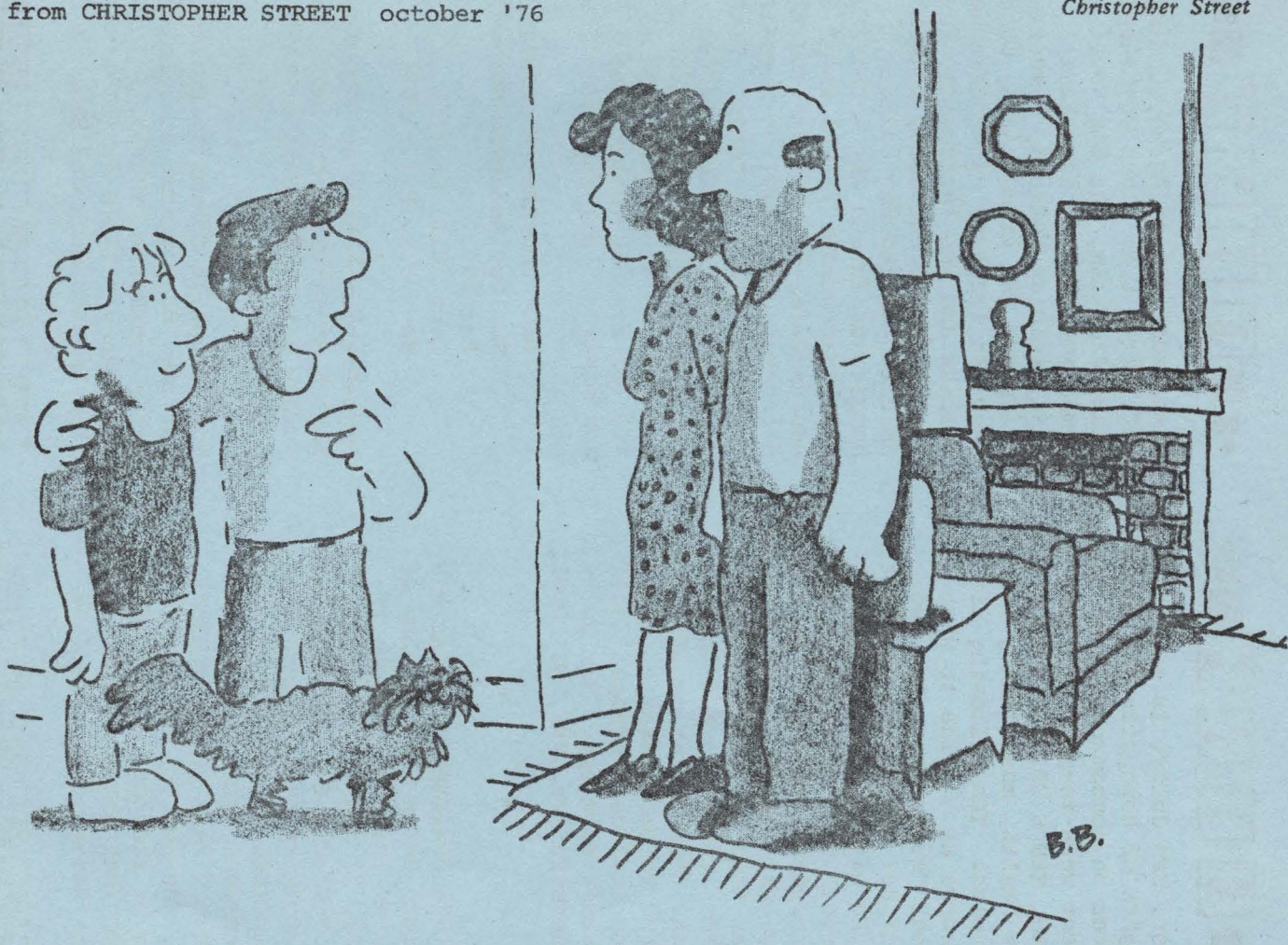
---Julian Beck  
The Life of the Theatre

CONFIDENTIAL GAY DRUG AND ALCOHOL RAP GROUP-meets Monday evening 6:30 at the Community Resource Center, 68 High St. Portland. 773-5530 for info.

### WOMEN'S COUNSELING SERVICE

The Women's Counseling Service provides low-cost feminist counseling and referrals for women throughout Maine. Some counselors are Lesbians, all are non-homophobic. Their hours are Mondays 7-10, Wednesdays 11-2, Thursdays 4-7 and Saturdays 10-1.

To contact them call 443-9531 (or write) or drop by their office at Room 23, 72 Front Street, Bath 04915.



*"Mom and Dad, this is my new lover. He'd rather remain anonymous,  
but for the purpose of identification, let's call him Tom."*



Author, Sam Julty, is seeking the thoughts of homophile men for a chapter on homosexuality in his present work-in-progress, MEN'S BODIES, MEN'S SELVES, a book on men's health, masculinity and sex roles. The following titles may serve as a guide to what is needed: "coming out, Gay and masculine: harmony or conflict, dealing with friends, why I'm not out," etc. Because he wants to include a variety of entries, Julty asks that the essays be no longer than two pages; double spaced. Pen names and 'anon' are ok. An honorarium of \$35 is offered to each essay accepted. Please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Sam Julty, 257 Seventh Ave., NY, NY 10001.

