

3-1978

Mainely Gay, Vol.5, No.2 (March/April 1978)

Susan Henderson

Kevin Mohr

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Recommended Citation

Henderson, Susan and Mohr, Kevin, "Mainely Gay, Vol.5, No.2 (March/April 1978)" (1978). *Mainely Gay*. 13. <https://digitalcommons.usm.maine.edu/meg/13>

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Mainely Gay

Vol 5

Mar~Apr 78

No 2



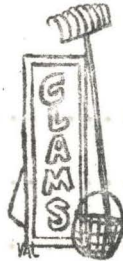
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COVER

Sketch of an ancient Egyptian kitten statuette, by Susan Henderson. The original decorated a kitten sarcophagus.

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N.B. The rainbow pages of this and last month's mag turned out, we thought, less bizarre than expected. Next issue, we'll let one person choose the color...

THE OFFICIAL POSITIONS and policies of Mainly Gay are contained only in its editorials. Views put forth in individual articles, cartoons, poems, advertising, letters and notices are those of the authors and not necessarily those of Mainly Gay.

PUBLISHED AT 92 BEDFORD ST.,
PORTLAND, MAINE

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION RATE: \$5
FIRST CLASS POSTAGE: \$10
SINGLE COPY PRICE: 50¢

Mail all correspondence and subscriptions to:

MAINLY GAY
PO BOX 4542
PORTLAND, MAINE 04112

Note To Readers

Mainely Gay is back-- stronger than ever. At a meeting held in Augusta on March 5, the Mainely Gay collective met to discuss the future of the publication. We decided that if we stopped publishing, it would be a victory for the bigots. We also agreed that we had the energy and ability to continue to print Mainely Gay. [note: for those who are unfamiliar with the term, 'collective' means a group of people who have joined together to do a project, and who share the work and decision-making in that project. Decisions are made together rather than being handed down a chain of command-- this is how MG has traditionally done things].

The co-editors of MG, however, made several suggestions for changes, which were adopted by the entire group. Those changes are as follows:

1) Mainely Gay will be published on a bi-monthly basis beginning with the March/April issue;

2) We agreed that MG exists primarily as a forum and organizing catalyst for all Lesbians and Gay men in Maine. However, we also agreed that the function of Mainely Gay in the future would include more than words--namely, any revenues above and beyond those necessary for publication, would be used in practice. When our financial situation is finally determined, we will ask our subscribers by means of a survey, where they [you] want any surplus money to go. Several staff- persons are currently involved in the Portland Gay Community Center Planning Committee for example, and money could be allocated to an endeavor such as the Community Center. Mainely Gay will emerge as more than just a voice--it will eventually serve us as a publica-

tion that unites words and practices;

3) Mainely Gay will continue to be a vehicle for all Gay people in Maine, with continued emphasis on a strong, healthy political voice. We hope that this will encourage readers to get involved on some level in the activities MG promotes.

Mainely Gay is back and fighting. It's Lesbians and Gay men and it's unity with feminists, and it's ready to continue the long hard task of turning Maine around. We want your minds, and your subscriptions. \$5 will do it for six issues--you can't afford to pay it, we can't afford for you not to. Here to stay--here to win.

This is a call to all ferocious dykes and faggots who have a consciousness of women's and Gay oppression. It is a call to those of you who have thought about the causes of our oppression, who oppose straight male dominance, who oppose corporate tyranny, who oppose all of those who

run our lives and crush our freedom.

This is a call to all dykes and faggots who agree that the time for words, theory and rhetoric is over. This is a call to be active and start a practice in line with your consciousness and theory.

We at Mainely Gay and our sisters and brothers from other Gay and feminist organizations feel that it is time to put our Gay theory into practice. Idle rhetoric won't free us. Currying the straight man's favor won't free us. Frittering away our time in hedonistic amusement won't free us. And silence most assuredly won't free us--because silence kills. We feel we need an organization that exists specifically for Lesbians and Gay men with strong feminist ties, to serve our cause and nourish our people. An organization dedicated to struggle against the influence of the homophobes and bigots--that meets their attacks with equal vigor.

For this reason, a group of core organizers has agreed to begin work on a Gay Community

Center in Portland, in which alcohol will be noticeably absent, and where Gay people can gather for a variety of purposes. The Community Center is now in its planning stages, and there is a mound of work that needs to be done if we are ever to get it opened.

According to our plans, the Center will have a coffeehouse with entertainment by Lesbians and Gay men, mostly pianists and guitarists singing Gay music. It will have a Gay/Feminist bookstore, literature from all over the country and many other countries as well. Rap groups, political groups, newsletters and many other Gay organizations will be housed in the community Center's offices. There will be a craft shop for revenue, selling regular items as well as Gay buttons, T-shirts, pendants, etc.

The community Center will be a forum for all Gay politics, as well as all cominist speakers and organizations. It will unite all of us who either already

understand where our oppression comes from or who want to learn about it. And it will give us the opportunity to DO something about the oppression other than talking about it. It will give new faggots and dykes a healthy, supportive place to 'come out,' and to those already out a place to be a Gay community.

What the Center will not be is another pick-up station. To say the least, the atmosphere will be a political one.

There is a ton of work that needs to be done, from raising revenues, to finding a suitable place. We have to order publications and films from all over the world, contact groups for Lesbian mothers, contact people experienced in martial arts to lead self-defense classes for Gay men and all women.

As more information becomes available, we'll keep everyone informed.



EDITORIAL

WHO'S NEXT ?

On December 30, 1977, the offices of *THE BODY POLITIC*, Canada's largest Gay and Lesbian newspaper, were raided by the Canadian police. The details of that raid and seizure were contained in a letter in the last issue of MG.

The problem is basically that the government won't keep its hands off our sisters and brothers to the North. We can't let them throw another punch. The police seized subscription lists, files, the paper's checkbook and manuscripts and books slated for publication or sale in their offices.

