
11-1978


Mainely Gay, Vol.5, No.4/5 (November/December & January/ February 1978/1979)

Susan Henderson

Kevin Mohr

Peter Prizer

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Mainely Gay

Vol 5 Nov~Dec '78 no 4

NOTE TO READERS:

Have you seen this month's cover anywhere?

We had a really neat one some where, but so it goes...

Call 947-6576, if you find it.

Thanks!

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(Editor's note: our mimeograph is acting funny, which accounts for the strange reproduction of this issue. C'est la vie and all that, and we shall return, in this space, in about a month from now.) 'Till then, we hope the mimeo...

Who We Are

CONTRIBUTORS

Debbie Boone
Bob Green
Helen Longley
Marie & Donni Osmond
Elvis Presley's estate

COVER

Close it, before
striking

EDITORS

William Rhenquist
Phyllis Schafley

JULY PRODUCTION

37 CETA workers on the
Millinocket town pay-
roll

LAYOUT

None planned for this
issue

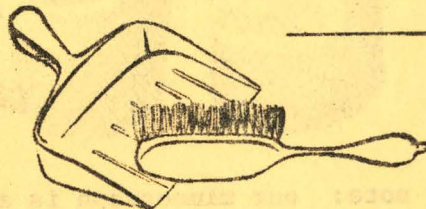
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Note To Readers

What can you say about so-called periodicals that take unannounced six-month vacations from the daily grind? That we missed the plain brown wrapper in our mailboxes? That we hope the staff enjoyed their subscriber-paid sojourns to the blizzard-kissed strands of Sebastopol? That we actually give a shit?

Well, dear readers, and we do mean dear, we're sorry that we've been so... well... discreet lately, but circumstances dictated that we take a low profile.

To be candid, the entire staff of Mainely Gay has endured the past 185 days in a bath tub of spaghetti sauce; attempting to make the Guinness Book of Records. Unfortunately, the world record for spaghetti sauce-sitting remains at 186 days. So it goes...

In any event, we're glad to be back! And such is our

boundless energy that we've actually planned a March-April issue! We ask, what other serious publication offers a six-year subscription for only \$5?

* * *

Speaking of \$5, our subscription department informs us that many readers are on the imminent verge of having their contracts expire with the only Gay publication of the Tundra. This is unfortunate, as not only will these people find themselves uninformed on the crucial issues of the day, but the staff would like to know whether or not we can afford first-class to London for the spring. We've already tried the "no frills" flight to Europe and were rather irked to find that British Air provides copies of Mainely Gay as the only reading material on these particular excursions.

--Peter Prizer



EDITORIAL

[The Editorial Staff of Mainely Gay recognize their responsibility to present opposing viewpoints of responsible spokespeople. The following Editorial, by Victoria N. Lewis, is in response to a recent MG Editorial entitled "As Too Much Power Leads to Despotism, Too Little Leads to a Wash That's Not White and Bright"]

First of all, I'd like to thank the generous editors of MG for this opportunity to respond in their journal. In this age of growing cynicism, it is indeed heartening to observe a segment of the media that puts practice into its lip-service. Alas, can we name one publication that doesn't jealously guard its dictatorial editorial powers much like a hen sits on her eggs (*No we can't--ed.*)

MG's recent editorial equating despotism to soiled laundry is a stretch of the metaphor that cannot go unchallenged. As I believe it is Thoreau who once said, 'While I leave absolute truth for those who are better equipped,' (*we think it's by O.W. Holmes, in "Ideas & Doubts" --ed.*), it is not that although one believes in commonly, with some equivocation (*we'd say!*); that phenomena always are found to stand in quantitatively fixed

relations to earlier phenomena (*eh?*); it does not follow that with such absolute ideas we can have nothing to do but our wash and sit still and let time and despotism run us over.

Any fool knows that the mode in which the inevitable comes to pass is through effort (*you said it; not us*) and that consciously or unconsciously we all strive to make the kind of world that we like (*Get to the point.*)

...and in conclusion...the... general premise [I advance]... as a sufficient justification [for my mistaken views]...is... [not]...in good faith...and... based on [regrets and an unhappy marriage]...and is...[disgraceful bullshit].

--Victoria N. Lewis

FEEDBACK

Dear Sisters and Brothers,

This note will hopefully clear up some of the confusion in the Gay and non-Gay communities.

To put it bluntly, I have lately been repeatedly mistaken for the pontiff in the Vatican City.

While the "new" deference towards me by strangers (especially in New York City) is indeed a pleasant experience, my conscience moves me to pen this letter.

Thanks for printing this, and Best Wishes to all!

in struggle,

John Paul Hudson
New York City

Dear MG,

Enclosed please find \$5 for a one-year subscription to your fine publication. I trust that it comes in an unmarked, plain envelope.

I hold a sensitive position in the state government, and

it is imperative that my name and address be kept strictly confidential. Thanks!

Sincerely,

Linwood E. Palmer
Secretary of State-Designate

[Dear Linwood...please be assured that our subscription lists are never sold to any group or publication...the Editors]

Dear MG:

We have a small favor we'd like to ask you. We are a newly formed group of Gay heterosexuals,

To the Editor,

Some clumsy person on the third floor has misplaced your sub list. Would you please send us another list?

We understand these are provided free of charge. Thank you.

Sincerely,

5

Sally Johnson
2400 Security Drive
Langley, VA 23365

(Dear Sally...our policy has changed, somewhat, and we now ask that persons enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope--Ed.)

Dear Sinful Heathen,

Hopefully this note will clear up some confusion among many people, both here and abroad.

To put it bluntly, I have lately been repeatedly mistaken for the notorious American author of SUPERSTAR MURDER?

While the "new" deference towards me by strangers (especially in Rome) is indeed a pleasant experience, my conscience moves me to pen this letter.

Thanks for printing this, and see you at Shea in '84!

John Paul II
3417 Via del Infidel
Citta Del Vaticano 49227

Dear Editor,

We saw your publication advertised in "Popular Mechanics" and would like

to make it available to our various libraries around the world.

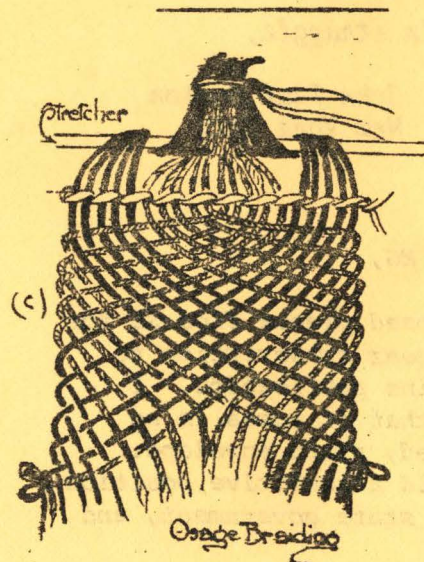
Would you please send me 427 copies of Mainely Gay, Vol.5, No.3 at your earliest convenience?

Thanks.

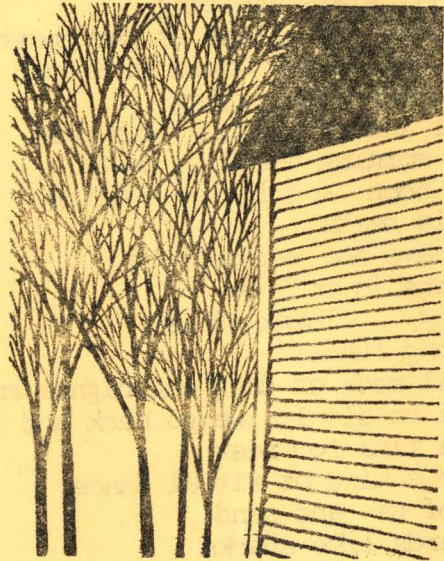
Sincerely,

Elizabeth White
Director
U.S. Information Agency
Box 300
Washington, D.C. 20013

P.S. Would you please return the "Steve Martin" record album that one of your staff borrowed from the Jonestown library in 1978? Thanks.



I gather patience like fall apples
I see them piled hard and green
in their basket ready
to wait out the winter
and I believe we will come through
We will come through and laugh together
sucking in the bright cold air
at the end



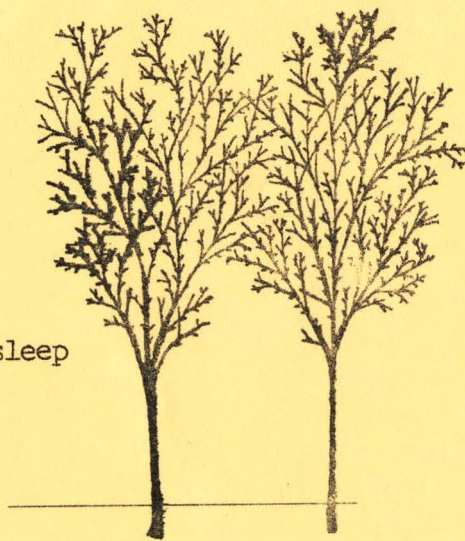
DYING

Dying is a poem in 51 parts, written by Miriam Dyak. Dying is a publication of New Victoria Publishers, Inc., a non-profit, literary and educational corporation, 7 Bank Street, Lebanon, N.H.

Dying is a collection of all things felt about a particular death, and the events that led up to it, and those which followed.

While it is difficult to excerpt from the book, because each poem is tied into the others, we've taken one, and it appears below:

The letters come
like arrows into a dark cave
some lit stars shooting
some quick and silent as our ghosts
I have pulled the world in around me
a bag drawn with string
the air inside is dull and pain and sleep
In the morning there is death
and at noon and in the evening
there is death
and I have not yet learned
all there is to know
of dying Think of us
in a long tunnel
a tunnel made of days and nights and months
we move so slowly we go back and forth
we take time for rest
and for a kind of ritual dance
think of us and send
your cards like sparks

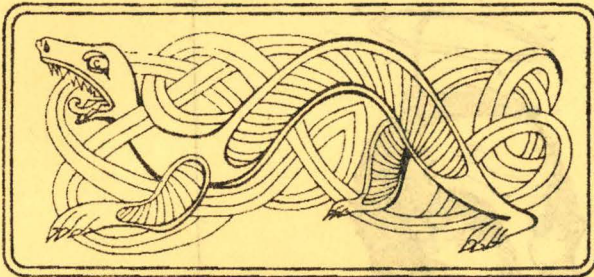




Senator Briggs campaigning for Proposition 6 -- the Anti-Lesbian/Gay schoolworkers bill.

Note the cranial hernia, which in this picture, has been transformed from a defect into a halo.

