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Mainely Gay, Vol.4, No.07 (July 1977)

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Mainely Gay

Vol 4

July '77

No 7



T. Bufford



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The official positions and policies of *MAINELY GAY* are contained only in its editorials. Opinions put forth in individual articles, cartoons, poems, advertising, letters and notices are those of the authors and not necessarily those of *MAINELY GAY*.

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Note To Readers

As noted in this space in last month's issue, one copy each of the Lesbian & Gay Male Sexuality Survey has been enclosed.

The sponsors of the Survey, Karla Jay and Allen Young asked us to do them this favor, and they'd appreciate, we're sure, to hear from as many of us as possible.

As many of you more perceptive readers will shortly notice, there are one or two typing errors lurking between these orange covers. We, the staff, didn't place them there without reason. To make a long story tedious, we got carried away with the hedonistic spirit of July, and went fishing when we should have been proofing.

This odd behavior,

while liberating at first (sic), later got us into a collective guilt-trip. Hence, this somewhat apologetic explanation.

For August, we'll go back to our token search of the text for typo and non-typographical errors. That's if it rains a whole lot!

--Peter Prizer



FEEDBACK

Dear MG,

Just wanted to tell you how impressed we were with the June issue. And we enjoy exchanging publications with you.

Please look us up if any of you are ever in our area.

Warmly,

Todd VanLaningham
Director, Gay
Services of Kansas

Dear MG,

Please find enclosed a check in the amount of \$10.00 for two subscriptions. Mine should be sent to the address in Iran...by Airmail only. Surface mail takes three months. I will be happy to pay any additional charges.

The second subscription I would like you to send as an anonymous gift subscription

to Waterville Senior High Media Center...

I can remember my time in high school, when I didn't know that publications like the Advocate, The Gay Community News, Mainely Gay and Christopher Street existed. Perhaps, now, any person in the same situation that I was in can at least find that there are other Gay people in the world.

Thanks for your service.

Sincerely yours,

Charles G.
Tehran, Iran

Dear John and Peter (& MG):

I guess you both better realize that "sane, rational people" are, sad to relate, as much of a minority group as are we Gays.

Both of you in separate articles expressed surprise

then anger at the way people (humanoids?) react to unaccustomed ideas (or their resulting lifestyles)... whether it be in the form of childish verbal abuse on Congress Street or of the short-sighted votes cast in Miami.

I do share the anger that you felt (feel). However, I was surprised that you were "surprised" at their behavior. Because this curious behavior is exhibited not only towards Gay people, but also towards any other action or custom which is perceived by the "majority" to be somehow different from the "norm." (Didn't you ever read The Organization Man?)

Intolerance breeds the bigot, as John noted. And John knows how bigots react to displays of affection they perceive to be "different" from those that "should be" displayed. And Peter knows that bigots also vote.

That is why I was caught off-guard by your surprise. No! This immature behavior was and is disgustingly all too predictable. Just ask Susan Henderson or any other

historian. History isn't "dead." It lives and repeats itself, albeit with variations, and will continue to do so until (if) we can conquer intolerance.

Meanwhile, unfortunate as it may be to admit it, the reality of a bigoted world dictates that there is indeed something positive to be gained in learning about "muscular superiority." Which is why I send best wishes for John's self-defense ideas (and even attempted to whisper an irreverent Anita "Amen").

Sincerely,

Dan
Portland, ME



NEWS SHORTS

LINCOLN, NB (GCN) -- Nebraska has become the 19th state to abolish criminal penalties on Gay sex. The state legislature overrode Gov. James Exon's veto of the bill by a 33 to 15 vote and will take effect on July 1, 1978.

MORRISTOWN, NJ (NewsWest) -- Judge Donald Collester ruled that "rights of homosexual parents are the same as those of heterosexual parents." The decision resulted from a case involving the challenge by a father on the visitation rights of a Lesbian mother. The father has custody of the four children, ages ranging from 10 to 18.

HETEROSEXUAL MURDERERS ON LOOSE IN S.F. (Have you ever seen the headline "heterosexual murderer" in your local paper?)
SAN FRANCISCO, CA (GCN) -- Robert Hillsborough was brutally stabbed outside of his apartment 15 times in the chest and face by a group of well-dressed young men who shouted "faggot, faggot." Mayor George Moscone has offered a

\$5,000 award for information leading to the capture of the four men. Several other rewards offered by Gay bars and clubs have been announced.

PHOENIX, AZ (NewsWest) -- The Arizona House of Representatives nixed a Senate-passed bill that would have decriminalized all private sexual activities. In the waiting is a proposal to outlaw clothing which allows an erect penis to be discernible through it and prohibition of the exposure of any part of the aureola or nipples of women's bodies.

BOSTON, MA (Sentinel) -- GCN printed excerpts of a letter from Ku Klux Klan Imperial Wizard Robert Shelton, naming the "three faces of communism as 'socialism, Judaism, and homosexuality.'" The letter said that Communists have made special efforts to recruit homosexuals, who in turn have made "substantive"

contributions to the "Communist conspiracy." And, oh yes, "Jews and homosexuals are often the same."

TALLAHASSEE, FL (*Sentinel*) -- The Florida legislature has passed two anti-Gay bills. On May 30, the House voted 101 to 11 to forbid same-sex marriages and 98-15 to prohibit child adoption by homosexuals, even if the Gay person involved is the child's natural parent. The bills are supposed to be a strong message to homosexuals, according to their sponsor, State Senator Curtis Peterson. Peterson said he wanted Gays to "go back in the closet," since they are "infringing on average, normal people who have a few rights, too."

PLYMOUTH, NH (*GCN*) -- A resolution that calls for "repeal of laws which govern private sexual behavior between consenting adults" was resoundingly approved here at a meeting of the New Hampshire Women's Year committee. Prepared by the Lesbian Rights Task Force and Lambda, a Lesbian activist organization, the resolution is part of a strategy to force consideration of Lesbian issues at the national IWY meeting at

Houston in November. Lynne S. Brandon, a member of Lambda and the LRTF, introduced the resolution by criticizing a report by the IWY organizing committee that referred to Gertrude Stein and Alice B. Toklas, but never mentioned the fact that the two were long-time lovers. "The practice of ignoring their relationship, and similar relationships between many women, can no longer go on. This is the time to end it," said Brandon. Speaking against the Lesbian rights resolution were 3 members of conservative anti-ERA and anti-abortion groups. One of the women simply walked to the microphone and said, "Hey, Anita, we need you." The debate ended by a voice vote that clearly reflected the enthusiastic approval of the resolution. "I think the opposition did more to galvanize support than anything or anyone else," Brandon commented.

BOSTON, MA (*GCN*) -- A group calling itself "Concerned Citizens and Parents" has organized in Boston, with the purpose of defeating H. 3676 in the Massachusetts House. The bill would pro-

hibit discrimination on the basis of sexual preference in public employment. A form letter being circulated by the group begins, "There is no need for this bill. It is a leverage to open the door for homosexuals to get what they are really after, the right to marry, the right to adopt children, the right to teach in *private* schools...God destroyed two cities with fire and brimstone. We urge you to read Genesis 19:24. This is what God thinks of the bill." In the wake of the Anita Bryant/Dade County defeat, similar groups are springing up around the country, for example, Save Our Society in Indiana and Save Our Cherished Kids (SOCK) in San Antonio, Texas.

DETROIT, MI (*Chicago Gay Life*) -- Jacqueline Stamper is currently seeking to retain custody of her two daughters, ages 5 and 7, while her husband, Randy, is asking the court to award him custody. One psychiatrist has testified that Ms. Stamper is "the worst kind of homosexual, the recruiting and crusading kind" while calling her husband "immature, self-centered and temperamental," but "a well-adjusted heterosexual." Hmmm.

NEW YORK, NY (*Chicago Gay Life*) -- A CBS TV dramatization of the Matlovich discharge has disappeared under a flood of anti-Gay protest letters. The broadcast was originally planned for early next spring. Those who wish to see the program televised are urged to write letters of support to: Program Department, NBC Television, 30 Rockefeller Center, New York, NY 10019.

WASHINGTON, DC (*NewsWest*) -- Federal prisoner Calvin Keach has joined with three publications and the National Gay Task Force in a suit to win access of prisoners to Gay newspapers and magazines. Norman A. Carlson, director of the Federal Bureau of Prisons, issued a general regulation last December barring federal prisoners from receiving any publication which "advocates or supports homosexuality."

SAN FRANCISCO, CA (GCN) -- More than 350,000 Gay men and Lesbians marched for Gay rights as National Gay Pride Week came to an end. Gay parades and rallies were also held in several foreign cities during the

weekend of June 25. The biggest march was held in San Francisco where an estimated 230,000 people turned out. The march there drew heavy support from many heterosexual groups and organizations. The anger of San Francisco's Gay community was heightened last week by the slaying of 33-year-old Robert Hillborough. The marchers, chanting "Human rights are absolute," attracted applause and cheers from sidewalk spectators, but there were no reports of violence. The march up New York City's Fifth Avenue attracted at least 25,000 people to the end of the parade rally in Central Park. Some 2000 persons marched through Seattle where a bomb threat briefly interrupted a rally, but there were no other incidents. The Seattle Gay Pride Parade was supported by Mayor Wes Uhlman, whose declaration of "Gay Pride Week" honored the contribution of Gays to that city. In Los Angeles, more than 3000 marched on Hollywood Boulevard, while about 1000 Lesbians and Gay men took part in the Gay rights parade held in Denver. Peaceful demonstrations were held Saturday, June 24, in Great Britain and the Netherlands.

In Barcelona, Spain, police firing rubber bullets dispersed some 4000 people at a demonstration sponsored by the Gay Liberation Front of Catalonia.