\* \* \*

*The 1976 Conference of the Gay Academic Union will be held at Columbia University on November 26, 27 and 28 this year. Last year about 1500 women and men, working in many academic disciplines as well as in the professions, attended the conference. This year's conference, the fourth, will probably be the last to be held in New York for some time. Panels and workshops include:*



*Homosexuality and Aging, Coming Out, Mixed C.R. Group Workshop, Transsexualism, The Gay Novel, Homosexual Men in Karl Marx's life, Lesbian Mothers, Homosexuality and the Visual Arts, Workshop for Teachers of Adolescents, Lesbian and Gay Therapists, Legal Issues for Homosexuals, Workshop on Establishing Gay Courses, Homosexuality and the Authoritarian Personality, Issues about Gay Adolescents, Homosexuals and the Holocaust, Dissertation Support Workshop, Media Workshop. Other activities: literature tables, caucuses, evening entertainment, and more. The registration is \$20 for non-GAU members and \$15 for members. One-day rate: \$10.*

GAU4 CONFERENCE COMMITTEE  
The Gay Academic Union  
Box 480  
Lenox Hill Station  
New York, N.Y. 10021

Registration begins at 9AM, November 26 at Ferris Booth Hall, Columbia Univ., Broadway & 115th St.

\* \* \*

The Homophile Community Health Service, 80 Boylston St., Boston, has a speaker's program. For info, call Nancy Ballard at (617) 542-5188 between noon and 9PM.





PRISONER CORRESPONDENCE:

"Prison Letters"

I have seen a man get a letter,  
His first in many months or  
years;

So proud that someone had  
written...

And shown care.

Sharing it with others,  
So fragile from handling...

Just about to tear.

How long before the last one?

Or the next?

I do not know for sure;

But I do know

That God loves that person

Who took the time to say

I care.

*-submitted by Dave Hinman*

The following prisoners  
would like to hear from  
us--

Ralph Hogan #QB-015, 5-N-14  
Queenboro Correctional Cen.  
47-04 Van Dam Street  
Long Island City, NY 11101

Eugene Pulsifer #039136  
PO Box 747 N-3-S-16  
Starke, FL 32091

Wallace A. Brown #138-109  
PO Box 787  
Lucasville, Ohio 45648



William F. Smith #8691  
PO Box 2  
Lansing, Kansas 66043

George H. Deputy #143-263  
PO Box 787  
Lucasville, Ohio 45648

Thomas Maxwell #26313  
Unit D, Pembroke Station  
Danbury, CT 06810

Jimmy Hall #006827  
East Unit M-3-S-15  
PO Box 747  
Starke, FL 32091

\* \* \*

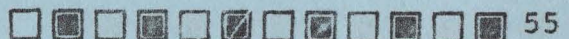
*GAY MAN in Lewiston, Maine is in-  
terested in meeting others--any  
age, any race--for fun and possi-  
ble relationship. A non-smoker &  
non-drinker, my interests include  
electronics, movies and writing  
novels. Write to: Mark Allyn,  
PO Box 3083, Lewiston, ME 04240.*

\* \* \*

Companionless bi-sexual male would  
like to hear from lonely or not so  
lonely Gay people in southern and  
central Maine.

Reply to:

Don, c/o MGTFN  
PO Box 4542  
Portland, Maine 04112.



•◻◻◻ **B I T S** ◻◻◻•

DEADLINE FOR JANUARY NEWS-LETTER:

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1976

PUBLICATION DATE:

MONDAY, JANUARY 3, 1977

\* \* \*

*All readers are invited to use this space for brief notices, ads, information, announcements, and other miscellaneous items of common interest. Please send your news to: BITS, Box 4542, Portland, Maine 04112.*

\* \* \*

SUBSCRIBE TO GAY COMMUNITY NEWS--A non-sexist, non-exploitative publication of news, features and opinion. \$15/year; 52 copies. Mailed in no-peek envelopes. To: "GCN," 22 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass. 02108. One of the better Gay publications available...

\* \* \*

*FEMINIST WOMEN--Gay and nonGay--and CHILD are looking for women to share house in Brunswick. Contact Nan at 443-9531.*



•◻◻◻ **B I T S** ◻◻◻•

*GAY PEOPLE interested in forming a group in the southern York County area are asked to write: Chris Wright, PO Box 478, Berwick, Maine, or call Allan at 698-5535.*

\* \* \*

THE CONFIDENTIAL GAY DRUG AND ALCOHOL RAP GROUP is meeting every Monday evening at 6:30 at the Community Resource Center, at 68 High Street, Portland. If you think that alcohol or other drug is a negative influence on your day-to-day life, then it might be a good idea to drop by and check out this friendly and relaxed group. In sharing there is strength.

\* \* \*

SUBSCRIBERS to the Gaycon Press Newsletter receive poetry, information, articles on various prisoners in varied prisons around the country. \$4/year for 12 copies. To: Gaycon Press Newsletter, c/o Ron Endersby, Editor, 1 East 3rd Street, New York, NY 10003.

\* \* \*

BITS are free! Items run for 2 consecutive issues, unless otherwise requested. Check it out!