Mainely Gay is not trying to project paranoia-- we KNOW they're out to get us. In fact, our subscription lists are not kept in our office here in Portland. They're kept in an undisclosed location, which only co-editors and two other staffers are

privy to.

THE BODY POLITIC is back at work and is once again publishing. But two weeks prior to the raid on their offices, the offices of Diana Press, a feminist press located in Oakland, California, were similarly vandalized. Their press was virtually destroyed and their files and lists disappeared.

While we are increasingly aware of the possibility of an attack on Mainely Gay or any other Lesbian or Gay newspaper on this continent, we are not intimidated. Our subscribers can feel assured that their names and addresses will not be taken in a similar seizure because of the precautions noted above. However, we must back both *THE BODY POLITIC* and Diana Press in their courage. Both organizations need contributions -- *THE BODY POLITIC* for its Defense Fund, and Diana Press

to restore its office.

On the subject of money, we can only offer the following: Unless you have done without something this week-- unless you are really feeling the absence of your money-- then you aren't giving enough. Don't go out to dinner this week-- send the money to your sisters and brothers who risk their lives and safety every-day to bring you a Gay or feminist publication. We're not asking you to risk your's; just to make it possible for us to continue to risk our's.

Donations may be sent to the following addresses:

FOR THE BODY POLITIC

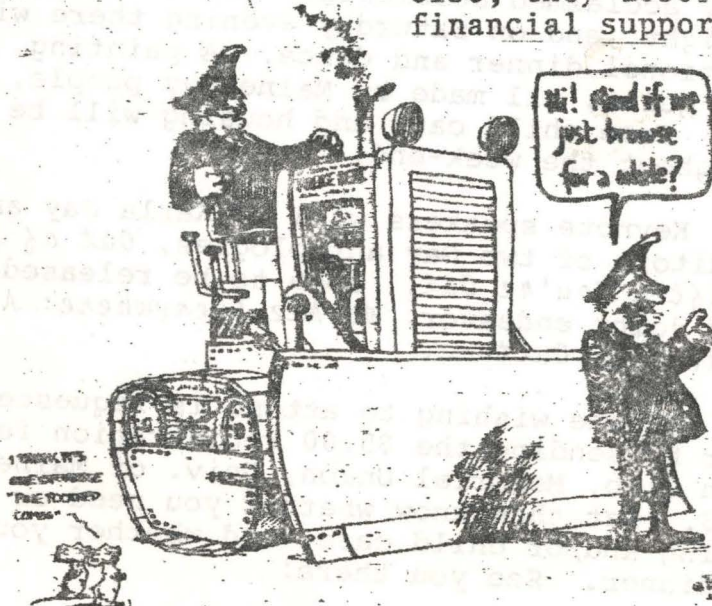
(check payable to)
"LYNN KING IN TRUST FOR THE
BODY POLITIC FREE THE PRESS
FUND"

(send to)
Cornish, King, Sachs and
Waldman
Barriaters and Solicitors
111 Richmond Street West
Suite 320
Toronto, Ontario M5H 3N6

FOR DIANA PRESS

Diana Press
4400 Market Street
Oakland, California

Remember, these are the sisters and brothers that fight to make conditions better for YOU. If nothing else, they deserve your financial support.



Maine Note

by Staff

SYMPOSIUM V: FIFTH YEAR OF A FINE DOWN-EAST TRADITION

The fifth annual Maine Gay Symposium will be held at Bangor Community College, Friday 31 March through Sunday 2 April. Registration begins Friday at 6 PM and continues through Saturday. Sponsoring groups this year are the Wilde-Stein Club (University of Maine - Orono), Gay People's Alliance (University of Maine - Portland/Gorham), *Mainely Gay*, and Maine Lesbian-Feminists.

Several hundred people from Maine and neighboring states are expected to attend the week-end activities, which will include approximately 20 workshops on a variety of Gay issues - topics range from disco dancing to radical separatist politics. The recently released and highly acclaimed documentary *Gay USA* will be shown Friday night, and on Saturday evening there will be the traditional dinner and dance. A painting, a caned chair, and a quilt, all made by Maine Gay people, will be raffled. Free child care and housing will be provided throughout the week-end.

Keynote speakers will be Karla Jay and Allen Young, co-editors of two Gay anthologies, *Out of the Closets* and *After You're Out*. Soon to be released is their third joint endeavor, *We Are Everywhere: A Celebration of Lavender Culture*.

Anyone wishing to attend is requested to pre-register by sending the \$5.00 registration fee to: Wilde-Stein Club, Memorial Union, Univ. of Maine, Orono, ME 04473. Let them know whether you need or can provide housing and/or child care, and whether you plan to attend the dinner. See you there!

NEWS SHORTS

NEW YORK (Press Release)--

The National Gay Task Force is organizing a National Gay Blue Jeans Day on 14 April. Participating college groups are to announce that all wearers of blue jeans on that day will be assumed to be Gay. Blue Jeans Day has proved to be an effective consciousness-raising device. For info, contact NGTF, 80 Fifth Ave., NY, NY 10011; tel. (212) 741-1010.

MINNEAPOLIS-ST. PAUL

(Press Release) -- A group of fundamentalist Christians, led by Rev. Richard A. Angwin, is seeking to overturn these cities' 3½ year-old Gay rights amendment to the municipal human rights ordinance. St. Paul Citizens for Human Rights has been formed to defend the amendment. SPCHR informs us that the fundamentalists have collected enough signa-

tures to force a referendum on the ordinance, but that this may be declared invalid because a referendum on a city ordinance has to be filed for within 90 days of the ordinance's passage. However, they foresee an emotional court battle on the issue. Twin Cities Lesbian groups in particular consider this challenge to the amendment a top-priority issue. The Roman Catholic Archbishop of St. Paul-Minneapolis has come out in favor of the amendment even though, as a church official, he disapproves of the Gay lifestyle.