OTTAWA, ONT. (*Body Politic*)
-- The Liberal Canadian Government has decided to continue to allow discrimination against homosexuals. All hope that it might listen to representatives of Gay people went down the drain when it defeated an amendment to add sexual orientation to the prohibited categories of discrimination in the Canadian Human Rights Act. During the debate, however, the government did announce that it was reviewing the guidelines for employment of homosexuals in the public service. The amendment to add sexual orientation was proposed by MP Gordon Fairweather. "I'm not surprised that the amendment was defeated, commented NGRC spokesperson David Garmaise. "The government throughout this debate hasn't shown any sensitivity or sympathy for the plight of its homosexual minority. The government is in effect condoning discrimination against us."

REPORT FROM MAINE GAY MEN

By John Frank

The first organizational meeting of Maine Gay Men took place in Portland on June 26, and if it was any indication, the future looks bright for the group. Although attendance was lower than expected (13) and little concrete was accomplished, the meeting was marked by a distinct enthusiasm and several possibilities for the organization were discussed. Recognizing that current Maine Gay movement organizations are not sufficient in number to fulfill certain needs, most of those present felt that MGM could encourage growth of political consciousness, facilitate political mobilizing, and bring about further social contact and peer support for Maine's Gay male population. Monthly meetings are to be held in different parts of the state, and will consist of a business meeting, a meal, rap and/or workshops, and an evening dance, party or entertainment.

As for structure, a monthly newsletter, to be published after each meeting, will serve as a primary unifying factor. Articles, reproduceable art, poetry, and letters are encouraged and welcomed. In the initial stages of the organization, it was felt that we could operate with minimum structure: a different moderator each month to be chosen at the previous meeting and a permanent money-handler/letter answerer.

One expressed concern was that the mere fact of our existence may change the make-up of existent organizations, i.e., competition with Mainely Gay. This was countered by the reminder that our newsletter would not be a commercial venture and also that the MLF Newsletter has been published for over a year with little or no acknowledged effect on Mainely Gay. It was also reiterated that we hope to be an addition for the Maine Gay community and to provide a forum for specifically male issues, among others, which at the

present time are not being dealt with.

The politics of MGM were discussed peripherally. The recognition was made that it may be difficult to develop an organizational political statement, since the label "Maine Gay Men" theoretically includes everyone on the political spectrum from conservative to radical; capitalists, socialists, anarchists; religionists and atheists. We decided to think over this issue during the coming month and to work on a Statement of Politics at the next meeting.

The July meeting will be held on the 24th, beginning at 11:00 AM, in Unity. If you would like to be on the mailing list and/or receive more detailed information on the location of the July meeting, write MGM, P.O. Box 303, Whitefield, ME 04362, or call 775-1597 (Portland).

○

MOTHERHOOD, LESBIANISM AND CHILD CUSTODY

"We are demanding not only the power to choose to be Lesbian without losing our children, or the possibility of having them. We are also demanding the power to be with those children in a way that is not work. And we will apologize to no one for rearing children who are -- like their mothers -- making a ferocious fight for the power to determine their own lives."

Francie Wyland

Wages Due Lesbians, a Toronto-based group, has announced the publication of an important pamphlet, "Motherhood, Lesbianism and Child Custody." According to the group, the pamphlet "is not only a manual on how to build a custody case. It exposes what is at the heart of the Lesbian movement by uncovering the situation of the Lesbian mother. And in her struggle we find the basis of the connection between all women..."

"Motherhood, Lesbianism and Child Custody" costs \$1.20 and can be obtained at: Women in Distribution, PO Box 8858, Washington, DC 20003.

Perceptions

By Miriam Dyak



DISCOVERING WOMEN'S THEATRE

THE NEW WOMEN'S THEATRE: TEN PLAYS BY CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN WOMEN, edited with an introduction by Honor Moore, Vintage Books, Random House, 1977, \$5.95 paperback.

When we discriminate against people in jobs, housing, etc., we make life hard for them. When we stop the artistic expression of a people, we cut off their souls. The middle and upper classes of the people in power (white males and those who belong to them) have commonly and arrogantly assumed that oppressed peoples have no real art, that the poor are of necessity obsessed only with the physical day-to-day survival, women with housework, black people with getting out of work and ripping off white people, and homosexuals with molesting others or each other. What time the oppressed have left over from these occupations is used up partly in the development of their inferior cultures. Black art is "folk art or folk music," women's art is anonymous or labeled "crafts," out of the closet gay art is "too political" (it doesn't agree with patriarchal standards). Basically no creative work is "important," "classical," "famous," "prize-winning," etc. unless the creator has in some way paid her/his dues to the white western, male club which regulates the acceptance of Art into the culture of the power class, and even then very few are allowed the privilege of buying their way in.

This is an old story. Out of the oppression/repression of our art has grown a multitude of new magazines, presses, journals, happenings, schools, art shows, concerts, and more in the last ten years of the women's and gay people's movements alone. Rather than buy into the patriarchal institutions, we have increasingly (and often very successfully) opted for creating our own alternative means of producing and distributing our creative work. It is one thing, however, to put out

a small journal and be satisfied in reaching 500 people, and quite another to acquire the funds and backing to produce films and plays. And whereas black and gay male expression in these media have reached the level of a certain chic, in no other area has the creative expression of women been more completely silenced. This perhaps is in part because radical feminist expression tends to get to the roots of all three of these oppressions in a very unlady-like way. But, for the most part it is because no other art form depends so heavily on critical approval in order for it to even reach its audience. Even film can and does survive bad reviews, but the critics can and often do wipe out a play in one night. And the critics, of course, are mostly male and /or owe their allegiance to the male institutions and their standards of art.

Honor Moore details in her introduction to THE NEW WOMEN'S THEATRE the history of women in theatre, beginning with the lesson she learned in school that "drama during its golden ages in ancient Greece and Tudor England employed no women. With the introduction of actresses the quality of theatre apparently declined." Nothing stopped female actors from becoming a permanent part of the theatre world; an actress as sex-object is too vital a part of the sexist theatrical set-up (though notice how few good roles women get these days); but women playwrights were another matter. Moore goes on to tell about Hrotsvitha of Gandersheim, a tenth-century Saxon nun, who wrote comedies and poetry. There was Isabella Andreini in 16th century Italy -- a true Renaissance woman who was talented as an actress, director and playwright as well as married, mother of seven, a scholar and a poet. I knew of Aphra Behn, who in the 1600's became the first woman to earn her living as a writer, but had not realized that she was^a prolific playwright as well as a novelist and poet. In America Anna Cora Mowatt was born in 1819 and built a career for herself as playwright, actress, writer of fiction and non-fiction books. There were more like her, all of them remarkable not only for their talents but for the oddity of their occasional intrusions on a male domain. Although their work was popular in their time, history has mostly chosen to ignore them (guess who writes history, folks?). Not until we get down to Lillian Hellman, Gertrude Stein, Martha Graham (yes, that's theatre), Carson McCullers and Lorraine Hansberry do the names even begin to get familiar.

I realize that I have allowed myself to become a part of the average audience which pays little attention to plays unless they are produced on Broadway or another big city equivalent. I hear of good plays that last one night (just last week another women's play went down the drain in Boston -- just can't remember the name...), but only when I know the playwright as with Honor Moore's "Mourning Pictures" (included in this collection) do I really take notice. And how many of those aborted plays are by women? A good many it seems if I am to judge by this collection of excellent plays, just ten of many I have heard very little of; and these are the ones that survived, that won prizes, played here and there and everywhere (if not always on Broadway).

Ruth Wolff's "The Abdication," a play of the life of Queen Christina of Sweden, was made into a movie with Liv Ullmann and Peter Finch (perhaps we can petition one of the movie houses or film clubs in Me. to show it), and I found it the most electric in the book. Wolff brings all of Christina's life together in one long brilliant moment of insight and revelation as the queen comes to Rome, having abdicated her throne and prepared to take on the Catholic Church. She is met by Cardinal Azzolino, assigned as her confessor. He questions and questions her, probing through the stories of her sexual freedom, her reasons for not marrying, her abdication, and into her soul. The past here is played along with the present as Christina moves in and out of her story -- for the first time she has to face herself completely and tell her nightmares, her fears of sexuality and childbirth, her self-hatred, her pride.

I am Queen of Sweden. By reason of my exalted rank and privilege, I am allowed anything I want. I am allowed to marry a man I do not love. I am allowed, by night to submit to God-knows-what idiotic fumbblings and horrors, and by day to rule the fumbler and the entire world. I am allowed after these exquisite nocturnal pleasures, to blow up like a cow, and stumble around -- fingers, face, breasts and paunch enormous. And after months of this comic self-entertainment I am allowed to bring forth in unimaginable pain a dwarf, a monster, a vegetable, or if by chance I am supremely fortunate -- another creature like myself.... I would be happy to be a

King...but I will not submit to being boarded by a jackass in order to blow up like a mountain and erupt again and again in excruciating torment for the State! Find me a man who will bear my children! (My sentiments exactly, but not a very popular opinion to express now, much less then.)

Christina confesses too her love for another woman; "Aren't men's bodies strange, Ebba? So oddly made! How can we ever know what they are feeling? When I touch you, I know your body's secrets. Know how it echoes me. When you share my bed --" Azzolino interrupts with a cry of "mortal sin!" but Christina stops herself with envy of Ebba's femininity and beauty, of all the things Christina, the swordswoman, could never bring herself to be. Then Ebba married the only man the Queen was ever attracted to and the two of them remained a constant reminder to her of her own freakishness, her "man-woman brain and heart and body." Finally as she nears her abdication, Christina declares "if I must still be a woman make me not a Queen," and declares in her confession to Azzolino, "I will never give myself to a man. Never! -- unless it be to you." * Though Christina's love for Ebba was perhaps at moments the happiest in her life as Queen, it is Azzolino who truly works with her to reveal herself to herself (as she does in turn with him, appearing suddenly in cardinal's robes to mock his power as therapist and play his confessor). This in the long run says what we have been contending all along; true love depends far less on the physical sex of the people involved than on the depth of communication between them and the opening of souls.