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Fanged
Dragons



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M.G. POLICY STATEMENT

The staff feels that a policy statement on M.G. equipment use is necessary.

It is our collective opinion that while we are happy to extend support in the form of free equipment use to feminist and gay organizations, we also limit such use to non-profit organizations. In the past we have helped Maine Lesbian Feminists, The Maine Civil Liberties Union, Downeast Cat Club, McDonald's, IBM, and others, when they've requested to use our equipment. BUT we agree that only those organizations which are basically non-profit should have access to our facilities.

We have received requests from profit-oriented organizations, which have prompted us to issue this statement. - the staff-



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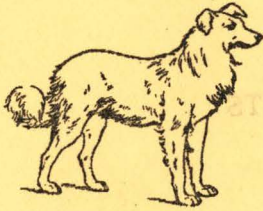
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With energy levels at a low, several people who began organizing a Lesbian and Gay studies course at the University of Southern Maine are beginning to reconsider their efforts. In the pre-election day M.G. flyer, we mentioned that at least 10 non-day students at the university would have to register in order for the university to accept the course for one trial semester. Response was not overwhelming. It will be taught by a Lesbian with a Ph.D. in Herstory. We still need about 5 more non-day students to register. We can't waste our energy on designing a course and dealing with the unending red-tape unless we know that the quota of non-day students will be met. This will be the last mention of the course -- unless a sufficient number of people write to M.G. regarding the course within the next month or two, we're going to stop our organizing efforts at this point. Not to sound negative or threatening, but just to let you know what's happening and hoping that maybe the information didn't reach everyone who may have been interested.

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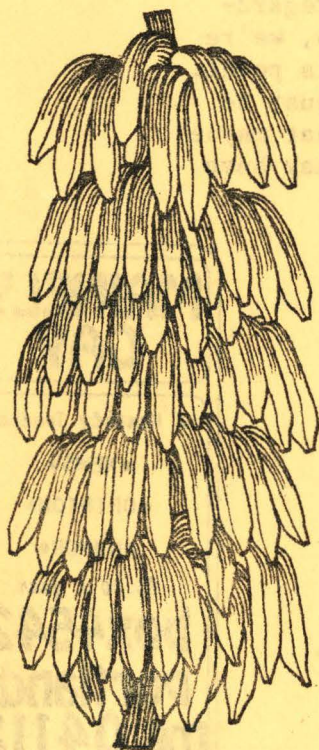
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RUE

Common names: Herb-of-Grace, Herbygrass,
Garden Rue.
Ruta graveolens

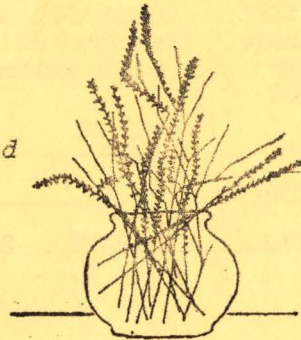
Rue is best cultivated in a poor, rubishy soil rather than in a rich one.

Rue has some good and bad uses. It is rumored that rue is a powerful defense against witches. For this reason, we've never bothered to grow it in our house--we'd hate to see the plant bite the hand that feeds it. On the good side, rue infused in water, and sprinkled around the house will kill fleas and other wretched insects. We even put some of the infusion on our dog last summer with great success -- that is, the fleas died, not the dog.

Rue was long ago used to strengthen eyesight, and to ride oneself of earaches.

It can be sown from seed, root divisions, or cuttings, all of which are best done outdoors in the garden. Seeds are best cultivated by broadcasting and then raking them in.

Rue was also called the Herb-of-Grace or Herb-of-Repentance, because holy H₂O was sprinkled from boughs of Rue on Sundays. Several years ago we decided to test this virtue of the herb by sprinkling some around the rectory of a local church. Two weeks later, the church burnt to the ground. It was uninsured. No one repented.



CATNIP

common names: Catnep, Catmint
Nepeta cataria

Catnip is a wonderful herb, which is easily cultivated indoors. You should, however be cautious if you have cats, because unless you sow the seed directly into the soil, you can probably bid farewell to your catnip plants. That is, if you intend to transplant it, or take cuttings from an existing plant, your cats will save you the trouble of harvesting it.

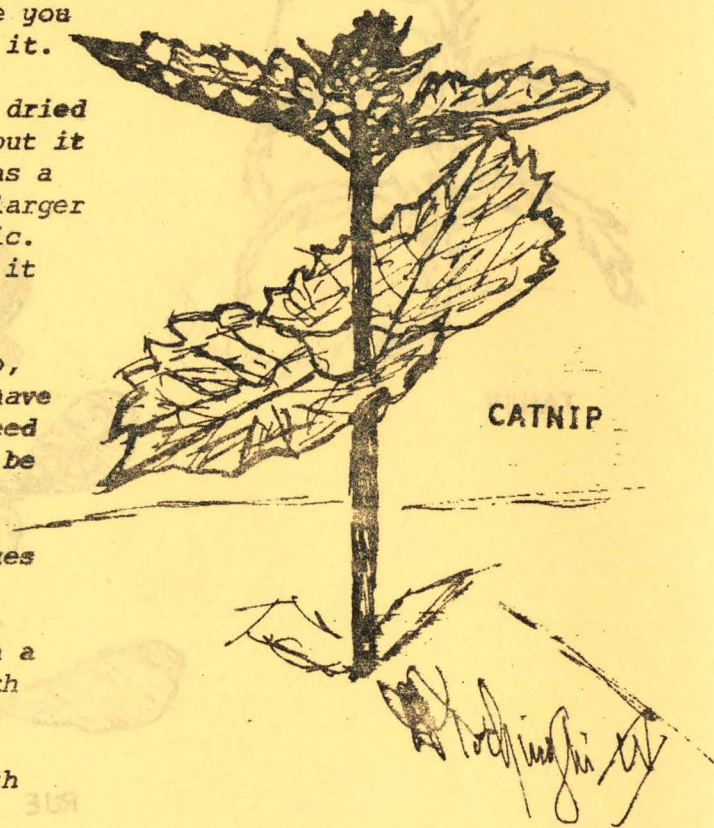
Catnip is most frequently dried for its effects on cats, but it is also extremely useful as a tea, in small doses. In larger doses, it acts as an emetic. Never boil catnip--infuse it only.

Catnip is a perennial herb, provided your cats don't have a say in its survival. Seed potency has been known to be as long as five years.

We have several window boxes of catnip growing in our house. We've found that octagonal cedar boxes with a good rich soil serve growth the best for this herb. When the plants are about 6" high, we mulch them with banana peels.

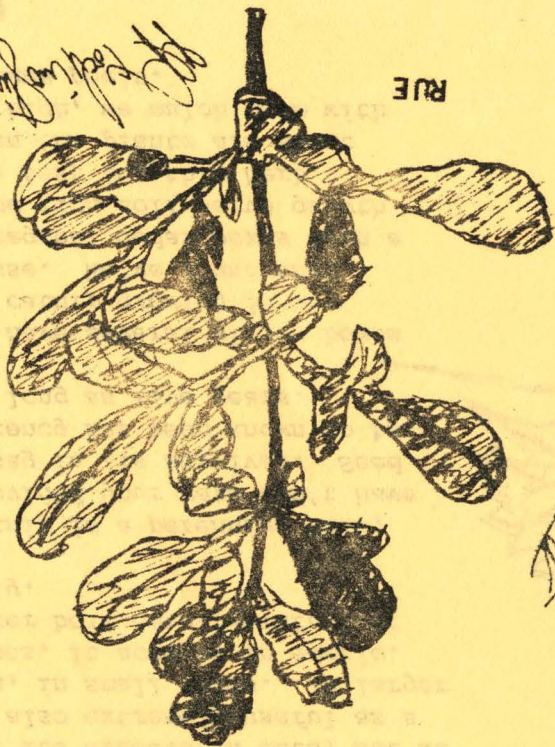
Rats are particularly repelled by catnip, it is said, but we've planted it all around the front door, and the fundies still keep coming around to peddle their bibles.

We've taken of late, to throwing thorazine darts at them instead.



The Botanical Dept.

RUE



TANSY

The Botanical Dept.



Herb illustrations
by J. J. Tochinowski IV

TANSY

Common names: Bitter Buttons

Tanacetum Vulgare

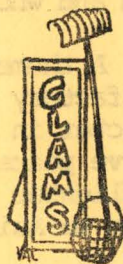
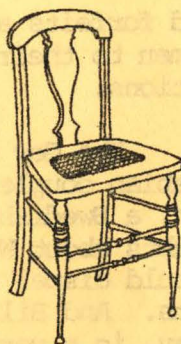
Tansy is one herb which is extremely difficult to start from seed. Therefore, your best bet is to take cuttings or make root divisions. Once established, the plant won't stop spreading, however. It is a fascist imperialist. Richard Nixon was said to sprinkle it on his cereal. Proof of its potency!

Tansy, in the garden or in the house, will repel insects, most notably, flies and ants. The expressed oil, when rubbed on the body, will produce the same effect. Don't expect miracles, but we planted Tansy in our garden as an organic insecticide, and it worked well.

Tansy was once used to cause abortions when taken internally. We are now thinking of submitting a bill to congress for federally funded Tansy fields. Naturally, the price will probably soar, and it will be denied to poor wimmin.

Is is also said to comfort amenorrhea.

But best of all, Tansy is credited with making people immortal. For this reason, it was long used as an embalming agent. Keep this herb out of the reach of political adversaries for this reason. (Though on the other hand, since it repels flies and ants...



The section on Herbs was prepared by Kevin Mohr and J.J. Tochinowski IV.

and forfeits all respect by hiding behind the Biblical subjugation of women to their husbands and thus dodging moral responsibility for her actions.

The Gay characters in the book are a delight, especially the Lesbian couple: Mary Ellen Frampton, the policewoman, and Liv Lavransson, a Swedish immigrant postal worker. If anyone has any lingering doubts about Warren's ability to create women characters, these two should dispel them. I loved Sam, the older Gay cop who feeds wharf cats. And Bill Laird, whose relationship to the others I won't give away, is a very real older Gay man who fights the good fight against the closet syndrome and comes out in the end. In counterpoint to all the talk about salvation, it is he, in the act of coming out, whose soul is saved and whose life is born again.

A theme that unites all three of Warren's Gay novels is that a satisfactory life cannot be lived in the closet. In all three, a Gay character in the closet must come out to self and others in order to achieve peace of soul. This is the real message of *The Beauty Queen*. On a lighter level, it is a good Gay melodrama. It's what ought to happen to Anita Bryant. Read it in good health!