BODY POLITIC UPDATE (Press Release) -- Body Politic, despite the obstructive police raid of 15 December, has re-assembled enough of its material to publish a February issue, and has partially reconstructed its subscription list. Pink Triangle Press, its parent organization, has several

books for sale. The paper, the press and three of their officers, Gerald Hannon, Edward Jackson and Ken Popert, have been charged with obscenity, and their trial is scheduled for June 26, 1978. BP reports that the trial will cost as much as \$30,000, of which about \$12,000 has been raised so far.

THE BRYANT WATCH: Anita Bryant spoke at the Toronto People's Church on 14 Jan. and was greeted with a protest march of over 500 Gay people, led by a large Lesbian contingent, marching in 10° Celsius (about -12F°) weather. The day before, more than 800 people attended a pro-Gay rights rally and protest march through the streets of Toronto. Several Gay religious groups also held services at the time of the Bryant speech. A gay rights ordinance is being introduced in the Ontario provincial legislature, and Bryant's visit is thought to be a move by opponents of the measure. The Gay protest was remarkable for the harmony between Lesbians and Gay men and for

the leadership role taken by women, reported the Body Politic.

NEW YORK, NY (*The Empty Closet, Gaysweek*) -- True to his word, Mayor Edward Koch has issued an Executive Order prohibiting discrimination on the basis of sexual preference "over any area in which the [city] government has control"... The order also forbids discrimination on the basis of sex, race, religion and national origin.

- FORT WORTH, TX (GCN) -- The Awareness Unity and Research Association (AURA), a local Gay service organization, has filed a class-action suit against the Fort Worth police department. The suit charges harassment and illegal surveillance of the group by the police after a Gay conference held in Fort Worth in June 1973. The police defended their action by citing Texas sodomy laws. At a hearing on 31 October 1977, the court found against this argument, saying "the mere desire of an individual to commit a criminal act... does not permit state interference with that individ-

ual to commit a criminal act...does not permit state interference with that individual's freedom." The suit itself has not yet been decided upon.

LOS ANGELES (*Gaysweek*) -- State Sen. John V. Briggs has begun a new petition campaign to put on the ballot an initiative (a law produced by public vote) to allow filing of charges against teachers and other school personnel for "advocating, soliciting, imposing, encouraging or promoting private or public sexual acts between persons of the same sex" and allowing school boards to fire or refuse to hire such persons. His last petition drive was derailed because of technicalities in the wording of the initiative. Sen. Briggs is a Republican candidate for governor of California and founder of the anti-Gay California Defend Our Children organization.

NEW YORK, NY (*Gaysweek*) -- Judge Taylor of the New York City Family Court ruled that the state

sodomy laws were unconstitutional because they invaded privacy and denied equal protection of the laws. The decision read in part, "The court will not accept mere claims that 'deviate' sexual intercourse is harmful and, therefore, is properly proscribed by a state statute. On the contrary, it must be demonstrated that consensual sodomy in fact harms the public health, safety or welfare..." The decision is not a binding precedent for other courts, but can be used in their cases by attorneys seeking similar rulings from other courts.

DUBLIN, IRELAND (*Gay News, via Gaysweek*) -- David Harris, chairperson of the newly formed Committee for Homosexual Law Reform, has filed a suit to have Ireland's anti-homosexual laws stricken from the books on the grounds that they violate Irish constitutional guarantees of privacy and personal freedom of citizens. A similar suit recently resulted in the prohibition of contraceptives being lifted. Harris is optimistic about the suit's chances of success,

provided the expected cost of nearly 30,000 pounds (about \$75,000) can be raised.

MIAMI, FL (From our wire services) -- The Florida Supreme Court has ruled that a homosexual could not be denied admission to the state bar because of sexual preference. In a 6-1 landmark ruling, the court declared that acknowledgment of a homosexual preference by an applicant was not in itself a failure to meet the "good moral character" standard for admission. The decision was believed to be the first in the United States concerning a Gay person's right to practice law. The case arose in 1976, when Robert Eimers, then a resident of California, applied for admission to the Florida bar. He had passed the Florida bar examination but was summoned to Florida for a special hearing, as apparently someone in California had written the Board of Examiners as a form of blackmail against Eimers. In that interview, Eimers was asked if he was a homosexual. He

answered in the affirmative. The 12 member board deadlocked on whether to admit Eimers and asked the Florida Supreme Court for guidance. The court then ruled that a declaration of homosexuality could not block the admission of a person if she or he was found to be qualified in all other respects.

OKLAHOMA CITY, OK (GCN) The State House has passed and sent to the Oklahoma Senate a bill that allows local school boards the right to fire teachers who "advocate homosexuality" or engage in "public homosexual activity."

The bill, which is expected to face stiffer competition in the Senate, was passed by an 88 to 2 vote.

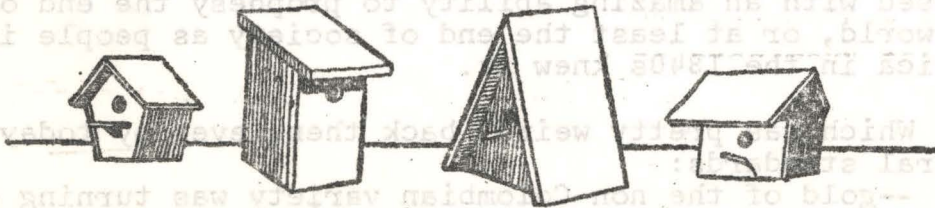


A STAFF MEMBER recently received the following response from Rep. David F. Emery, Republican of Maine's 1st District, concerning his support for the Federal Gay Rights Bill which has already been introduced in Congress:

"...I do not favor the bill introduced by former Congressman Koch, because I do not believe it is necessary for one's sexual preferences to be known either to the general public or a prospective employer. If one's personal life remains personal, then the language in the bill is unnecessary..."

Rep. Emery's recent "Town Meetings" in the Portland area have been well-attended by Gay and feminist constituents who have been able to gather first-hand information on Mr. Emery's opposition to any type of Gay rights measure. Practically all of the Democrats running for Emery's seat have indicated their support for the Koch, or so-called Gay Rights bill.