There is no room to do justice here to all ten plays. Another favorite for me was "Wedding Band" by Alice Childress, successful woman playwright and novelist and member of the American Negro Theatre for ten years as an actress, writer and director. "Wedding Band" is set in the summer of 1918 in South Carolina -- a story of a black woman and a white man and the exhausting attempt to maintain a loving relationship in the face of a totally hostile world. In the crisis of her lover's sickness and attack from his family and her own people, the woman begins to cleanse herself of bitterness, of "whiteness," letting the anger pour

* And yes, however much we want to claim Queen Christina as a lesbian, Wolff's history is as accurate as it can be, much of it taken from her letters. Her life is far too complex to distort for our political ease.

out like blood to leave the wound clean and let it heal. She begins to reach a clearer, stronger sense of self. (My fantasy plays with the question of what if this story had been about two women -- one could not so easily get rid of one of them in order for the other to come into her own identity. Things are not always so clearly black and white in our lives.)

Tina Howe's "Birth and After Birth" comes still closer to a peculiarly female sensibility that I find fascinating in many of these plays. It is a truly hysterical (in the best and oldest senses of the word) implosion of the nuclear family, set at the birthday party of a four-year-old child (played by a grown man). This "child" is alternately screamed at and doted on by his professional parents who are in their thirties. Sandy, the mother, delivers mystical asides as she discovers sand is pouring from her hair, her reflection in the mirror is "old, just used up," and hundreds of miles inland she has been smelling the sea. Sandy and Bill, thoroughly tyrannized by their son and by the roles they have taken on, try to convince their childless friends to have children as a justification of their own frantic misery. Throughout the play it is the women's agonized and often pathetic reality as seen through their own eyes that comes through most clearly, expressing the pain of experiencing birth and yet having no power in the process beyond the moment of delivery, no power in the hospital, in the home, over their own bodies or in their relationships to husband and child. A metaphor of woman holding on to the moment of birth as an instrument of pleasure and power provides an exalted and crazed counterpoint in the play to the ordinary lunacy of daily family life.

To the critics, women's "sensibility" is more than a little odd, because the realities of women's lives are not accepted as a valid means through which to express the universal needs of independence, expression and identity. "Mourning Pictures" is a play woven out of a daughter's struggle to survive her mother's death, to survive those parts of her mother that are dying within her, to survive her role as daughter, her passage into maturity. It is also a play about a dying woman's attempt to maintain control of her life and come to terms with her death, exploring again the limits of our power. Honor Moore writes of the critical response to her play: "The New York

critics, with a few significant exceptions, were moved to hostility by "Mourning Pictures"....Another play in which a woman has cancer provoked a similar response from the critics. Like "Mourning Pictures" it is a play about identity and autonomy, but it was reviewed as a play about mastectomy. Clearly the critics, most of whom are men, were not ready to see the central events of women's lives as metaphors for their own experience."

The collection ends with "Out of Our Fathers' House," a play which brings together (as the book does) women's lives and voices from different times and places. Three women play six characters -- Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Maria Mitchell, Eliza Southgate (1783-1809, school girl), Mother Mary Jones, Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, Elizabeth Gertrude Stern (1890-1954, in the Jewish ghetto). They are here not in their official capacities, but in the private moments of their lives, in their frustrations and reflections, fears, occasional triumphs. There are choice passages from diaries, memoirs, many quotes that are already familiar, creating a collage of women's determination, perseverance, brilliance. I am moved most by Maria Mitchell's matter-of-fact blending of astronomy and tanning, scholarship and baking, fantasizing "what a pity we cannot take dye stuff from the stars, so as to create a new brilliancy in fashion" and spending hours and hours mending tiny hairs on her telescope. Everything she chooses to concern herself with is important because she chooses it; her life has frustrations but it seems comparatively whole. She puts the same energy and perfectionism into all her living, though we tend to see her work as an astronomer as the meaningful part of her life -- how quickly women accept the male judgment that men's work is important and "women's work" insignificant, rather than seeing it as the true art it often is. How quickly like Eliza we rely on that "sweet pliability of temper" to excuse our lack of courage to succeed in the professions which require male support and "male" ambition. If we are to grow in our expression, we must first of all acknowledge our own and our sisters' creative powers. Our politics may differ, but we must listen to and support each others' art, open our lives, hear our confessions, share our color and intensity like the flashing stars. If we want theatre intellectually, we will have to support it emotionally and financially because the present male-dominated system is not going to do that; and in order to support it we need to know our history, we need to read plays, become critics, create new audiences and stages.

Jerry's Banter

AN IDOL OF MY YOUTH

The appearance of W.H. Auden's *Collected Poems* (edited by Edward Mendelson, Random House, \$17.95) prompts me to recall an idol of my youth, Wystan Hugh Auden (1907-1973), who at the time of his death was the foremost poet working in our language.

From the mid-fifties to the mid-sixties I lived in New York in what used to be called the Lower East Side. It is now the East Village. The neighborhood when I left was changing from a slum inhabited by Puerto Ricans, remnants of the Diaspora, other East Europeans, and assorted harmless students and eccentrics in need of cheap rent, to an "in" place where crazies into hard drugs, self-hate and sadism were making life hell for themselves and everyone around them. My apartment cost \$24.50 per month, had a view of the East River, bathtub in the kitchen, and thousands -- possibly millions -- of cockroaches. My major problems were (1) trying to cut down on my smoking so I'd have enough wind to make it up the five flights and (2) trying to keep the roaches down to a reasonable number. It was, I assure you, a veritable paradise.

The village green of this happy land was Tomkins Square. In those years Auden spent his winters in New York and lived on Saint Mark's Place on the west side of the Square. I was proud to live in the same neighborhood as this great writer. I had read his poetry since my early teens. Some of it I liked. One poem had become a personal point of reference but much of it I did not understand.

One of the things that helps me to understand poetry

is to hear someone read it aloud. Not an actor though: most actors are too dramatic to read poetry properly. I begin to listen to the beauty and rhythm of their voices, and stop trying to understand what they are saying. What I most enjoy are writers reading their own creatures. They are the final authorities. They know what they wrote and they know what they meant and they can usually convey this when they read aloud. Though Auden occasionally gave public readings in New York I never had the opportunity to hear him there. It wasn't until five years after I left the City that I heard him recite his own work.

On a Friday evening -- March 5, 1971 -- Auden gave the Winthrop Smith Lecture at Colby College in Waterville. I drove up from Portland with a friend to hear him. It was a memorable evening. I was initially shocked by Auden's appearance and mannerisms and my own reaction to him. Auden had aged beyond recognition. At this time in his life he was described in truth as "an aging man with a face like a drought-furrowed wadi." It was impossible to detect any remains of the Nordic good looks of his youth made familiar to me by numerous photographs. When he first came out on the stage he was, I think, slightly drunk and slightly effeminate (or possibly slightly English, I sometimes have difficulty telling the difference). I described him to myself as "My god -- a queen!." I had come to hear a great poet read his work but I tried to place him in a context of youth, body and looks. Of course, he didn't measure up. Why should he? He was there because of what he had done, not because of any youthful physical attributes.

I did hear a great poet. Auden soon lost his gauche mannerisms. He recited his work in ten-minute segments with great aplomb. In between he made enlightening and witty remarks about his craft and his world. My mood swung from uneasiness to adoration. I left the hall feeling I had witnessed an historical event and rode home through the snow-covered landscape elated. The evening was a personal landmark. Auden helped me to see my foolishness in trying to judge people on the basis of appearance.

Auden's reading at Colby was among his last public appearances in America. The following year he gave up his seedy New York apartment and returned to Oxford where his old college gave him living quarters for a nominal rent. Like any other self-respecting poet in our society Auden could not make a living wage from poetry. His income came from teaching, public readings and lectures, and straight prose. He needed inexpensive winter housing in order to have a summer home.

Auden grew up in York and Birmingham, England, and was educated at Christ Church, Oxford. His first book of poetry came out in 1930. This 23 year old man had an immediate and vital effect on English letters. During the 30s he completed two more books of poetry, collaborated on three plays with Christopher Isherwood and wrote books about his travels to Iceland (with Louis MacNeice) and to the war in China (with Isherwood). In 1939 he moved to New York, served in the U.S. Army during the war and became an American citizen in 1946. In the 50s he completed a number of longer poems; the best known, "The Age of Anxiety", provided the sobriquet for those dark times. In collaboration with Chester Kallman he composed opera libretti. From 1948 through 1957 he lived on Ischia during the summer. In 1957 he and Kallman built a summer home in the Austrian village of Kirchstetten. Auden died in Vienna on the 29th of September 1973 where he had gone to deliver a lecture. I can still see in my mind's eye, photographs of his funeral. On his casket was one wreath. The ribbon read "Chester".

For a long time before his death, the fact that the greatest living English language poet was Gay was an open secret. Nonetheless it was a secret and, though Auden was probably the first to use Gay male slang (i.e., "hung") in his poetry and in his later essays (particularly in his review of the Ackerley classic *My Father and Myself*), he seemed on the verge of coming out. He never quite made it.

Granted, no creative person -- no human being -- wants to be judged exclusively on the basis of his/her sexuality.

Auden, however, as the greatest poet of his generation, had a duty to come out and publicly identify with the Gay minority.

Auden's denial of part of the truth is reflected in *Collected Poems*. This is not his complete poetry. About 50 of his known works are not included. Two poems that I especially like are left out. "September 1, 1939" (the day Hitler attacked Poland and so started World War II) describes the haunted desperation of a man waiting in a Gay bar for his world to collapse. In my youth I loved, when drunk, to declaim this poem. What a bore I must have been. This poem is not in *Collected Poems* for philosophical reasons. Auden returned to Christianity and came to dislike the pessimism he expressed in this period. Not included for sexual (or rather, censorial) reasons is "The Platonic Blow" -- sometimes called "A Day for a Lay" -- one of the most exciting and joyous poems ever written describing a Gay male sexual experience. Auden refused to admit publicly that he wrote it. It appeared first in a limited edition, then *Avant-Garde*, a short-lived journal, carried in with an explanation and a tongue-in-cheek disclaimer.