Confront them !

Cumberland County Curmudgeon

By Susan W. Henderson

Balm to the Gay Soul or The Virtuous Lesbian Triumphant

Patricia Nell Warren, *The Beauty Queen*, New York, Morrow, 1978, 287 pp., \$9.95

Patricia Nell Warren's new novel is out, and it's good. *The Beauty Queen* is a melodrama in the grand tradition, where the Goodies win, the Baddies lose, and Gay Virtue triumphs. In this day of homophobic demagoguery and assassinations, we need some of this!

The villain of the piece is Jeannie Laird Colter, ex-legislator, ex-Miss-America-runner-up (hence the title), obvious stand-in for Anita you-know-who. Jeannie's life is a mess; she is on the verge of a nervous breakdown, fighting off alcoholism, torn between her religion and her ambitions, alienated from her husband and her children. In this state, she has become "born again" and uses her new-found religiosity as an obvious crutch. As the story opens, she acts out her fanaticism by starting an anti-homosexual crusade, which she cold-bloodedly intends to use to get herself elected Governor of New York. Of course, this isn't Machiavellian politics, mind you, since she's doing the Lord's Work. The Gay community reacts with protests, as one would expect. Homophobic violence, the usual result of such campaigns, follows, and a Gay policeman is murdered outside a bar. His lover and his ex-partner, a Lesbian policewoman, plot vengeance and get it in the best way. I won't tell you the ending, because it falls completely flat when retold, but in the book it seems so right. It's what we've all wished at one time or another would happen to Anita Bryant.

The title character is not just a carbon copy of her real-life counterpart. The use of fanatical religion as an excuse not to deal with personal problems is true to life, as anybody who read the *Playboy* interview knows. However, Bryant's scheming husband, using his wife's guilts and prejudices to gain power for himself, is absent from the novel. Colter's husband is opposed to her witch-hunt, and she stands alone in her villainy. This at least gives her the nobility of having chosen her own path, however evil. Bryant compounds her sin

gether and free themselves from the tyrant; support each other through the oppression and imprisonment; and guide other winnin to their freedom.

Winnin are powerful and men can be overthrown. As "Mermaids" swim to the ocean surface and climb ashore, winnin are achieving their position of power; soon they will take man's kingdom.

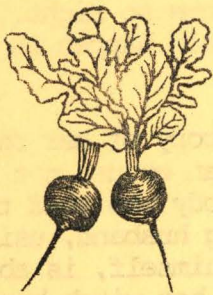
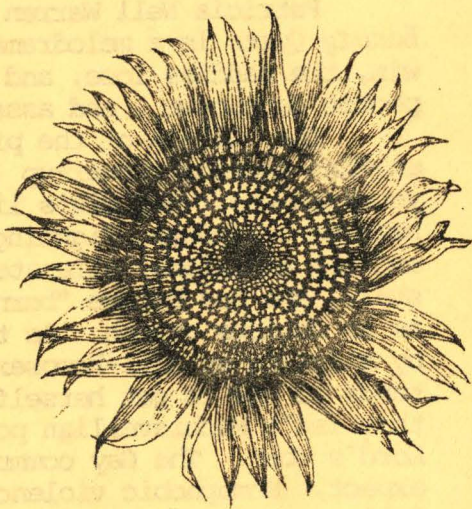
With the strength, courage and sisterly love of winnin, Atlantis will rise and with it will emerge the Age of Womyn.



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Peace,
Palmyra Dome
Newport, Maine

REVIEW

by Ted Phillips

As male composers strive to write good, meaningful music that will appeal (\$) to the American public and combine the various types of music, wimmin musicians ARE writing music that IS meaningful, does combine different types of music, and should appeal to the American public. Kay Gardner's new album "Emerging" demonstrates this.

"Emerging," which is completely instrumental, combines many forms of music from baroque and contemporary classical, to folk and jazz. John Williams' Star Wars, Close Encounters, and Jaws II, offer a range of popular classical jazz, and muzak, but mostly offer money-making schemes. After Star Wars, it became "rut" music (music that all sounds alike). Kay Gardner's album gives the art of music a fresh new life that started in her first recording, "Moon Circles." Neither album can really be categorized because both contain elements of many different styles plus an undefinable quality that males could never match.

Men have no problem selling their music but wimmin do. The American public, "owned and operated" by men, still rejects wimmin, so when a womyn owned and operated record company like Urana, which is a division of Wise Women Enterprises, offers a better alternative to male music, the public says no. Because this society has not broken away from male domination, not even in music, Emerging, which Urana recorded, will unfortunately probably never get a chance to be heard by the millions of wimmin who want/need it.

Most male music strives to communicate a meaning, which is always centered around them, but Kay Gardner's music DOES communicate a meaningful message which is for and about wimmin. Emerging traces the flight of wimmin from its beginning in the heat of her master's kitchen, to her final rise to power.

The first piece, "The Cauldron of Cerriðwyn," conjures up the memory and reality of wimmin's enslavement to male domination, the sweat of being forced to bow down to the almighty cock, and that stench of the cage that imprisons her. Only through her love of her sisters and her belief in the Goddess that created us, can womyn continue to overthrow the male breed and hear the "Crystal Bells" of victory.

Slowly society is starting to move toward a new age. At first there is confusion, sometimes chaos but wimmin will continue to grow and fight. The damage is too great to surrender or compromise, wimmin must join to-

It may take a severe crisis to convince the problem drinker to seek help, i.e., the loss of a lover, loss of friends, loss of a job, an accident, an arrest, health problems, even a close call with death, or ending up in some mental ward. In almost all the above cases, alcohol is the last to blame.

Alcoholism can be detected--these 12 questions can help you determine whether your drinking is reaching the danger level:

1. Do you crave a drink at a definite time daily?
2. Do you gulp your drinks? Sneak extras?
3. Do you drink to relieve feelings of inadequacy?
4. Do you drink to escape worry and dispel the blues?
5. Do you drink when overtired to brace up?
6. Is drinking affecting your peace of mind?
7. Is drinking making your home life unhappy?
8. Do you prefer to drink alone?
9. Do you require a drink the next morning?
10. Do you lose time from work, or school due to drinking?
11. Do you black out, that is, experience a temporary amnesia about the night before?
12. Do you lie about your drinking and find yourself defending your right to drink?

If you or anyone you know can answer "yes" to even one of these questions, you should be concerned. And act!

You may write me for a list of where to get help, in care of M.G. I also would welcome letters from anyone who would like to share the positive way of life that s/he may be living without the drug alcohol. Let us know it can and is being done by many Gay women and men.

Remember, you are not alone.



TO DRINK OR NOT TO DRINK

by McGee

Now that you have just read the poem, try to keep an open mind and hear what I am saying. After visiting a local Gay bar, I left with a feeling that I was part of someone else's fantasy world, yet knowing that what had just happened was very real, and I'd like to share with you what I saw. Several women that evening were engaged in verbal abuse towards one another -- which seemed to go beyond just yelling and swearing and turned into a push-shove type of thing. The local bouncer removed one of the women by picking her up and carrying her out of the room into the bar area.

While at the other end of the same table a woman sat openly weeping in despair; needing help to get home. She could not walk alone and was led out of the bar by a friend who had to brace this staggering woman upon herself.

Shortly thereafter, at another end of the bar, an upset woman was being chased by another woman, and was about to be physically hit -- once again the woman who earlier had removed a woman was there to stop it from becoming a fight. To my surprise none of these women were asked to leave the bar. I am not sure why and would not even guess as to why it was allowed to go on until closing.

In the midst of all this, another woman was shaken by a friend of hers who intimated that she was planning a suicide because she could no longer deal with the life she was so caught up in.

My sole intent that evening was to spend a few hours with my lover and a few friends -- to socialize with the gay world in a bar that offers a retreat for me from the every day struggle of the straight world--where I could dance with a lover and show open affection to my lover and friends without someone casting a moral judgment upon us. I do not wish to judge what went on with those women. I'd only like to note that the women involved were heavily drinking, and that alcohol allowed that typed of behavior to happen and those events to take place.

It is not what you drink--how much you drink, or when you drink--it's what it does to you when you drink.

The alcoholic drinker is always the last to know s/he has a problem with alcohol.

And your laugh will kill me.

I'm afraid that deep down I'm nothing, that I'm just
no good.

And that you will see this and reject me.

So, I play my game, my desperate pretending game.

And my life becomes a front.

I dislike the superficial game I'm playing.

I'd really like to be genuine and spontaneous, and me,

But you've got to help me.

You've got to hold out your hand...

Even when that's the last thing I seem to want or need.

Only you can wipe away from my eyes the blank stare of
the breathing dead...

Only you can call me into aliveness...

Each time you are kind and gentle, and encouraging.

Each time you try to understand because you really care,

My heart begins to grow wings...

Very small wings, very feeble wings, but wings.

With your sensitivity and sympathy, and your power
of understanding

You can breathe life into me.

I want you to know that,

I want you to know how important you are to me.

How you can be a creator of the person that is me,
if you choose to...

It will not be easy for you.

A long conviction of worthlessness builds strong walls.

The nearer you approach me, the blinder I may strike back;

It's the irrational, but despite what the books say
about people,

I'm irrational!

I fight against the very thing that I cry out for.

But I am told that love is stronger than strong walls.

And in this lies my hope.

Please try to beat down those walls with firm hands,

But with gentle hand--for a child is very sensitive.

Who am I, you may wonder?

I'm someone you know very well...

Author unknown

"PLEASE HEAR WHAT I'M NOT SAYING"

Don't be fooled by me,
Don't be fooled by the face I wear,
For I wear a mask, I wear a thousand masks,
And none of them are me.

Pretending is an art that's second nature with me;
But don't be fooled, for God's sake, don't be fooled!
I give you the impression that I'm secure.
That all is sunny and unruffled in me.
Within as well as without.
That confidence is my name and coolness my game,
That the water's calm and I'm in command,
And that I need no one.
But don't believe me.

My surface may seem smooth, but my surface is my mask,
My ever-varying and ever-concealing mask,
Beneath lies no smugness, no complacency.
Beneath dwells the real me, in confusion, in fear,
in aloneness.

But I hide this.

I panic at the thought of my weakness and fear
being exposed.

That's why I frantically create a mask to hide behind.
A nonchalant, sophisticated facade, to help me pretend.
To shield me from the glance that knows.
But such a glance is precisely my salvation.

That is, if it's followed by acceptance,
If it's followed by love,
It's the only thing that can liberate me from myself.
From my own self-built prison walls,
From the barriers that I so painstakingly erected.
It's the only thing that will assure me of what I
can't assure myself.