MIAMI, FLA. (Press release) -- The Transperience Center, a counselling agency for Gays and bisexuals, and for heterosexuals living alternative lifestyles, is suing Dade County CETA. In October 1977, Transperience was given a \$55,000.00 CETA grant to pay its workers. The grant was suspended in December and then revoked in February 1978. Transperience, which is directed by some of the people who wrote the Dade County Gay Rights ordinance, reports that the opponents of the ordinance put political pressure on Dade County CETA to revoke the grant. Transperience is suing to get the grant back, and believe they have an excellent case. To send donations for the court costs and to get info, write American Coalition for Transperience, PO Box 414, Coconut Grove, FL 33133.



The State Street Straw

By Peter Prizer

NEW DATA FROM BASKET CASES

FORCE REVISION OF NEWTONIAN LAWS

OR,

DRIVE IS ON TO PUT OLDSMOBILES IN TREES

The 1840s saw in this country an interesting if somewhat bizarre group of religious people called Millerites (after a guy named Miller, wouldn't you know) who, if my Theory of Modern Society is correct, were 130 years ahead of their bizarre time. Or, for readers who feel the proverbial glass is half-empty rather than half-full, that present society is 130 years behind the times or even the Millerites, I suppose. Incidentally, I've checked out the glass and it's empty. Sorry.

Miller, no known relation to what's-his-face--Goldwater's '64 ticket-balancer in the "National Referendum on Nuclear Armageddon;" the so-called Crispy Critters Sweepstakes, according to Democratic TV ads--was blessed with an amazing ability to prophesy the end of the world, or at least the end of society as people in America in the 1840s knew it.

Which was pretty weird, back then, even by today's liberal standards:

--gold of the non-Colombian variety was turning on folks in California;

--the national economy was in one of its tepid, e.g., fucked up states;

--Whigs had decided that their name was tacky and were switching cautiously, natch; to the embryonic Republican party;

--the slavery issue had begun to take on overtones of the emotional battleground it would become;

--the Eastern cities were discovering the pleasant and rewarding intricacies of participatory corruption;

--the Republic of Texas, with an eye to future national gasoline and junk food (Bonanza) franchising, was seeking annexation, much to the legitimate fears of anti-slavery people and New England whale oil capitalists.

Everybody else, or so it seemed (I was there, observing as a frog. By the way, in the space entitled "OCCUPATION" on my '77 federal tax return, I entered--ever notice how no one ever "writes" on tax forms?--"GAMOPHONE TUNER." This rash outburst will either garner some gigs at Andover or reserve me a slot at Allenwood. To backtrack a moment, I suppose that straight male psychologists at the Treasury Dept. devised the word "enter" rather than the more descriptive "write" as "enter," to many nominally disgruntled taxpayers, may have subconscious though pleasant sexual overtones. Also, the act of "entering" on one's tax form, for the symbolically-minded, may subtly compensate for the out-of-pocket expense of the whole rip-off.) But I digress, and shamefully so, in the middle of a split sentence. We were talking about what 'everybody else' was doing in the 1840s...[They were] busy elbowing their way across the great unknown of the trans-Mississippi west to the hopeful edens of Azusa and UC Berkeley. (By 1845 there were 6,000 whites in Oregon and 2,000 in California.)

President Polk, a no nonsense, humorless shit who appropriately died of--gasp!--diarrhea, deliberately provoked war with outgunned Mexico to militarily back up the elitist and racist notion of Manifest Destiny. In the same year, 1846, (this is all made-up) Polk, in between mounds of McDonald's-like french fries, carved out the

Oregon Territory from Native American (nominally British) land. As for the war with Mexico, ^{so} distinguished American as U.S. Grant (no relation to Spiro Agnew) termed it a "wicked war." So it goes. Polk, for people into trivia, had all music and dancing banned at his inauguration, in deference to his wife's religious hang-ups. Nixon, we'll recall, provided his inaugural footnote in '72 when he left the festivities (sic) without Pat, an interesting oversight for a supposedly "happily married man." Pat, by the way, was silently pissed, especially when the snub made the papers, and later sought revenge by her Deep Throat revelations to the Washington Post.

But back to the poor Millerites, who got lost in the shuffle.

Millerites, apparently without inducement from televised football games or other mind-warping depressants, fervently believed that Leader Miller had what might be billed today (pun intended) as a "toll-free" line to the deity (wouldn't N.E.T. love to charge long distance rates for operator-assisted, person-to-Goddess calls)* and was tipped as to when the Final Curtain would fall.

To digress for a moment, what's all this fascination with end-of-world trips by some religious groups? If they're bored or have time on their hands, why don't they try pin-ball? If the demand was sufficient, I'm sure the leading pin-ball manufacturers could come up with machines with a specific religious motif. For instance, the "Reformation" pin could feature little tabs with a pontifical theme that would be knocked down to score points. Fundys would play the "Sodom and Gomorrah" pin-ball, with knock-downs that portrayed dykes and faggots: "BORN AGAIN" would replace the "EXTRA BALL" light and, on Catholic machines, "EXCOMMUNICATED" would flash rather than "TILT."

* see the "Christian Yellow Pages" for dialing.info.

Back to the Millerites. The specter of self-fulfilling prophecies aside, thousands (hundreds?) of white Americans, many of whom sane by 1840 standards, thus sold all possessions, often getting ripped-off by the non-Millerite. And, pleasantly garbed in flowing white robes, stood patiently on tree limbs, waiting to be plucked to heaven by God, by God! More mundane Millerites, or those with an equally sensitive regard for History/Theater/Current Events/State Street Straws, stood in baskets on hill-tops; awaiting induction upstairs. (At this time, photography was in its infancy, so they must have felt rather safe.)

Alas, the deal bombed and Miller, sad to say, was forced to revise, often on a periodic schedule, his so-called "Date of Reckoning." As false starts became embarrassing, even to the hard-core, Millerites as an organization faded from the scene, although their spiritual descendents are reputed to be the Jehova's Witnesses, an equally flaky outfit.