The *Collected Poems* contains only the poems Auden wished to see in a text that represents his last revision. Auden was forever reworking his published poetry. His admirers deserve the right to judge for themselves whether the revisions created better poetry. What is needed is a "Complete Poetry" in an edition containing all the revisions of all the texts. The editor of *Collected Poems*, Edward Mendelson, has, as Auden's literary executor, carried out the author's final wishes. He has done no one else a service.

What is also needed is a definitive biography of the poet. The books and articles about Auden's poetry are innumerable. Some are utterly ridiculous. One article I recently read tried to define Auden in terms of "active" or "passive". Merciful heavens! I thought that nonsense was over and done with. Auden had a decent sense of privacy. With good reason he distrusted the thesis writer in search of a

Ph.D., mucking about his life. Too many biographies of writers are misleading and riddled with error. As long as Christopher Isherwood and Stephen Spender, Auden's oldest friends, remain alive (Kallman died a year after Auden), these pitfalls need not occur in a biography of the poet.

Auden was Gay. It was one of the many basic elements that was part of a complex whole. There were other essentials, too, that came together to make the great poet, but I doubt that any except someone Gay could have given us the beauty of: "Lay your sleeping head, my love, / Human on my faithless arm;" (from "Lullaby").

* * * * *

For the admirer or reader who would like to know more about Auden the following may prove interesting. None, however, deal with Auden as Good Gay Poet.

***The Poetry of W.H. Auden: The Disenchanted Island*, by Monroe K. Spears (Oxford, 1963). Written ten years before Auden's death, it was described as "the best book by anybody about a living poet."

***W.H. Auden: A Tribute*, edited by Stephen Spender (MacMillan, 1975). A collection of essays, poems and photographs gathered as a memorial by Spender, the noted poet.

**The newest book, *The Auden Generation: Literature and Politics in England in the 1930's*, by Samuel Hynes (Viking, 1977) was published in May. It focuses on the concept that "poetry could be an agent in history," and examines the writings of Auden, Isherwood, Spender, Orwell, et al, in light of the events of the 1930's. The book is historical and chronological. This reader found it very easy to put down -- so he did.



7,000 FLOWERS

By Tim Bouffard



A paltry few people -- surely no more than 1,500 -- showed up for last year's Gay Pride Parade in Boston. The whole occasion seemed fated. A very few obnoxious Gay men needlessly accosted a number of elderly women with offensive verbal suggestions. Rain put a damper, so to speak, on any remaining excitement. We completed the march, though, and chalked it up to experience.

This year contrasted last year's parade in almost every way. The *Boston Globe* estimated 7,000 attending, presenting an array of varied and beautiful sisters and brothers. Spirits were high and smiles were abundant. Hugs, kisses and squeezes celebrated the reunion of old friends. Eyes caught, beamed, and perhaps formed new friends. No one was a stranger. Colorful banners billowed proudly in the breeze as we sang our cheers. Even a few token heterosexuals made a showing by carrying a banner: "Heterosexuals for Gay Rights", supporting the soon-to-be-voted-on Gay Rights legislation in Massachusetts.

A highlight of the march showed that the goddess was marching with us: not five seconds after one marcher chanted "Thoreau was Gay," then the carillon of the Unitarian Church jubilantly rang out in celebration, and continued ringing for minutes as we cheered. Spectators, standing agape, looked on in confusion, as if, indeed, we had gossamer wings.

Among the thousands of beautiful beaming faces, one man in particular was outstanding. He sat upon the shoulders of a stocky, glitter-splashed man. Both dressed in black. Towering above the masses, he sat stately upon the shoulders of his friend. A long dress of airy material, frilled with lace and flounces, adorned a lean, graceful body. Fluttering buoyantly from around his slender neck,

a scarf left a smokey trail. Painted eyes and lips beamed, creating a spot of light glowing from the blackness of a wide-brimmed, gossamer hat that surrounded his face. He waved endlessly, occasionally throwing back his head to laugh silently. He was a single black rose, tallest among thousands of flowers.

This man was the embodiment of all that threatens heterosexual society: a man of graceful, delicate beauty; a gender-fuck; both masculine and feminine. He fogs the definitions of gender, plays with it, and turns it from the moral and social power-structure into an expression of beauty, but with the tiniest bit of put-on, as if to say, "I defy your oppressive standards. I grasp them, twist them and challenge their existence. Through my existence, I transform them from ugly, abused power to an expression of beauty."

What was to come next must, again, have been another gesture from the goddess. As our parade marched by one of Boston's oldest grave-sights, we noticed a wedding party posing for photographs among the tombstones. An infectious hilarity was incited by the irony of a newly-married heterosexual couple among the stones of a graveyard as a Gay Pride parade marched by. Laughter and giggles broke out among us. From a spark of inspiration, our beautiful black-clad man jumped off the shoulders of his friend and elegantly pranced between the headstones towards the wedding party. The bride and groom erupted stiffly with horror. Several men in suits became indignant and swaggered threateningly towards this chimera of gender, to which he turned his back, put his hand to mouth in mock fear and strutted back to his waiting friend to resume his show. It was a stunning incident of spontaneous street-theatre.

Energized by this remarkable happening, we marched the last leg of our route to the park where Elaine Noble and Barney Frank, among others, gave us words of pride, strength and hope. Several singers performed the rites of farewell that ended a perfect march. Slowly the crowd dwindled. We walked away elated, oblivious to the awed expressions of the non-Gay people standing in the periphery.

The State Street Straw

By Peter Prizer

IS THIS WITH CHEESE?

McDonald's, the All-American Retail Food Outlet--Rapid Division, is on my mind lately, and it's not something I ate. Granted, one should not rush to reveal mundane hang-ups of the intellect (as it were) and especially flashbacks of Golden Arch Syndrome, but hell, nothing is really too embarrassing of off-the-wall for an ADMITTED pin-ball freak to embrace. (Digressing a bit -- and note that needless sidetrips will surely demolish any common thread of thought allegedly incorporated into these lines -- one of my favorite adjectives the commercial media loves is "admitted," as in "admitted homosexual." Huh. If heterosexuality is so nifty, how come there aren't more "admitted heteros" in the crowd? But I think the press see the word "admitted" as somewhat of a put-down, i.e., you admit to burglary, or someone admits they like Top 40 shit-music, etc.)

Now what do you say about a huge corporation that freely admits, and with no detected chagrin or distress, that they've singlehandedly produced over 23 billion consecutive near-misses? The key word in the last sentence is not "near-miss," as anyone can make mistakes, but rather "consecutive." Events unfolding, like burgers unwrapping, one after the other and in uninterrupted succession smack of conspiracy and thus, alas, paranoia. But our trip here shouldn't be systematized delusion; there's plenty of that shrieking elsewhere without our cursory and unauthorized investigation into one of those cute little petro-based Quarterpounder (Reg. TM.) countainers, right?

Did you know that McDonald's operates a "Hamburger University" in Illinois where budding franchise managers acquire knowledge about the many and sundry idiosyncrasies

of the operation, like how to screen out counterpersons with unseemly acne or tattoos? Those of us with, say, a 20-inch indelible slogan like PROPERTY OF HELL'S ANGELS on our forearms (a memento, no doubt, of less liberated times) will never make it to the vicinity of the jingling cash registers. To the Muncie Pickle Works, perhaps, or maybe to the mammoth Quarter-Kounty (Reg. TM.) Ranch in southwest Texas -- ride herd on the giant armadillos! (Strangely enough, I was once threatened by a man in the North Conway, N.H. franchise who had clandestinely maneuvered a tiny tattooed dagger on his left wrist to the stainless steel serving counter. The dagger pointed menacingly at an entire line of pasty-faced patrons; the horrified crowd recoiled backwards, pushing me and perhaps a dozen other fast-food freaks through a plate glass window. Amid the chaos stood the knife-wielding man, daring anyone to come forward and claim their burger, small fry, and change from a five spot. Very strange, if you believe that.)

Despite my jadedness and background knowledge of the operation, I have occasionally visited McDonald's. Junk food, after all, appeals to junk food taste buds. The other night, around 9 PM, I found myself inside a southern Maine franchise, gathering change for a fix. Behind the counter, the staff was breaking in a new counterwoman, but appeared to be failing miserably. To her credit, I thought approvingly, she had neither acne nor crude tattoo. After a lengthy wait in a rather small line, I reached the novice, who immediately left the vicinity for no apparent reason. I shrugged and changed cash registers; this time to a young woman whose fairly cynical and really jaded demeanor suggested that she was probably not part of the 300% yearly employee turnover. I ordered two burgers and a large fry, adding immediately that I didn't care for anything to drink, thus sparing both of us the rote question. (An aside: what ticks me off, really, is the McDonald's scheme to hustle customers into unwanted purchases. All counterpeople who are ordered by management to ask all customers if we would like something to drink, or if we would like cheese on our Quarterpounder. Every time I order a Quarterpounder, the salesperson always

says, "Is that with cheese?" Jesus, I hate cheeseburgers-- vehemently and irrationally. I'm urged to smile back and say, "No thanks...if I thought I wanted a cheeseburger, I probably would have mentioned the fucking cheese, along with none of the other crap I don't want with it." I realize that McDonald's workers are programmed to hustle customers, but it still aggravates. Sort of like the new car salesman -- they're always men, to women's credit -- to the new car buyer: "Is that with Genuine 10 Spees Vinyl-base Deluxe Wheel Covers and the 383 Turbocharger?" Or the Boeing Corporation to the U.S. taxpayer: "Is that with our exclusive Cost-Overrunning Swing-Wing Feature?")