That I'M worth something...

But I don't tell you this, I don't dare...I'm afraid to.
I'm afraid your glance will not be followed by my
acceptance and love.

I'm afraid you'll think less of me, that you'll laugh...

SEABROOK NEWS

Work on the Seabrook nuclear power plant resumed this summer after a halt was ordered by the Environmental Protection Agency, and later overturned. Several crucial elements of the reactor are scheduled to be delivered to Seabrook sometime in the near future. The Clamshell Alliance has therefore scheduled a LAND & SEA BLOCKADE, in an effort to halt the delivery of these elements.

Nobody really knows exactly when the elements are due to be delivered, but phone trees are now being set up state-wide to get the information to blockaders when it happens. If you would like your name to be added to the list of people who will be telephoned (and will have to telephone 3 others) please call 772-1166.

Lesbian and Gay voices were heard loudly at the June 24th occupation of the Seabrook site, and it is hoped that more Lesbians and Gay men will participate in the future.

GAY LEFT

a socialist journal produced by gay people. aimed at giving a marxist analysis of homosexual oppression as well as encouraging the gay movement to understand the links between the struggles against sexual oppression and for socialism. \$2 US, Canadian check or 80pence Int. Money order. also available from Carrier Pigeon

36a CRAVEN ROAD, LONDON W2, ENGLAND

OpenRoad

a newsjournal of international anarchist and anti-authoritarian left activities. a revolutionary publication dedicated to social justice, human solidarity and freedom. readers' donations (4 issues per year).

BOX 6135, STATION G, VANCOUVER, B.C.
CANADA V6R 4G5

MAINE WOMEN'S LOBBY

The Maine Women's Lobby was created last summer to provide a positive women's issues-oriented presence in the next session of the Maine Legislature. The goal of the organization is to draw membership support from all areas of the state to hire a full-time lobbyist for designated issues and bills (i.e., to support bills having a positive impact on women, and to work against negative bills). Currently, the membership is just under one thousand persons, and the membership drive continues; obviously, there are more than one thousand women and men in the state who support women's issues, and the Lobby intends to reach them.

The membership of the Lobby elected a 15-member Board in October; those board members include: Kim Matthews, Portland; Lois Reckitt, So. Portland; Becky Sarna, Hallowell; Wendy Widman, Whitefield; Trish Riley, Augusta; Jane Riley, Hallowell; Kate McQueen, So. Portland; Janet Stratton, Bangor; Doris Baker, Whitefield; Laurie Balmuth, Lewiston; Pat Ryan, So. Gardiner; Barbara Alexander, Readfield; JoAnne Dauphinee, Bangor; Barbara Peppy, Bangor; Royena Heath, Hallowell. By December, this Board will begin considering and determining those issues and bills to be supported, opposed, and lobbied by the lobbyist.

The woman elected as the lobbyist is Vendean Vafiades. She began work the first of January and is expected to continue to the end of the legislative session.

The Women's Lobby is also interested in hearing from new members regarding the issues of importance to those members. For more information or membership forms, contact: Maine Women's Lobby, P.O. Box 15, Hallowell, Maine 04347.



mainly gay... statements of condition

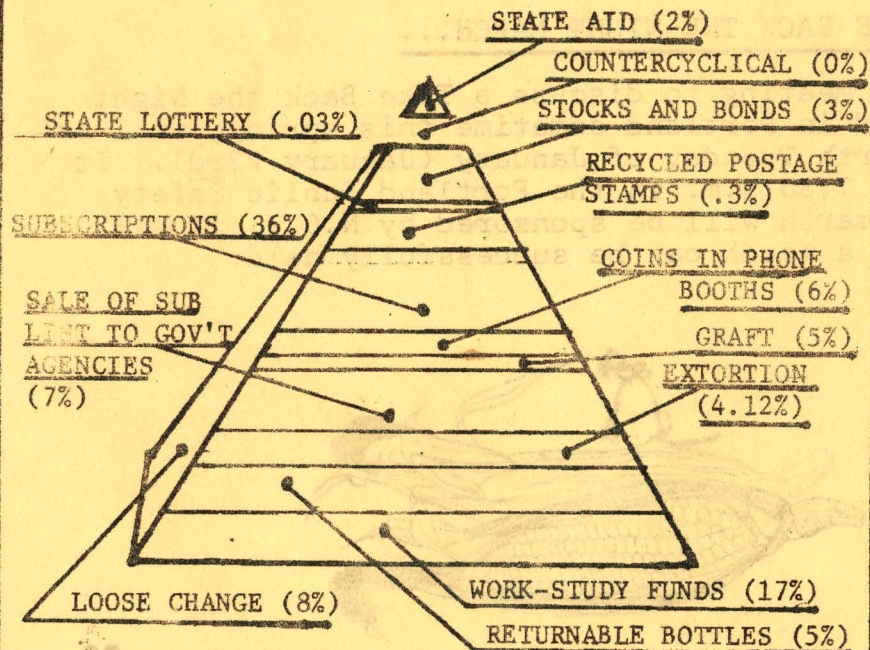
ASSETS

CASH AND DUE FROM BANKS.....	\$.03
INTEREST BEARING TIME DEPOSITS WITH BANKS.....	6.08
INVESTMENT SECURITIES.....	148.02
FEDERAL FUNDS AND STOLEN SECURITIES.....	4532.00
MAINLY GAY PREMISES AND EQUIPMENT.....	5.99
RESERVE FOR POSSIBLE LOAN LOSSES AND OTHER SHIT.....	14.00
CREDIT EXTENSIONS FROM CAPITALIST ENTERPRISES.....	75,993.8
RECYCLABLE SCRAP PAPER.....	10.86
SUBSCRIBER GOODWILL & FINE VIBES.....	8.88
REUSABLE BEVERAGE CONTAINERS.....	186.01
WITTY HUMOR & ERUDITE COMMENTARY.....	.03
TOTAL SUBSCRIBER EQUITY.....	5214.00

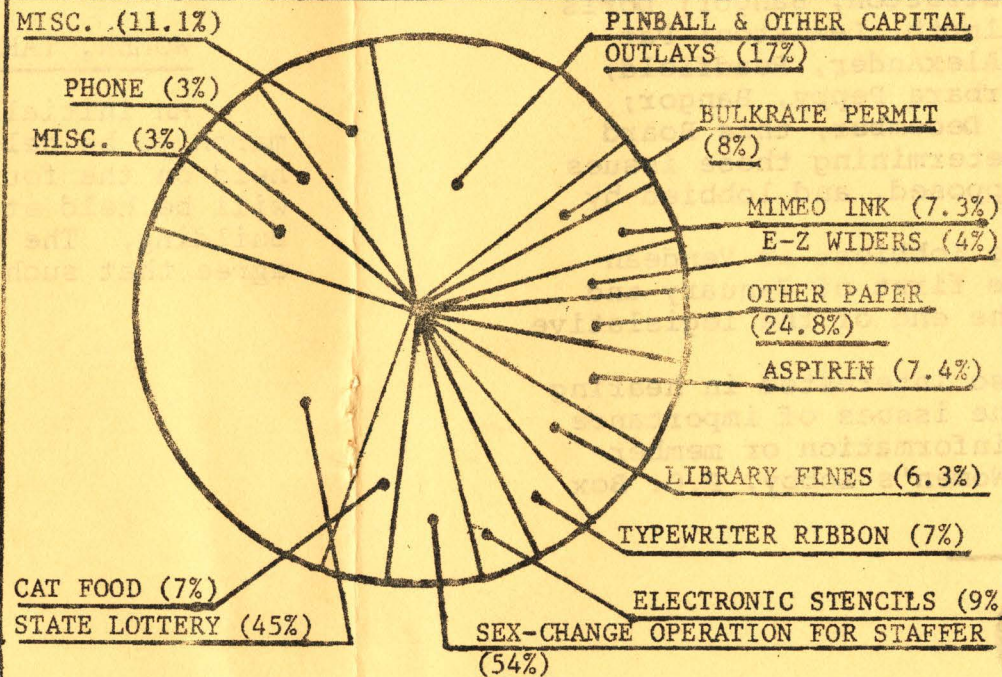
LIABILITIES

TIME PAYMENTS FOR COMPANY SEDAN DE VILLE.....	\$ 9,942.08
COURT JUDGEMENT AGAINST LEWD STAFFER.....	275,000.00
LIENS AGAINST CORPORATE ASSETS.....	4,972.97
INVESTMENT IN SUPERNATURAL ENERGY SOURCES.....	13,054.02
LEGAL FEES INCURRED IN ILL-ADVISED COURT CASES.....	870,087.22
DEFAMATION-OF-CHARACTER SUIT BY BUDDY FRANKLAND.....	50,000.00
FREE PATTY HEARST, INC.	5,000.02
18% LATE FEE BY COLT INDUSTRIES.....	991.04
IWW DEFENSE FUND, INC.	85,095.00
UNAUTHORIZED HERTZ CREDIT CARD USE.....	123,087.50
MISCELLANEOUS.....	2,590,698.11
TOTAL SUBSCRIBER RIP-OFF.....	5214.00

TOTAL MG REVENUES IN 1978



TOTAL MG EXPENDITURES IN 1978



SUMMARY OF OPERATIONS

AUDITOR'S OPINION

THE STAFF AND SUBSCRIBERS OF MAINLY GAY MAGAZINE:

We have examined the statement of condition of Mainly Gay as of January 9, 1979 and the related statements of operations and deficit and in changes of financial position for the year then ended. Our examination was made in accordance with generally bizarre auditing standards and, accordingly, included such tests of the accounting records and such other auditing procedures as we considered necessary in light of a considerable cash payment. In our opinion, extreme

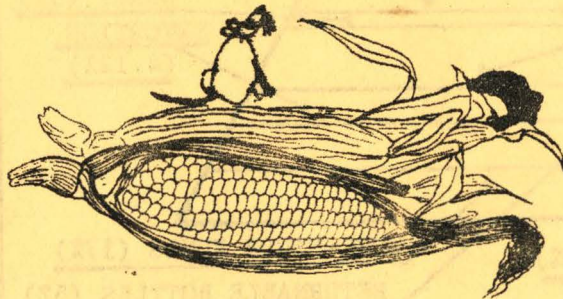
Dyke named new head of ERCOM

She was fired the next day...

ATTENTION!!

WOMEN, TAKE BACK THE NIGHT MARCH...