Which reminds me...Several years ago two Jehova's Witnesses had the audacity to rap on my door at 7:30AM one Sunday and attempted to sell me several 10¢ pamphlets outlining their major tenets, in terminology which required a grasp of 3rd grade English. Confusing their white flowing robes for KKK garb (actually, they had on suits) I quite easily affected a very bored facial expression (I was wrapped in a towel) and confessed that I wasn't particularly interested in their pamphlets, or them either. Easing the door closed in a firm manner, careful to snag both a Witness hand and foot, I thought, 'Christ, these tax-free people are really into physically imposing themselves on the rest of us ignoramuses.' I was really pissed off.

The other day in Portland I hitched a ride with an obviously upper-middle-class woman who apparently had taken the time to place a cutesy printed notice on the dashboard of her car which duly warned literate prospective co-travellers that she may, at any random moment, be "called (plucked) to heaven" and that the observer party, in this case me, was duly and certifiably notified, if I

valued my pagan life or wanted to take pictures. Thanking her for the ride and the courtesy of a printed warning that her 1978 Oldsmobile Estate wagon might at any moment be hurtling head-on towards an innocent flock of Sunday School children (Manifest Destiny?) unwomaned, she apparently detected my subtle skepticism and probably regretted that she'd stopped in the first place. I thought, in my paranoid manner, that she had spotted another religious out-cast, me, and that was why she had pulled over.

In the 1840s, people sat in baskets on hilltops or stood on tree limbs, self-confident that a deity recognized their special, elite status. Today, the same self-recognized "chosen few" sit in expensive automobiles, equally as confident. My hunch is that, 130 years from now, they'll be back in trees again. Ayuh.

I get paid by the word, so why stop now?

PINBALL UPDATE The pinball wizard of the U.S. is Ken Lunceford, 19, of Columbus, Ga. Lunceford reached the pinnacle of pinball success when he took first place in the First National Pinball Championship of America in Chicago with a score of 1,333,560 points on 5 balls. He got a new Datsun for his flipper finesse. There were 60,000 entries. End of update.

WELL, LO AND BEHOLD The graffiti at UMPG/Portland is on the upswing after 23 consecutive, rock-bottom semesters of discontent. On a quite immense partition in Luther Bonney library:

"SPOCK--I THINK WE BEAMED DOWN INSIDE A WALL!"

[A note to readers: last month ill-informed ghost writers stated that the Supreme Court is 200 years old. Well, it's not. The ghosts were apparently duped by the Bicentennial Sellabration and assumed that everything federal is 200 years old. The Court is around 185, it's thought.]



UNTITLED

by Kevin Mohr

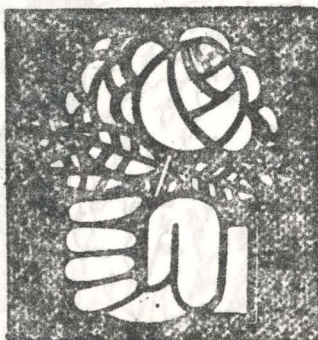
(originally published in Magnus)

Give me your tired
your humble masses
still
yearning
to be free.

I stand so solid
on an island
where I'll
lift my dress for you
and hold my torch
in one hand
masturbating
against a thousand pink horizons.

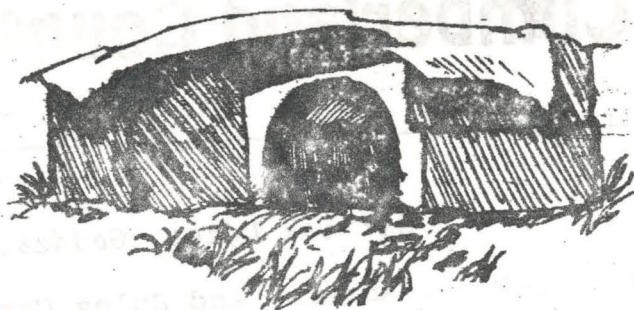
I gave birth to my child
justice
and killed it.

I drowned it
in pubic hair
like isles of seaweed
and oil.



[am an exile.
France
never wanted me.
I gyrate now
on this rock.
Like the Lorelei
in my porno pose
beckoning the masses
to my womb,
promising to shelter
the proletariat,
the sick,
the tired,
and cough blood
at ferry boats.

I stand for liberty
but my knees
are weak.
They work me
in Amerika
until I vomit my
steel entrails
like intestines
into smogsets.



The rich
throw stones at me
in the night,
and I bleed the blood
of my bloodless masses.



I will seal my womb
like an honest promise
to lift my robe
and get off of
this rock
that they've anchored me to.
I will uproot myself
if I must,
instead of rusting here
like tin.

And behold the day
when I
slowly wade
into the Hudson
and swim upstream.

I will take your tired masses
with me Amerika,
oh yeah,
and spread my menstrual blood
across your fields
dropping clothes
and pounding the rich
into the ground
with this torch.

Cumberland County Curmudgeon

By Susan W. Henderson

British Dykes, Goddess Bless 'Em

Stewart-Park, Angela, and Jules Cassidy, *We're Here: Conversations with Lesbian Women*, London, Quartet Books, 1977, 152 pp., \$4.50.


Angela Stewart-Park and Jules Cassidy say in their introduction, "Although [this book] is about eleven specific lesbian women, in some ways it is about all of us." They are so right. They have interviewed eleven remarkably different women - nurses, a peace activist, an ex-prisoner/welfare mother, a journalist, students, an artist, and others. One is American, one is Swedish, one is Irish; the rest are English. They come from widely different viewpoints, but have many experiences in common with each other and with American Lesbians: feelings of guilt and isolation in the coming-out process, hassles with family and sometimes spouses, the oppressiveness of role-playing, the influence of the Women's Movement. Most of the interviewees are feminists and several found English Gay movement men unperceptive about the oppression of women. Their experiences make the recent withdrawal of Lesbians from CHE (Campaign for Homosexual Equality) more comprehensible to an American reader. One gets the feeling that English Gay men have been slower to deal with sexism than their brothers in the U.S. and Canada.