I returned to my VW to eat the stuff. Just as I was finishing my last burger (minus the overpowering pickle, which had inconspicuously attached itself to the door of a dark-colored Audi to my right) a Heavy Chevy, with large white and black letters to prove it, rolled to a stop in the parking space to my left. Inside, two men in their early twenties were sharing a joint. They appeared really macho: car, dress -- even the dope was smoked manly. Quick assertive passes of the roach clip, big he-man tokes on the joint, etc. I was amused by them, but spaced my casual glances lest they get uptight and think I'm a cop or, Goddess forbid, a fag! The joint suddenly down to a few millimeters, the passenger in the Heavy Chevy careened out of the automobile for the front door of McDonald's and, I smiled, the new counterwoman. (As the long minutes passed, I thought the remaining guy in the Heavy Chevy was going to expire from the munchies.) Meanwhile, suspicious events were unfolding near the vicinity of the large trash container. A teenaged man appeared out of the dark and walked quickly behind the large metal box. Immediately thereafter, a young McDonald's employee, burdened with a bag-full of what was once green living things, headed for the trash container, tossed his load in, and headed around the back side for an apparent rendezvous with the first young man. Dope-dealing? Sex? Burger secrets? At this point, the stoned man returned to the Heavy Chevy with a bulging package of munchies, got in and slammed the door closed,

very studly. The two young men behind the trash gadget were still mysteriously detained, the machos in the car next to me were jamming their faces and the fog was settling in for the night.

COMING SOON: The largely-suppressed story behind the rise of McDonald's, and why a TIME investigative reporter said, "McDonald's is the epitome of capitalism -- a success story of shabby business practices... a morally corrupt organization that is not doing anything illegal." A guaranteed eye-opener.

The following is from a hand-out distributed at the Gay Pride March last month in New York City:

"NOW THAT THE GAY CIVIL RIGHTS BILL HAS BEEN DEFEATED IN FLORIDA, the Tropicana Orange Juice Co. is patting themselves on the back and basking in the sunshine of religious (sic ??) bigotry. And why not? They won 2 to 1 and except for a lot of unwanted mail, some nasty phone calls, and some name-calling, Tropicana has yet to suffer any ill effects for having supported the self-styled, nazi-type, savior, Anita Bryant!! Tropicana has been and still is the major money contributor to the anti-Gay Crusade! If we want our legal civil rights, we must take a fighting stand now and stop this movement where it is! We must get Tropicana where it hurts the most...the bank account!! By making an object lesson of Tropicana, we will show businesspeople and politicians what it will mean if they give money and public support to people like Anita Bryant, now, or in the future!!!

We believe that the following methods will be the safest and most effective for everything from "irritation" to "pure hell" for Tropicana and the stores selling it (which seems to be every store in the state.) We advocate a unified plan of action, carried out by individuals, alone or with one or two friends, when doing their normal every-day grocery shopping. BE SURE THAT THE ORANGE JUICE YOU MAKE WAR ON IS TROPICANA ONLY!! California is still our friend.

Begin by puncturing the juice cartons with a ball-point pen on the shelf or half-hidden in shopping carts when you are unobserved in another part of the store. Abandon the leaking carton on a shelf and go back for more. After all, it was leaking when you picked it

up, right? Remove juice cartons and frozen concentrate to WARMER parts of the store to thaw out and spoil. Fill several shopping carts with food and lots of Tropicana and leave them abandoned. If questioned, simply say that you changed your mind! It's done all day long and it's not against the law. The frozen concentrate has plastic pop-off lids easily removed and lost!! No one buys open cans, now do they?

For the more daring, hide the open cans upside-down all over the store where they will thaw out, making a lovely mess in the process. Always use a shopping cart to mask your actions and make you appear to be the real customer that you are! Every trip to the grocery store can be an act of "liberation."

Once the stores get wise and start guarding the Tropicana shelves like Fort Knox, switch tactics. Buy six cans of frozen Tropicana. The money will be well-spent if you open them at home and insert dead bugs, butts and doggy-do!! It's a simple matter to refreeze it, and bring it back into the store, and placing it onto the shelf to be sold. Remember, all stores watch for food to be stolen, not returned. Once that insensitive straight finds a turd in the morning orange juice... Each time this is done, inform the store by phone or letter so they'll know it's done because of Anita Bryant and Tropicana. The mere possibility of this action becoming widespread should make any smart store remove Tropicana from the shelf and the financial support of Anita Bryant!! The Stonewall means that now we fight for our rights!!!

Although the date today, as I type this, is 7-7-77 (sort of neat, huh?), I have a hard time liking July. It seems to be not only the month of random violence, but it includes the 4th and all the attendant patriotic baloney--love of [retch!] the Patriarchy. But even worse, the 31st day of this month was actually stolen by an ego-tripping Roman emperor named, oddly enough, Julius. Not content with merely his macho profile on gold coins, he named a month after himself and added an extra day to boot. (To his credit, I guess, the tapes never revealed a Nixon

scheme for "Nixember, but what about the missing eighteen minutes..) Where did Julius steal the extra day? From poor February, that's where! Pisceans of the World, we've been getting ripped-off for 2000 years...but we love it!

Governor Longley, a self-made millionaire, recently vetoed a bill that would make food stamps more accessible to families in emergency situations. The legislature overrode. Were it not for Meldrim Thomson with his Bircher paranoia next door in N.H., Big Jim would be the biggest clown in New England.

Have a pleasant summer!

HERB WALKS

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& Learning
to Identify
Wild and
Cultivated
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Followed by
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Cumberland County Curmudgeon

By Susan W. Henderson

ANITA BRYANT FILES FOR DISABILITY: A FANTASY

Mainly Gay readers may or may not be aware that Social Security pays disability benefits to those who are unable to do any kind of gainful work because of an injury or illness, and who have the requisite quarters (20 out of the last 40 before you got whatever ails you; less if you're under 31). We are happy to report that homosexuality is *not* considered an illness by this government agency. We speculate, however, that if *homophobia* is ever recognized for the dangerous disease that it is, the following scenario might take place.

Helpful Social Security Claims Representative:
What is your full name, please?

Wild-Eyed Claimant: Bryant. Anita Bryant.

Claims Rep.: And you're here to file for disability benefits?

Anita: I'm not the one who's disabled! It's those awful queers! They're sick! They're degenerate! They're recruiting our children! We must save our children!!!

[Several other employees turn their heads to see what's going on, and the Assistant Manager sticks his head out of his cubicle to see what the disturbance is about.]

Psychiatric nurse in white, who accompanied Anita in: It's all right, Anita, it's all right. Relax and

take your anxiety pill. [To Claims Rep.:] She gets excited at times like these.

Claims Rep [writes down "Severe homophobia" in the block marked, "What is your disability?"]: Yes, I understand. We get people with this condition quite often. [to Anita]: I know it's uncomfortable for you to talk about this, but we need some information so we can get some payments for you. Now, when did you stop working and why?

Anita: The Florida Citrus Commission fired me. I was on the set filming a commercial, and I started throwing oranges at this little fag cameraman. [sniffles] They shouldn't let those people work around normal people. It's so upsetting! The press got hold of the story and the Commission said it was bad for business.

Claims Rep: I remember seeing it in last Thursday's paper. [writes it down, with the date.] When did you first have this feeling about Gay people?

Anita: When they first passed that awful ordinance in Dade County. Those people always used to keep it in the closet. Why do they have to run around and demand rights and flaunt themselves? They ought to be burned at the stake like in the old days!

Claims Rep. [writing frantically]: Who is the doctor who's treating you?

Anita: What doctor? I'm not sick!

Nurse [stage-whispers]: Dr. Sigmund Hasenpfeffer at the Shady Lane Rest Home.

Claims Rep. [writes it down]: Now, I think we already know your vocational background. Actress,

right? I always did think your orange juice commercials were cute. Now, does this, ah, feeling you have interfere with any household or social activities you used to have?

Anita [*somewhat mollified*]: No, except that you can't go to a cocktail party any more without seeing one of them. Everybody's got a tame one. [*sighs.*] I'm not sick, you understand. I just need a nice long rest.

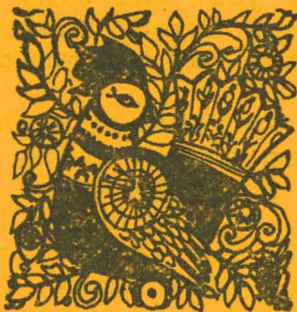
Claims Rep.: Of course, Ms. Bryant. There's a lot of pressure on actors.

Nurse [*as she steers Anita toward the door, whispers*]: Do you think there's any hope for her?

Claims Rep.: Well, I'm not a doctor, but I hear a lot of people do recover from this with understanding and therapy.

Nurse: Do you think they'll allow the claim?

Claims Rep [*mopping brow, looking at frantic transcriptions of interview*]: As I say, I'm not a doctor, but she sure looks totally disabled to me!



GAY DANCE-PARTY SMASHING SUCCESS

By Stephen Leo

In times past the Gay People's Alliance has always held its monthly dances in the UMPG cafeteria. Yet some of us have felt dissatisfied with the atmosphere at these affairs. The caf was not especially conducive to meeting and mingling with new people. A feasible alternative, however, has not been available. Not until now, that is.

Last month we learned that the Student Union at 92 Bedford St., where the GPA maintains its office on the Portland campus, was now suitable for Gay social infiltration. Losing little time, we decided to hold a dance-party on July 1. The change of locale proved most fortuitous.

For people who disdain the bars (or tire of their monotony), this party provided a lively alternative. On the first floor people mingled easily or relaxed in the lounge areas listening to soft music. In the basement, once a coffee-house, some danced while others sat talking with friends and new acquaintances, the music never too loud for easy conversation. Snacks and unspiked punch for non-drinkers were served. The setting was ideal for just the kind of social event that the GPA has always tried (hitherto with mixed results) to provide the Gay community.