An initial meeting to discuss a Take Back the Night march to be held in Portland sometime this spring, will be held on the fourth Tuesday of January (January 23rd). It will be held at 7:30 p.m. in the Portland Public Safety Building. The march will be sponsored by N.O.W. if all agree that such a march can be successfully held.



article has touched a cord that's, um, meaningful to me. For instance, I've had an article, 'specially written for the "National Enquirer," that's been held off from mailing. The result of much scholarly research at the US&M library and lengthy interviews with middle-aged street people along the Portland waterfront, it's entitled:

EYEWITNESSES REVEAL:

ELVIS SECRETLY MARRIED JACKIE O. IN '67
CEREMONY AS MARIE OSMOND PERFORMED
SUPERNATURAL RITES IN UFO...

Another article in the current Enquirer that should raise a few eyebrows reveals: COLLEGES ARE PAYING COMMUNISTS TO PEDDLE THEIR PROPAGANDA TO STUDENTS. Meanwhile, we read, the same easily duped students are "...SWINGING BACK TO TRADITIONAL VALUES." So much for today's youth...

Oh yes! On Feb. 11, all of us can spend three hours in front of the tube oogling a made-for-four-year-olds TV movie that "dramatically discloses the never-before-revealed secrets about the private life of Elvis Presley." Meanwhile, I've already clipped the coupon that will guarantee me Big Money in the high-profit field of vinyl repair. Neat, huh?

The staff of M.G. wishes to congratulate everyone for contributing to the defeat of Rev. Buddy Frankland in November's election.

#####

Mother Earth News (MEN) still is refusing to publish an advertisement from RFD, a gay rural newspaper seeking new subscribers. MEN won't even correspond with the RFD collective. The toll-free telephone number for MEN is 1-800-438-7265.

#####

Fortunately for the Senate, however, the pressures of fending off his critics caused Nixon to effect an intense rave, and he became convinced by attending doctors and aides that he must resign or fatally aggravate his plebitis. Nixon, of course, left office voluntarily, and an awkward moment was avoided in the Senate as numerous press releases (34) announcing "new evidence " concerning the president's culpability were hastily withdrawn.

But the soon-to-be-completed Senate Office Building remains, like the zany make-up of the Supreme Court, just another Nixon legacy in Washington.

OBSERVATION #3

"If ya can't beat 'em, join 'em" goes the hackneyed, shop-worn axiom, and I wish I'd begun this paragraph in another manner. In any event, lately I've thought that my remarkable estrangement from our kulture isn't so hot an idea after all (after what, I'm not sure), so this week marks the third time I've purchased a weekly copy of the "National Enquirer" at the local A&P. Admittedly, the first copy was obtained as a lark, but now I wonder if I'm hooked on the mag. But let me disclaim right off: the Latest on Elvis has no real profound appeal, and I'm not hot to get the MOST for my MONEY--Like rich people do. But what really intrigues me, however, is to learn if I personally know the "leading scientist" who reveals in the current issue that the bible proves that Adam and Eve were really astronauts.

I've secretly thought all along that Adam and Eve were astronauts, but I've lacked the iron-willed conviction to express my aberrant views in public, lest they be mocked and disparaged at whim. Now that the whole world knows--via a screaming headline--I'd like to thank Dr. Irwin Ginsburg, who it turns out is not a close friend, for having the courage to risk his leading career to profess an assertion at which highbrows will scoff. Now some of my drug-addled associates--I can think of one in Colorado--might wish to learn where Dr. Ginsburg obtains his grass, but the

explain the president's position to the more recalcitrant Senators, and several aides were blown up in staff cars wired with bombs.

But his subtle strategy clearly wasn't working, and Nixon changed gears. At a secret meeting attended only by Nixon, the Capitol Architect and four key members of the Senate Public Works Committee, Nixon offered the entire U.S. Senate the bribe of a new, \$250 million office building if 34 Senators would vote not to impeach.

The next day the Senate met in secret evening session and discussed the building proposal. All were in agreement that a new structure would be an asset to the deliberative body, but the debate was heated on which thirty-four should cast the negative votes. The Democrats suggested that since the president was a Republican, the 34 votes should be cast by Republicans. Sen. Baker countered for the GOP, proposing a lottery, with names taken from a large drum by the Senate clerk. The debate dragged on through the night, with both the fate of Nixon and building lingering in the balance.

In the midst of intense bickering, a bipartisan proposal sponsored by Sen. Scott (R-Va) and Sen. Talmadge (D-Ga) received the surprise endorsement of Leadership and was sent by courier to the White House: throw in a Burger King and an auto dealership with the basic line retailing a good bit over \$14,000 and the Democratic majority would get behind the lottery proposal.

Nixon quickly agreed, and the lottery was conducted. To everyone's chagrin, those among the Senate drawing "short straws" were some of the president's harshest Watergate critics: Hart of Michigan, McGovern of South Dakota, Lowell Weicker of Connecticut and Kennedy of Massachusetts. But the Senate had sworn to abide by the results of the lottery, and the stage was set for the 34 to change to a "wavering" and then to an "innocent" position. Meanwhile, the Capitol Architect let plans for the new structure, and excavation commenced just three weeks later on the planned site.

Mercedes-Benz auto dealership, was the object of much public scorn and dismay. But after the huge wave of public outrage crashed momentarily on the shore of Senatorial deference, the dissident waters receded as quickly as they had gathered and, as practically everyone realized anyway, the warm rays of the Almighty Dollar were soon shining happily over the large hole on Capitol Hill where the boondoggle is scheduled to rise. That's metaphorically speaking.

The important thing, of course, is not that the money could be better spent awarding every resident in Provo, Utah a chocolate Monopoly game from Neiman-Marcus, but that the watchdog press went on record with its protest. Now that the dust has settled, it's business as usual.

However, the muckraking rep of this column is not undeserved, and like they say at C.M.P., it's better to shoot a few hundred thousand kilovolts through the system than curse the darkness.

As I can now reveal, the proposed quarter-of-a-billion dollar structure is the careful scheme of none other than Richard M. Nixon!

It all began, say my sources, in late July of 1973 when President Nixon attempted a last-ditch effort to salvage his rapidly sinking ship of state. The Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives had voted several articles of impeachment, and everyone realized that the high noon show-down would soon unfold in the Senate, where Nixon desperately needed 34 votes to spare him the utter disgrace of removal from office.

With the knowledge that the only person in the cosmos who truly believed him to be innocent was his own daughter Julie, Nixon devised elaborate intrigues to insure the needed 34 votes to acquit. Senators thought by the White House to be "wavering" were invited to hastily thrown State Dinners and taken for panoramic rides over the city in the presidential helicopter. Other Senators were lent official phone, gas and clothing store credit cards. Nixon's pal in Florida, Bebe Rebozo, even arranged with the Miami mafia to

off the dancefloor, a man was lowering the needle on Top-40 records as thirty or so people discoed. I immediately found myself attracted to 2) a pleasant-appearing man in a plaid shirt and 1) a pinball machine tucked into one of the dancefloor corners. But I was in an observer mood that night, and both man and machine were left to go their prospective, happy ways. The potted plants in the main room of the tavern were sort of nice, I guess.

A little after 1AM the place closed; amid much general chaos and last-minute good-byes. The suited manager, the same person who had warned me at the door a few hours earlier that "this is a Gay bar," was outside in the 10°F darkness hearing the story of a man who had had the rear window of his fairly new automobile smashed to smithereens by vandals who suspected the sexual preference of the car's owner(s). If a one dollar cover charge is truly indicated, I thought later, it should go towards an insurance policy to cover customers who have their cars ripped off by clever hetero punks, or at least be used to hire a security person to keep an eye on patron's automobiles.

Every once in a while, I find this tavern on the Route 3 boondocks of Augusta a pleasant alternative to the predictable Portland nightscene, yet I think "East Side" noticeably exploits their circumstance as the only Gay night spot in Central Maine, especially with the "cover" charge and 85¢ beer prices. Besides these problems, the joint is notable for its upbeat people (especially on weekends), and these folks are worth the long drive from the far reaches of the vast area this establishment serves.

OBSERVATION #2

OK, raise your hand if you've read an article or editorial lately about the abominable cost (\$250,000,000) of the new Senate Office Building now underway in Washington. See? But about six months ago, as we perhaps recall, the proposed structure, with its four swimming pools, 2 gyms, a rooftop restaurant, 100 rest rooms, a basement Burger King, 3 saunas, several office spaces and an authorized

output which I allege was significantly below the BTU's produced by a collective wheeze of 57 sickly chipmunks. VW's are funny, and the irony (ha! ha!) is that the heater works better (all things being relative) when a window is cranked down a few notches. The skillful driver is one who determines when the heater is happiest without inviting too much Arctic air into the chamber, thus defeating the whole idea of keeping alive and enjoying the journey.

But now you say, "But Peter, when did you ever feel the breath of 57 sickly chipmunks wheezing?" which is well put. As it happens, I lied. The most intense chipmunk breath I've even felt was that produced by only 38 of the silly creatures, and all were admittedly healthy specimens. In any event, my research with chipmunks came to an abrupt end in 1967 when the Pennsylvania Board of Health condemned the premises of the local Burger Chef, where I had part-time employment as a patty preparer.

The door of the "East Side Disco" was locked. Having forgotten my key, I rapped on the window and even tried the doorbell, which I thought was an unusual manner to enter a public accomodation. Finally the door opened cautiously, and a man in a suit explained that there was a \$1 cover charge, payable by me in advance. Absolutely incredulous, and that's the word, I pondered for a second if any place in Augusta, including the Blaine House, the legislature or the Maine Turnpike, was worth a one dollar entry fee (and this goes for Portland, too.) For lack of any better response, I decided to merely drop my mouth.

"Um...Gee...Ah, for what am I covering?" I inquired pleasantly. The explanation, which was immediately recognized as pure, vintage bullshit (being a purveyor and all that), is not worthy of this dignified page. Yet having endured the elements and recognizing that a monopoly situation exists in the Central Maine region, I tendered my \$1 ("Hey, wanna Volkswagen instead?") and obediently entered the tavern.