I read the interview with the Irishwoman on St. Patrick's Day with the Chieftains playing in the background, and the effect was spooky to say the least. The woman, Luchia Fitzgerald, whose mother had her "out of wedlock," told about her battered childhood and how her mother was beaten by her husband - woman-abuse is an even bigger national disgrace there than it is here. Fitzgerald grew up to found a women's shelter, where her mother lived for

half a year, and then the mother went home and kicked out her husband. Celtic women live! Erin go bragh!

This book is well worth reading. It presents eleven grass-roots Lesbians talking about their lives and work. American readers will have to accustom themselves to the British idiom, but there is no real language barrier. Doing these interviews must have been an act of courage for many of the women, because their real names and photos are used - several of them are mothers, and Lesbian mothers appear to have worse luck in custody cases there than here. The authors intrude very little, asking questions now and then and letting the interviewees speak for themselves. The results are coherent, moving vignettes of eleven Lesbian lives. Readers of both sexes should find a lot to relate to in this book.



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THE HORROR FROM DADE COUNTY

By Kenneth Lincoln

It was a dark and stormy night.

A brilliant flash of lightening filled my bedroom as a thunderclap exploded. I awakened, startled, confused. Rain poured against the window as the storm roared on outside.

I lay under the covers, motionless, thinking about Roger, wishing he had not had to stay down in Boston overnight, this night, wishing that he were in bed, beside me now. I touched the pendant around my neck; Roger had given it to me during dinner on my last birthday. I smiled as I recalled the long evening that had followed. The memories brought a moment of reassurance to me, but-- something was wrong.

I lay there, trying to identify what was making me feel something was wrong. Something was out-of-place, which didn't belong, which hadn't been there before and was here now...

Suddenly, I knew. There was a faint odor in the room, one that shouldn't be there, one I hadn't smelled in months.

I rose silently from the bed, found my robe and slipped it on. Slowly, softly, I moved towards the closed bedroom door. The smell grew stronger. I stopped in front of the door, my hand on the knob, unsure. I was frightened at the thought of what I may discover in the living room beyond the door. I knew that once I opened it, I could not turn back. I threw the door open.

The wind howled, rain poured in through a wide-open window in the living room. Lightening flared, thunder roared. A dark figure, silhouetted by the lightening, stood in front of the window. I choked on the overwhelming stench of rotten citrus.

It was her!

I stood frozen with horror as she moved slowly forward, coming from the raging storm which she had made and which she had used to invade my home. Slowly she moved farther into my home, coming towards me!

Lightening flashed again. I saw her clearly for one awful second, dressed in a tacky evening gown with a shoulder sash with the words *MISS OKLAHOMA* on it. Orange juice drooled down her chin from a corner of her twisted mouth. Painted fingernails became claws, reaching slowly towards me.

"NO!" I screamed at her. I quickly found my pendant and held it forward as far as its chain would allow, the gift Roger had given me out of love, the Sign of the Lambda.

She stopped, hissing with anger--her hands moving to shield her eyes from what she did not want to see, what she could not face.

"No, Anita, Queen of Darkness!" I exclaimed, watching her flinch at the word "queen."

"Queer," she said, spitting orange juice.

"Gay!" I said.

"Faggot!!" she screamed.

"Gay," I said again.

We stood there, unmoving, stalemated. Seconds passed, and I realized that the storm outside was growing stronger, worse, more insane. She lowered her hands, away from her eyes, and took another step toward to, gaining strength from the madness outside.

I moved sideways, away from the doorway, away from her, backing towards the bookcase on one of the living room's walls. I knew that the Lambda was not powerful enough to protect me from the madness that was now in her.

Her hands became claws once more. She came near. With my free hand, I reached up, pulled a book from the shelf, and thrust it at her. She shrieked and leaped backwards, falling to the floor as she saw the title: *SOCIETY AND THE HEALTHY HOMOSEXUAL* by Dr. George Weinberg.

She lay huddled on the floor, muttering in senseless tongues. Suddenly she looked up at me, eyes filled with hate. She wispered, "If a man also lie with mankind as he lieth with a woman, both of them have committed an abomination." Her voice grew louder. "They shall surely be put to death: their blood shall be upon them!" she shouted and jumped to her high-heeled feet.

Holding her off with Weinberg's book, I said, "How you forget, Anita! For Leviticus says two chapters before, 'You shall not take vengeance or bear grudge against the sons of your own people, but you shall love your neighbor as yourself.' Hipocrite!"

It did no good; the madness had filled her. The storm outside grew louder, louder, wind screaming, lightning and thunder exploding. The world was insane and could no longer hear me.

She moved forward. Still holding Weinberg's book, I let go of the Lambda and found another book, *LOVING SOMEONE GAY* by Dr. Don Clark, and held it up.

She slowed her pace, but continued to come towards me. The storm was a hell which no longer knew reason. It was a blinding, deafening, hate-filled chaos that knew only destruction.

She moved forward, hands outstretched in a distorted gesture of love that was hate. I backed away knowing that there was only one hope left. Holding the books towards her, I moved into the kitchen, towards the refrigerator. She followed me, coming closer, still closer.

I bumped into the refrigerator and stopped. She also stopped, watching me, hating me.

I dropped both books to the floor. She stared at them, thinking I had surrendered my soul to her hate, believing that she had won. She smiled, dripping orange juice, and said, "I love you," as she moved forward to destroy.

Swiftly I pulled open the refrigerator door and reached inside. My hand felt for it, found it, and pulled it out. As she was about to clutch me, I smashed

THE PIE in her face!

She screamed! A scream of blindness, of hate, of total insanity. She screamed and the pie-shell fell to the floor, revealing the true face of Anita, warped, crazed, inhuman with hate.

I laughed! I laughed at her! I laughed because hate lives on hate, but it cannot live on happiness, on laughter.