In fact we were so pleased with the success of this bold venture that we are doing it again on August 5. That's a Friday, from 8PM until midnight or thereabouts. Please BYOB, but drinking is verboten on the grounds outside. A \$1 fee is requested to defray expenses. If you need directions, call us at 773-2981 ext. 535. We look forward to seeing you in August.

BEING IN A LOFT NEAR TWO WOMEN MAKING LOVE

is a fast gallop to the ocean
and back

is rolling with the earth and no fear
because woman is upheaval

is sinking into a down bag
rocked in a hammock of lightfingers and heatwaves

is hearing a bear growl and dove call
in one voice

I can sleep and know
the fire will burn evenly
the walls will close the wind out
the dreams will slide into place
the planets will move through the right signs

Miriam Dyak



ASPECTS OF HOMOSEXUAL SELF-OPPRESSION

By Andrew Hodges and David Hutter

FLAUNTING OURSELVES

The phrase "coming out", as used by Gay people, has three meanings: to acknowledge one's homosexuality to oneself; to reveal oneself as homosexual to other Gay people; and lastly, to declare one's homosexuality to everyone and anyone.

Homosexuals are unlike any other oppressed group in that their identity is almost always invisible to others. They can even conceal their homosexuality from *themselves*, for such is the disgust attached to the word "homosexual" that many people who have need of homosexual experience never acknowledge it, and sometimes even those who quite frequently seek out such experience manage to convince themselves that they are not really "one of them." Behind so much that has been expressed in the Gay movement lies the awareness that there exist these people who are so oppressed that they have not come out in the first sense of "admitting" their Gay feelings even to themselves. Many are married with children and throughout their lives have been totally denied any sexual pleasure. They raise no protest at their deprivation, for they cannot admit that it exists, and they can never be reached by openly Gay people, for it is openness they fear. There are happy exceptions, for the establishment of Gay counseling organizations has enabled many such people to break a lifetime's silence -- men of middle age who say that they have never knowingly talked to a homosexual but that they always think of other men while fucking their wives; women who realize after their children have grown up that they have really always wanted to love another woman. There are a number of organizations trying to end the isolation of such people, but self-oppression so profound is unlikely to be ended by a few telephone conversations or by the arguments of this

booklet. This essay is *only* about those who identify themselves as Gay among Gay people, but do not come out in the outside world.

UNDER PLAIN COVER If asked, closet Gays often say that, although they "don't shout about it on every street corner," their friends know and their parents "must have realized by now," but "they've never asked me about it, so I haven't brought the subject up." Pressed further, they add that they "son't see the point of telling people at work," as "what I do in bed is my own business, and anyway I might lose my job." Some Gay people go to considerable lengths to fake a heterosexual image, devising tales of suitably remote fiance(e)s, passing appreciative or disparaging remarks on women (or men), and laughing heartily at the usual stream of jokes about homosexuals.

Actually these stratagems are unnecessary, because unless there is reason to believe otherwise, it is always taken for granted that people are heterosexual. Deception need not be a positive act; one can deceive by default. At work, camp jokes will not demonstrate that one is Gay; they will be accepted just as jokes, and one kiss at the Christmas party will be sufficient to wipe out a whole year's subtle hints and innuendos.

The fear of putting a job at risk is often deliberately exaggerated by those who need a convincing excuse for secrecy. If they really wanted to come out and were prevented only by the threat of economic deprivation, they would be bitterly angry about discrimination rather than, as is usual, passively accepting it as inevitable. Most homosexuals would suffer little loss in purely material terms by coming out. It is the loss of a protective shell that is the real barrier.

Gays expose the fact that they are merely looking for excuses for remaining in the closet when they plead their purely voluntary activities as reasons for secrecy. Apparently we are expected to see their hobbies as some

inescapable, unchangeable aspect of their lives. When they say that if they came out they could not continue with their church or youth work, one can only question the value of commitments which involve supporting organizations apparently so homophobic. It would be truer to say that their self-hatred lies so deep that they leap at any chance to hide their real nature.

PRIVILEGED GAYS Many ordinary Gays respond to their oppression by gravitating to jobs where they can be fairly open with the people they work with. Women may become ambulance drivers or join the service; men tend to work as nurses, telephone operators, in travel agencies or department stores. The acceptance of a restricted range of employment may be self-oppressive, but how straightforward and honest it is compared with the web of deception woven by those Gays whose work gives them a position of social prestige.

By a curious coincidence one of the writers of this essay has found himself on two separate occasions attended by a homosexual doctor. In neither case was he aware of this until told by a third person. In each case, by making no secret of his own homosexuality he gave every opportunity for his doctor to be frank and open, but both doctors continued to behave as though homosexuality were an abnormality they had only otherwise encountered in medical textbooks. It was an amusing but saddening experience to see a homosexual attempt the role of the detached heterosexual advisor, asserting the authority he felt would be his due were he a "normal" man talking down to a "queer." Leaving aside the wretched negative attitudes these doctors must have had to their *own* homosexuality, we can imagine the innumerable opportunities to help confused and anxious Gay people that were allowed to slip by. Doctors have a prestigious position in our society, and it would be helpful to any young Gay to find that his or her doctor shared readily and openly his or her homosexuality. The determined secrecy of privileged homosexuals induces situations of pure farce. Today, while liberal Christians solemnly discuss the possible

ordination of homosexuals, and education officers consider whether they might employ Gay people as schoolteachers, many High Church priests run their churches and theological colleges as virtual Gay clubs,* and the State school system would collapse with the loss of its Gay teachers.

SELF-OPPRESSION OR SELF-INTEREST? Passing as heterosexual is by no means a private matter, for one self-oppressive deceit generates a thousand others. Friends and lovers are all included by being told what they may say on the telephone and how to behave in the street. The selfishness of those with privileged positions to defend seeps through the whole Gay community, and the demoralizing message is absorbed by the great number of ordinary Gays who have no privileges whatever to protect.

Homosexuals who have access to the media and refuse to come out allow those who condemn or pity us to dominate the stage. When the reactionary Cyril Osborne was attempting to defeat [England's] 1967 homosexual law reform bill, he rested much argument on the belief that the House of Commons had no homosexual members. Gay M.P.s who remained silent allowed all his stupid assertions to stand.

It is not that people of status should come out in order to make a propaganda point about how important or talented Gay people are. It is simply that Gays in the public view are ideally placed to give society a truthful view of its homosexual component.

Privileged closet Gays are traitors to the Gay cause, but as yet they are never referred to as such. We so lack any sense of common identity that the notion of treachery is scarcely formed. It is almost as if our bitter oppression were merely an elaborate game of pretense, the winners being those who perpetrate the cleverest frauds.

*With jaw-dropping innocence, the *Church Times* once carried in its "For Young Readers" column an article about the cats of the shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham, with the quaint names of Faggot and Dyke.

BORROWED PLUMES Gay people who pose as heterosexuals are not just deceiving others, but, if they take pride in affection or esteem which is conditional on their wearing a mask of heterosexuality, also deceive themselves. Only self-oppression could allow to value the friendship of those who, if the cards were on the table, would be revealed as our enemies. The reply to all this is likely to be, "Oh, but my sex life is so unimportant; why make an issue of it?" If it's that unimportant, why make a secret of it! "Better to be hated for what one is," said Andre Gide, "than loved for what one is not."

If, furthermore, our homosexuality is never discussed with those heterosexual friends who know us to be Gay, more harm is done than if we deceive them into accepting us as heterosexuals. To share the knowledge of one's homosexuality with non-Gay people but never to speak of it is to tacitly agree that, like bad breath, homosexuality is something embarrassing, best left unmentioned. Why should we discuss heterosexual relationships with non-Gay friends while allowing our own loves and fantasies to be passed over as unsuitable for general conversation?

AGAINST THE GRAIN To state explicitly that one is homosexual goes against a lifetime's conditioning. The shame we have been taught to feel is deep and real. The words "I am homosexual" stick in the throat. But coming out is essential. While the majority of Gay people continue to hide their "shameful" secret, the achievements of the Gay movement are bound to remain insubstantial. Lobbying the political, medical or educational world will ultimately serve to reinforce their view of homosexuality as something remote from everyday reality, and Gays as being other people somewhere else, if homosexuals within those worlds do not play their part. Nor would it be possible to give a distorted picture of Gays if people could simply see us in all our variety. While most Gays hide their identity, the greater will be the problems of those who have come out, were forced out, or by virtue of their evident homosexual traits were always out. How often do discreet homosexuals

stand by while their more obvious sisters and brothers are made the butt of heterosexual mockery.

All that we have said reflects the idea of the formation of a sense of community. Coming out is even more meaningful now that the existence of the Gay movement allows us to think in terms of coming out together. Ripples of self-disclosure reinforce each other within a wave of social change. A community can only exist when we identify with each other's needs. So often identification is purely negative; Gays cannot ally with those who reflect what they hate in themselves; fearing to come out they are unwilling to unite with those who have the power to expose them. Once one does regard other Gay people as part of a genuine community demanding support, coming out becomes a meaningful way of giving that support.

By coming out with people they already know, Gay people can demonstrate that homosexuals are real people whose lives cannot be trampled on. "We are the people you warned us against" captures the effect. If they can discuss their feelings and lovers when heterosexuals discuss theirs, this will have far more effect than any amount of propaganda about the "validity" of homosexual relationships. By coming out indiscriminately (by wearing a button, for instance), Gays oblige everyone to see that there are people who feel no shame in being known as homosexual. "Gay Pride" is the concept formed in opposition to the shame that all Gay people are conditioned to feel, a shame that society demands as the condition for its limited tolerance; to deny this shame is to demand *unconditional* acceptance. It is pointless to limit coming out to "those who will understand;" only by *public, indiscriminate, indiscreet* self-disclosure can this shame be denied.