The inside was quite crowded on this Saturday night, and everyone seemed to be enjoying her/himself. In a corner

The State Street Straw

By Peter Prizer

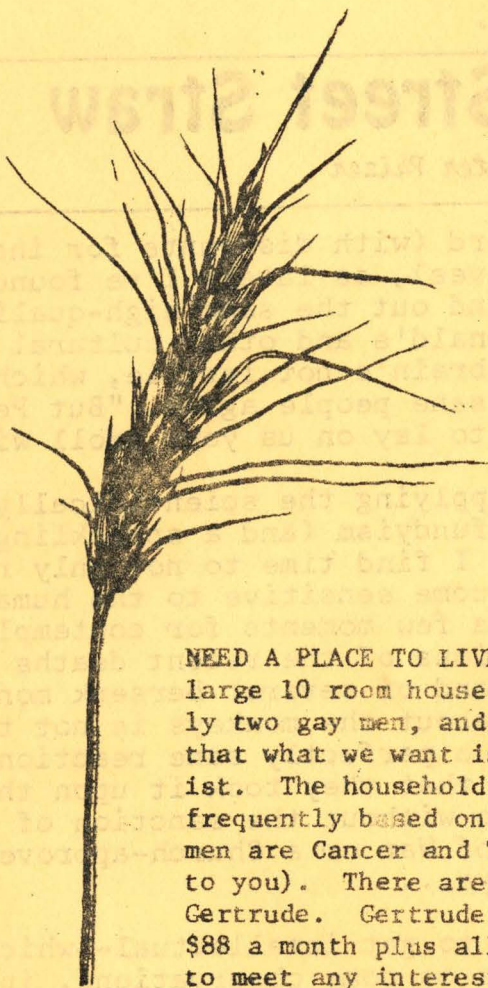
Lucky I'm paid by the word (with discounts for insipid similies and split-infinitives), as lately I've found it increasingly useless to grind out the same high-quality bullshit so popular at McDonald's and other cultural hubs. Not that my society-addled brain's not fertile, which it is, but after a while even sane people agree, "But Peter, where do you find the time to lay on us your droll wit?"

Simple. By diligently applying the scientifically correct principles of Anarcho-fundysm (and a sprinkling of TM, EST and STP thrown in), I find time to not only read the "New York Times" and become sensitive to the human condition, but I also have a few moments for contemplation on the cosmic implications of the recent deaths of three human beings at the hand of several berserk monkeys in Kenya. What's shocking about the monkeys is not that they went berserk, which is a perfectly sane reaction to our 20th Century world, but that they took it upon themselves to murder some people without the sanction of a state-approved Declaration of War or a Church-approved Holy Crusade. Uppity monkeys...

But my point here is not to get intellectual--which I think I haven't--but to pass on some observations, in a numerical format:

OBSERVATION #1

Quite recently, about a month ago, I travelled in my One Dollar VW Shitbox from South Bristol to the "East Side Disco" in Augusta, formerly "Flo's Tavern." The journey itself was no small undertaking, given the well-documented vagaries of the machine itself and the dark, lonely rural miles in Lincoln and Kennebec counties. But an even greater concern that night was the temperature, which was thought to be hovering around the 10°F mark. Inside the old Klassic, the Nazi-designed heater was recycling an



We attempted to get this issue out in time for the first meeting of the Sixth Maine Gay Symposium Planning Committee. That proved impossible. The first meeting will be in Portland on 1/14/79. If you are interested in getting in on the planning this year, OR if you want to facilitate a workshop, please call 773-6202.

NEED A PLACE TO LIVE? We have a vacant spot in a large 10 room house in Portland. There are currently two gay men, and one Lesbian. All three agree that what we want is another Lesbian who is a feminist. The household is politically active, and is frequently based on humor. Lesbian is Pisces, the men are Cancer and Taurus (if that's of consequence to you). There are 3 cats (Oscar, Alice B., and Gertrude. Gertrude is really a male). Rent is \$88 a month plus all utilities. While we would like to meet any interested people, we are really serious about only accepting another Lesbian-feminist. Both men are 22 and the woman is 21. The house is 5 blocks from the University of S&M and students are o.k. If you think you might be interested, why not give a call at 773-6202.

If you wish to control women, you should secure youthful ones. They should not yet be full bosomed, but amply fleshed, with silken hair and small eyes. The whites and blacks of the eyeballs should be clearly defined, face and figure glossy smooth, and words and voice harmonious. And below, the bones of each joint of the four limbs should be concealed in abundant flesh and not be too large. Hair below her vagina and ribs is undesirable; if there are body hairs they should be tiny and smooth.

Well, it's comforting to know that I am not a serious target for any Chinese gentleman seeking long life and perfection (and you thought this was the humor issue!). Once freed of any anxiety that I might be considered desirable by anyone attempting to practice the "tao of sex," I was able to thoroughly enjoy the glossary of sex terms. I'll only share some highlights with you here -- wouldn't want to spoil the whole show in case you ever decide to pick up this little gem yourself.

Heavenly court = vestibular fossa (oh the things they never told me in OUR BODIES OURSELVES!!)

child palace = uterus

golden ditch = upper part of the vulva

the mouse in

the empty boat = clitoris

oderiferous mouse = vaginal secretion

angry = erectile penis (aah so!)

Do you suppose this is what kept little Dickie Nixon so long in China? Can't you just see the Carter version of it: "Goobar patch = mons pubis?" Needless-to-say homosexuality wasn't even in the index, and anyway according to the highest authorities doesn't even exist in China. It may be though, that the authorities were too busy counting their triple nines to notice what was going on behind their backs, and all those sweet little demons they were warning us against were gaily amusing themselves with each other. Who knows?

It all sounded lovely, but one does wonder how she got seven ills in the first place. It could possibly have been from practicing another position called "tranquilizing the life force."

Have the woman lie straight out, pillow elevated and thighs spread. The male kneels between her thighs and stabs her, carrying out a count of triple nine. When the count ends, he stops. This causes the man's life-force to be harmonized.

Also, to cure coldness in the woman's jade gate, if this is carried out three times daily, she'll be cured in twenty days.

Well, you don't have to multiply nine too many times to figure out how sore she'll be and how glad she'll be to fake joyfulness so the man will finally cease! What it all comes down to, of course, is that this book is really for men and I shouldn't have picked it up in the first place, but I can never resist a chance to spy and prove to myself once again how ridiculous is the world in which I live. Most of the book is centered around the advice of P'eng the Methuselah "who asserts that to enjoy a prolonged life span a man should follow four courses of sexual action:

1. Maximize contact
2. Minimize leakage
3. Change women frequently
4. Have intercourse with virgins (all I know is what I read in the comics.)

To leak or not to leak, that is apparently the most important question. "Men who are twenty leak once every four days; men who are thirty leak once every eight days; men who are forty leak once every sixteen days; men who are fifty leak once every twenty-one days. Men who are sixty completely close off their semen and do not leak again." Women on the other hand have to be joyful, avoid intercourse with demons (you can tell them because they bewitch you by being nicer and more beautiful than ordinary people), and "meet the standard" of "(sexually) good women." The book advises:

how this poor woman was ever going to remember to give the right signals in order to get what she wanted let alone how "he" was going to remember what they meant. By the time I got down to "(8) Suddenly she has what she wants and she turns her waist a little. She perspires slightly and at the same time smiles. This indicates that she does not yet want him to finish because she still wants more." I was laughing too hard to read out loud to the dog. I pictured a bedroom with the list of 10 ways to observe female satisfaction posted in giant letters over the bed with both woman and man craning their respective necks to be sure that they were doing it right.

Brenda appeared in the doorway and said, "Oh that's the version for the crunchy granola crowd. You should take a look at the real thing," and handed me *The Tao of Sex* by Akira Ishihara and Howard S. Levy. This indeed is a serious little Harper and Row paperback published in 1968 replete with scholarly footnotes and quaint little pictures of kewpie-like people who never actually touch and you can only tell the man from the woman because he wears a little peaked hat. The people are in their correct positions however (positions that have such names as "Fish Eye-to-Eye" or "Goat Facing a Tree" or "Rabbit Sucking a Hare") and either you are supposed to cut them out of the book like paperdolls and put them together yourself or else they were designed for one of those 3-D viewers and will come together through the right lense.

I began this one with "Cranes and necks intertwined" and promptly lost it entirely.

The man sits in a squatting position, the woman bestride his thighs. She embraces his neck with her hands; (he) inserts the jade stalk, stabs her wheat buds, and strives to strike her seed. (I was surprised it didn't direct him to pour milk on her rice krispies or skewer her post toasties). The male embraces the woman's buttocks and assists her upward movements. The woman naturally feels joyful and her essence fluid overflows. (Oh yeah?) When the woman is joyful, he ceases. The seven ills are naturally cured.



(ed. note):

The following article was intended for a once-realistic humor issue, which, due to general laziness and overwhelming mental failure, was never produced. It should be noted that Merriam Kayak is no relation to Miriam Dyak, and also that the material which follows is intended for mature audiences. Therefore, you may not want to read it.

PERSPIRATIONS

by Merriam Kayak

Howdy folks! This is the believe-it-or-not column bringing you your monthly cosmopolitan report on bizarre heterosexual practices. Being bi myself, I've personally witnessed/participated in some pretty weird scenes of that variety, but just lately I've learned that I and my cohorts don't hold a candle to the Chinese. I was over at Brenda's (that's the Big Brenda In The Sky for those of you who know the difference) looking for good bathroom reading and happened upon *The Tao of Love and Sex: the ancient Chinese way to ecstasy* by Jolan Chang. I opened up to "How to observe female satisfaction." I started to read out loud to the dog: "(2) Her fragrant body is supine and all her limbs are straight and not moving and she is breathing hard through her nose. This indicates that she desires him to resume his thrusts." Given that I had no idea who "he" was or that he had ever started thrusting in the first place, I couldn't figure out

BUT now they've grown up--they're Lesbians and Sissies now.

The biggest gush of puss in the zit is the ignorance with which many gay males respond to allegations of domination and oppressiveness by sissy-ef/feminists. They have the gall to ask "Why are you so hostile?" They sometimes make me think that if they had another half-a-brain, they'd be half wits. With straight oppression at all time highs, and gay males flexing their muscles and leaving every bit of work (domestic and otherwise) to wimmin or ef/feminists, they continue to wonder.

In summary then, we hold the most important struggle to be the destruction of male dominance and supremacy. The struggle of the homosexual is definitely secondary, because the real threat is NOT the liberation of the homosexual, but rather, the liberation of wimmin.

This article will undoubtedly enrage some gay males. This is no surprise because those who are enraged by it know that they stand to lose.