She whimpered, "Save our children," and collapsed to the floor. I laughed at her as she started to melt. I laughed as she melt, melt, disappeared. Outside, the storm was rapidly dying.

I laughed and said, "Save them from the haters, not the lovers," and I thought, a moral, how funny! and laughed some more.

THE END



"Something is stinging me!" cried the miser. "My nose is swelling frightfully!"

Perceptions



CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OR THE REVOLUTION IS HAPPENING WHERE YOU LEAST EXPECT IT!

At least half of you, I imagine, have been to see *Close Encounters*. I can't easily estimate how many of you who went were enraptured, how many liked it but ~~didn't~~ didn't want to admit it, and how many didn't like it because it wasn't *Star Wars*. ~~I will say~~ right off that I didn't go to *Star Wars* because I don't go to wars of any kind, period. (Some of you may want to stop reading in disgust right here.) I will also say right off that I was enraptured both times I've been to ~~Close Encounters~~; but before all but the devoted put this down (or go on to baner stuff like Peter Prizer), let me say that I think something significant is going on here and this review is more than an accolade for Spielberg's light works.

For those few of you who may have missed out on America's latest movie marathon, let me explain briefly that *Close Encounters* is a film about UFO's and people's experiences with them. The first scene in the Sonora desert in Mexico shows an old man dazed and blissful repeating that the sun came out at night and sang to him. Throughout the film others' lives are transformed as amazing lights and sounds come out of the sky -- some wait patiently on mountainsides to see them again, some drive off cliffs in pursuit, in India masses chant the sounds they have heard, and our central characters are seized with a vision that won't let them rest. A woman watches her house come apart and her little boy disappear entranced into the light; a man loses his very normal job, family and home as he (like others) ceaselessly re-creates a strange cone shaped vision out of shaving cream, mashed potatoes, clay and finally dirt and rocks and trees in what was once his suburban living room. Elsewhere on the globe a French expert and the US armed services among others trace computer readouts and tone patterns with the same excited frenzy until they all end up in the same place.

To tell you more on that level wouldn't exactly spoil it, but it isn't really necessary. This movie isn't about UFO's at all anyway. It is rather a portrayal of the classical spiritual quest as it has been told and retold around the world from Beowulf to Jesus to Buddha to the initiates at the temple of Demeter and Persephone at Eleusis to the search for the Holy Grail and so on and on. There are all the steps along the way. An ordinary person is touched by the extraordinary, they are awakened and the vision they have received will not let them rest. In order to follow their vision they have to "give up" or rather go beyond life as they have known it. They become strange and mystical, their actions seem insane to the ordinary world around them. What they have sensed is something more powerful than the comforts and games of ordinary living, even more powerful than sex or money or war. It is never easy, though. The woman is gripped by her fear for herself and her child, but even at the scariest moment it is impossible to hold on to the fear in the face of the child's joyous trusting of the force that pulls him. And after he is gone she pursues her vision with more energy than ever despite the pain of her loss. The man, tormented by his need for answers, almost gives up again and again because of his family, his own confusion, the strain of going for broke on the spiritual plane, and finally out of love for Earth; but something more inward, more powerful always keeps him going on.

And what is the vision? the power? Spielberg has taken all the spiritual beliefs of all cults and cultures, stripped them of dogma and words and ideas, and reduced them to their only true essence, color and music, light and sound. We are back to (or never truly left) the realm of the "music of the spheres." There is nothing new going on here, or is there? What amazes, excites and delights me is that somehow this man was able to get enough power in the movie-making industry (through making the usual ghastly horror flicks) to be able to go through with a project of this magnitude and reach millions of people with a film that portrays the unknown and the cosmos not with the usual aggressive phallic probings, not with monsters or death machines, not with violent sexist little boy games elevated to the level of Science and Adventure, but with the passion of the mystical, with the power of pure beauty to touch and change our most mundane lives. He gives us a benevolent view of the universe that is healing to the child within each of us in a way that comic book wars will never be.

And this view is more than healing on a personal level, it is truly revolutionary on a political level. The Feminine is exalted here, from the giant "Mother Ship" to the great respect afforded the powers of the intuitive, to the beings from the space craft who despite their obviously enormous mental and physical knowledge and power (light years beyond the Earth scientists) are small, delicate, graceful, spider-like and resemble children and women. How limited man is to think that the ultimate power resembles his own body, how limited his "science fiction" like *Dune* or *Star Wars* in which no matter how far into the future he goes he still can't see beyond the end of his cock, he still only envisions better, slicker, cleverer ways to kill people, more elaborate destructions and more elaborate games for holding on to the material. For once I find myself not resenting the vast sums that go into making a movie like *Close Encounters*; how else in America could so many people be reached all at once? And if the message that beauty is more powerful than destruction, the spiritual is more important than the material, gets through to even a fraction of those people on even a subconscious level, then I think there will be some pretty profound inner changes that will help all of us who are struggling against the patriarchal power system on an outward level in more ways than we can know.



IF YOU COME TO MAINE...

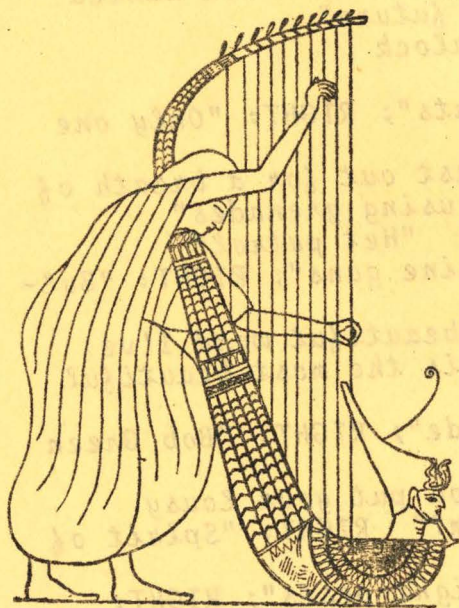
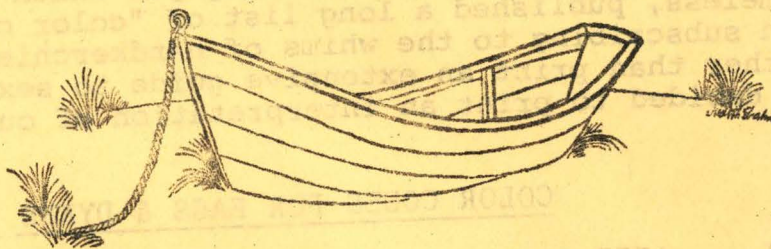
By Kevin Mohr

Recently a lesser Gay newspaper which will remain nameless, published a long list of "color codes" for Gay men subscribing to the whims of handkerchief placement. Rather than print an extensive guide to sexual technique, we decided to print an interpretation of our own...