A CONSPIRACY OF SILENCE Even within the Gay movement change is slow and reluctant. The many lecturers and teachers within it are invariably conceded a need for secrecy, and no one questions the value of an educational career dependent on dishonesty. It is probably widely assumed that dismissal will follow swiftly and surely

upon the self-disclosure of any schoolteacher, and certainly teachers have been dismissed or lost chances of promotion after having been "discovered." But we know of a number of teachers whose careers so far remain unprejudiced by the fact that they have disclosed their homosexuality, and one -- Robert Sterry, at the Somerset School, Tottenham -- was particularly open in that he explained to his class how he met other homosexuals, and invited his own friends to attend the school play. The heavens did not fall!

It might be imagined that good news such as this would pass through the Gay community with the speed of fire; we can only explain its actual sluggish progress by the supposition that such examples of honesty cast too strong a light upon the grubby lies and deceits of those who might be instrumental in passing on the news. To speak of openness is to deny the need for secrecy.

The kind of news that does spread rapidly is that such-and-such a celebrity -- bishop, singer, M.P., tennis star -- is homosexual. That this knowledge should be kept safely within the confines of the Gay world points to the fact that such secrecy is not only the choice of the individual, but also that of the Gay world. No homosexual can be secret without being celibate; the fact that the real nature of such people is not known to the population at large is because Gay people keep each other's "guilty" secrets lest in telling them they reveal their own. Helping to shore up each other's deceits is almost the only recognition most homosexuals give to the idea of a Gay community. But ironically this *false* support prevents the community from operating as such and enjoying any sense of *genuine* support. So often any victimization suffered by those who come out in difficult circumstances is simply dismissed by other Gays as being the inevitable reward for "exhibitionism." "What can they expect," they say, "if they insist on flaunting themselves?"

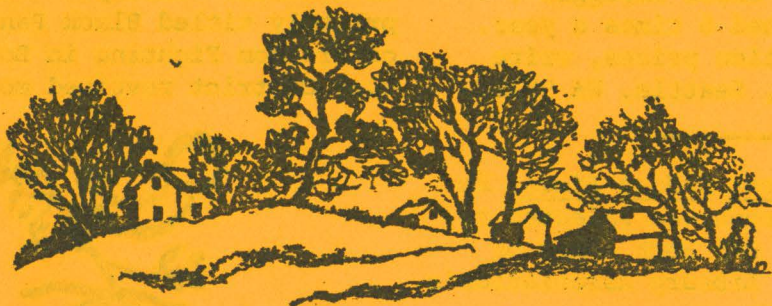
THE POINT OF IT ALL This booklet concentrates on how we see ourselves. We have not attempted to measure the extent

to which Gay people are promiscuous, but we *have* discussed the "ideal" of sexual exclusiveness. We have not written about the fact of bisexuality, but we *have* dealt with ways in which it too is distorted into an oppressive "ideal." It is the *attitude* of Gay people to coming out, to gender roles, to the media, that has concerned us. We have not tried to formulate a political theory, but only described a state of mind in which Gay people can approach one without betraying their Gay experience.

There is good reason for our choice. We do not really know the facts about homosexuality; no one does. No random sample of homosexuals has ever been made. What we have written springs from the limited experience of two urban men who write about the only kind of Gay people they really know.

No homosexual is an island. When Gays say they have to be "discreet," they support the idea that homosexuality -- *our* homosexuality -- is offensive; when they describe *themselves* as a "typical case," they label *us* as "cases." Oppression is as much the creature of self-oppression as the converse. External oppression we can only fight against; *self*-oppression we can tear out and destroy.

[Editor's note: The above article is the third and last excerpt reprinted from the pamphlet "WITH DOWNCAST GAYS," published by Pomegranate Press in London. The Pink Triangle Press in Toronto, Ontario is preparing the first North American edition of the pamphlet for publication this fall.]



The Kitchen Sink

GAY MALE LEFTISTS: Two publications recently came to our attention which deserve mention. Magnus (a Socialist Journal of Gay Liberation) is printed by a San Francisco collective. They just published their second issue (dated Summer 1977) and the journal, named for German Gay liberationist Magnus Hirschfeld, will be a quarterly beginning with that issue. Subs are \$6.00 per year, obtainable at PO Box 40568, San Francisco, CA 94140.

Morning Due is a "journal of men against sexism" with a good percentage of Gay-oriented material, published in Seattle by the Morning Due Collective. Particularly good was Vol. 2, Issue 6, a conference report on "Faggots and Class Struggle". It is published 6 times a year. For subscription prices, write PO Box 22228, Seattle, WA 98122.

Familiar Faces, Hidden Lives, by Dr. Howard Brown was selected to win the 1977 Gay Book Award of the American Library Association's Gay Task Force.

AND NOW, FOR ALL YOU ANITA FANS: Chicago's Gay News tells us that all fan mail, thank you notes (for uniting the movement), get-well cards, etc., to the Orange Queen should be mailed to: Mrs. Bob Green, 4682 West Bay Rd., Miami Beach, FL 33140. Keep those cards and letters coming in!

It has come to the attention of the Haymarket People's Fund of Boston that the government has been snooping in their files. The group, which has funded MGTF and MCHR (Maine Coalition for Human Rights) with \$1,000 each, sent us a copy of the Congressional Record (May 24, 1977) in which Rep. Larry McDonald of Georgia reports on his investigative findings on the group's activities. Excerpt: "The appropriately titled Black Panther School of Freedom Fighting in Boston's Roxbury District received money, as did



the Maine Gay--homosexual--Task Force--'Haymarket's grant went toward their statewide newsletter which serves to coordinate activities'--and the Massachusetts chapter of the National Lawyers Guild which, said Haymarket, 'has spent the last year and our funds keeping black and Latin activists out of jail.'

SO THAT'S HOW THEY DO IT...

At the Save Our Children victory press conference in Miami last month, Bob Green turned to wife, Anita Bryant, and gave her a protracted lip-to-lip kiss. Beaming to the crush of news and camera people, Green proclaimed, "That's how the heterosexuals do it, boys!"

An hour-long documentary about Lesbian mothers and child custody, "In the Best Interests of the Children", has been released by Iris Films. The film is a presentation of eight Lesbian mothers talking about their experiences as Lesbians and mothers. The children are shown in interaction with their mothers and in a rap group with each other. During the course of the film, two of the mothers who have been through custody fights talk about these experiences. The film is available for rental at \$60 (non-commercial, one showing) from Iris Films/Iris Feminist Collective, Inc., 2130 1/2 Elsinore St., Los Angeles 90026.

One of the MG staff came across the following letter to the editor in the July issue of Philadelphia magazine. We thought we'd pass it on to you:

"In light of the fact that reference is made to Christ in your self-righteous article, "The Wild Side of Midnite", it appears that a lesson in Christian humility is one which the author and not the gay community desperately needs. Many intelligent members of the homosexual community also share the opinion that the bars are a source of degradation and despair, however, they have their innocent aspects, which you completely ignored. As the only focal point of social activity, they are the places where one can be openly affectionate without incurring the sneers and ridicule of ignorant citizens of this city.

"The evil side effects are a problem caused by an intolerant society, of which you are a prime example, and not by the struggling gay minority. It is because of vicious, slanted reporting such as yours that the gulf between people widens; in this case, between the gay and straight communities in Philadelphia, without the real social problems ever being solved. Why hurl abuse without taking a compassionate look at the reasons why the bars are so popular and so pernicious?

You must realize that friends meet in these places, too: decent, hard-working gay people, who need a night out and have only the bars to go to. Evidently quotes from the Bible amuse you, so let me refresh your memory with this one: 'Judge not, lest ye be judged.'

Michael Redfield
Swarthmore, PA

GCN reports that a group of officials prominently placed in the government of the Netherlands have announced support for the "civil rights of gay people in the US." Citing the tradition of tolerance toward all minorities in Holland, the officials called on President Carter and all Americans to "make America an example, a nation with equal rights for all." The statement was signed by 52 leaders of Dutch political life.

And what does the Prez have to say about us? At his Father's Day press conference with the Associated Press he: 1) refused to take a stand on Gay teachers; 2) does not "see the need to change the laws to permit homosexuals to marry"; and, 3) while he doesn't perceive homosexuality to be a threat to the family, he does not "feel that it's a normal inter-relationship. He also stated that in almost every program that the Administration puts forward "the

integrity of the family ought to be a factor."

COMIC RELIEF: The Roman Catholic Archbishop of St. Paul was hit in the face with a chocolate cream pie thrown by a Gay rights advocate recently. Patrick Schwartz threw the pie at Archbishop John R. Roach at a dinner of the National Conference of Christians and Jews. Schwartz said he took his action because he believed Roach was being hypocritical in accepting the conference's National Brotherhood (sic) Award and contended that the archbishop had worked to defeat a Gay rights bill in the Minnesota state legislature. After the incident, Roach said he bore no hostility to the pie thrower. (GCN)

If you come across an item that you think should be shared with readers in this section, please send it to: Kitchen Sink, Box 4542, Portland, ME 04112. Our jaded staff of bleary-eyed volunteers will be perfectly resigned to any necessary editing.



Calendar

The WILDE-STEIN CLUB will not meet regularly during the summer, but will continue monthly dances. ...The GAY PEOPLE'S ALLIANCE will meet throughout the summer MONDAYS at 7 PM at 92 Bedford Street, Portland for business and rap. You need not be a student to attend either group's functions. --All are welcome!

GROWING...SOBER AND GAY welcomes all Gays and bisexuals who are interested in living a chemical-free life. They may be contacted at GSG, PO Box 893, Waterville 04901. Group meetings 8-9:30 PM, SUNDAYS.

SPECIAL EVENTS

JULY 16 (Saturday): Open convention at Columbia University, New York City, to mobilize and organize a mass demonstration for Gay Rights on August 20 at the United Nations. For more information, write NYCLGR, 17 W. 17th Street, New York, NY 10011.

JULY 24 (Saturday): Maine Gay Men's July meeting in Unity. All day, beginning at 11:00 AM. Business pot-luck meal, raps, workshops. For details on location, write MGM, PO Box 303, Whitefield 04362 or call 775-1597.