"HAIL THE RISING MOONS OF REVOLUTION

ALL HAIL THE MOTHER"



Lesbians have split from the gay male movement, and now, so have effeminate faggots. This means that all that's left are a bunch of village-people devotees; fewer in number than when everyone took their orders, and therefore, many times weaker than they ever imagined, because of the en masse defection of wimmin and faggots from their

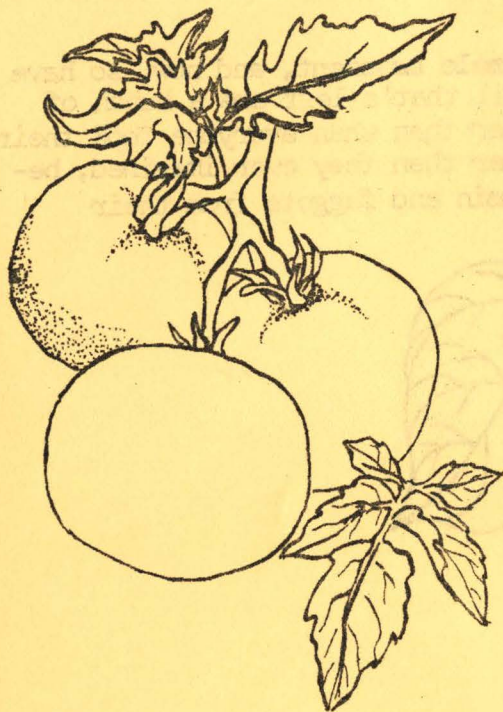


midst. Just as most males are incapable of doing their own maintenance work (i.e., cooking, cleaning, shopping, etc., ad nauseam) they will be unable to organize their own movement with wimmin and faggots gone.

The only reason that faggots remained in the male movement so long, was because Lesbians split, and didn't want any males involved. Can't blame Sisters because faggots unconditionally support their right to separatism. Only thing they didn't realize was that the effeminate males felt the same sexism they had/do.

You can compare the whole grotesque situation to the standard nuclear family. Man, wife and child. Man in this scheme remains man. Wife now has become womyn, who no longer defines herself through man. Therefore she leaves, taking child along with her, leaving man to wallow in his own mess. Child now becomes faggot or sissy-ef/feminist--he won't go back to big daddy, because his struggle is not along the same lines. Wife is considered worthless because to be a wife you must be a womyn. Wimmin are considered nothings. Children, likewise, are considered just as irrational, emotional, etc. as are wimmin. And wimmin, conversely, are considered child-like. Wife and child are thought of as one--one very weak union.





Sissy-ef/feminism or faggotry also is not the same thing as transsexualism. Faggots don't want sex changes. They are content to live in the body given them.

Nor is sissy-ef/feminism akin to role-palying. If it were, we would expect approximately half of gay mlaes to be effeminate, and half of them to be masculine identified, rather than the 15%/85% ratio already cited. We would also expect the effeminate 15% to be in demand rather than ostracized and oppressed.

Gay males have pushed faggots into the background as they have with Lesbians, whenever the gay community as a whole is to be represented publicly for fear of the images people will see. In other words--they want to make it ok to be gay--and forget about wimmin and effeminate males. As long as they're liberated, they have capitalized on our energies, and then thrown us away. REAL MEANING: Liberation is on THEIR terms and no one else's.

Upwards of 85% of gay men do not have to deal with any oppression other than that of their sexual preference. They still retain male privilege which is lost IF they CHOOSE to come-out publicly. But for effeminate males, there is no element of choice involved. Everybody knows that you're homosexual, and you are an embarrassment because you reek of it. In effect, you reek of betrayal to your own sex. REAL MEANING: Effeminate males cannot be trusted to bond with gay or straight males in the oppression of wimmin.

Gay males who are NOT effeminate can always CHOOSE to conceal their sexuality in sensitive situations. Faggots can never do this--there



simply is no choice--it's not a matter of conviction--it's simply that just as one may be born homosexual, one may be born an effeminate male. In other words, homosexuality does not equate with effeminacy, BUT EFFEMINACY EQUATES WITH HOMOSEXUALITY.

This article doesn't touch on masculine wimmin, because I don't pretend to know anything about them -- it's not that I wouldn't like to know--but no womyn have really written about masculine-identified wimmin.

Faggotry or sissy-ef/feminism is an outgrowth of a very very oppressive caste system in the gay male movement. Now that effeminate homosexual males have created their own movement, we can bid the male dominated movement goodbye.

Furthermore, faggotry or sissy-ef/feminism is not to be thought of in terms of the gay male who is also conscious of wimmin's oppression. There are those gay males who support feminism. By and large, these gay males are less oppressive to faggots than most--yet there is still the slightly separate distinction of being an effeminate male--which has implications different from those of being a womyn in a few ways.

Faggots are effeminate--I've never met one who wasn't a militant feminist and who didn't find the gay movement secondary to the wimmin's movement, as well, but faggots are the stereotype--they are sissies.

It's really pretty easy to understand--the struggle of effeminate faggots is tremendous and it won't subside either, until something is done to submerge the head of the monster that is male domination.

rated in order to promote the rights of gay men. Thus, putting down effeminacy serves the functions of legitimizing homosexuality to the straight world, and reinforcing the homosexuality of gay men toward effeminate males.

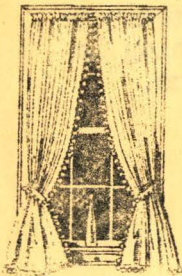
After all, effeminate males are the one group of people who've prevented gay men from being seen in a favorable light (with gay male pedophiles playing a role also/though this article does not focus on pedophilia). Always to defend male homosexuality, the argument goes that gay males are healthy because they really aren't swishes. WHO THE HELL ARE THE SWISHES THEN? If they are not gay men, then it becomes obvious -- they are in fact homosexual males, but GAY MEN don't want them. They are faggots. Now the tides have changes once again. Instead of faggots wanting in, we want out.

Effeminate men, or faggots, have recently begun their own separatist movement, called sissy-ef/feminism. Since faggots have little or nothing in common with gay men, except their sexuality, the sissy-ef/feminist movement and the male dominated gay movement have already come into conflict with each other. The conflict is fiery indeed. There are those gay men who blabber and pull up their jock socks, and call the argument "semantic." "We are playing with words," they say, the while not wanting to own up to yet another aspect of how they themselves oppress.

NO WE'RE NOT DEALING WITH SEMANTICS, AND THAT'S FINAL.

For years, sissies were found in the gay male movement, because there simply was no other place for them to direct their energies in terms of liberation. Everyone is tired of heterosexism. We know it's rampant. But now we have homosexuality too--and that includes both sexism directed towards wimmin by gay men, and "sexism" directed towards effeminate males by gay men. In other words, male homosexuality does not equate with effeminacy. These are two separate issues.

An article by Gregory K. Lehne ("Homophobia Among Men") recently stated that only 10-15% of all homosexual males are effeminate. That's about the same ratio of gay people living in a heterosexually dominated world, so that, like Lesbians, effeminate gay males (faggots) have to deal with oppression for their sexuality, as well as their effeminacy.



ON SISSY-EF/FEMINISM
AN ISSUE THAT'S BEEN IN THE CLOSET TOO LONG

by Kevin Mohr

I am the effeminate male homosexual. I am the one who has been attacked physically by straight men and gay men alike; by straight men because of my sexuality, and by gay men because of my effeminacy and freedom. I am the faggot who has come, over the last four years since graduating from high school, to dislike gay men as much as straight men. I have been the victim of disgusting machismo as much as wimmin--both gay machismo and straight machismo.

I am the faggot who, with few exceptions, has had to deal with male domination in the movement as well as the oppressiveness of hetero males.

I lay claim to my own identity because I have little in common with most gay men. I call myself, therefore, a faggot. I have dealt with discrimination dozens of times because of my effeminacy.

Gay men feel the need to dominate faggots, because to them, we symbolize a militant unity with wimmin, a total sexual freedom, and above all, a spiritual freedom, which means we can't hide.

In other words, the faggot has received most of the messages that wimmin did in growing up, and we therefore bring to the surface the contradictions of a male existence as well. Freedom of body and spirit are despised by gay men, hence physical abuse. And isn't it usually the case that you want to destroy anything/one which brings your contradictions to the surface? We (faggots) symbolize to them, the total destruction of a male dominated and enslaved world.

Likewise, I resent being included in the category of gay men by all straights and some Lesbians. I have the right to create my own identity, and I do not support the male dominated gay movement.

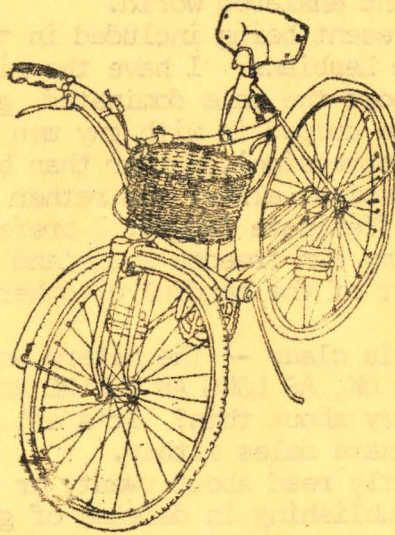
Rather than be dumped in with gay men (who may have a sense of both wim in's and gay oppression), rather than be grouped in this way by straights and Lesbians alike, and rather than deal with gay men who oppress me as an effeminate faggot, I prefer to use the courage that I have derived from my own freedom and stand alone, in my own self-interest and in the interest of the handful of other faggots who are similarly stepped on everyday.

The message is clear -- the hetero world is just beginning to think that to be gay is OK, AS LONG AS YOU'RE NOT AN EFFEMINATE MALE. What do gay men have to say about this? It's all well and good with them. They don't like effeminate males either.

I have recently read about twenty or so articles by prominent academics who are all publishing in defense of gay rights. They are also self-proclaimed feminists. All of them vehemently have argued that homosexuality does not equate with effeminacy. REAL MEANING: Effeminacy is denig-

How they went out of the world,
the women-loving-women
went out one by one
having withstood greater and lesser trials,
and much hatred from other people,
they went out one by one
each having tried in her own way
to overthrow the rule of men over women.
They tried it one by one
and hundred by hundred
until each came in her own way
to the end of her life
and died.

The subject of Lesbianism
is very ordinary.
It's the question of male domination
that makes
everybody
ANGRY.



A HISTORY OF LESBIANISM

From the album "Lesbian Concentrate"
on Olivia Records

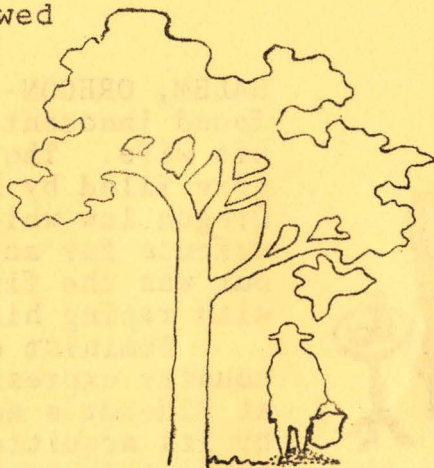
How they came into the world,
the women-loving-women came in
three by three,
and four by four,
The women-loving-women came in
ten by ten,
and ten by ten again
until there were more than you could count.