COLOR CODES FOR FAGS & DYKES

- RED.....LEFT (pocket): "Gay Revolutionary"; RIGHT: "Gay Guerilla"
BURGUNDY.....LEFT: "I kill straights"; RIGHT: "I only maim them"
SALMON.....LEFT: "Wanted by F.B.I."; RIGHT: "Not wanted now, but possibly in the future"
PINK.....LEFT: "Witch"; RIGHT: Warlock
ORANGE..... DELETED!!!
PURPLE.....LEFT: "Born of Gay parents"; RIGHT: "Only one parent was Gay"
LAVENDER.....LEFT: "Underground. Just out for a breath of air"; RIGHT: "Prefer using grenades"
AQUA.....LEFT: "Dyke Squad"; RIGHT: "Het patrol"
BLACK.....LEFT: "I manufacture machine guns"; RIGHT: "Bullets only"
GRAY.....LEFT: "Faggot is the most beautiful word I've ever heard"; RIGHT: "Dyke is the most beautiful word I've ever heard"
GREEN.....LEFT: "Special Anita Brigade"; RIGHT: "Bob Green Brigade"
GOLD.....LEFT: "Forget about where you put your lousy genitals--what about freedom?" RIGHT: "Spirit of Stonewall"
YELLOW.....LEFT: "Outta my way, straight pests"; RIGHT: "Make 'em get off the sidewalks"

BROWN.....LEFT: "An army of lovers can't lose"; RIGHT: "Keep your laws off my body"
 WHITE.....LEFT: "I'm gonna get free"; RIGHT: "For the creation of a Gay homeland"



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There is no charge for a basic Gayellow Pages entry. Write for an application.

The Kitchen Sink

WITH FRIENDS LIKE THIS... (GCN) -- Ronald Reagan has attacked California State Senator John Briggs for his proposed anti-Gay-teachers legislation. Reagan told a news conference recently that he did not believe Gays should demand recognition of their private lives in the classroom, but that the proposed ban would be "going too far" in allowing the government to pry into private lives.

CAUTION! FLORIDA OJ MAY BE HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH! (GCN) -- There may be another reason to boycott Florida citrus products. Reportedly the oranges from that state contain Citrus Red #2, a known carcinogen. This was found in *The Elements*, an environmentalist magazine, which noted that California oranges are not dyed with Red #2.



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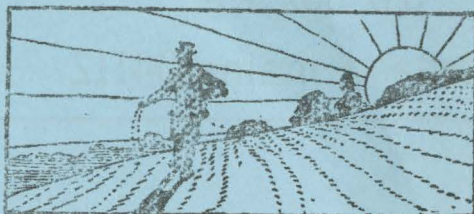
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UPCOMING CONFERENCES

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19-21 May
Contact National Gay Health
Conference Committee, 501
S. 44th St., Phila., PA
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Eastern Regional Lesbian
Conference
New York City
1-2 April
Registration \$5 in ad-
vance, \$7 at the door
Contact Lesbian FEminist
Liberation, 243 W. 20th
St., NY, NY 10011,
tel. (212) 691-5460
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Southeast Gay Conference
Atlanta, GA
31 March-2 April
Contact Tom Carr (404)
874-9995, or Maria Dolan
(404) 876-2346.



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COMING NEXT ISSUE

Starting next month, MG will have a column of information and sharing by and for Gay people who have problems with alcohol. We need input from our readers - questions, personal experiences, suggestions, etc. Not all questions will have easy answers, or perhaps any answers, but we will respond to all to the best of our ability. We will do referrals to agencies who can give non-oppressive help. Correspondence should be addressed to "To Drink or Not to Drink,": Box 893, Waterville, ME 04901.



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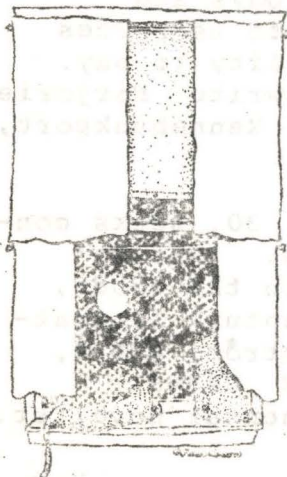
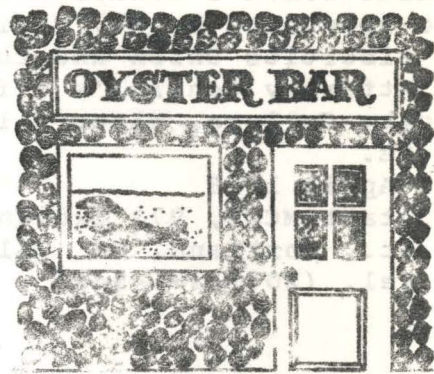
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Our Right to Love: A Lesbian Resource Book, ed. Ginny Vida, foreword by Rita Mae Brown, can be ordered from NGTF, 80 Fifth Ave., NY, NY 10011. Price \$11.95 (will be \$12.95 regularly).

KLAMATH (Ore.) GAY UNION publishes a newsletter. For info., write Klamath Gay Union Newsletter, * Tomera, 428 S. Ninth St., Klamath Falls, Ore. 97601.

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