AUGUST 5 (Friday): GPA Dance-Party, 8 PM to midnight. 92 Bedford St., Portland. BYOB, \$1.00 requested. Call GPA (773-2981, ext. 535) for directions.

AUGUST 6 (Saturday): Wilde-Stein Dance, 8 PM to midnight. MCA Center, College Avenue, Orono. \$1.00 donation (more if you have it, less if you don't).

* * * *

AREA GAY GROUPS

(See CALENDAR for Events)

MAINE

GAY COMMUNITY COUNSELING SERVICE
(Serving Gays, Bisexuals and
their families)

Marjorie Meyer at York County
Counseling Service...282-4151
Maine Gay Task Force...773-5530

GAY PEOPLE'S ALLIANCE
92 Bedford Street
Portland 04103
773-2981, ext. 535

GROWING...SOBER AND GAY
PO Box 893
Waterville 04901

MAINE GAY MEN/MGM NEWSLETTER
PO Box 303
Whitefield 04362

MAINE GAY TASK FORCE/MAINELY GAY
PO Box 4542
Portland 04112
773-5530

MAINE LESBIAN FEMINISTS/MLF
NEWSLETTER
PO Box 125
Belfast 04915

SOUTHERN MAINE LESBIAN CAUCUS
c/o Johnsen
~~289 State Street~~
~~Portland 04101~~

WILDE-STEIN CLUB
Memorial Union
University of Maine
Orono 04473
581-2571

NEW HAMPSHIRE

LESBIAN SUPPORT GROUP
UNH Women's Center
University of New Hampshire
Durham 03824

MCC-EXTENSION
292 State Street
Portsmouth 03801
(603) 382-4678

NASHUA AREA GAYS
(603) 673-5315

~~NH LAMBDA (Lesbian Group)
PO Box 1943
Concord 03301
(603) 228-8542~~

~~OCCUPANT (NH D.O.B.: Do not use
'Gay' on envelope)
PO Box 137
Northwood 03261~~

SEACOAST AREA GAY ALLIANCE
75 Court Street
Portsmouth 03801
(603) 431-4350/742-2947

VERMONT

COUNSELING FOR GAY WOMEN AND MEN
c/o Vermont Women's Health Center
158 Bank Street
Burlington 05401
(802) 863-1386

COUNSELING-SUPPORT FOR GAY WOMEN
c/o Susan Katz
South Vermont Women's Health Center
187 North Main Street
Rutland 05701

GAY PEOPLE AT MIDDLEBURY
Middlebury College
Middlebury 05753

GAY STUDENT UNION
University of Vermont
Burlington 05401
(802) 656-4173 (M-F, 7-9 PM)

WOMEN'S CENTER
182 Main Street
Burlington 05401
(802) 863-1236 (M-TH, 12-9 PM)

EASTERN CANADA

ALTERNATE BOOKSHOP
Ste 301
1585 Barrington Street
Halifax, NS B3J 1Z8

GAY ALLIANCE FOR EQUALITY
Box 161, Armdale Station
Halifax, NS B3L 4G9
Hotline: 420-6969

LESBIAN DROP-IN
Halifax Women's Centre
5673 Breton Place
Halifax, NS
(902) 423-0643 (W, 6:30-10:30 PM)

GAY FRIENDS OF FREDERICTON
Box 442
Fredericton, NB E3B 5A4

COMMUNITY HOMOPHILE ASSOCIATION OF
NEWFOUNDLAND (CHAN)
Box 613, Station C
St. John's, NF A1C 5K8
or
Box 905
Corner Brook, NF A2H 6J2



UnclassifiedS

FREE BITS...free bits...FREE BITS...free bits...FREE BITS...free bits...

THE FOLLOWING PRISONERS
wish to have correspondence:

Darius Slater #041414
PO Box 747
Starke, FL 32091

Jonathan Schweinhof
Box E
Jackson, MI 49204

William J.D. Lackey #053560
PO Box 221
Raiford, FL 32083

Don D. Dumas #17909
USP, McNeil Island, WA
PO Box 1000
Steilacoom, WA 98388

James C. Welsh
PO Box 221
Raiford, FL 32083

Roger Hall #034941
PO Box 221
Raiford, FL 32083

Don Smith #140-872
PO Box 787
Lucasville, OH 45648

Tom R. Simonis #053889
PO Box 221
Raiford, FL 32083

Wilson Cannon #045767
PO Box 747
Starke, FL 32091

Carl Harp #126516
PO Box 520
Walla Walla, WA 99362

Larry Joe Purkey
P.M.B. #76070 Camp A-10
Angola, LA 70712

John Hedlund
PO Box 100
Somers, CT 06071

Henry Carter 92440-1
Box 514
Granite, OK 73547

Joseph Ryan #035664
PO Box 747 S-1-N-13
Starke, FL 32091

Walter Stowars #A-042479
PO Box 221
Raiford, FL 32083

Unclassifieds

FREE BITS...free bits...FREE BITS...free bits...FREE BITS...free bits...

BISEXUAL WOMAN, 22, and 2 cats seek inexpensive year-round rent, furnished or partly furnished in natural setting in or near Kennebunkport-Kennebunk area. Quiet and responsible. Also seek another woman to share rent with me. Call 985-7598.

ANYONE INTERESTED IN HAVING A PEN-PAL IN ENGLAND through the Wimbledon Area Gay Society (WAGS) please write to: WAGS, c/o Box 4542, Portland, ME 04112.

GAY MALE, 29, would like to meet/correspond with other Gay people. I'm a college graduate and have a wide variety of interests. I especially enjoy history, music, nature, some sports. I'm a quiet type (so I've been told) and enjoy good conversation with others. Write Dan, c/o Bits, Box 4542, Portland, ME 04112.

THE FIFTH EDITION of the *DIRECTORY OF HOMOSEXUAL ORGANIZATIONS* is now available for \$3.00 at Homosexual Information Center, 6715 Hollywood Blvd., #210, Hollywood, CA 90028.

WANTED AND NEEDED: Philanthropist to donate much money for the establishment of a Gay Community Center in Portland. Write Tony Norton, 831R Congress St., Portland, ME 04102.

BISEXUAL MALE, 23, would like to meet and correspond with other Gay people. I have a wide variety of interests and especially enjoy music and nature. Write PO Box 1062, Rockland, ME 04841.

GAY COUPLE IN FORT KENT invites other Gay men to visit their home and hostel during the summer. They offer a good time: canoe trips, hiking, nude swimming, available. They grow, can, and freeze their own food and are always happy to have a few extra hands to help out, in exchange for room and board. Contact Jacques and Gautier, c/o Bits, Box 4542, Portland, ME 04112.

WOMAN SEEKS same to share summer sublet, available mid-June, rent \$70. In Topsham, 775-2519.

Unclassifieds

FREE BITS...free bits...FREE BITS...free bits...FREE BITS...free bits...

LIBERATION THROUGH EDUCATION

The Alternate Bookshop
1585 Barrington Street, suite 301
Halifax, Nova Scotia B3J 1Z8
Store Hours: M-F, 7-10 PM
Brochure: 25¢ or self-addressed
stamped envelope

HERB WALKS -- 2 hours field
trip gathering wild herbs, 2
hours workshop on identifying
herbs and using them for cooking,
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days starting June 18. Beginning
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Call 688-4432 to register.

YOGA INSTRUCTION -- Miriam Dyak
will be teaching classes in yoga
both in Portland and Pownal this
summer. Call 688-4432 to register.

NEW FREE NEWSLETTER printed for
and by Maine Gay Men. Articles
welcomed. Contact MGM, PO Box
303, Whitefield, ME 04362.

VIEWS FROM WITHIN is back
and waiting to hear from all con-
cerned Gays. One year, 12 issues,
\$15. All ads are free. Write Smith
& Breneman, Views from Within, PO
Box 2072, Fort Smith, Ark. 72901.

SEEK PLACE IN MAINE to rent or
exchange (have efficiency apt. in
downtown Washington) for 1-4 mos.
maybe longer. Need not be fancy
(perhaps just a room or cabin) but
I need to avoid noise so it should
ne located away from main roads &
resort areas. Rent \$150/mo or less
and situated within hour's walk
from grocery store. Contact Berg-
strom, 1631 S Street NW, #703,
Washington, DC 20009.

I AM COMPILING research for an
exploration of the Lesbian and Gay
male in Latin American culture and
literature. I would appreciate
anyone sending me articles from
Gay periodicals or leads as to
where I might find something. John
Frank, 24 Grant St., Portland, ME
04101

BITS ARE FREE! They appear for two
consecutive issues unless otherwise
requested.

Unclassifieds

QUALITY MERCHANDISE: MAGAZINES & LOCKER ROOM

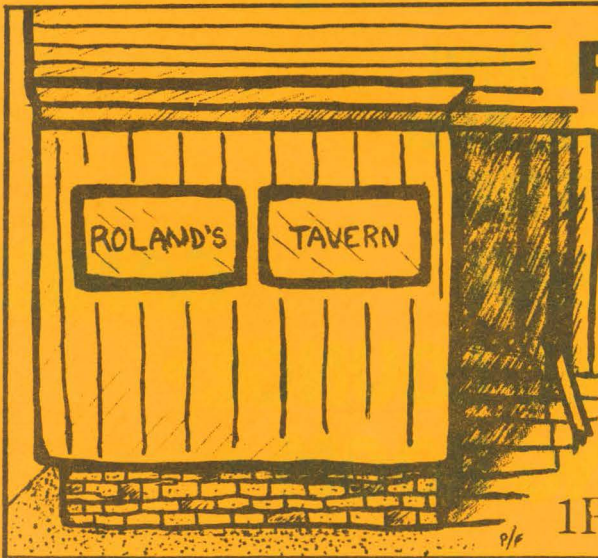
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Portland, Maine
773-5695

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*

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* COCKTAIL LOUNGE *

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