They took care of each other
the best they knew how
and of each other's children
if they had any.

How they lived in the world,
the women-loving-women
learned as much as they were allowed
and walked and wore their clothes
the way they liked
whenever they could.
They did whatever they knew
to be happy or free,
and worked and worked and worked.

The women-loving-women in america
were called
DYKES
and some liked it
and some did not.

They made love to each other
the best they knew how
and for the best reasons.



NEWS SHORTS

December--Amid a flurry of wall posters calling for increased freedoms in The Peoples' Republic of China, are to be found placards demanding freedom for homosexuals. All sexual activity the in Peoples' Republic has been carefully regulated, but according to The Body Politic, homosexuals have begun organizing efforts, and have been pasting them up on walls in Peking. The campaign is alleged to have received a great deal of support, especially from younger workers.



SALEM, OREGON--John Rideout was recently found innocent of charges that he raped his wife. The charges against Rideout were filed by his wife pursuant to a new Oregon law which removed marriage as a defense for accused rapists. John Rideout was the first man ever to be charged with raping his wife during co-habitation.

Feminist organizations across the country expressed extreme disappointment at Rideout's acquittal. Many feared that by its acquittal, the court was lending support to marital rape.

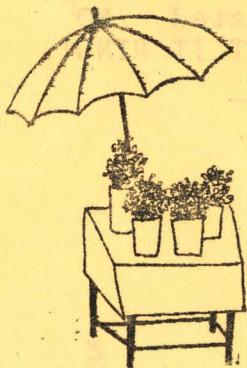


NEWS SHORTS

SAN FRANCISCO--Mayor Dianne Feinstein recently stated that she would appoint a gay person to fill the seat of City Supervisor Harvey Milk who was slain along with Mayor George Moscone at City Hall on Nov. 27, by Supervisor Dan White. White was the only member of the City Council to vote against the city's Gay Rights Ordinance.

The announced candidates for the vacant seat include Anne Kronenberg; former Air Force Sgt. Leonard Matlovich; Scott Beach; Sentinel publisher Charles Lee Morris; Robert Ross; David Scott; and Rick Stokes.

A crowd of approximately 40,000 persons held a silent demonstration in response to the right-wing terrorist slayings.



CALIFORNIA--Voters overwhelmingly defeated the Brigg's Initiative here on November 7th. The initiative would have made it mandatory to fire any teacher who was a known homosexual, or who discussed the subject of Gay rights, in a favorable manner. Gay people in California and across the country, celebrated their victory lead by the Rev. Troy Perry, of the Metropolitan Community Church(MCC). MCC is a Lesbian and Gay church.

Saxe, ad infinitum, Gay men and Lesbians have been beaten, killed, jailed and harassed. And this is a trend, let's remember, that's figured prominently in heterosexual society for the past 2,000 years.

Meanwhile, the message from "respectable" Gay Civil Rights organizations has been, "wait in line for your equality."

Hopefully, the recent defeat of Intro 384 in New York City will spark a debate on the issues of non-peaceful vs. peaceful tactics in the Gay and feminist movements. Anger and rage began the Gay movement back in 1969, and perhaps 1979 may be the year that we stop asking governments and people to accord us the basic human rights that everyone who's born a white, heterosexual male seems to enjoy.

Never have three words seemed so appropriate and so welcome as those three. Lesbians and Gay men have kept the peace for a decade while heterosexual males have attempted everything in their abundant

power to prevent it. And if we do everything to prevent it, no doubt they'll use their power to keep it.

The sad commentary is that Black people had to burn down large portions of American ghettos before the white power structure took their demands seriously. And leaders like Malcolm X were observing, "We should be out busting heads!"

Rhetoric is cheap, of course, yet the history of our society suggests that sexism, homophobia, racism, classism, ageism and elitism are integral components that are not easily overcome. And appeals to reason are often in vain.

Oppressed peoples have found more equality in the streets of America than perhaps is appreciated. NO MORE PEACE? LET IT RING!



EDITORIAL

NO MORE PEACE!

Several weeks ago, New York's Gay Rights Bill (Intro 384), failed to pass the General Welfare Committee of the City Council. For the fourth time in seven years, the measure has failed to be approved in that committee, thereby never even reaching the city council for a vote.

The vote in the General Welfare Committee was 6-3. Obviously, the six no votes had been determined long before the 13 hours of deliberation and public hearings.

But this we already know. What is incredible is that when the verdict came in at 11:30PM, 60 Lesbians and Gay men demonstrated in Manhattan, stopping traffic and shouting "NO MORE PEACE!" Not since 1969 has the idea that non-peaceful tactics be used. In fact it's been suggested that the Stonewall riots in June of that year really moved Lesbian and Gay Liberation into

a legitimate civil rights movement. After three or four years, the militancy had waned, and it was lost for seven more. Everyone seemed to be thinking of "tolerable" conditions, rather than genuine equality.

"Respectable" tactics were quickly adopted, with moderate Lesbians and Gay men apparently ignoring those who believed that non-peaceful tactics and general militancy were legitimate stratagems. Over the years these people have been excluded from participation in organizations and called everything from "troublemakers" to "just as macho" and more.

Ten years later, sixty people are back in the streets shouting "NO MORE PEACE!"

Peaceful tactics obviously have certain value, as we can see from the recent election victories in California and Seattle. But a lot of energy that went into those battles came from the deaths of many Gay women and men. From Heakin to Hillsborough to Milk to

Note To Readers

Occasionally, readers inquire where we get our articles. As it happens, some are written by staff members, some are cajoled from basically disinterested third parties and some are reprinted from other publications.

We'd prefer not to reprint, as this practice reminds us of Reader's Digest, yet occasionally something of interest catches our eye that we think would be noteworthy to others.

As for cajoling disinterested third parties--and you know who you are--we can think of better ways to fill the pages, and often do. Yet the mag remains, as always, open to any articles that readers take it upon themselves to author. Our only guidelines are that the articles be non-sexist, non-racist, etc. and theoretically, at least, appear to be of interest to the average Mainly Gay reader. As no reader profiles have been conducted, we're pretty loose in determining what might interest the "average" reader.

Appeals to maudlin senti-

mentality are often axed, along with graphic revelations on Gay male dating practices. Call us prudes or Puritans or whatever, but that's the way it is.

We know you're out there, so how about some effort??

* * *

Lately we've thought that, for legal reasons, we should establish some sort of Official Deadline for the next issue. So we consulted our ace astrologer and it seems that Feb.22 is a fine day to call a halt to material for the March-April issue. Of course, we'll continue to accept articles and tidbits up to the hour of mimeographing, but then, it's always nice to have an idea how many pages we'll need.

Articles should be mailed to MG,
PO Box 4542, Portland, Maine 04112.

--the Staff



Who We Are

CONTRIBUTORS

Miriam Dyak
Susan W. Henderson
Maine Women's Lobby
McGee
Kate McQueen
Kevin Mohr
Ted Phillips
Peter Prizer
J.J. Tochinowski IV

COVER

From RELAX! THIS BOOK
IS ONLY A PHASE YOU'RE
GOING THROUGH.
(Gay Cartoons from
Christopher Street) by
Charles Ortleb and Richard
Piala,
St. Martin's Press, 1978.

EDITORS

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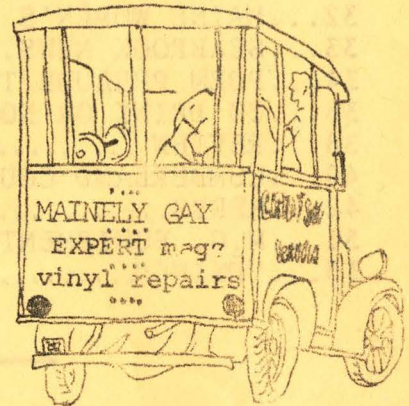
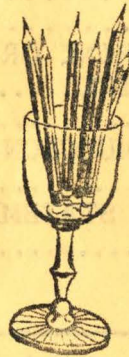
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~~Memory~~ fails us

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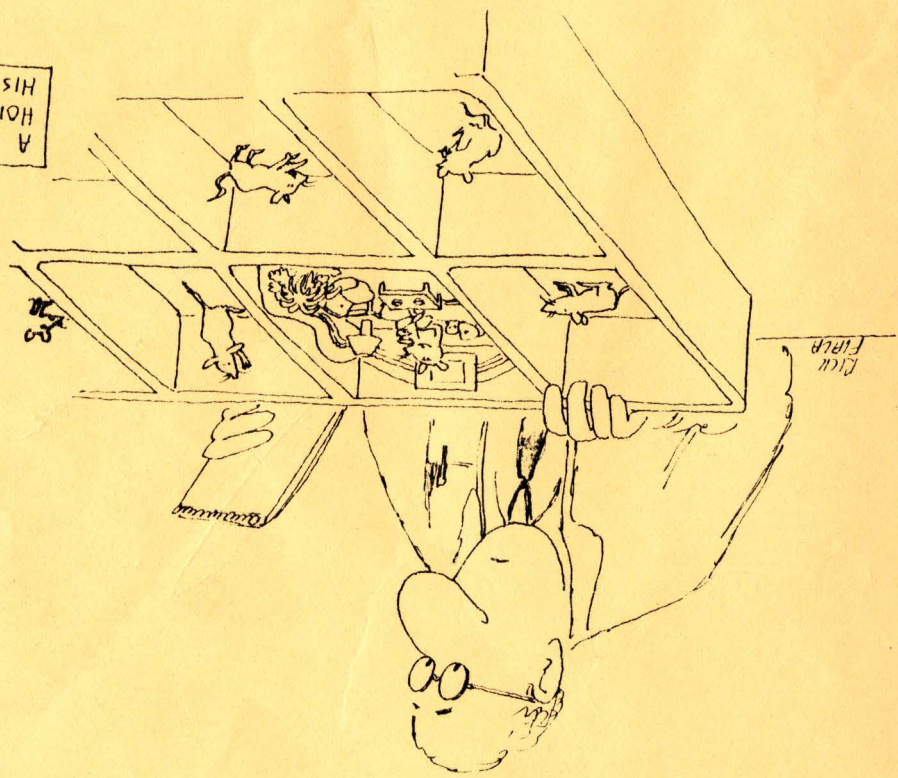
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A SCIENTIST DISCOVERS
HOMOSEXUALITY AMONG
HIS LABORATORY MICE.



Dir. F. P. C.

Mainely Gay

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