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**STONEDWALL: IN SPIRIT AND FLESH**

by Bee Bell

Twenty-five years ago, lesbians and gay men were beginning the first of the five nights of rebellions against police harassment that inaugurated the national gay and lesbian liberation movement. What many queers do not recognize is that it was transgender men and women - people who cross-dressed and in other ways disobeyed their assigned gender - who kicked off our movement. Many or most were people of color. As the Village Voice described it at the time, a lesbian (a big dyke, according to legend) was being dragged to a patrol car by the cops: "She put up a struggle, from car to door to car again." Drag queens had till this moment been striking major poses and blowing kisses, but now "the scene became explosive." Limp wrists were forgotten. Beer cans and bottles were heaved at the windows and a rain of coins descended on the cops."

To remind the world that we owe our movement to the drag queens who threw the attitude and the bulldagger who threw the first punch, Dennis Ferrante and I got together to dish about drag in the spirit of Stonewall.

**DIESEL DYKE DOES DRAG QUEEN**

B: Okay, let's get personal. Have you ever wanted to be a girl?

F: When I was a kid. I think any gay man who said they didn't, or hadn't ever had a feeling that they'd want to be in the shoes of the opposite sex, would be a liar. I remember a couple incidences...when I was 6 years old at a stoplight with my mom and my aunt, I saw a woman over at a mailbox. I noticed all these people paying attention to her, both men and women; she was really decked out. I thought, what a neat thing. I said "Mom, I want to be a girl." She was so classy - she had people looking back over their shoulders. She must have been not from around here, too.

B: So being a girl wasn't your big thing?

F: I guess I learned at an early age that it would be difficult. Being gay and female is even harder than being a gay man. It was more of a fantasy and an escape. Of course, I knew that if I were a woman I would be gorgeous and glamorous and incredible just like I always am when I dress up.

It wasn't something that I really dwelt on, because I thought, how could I afford to do that - money-wise and life-wise - and while I enjoy being around [transsexual people] in Portland, I think anyone who went through that would have to move. (Sorry, Jennifer.) Sexually, I think I would turn into a lesbian.

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See full article in "Apex: A Point of Departure" (Vol. 3, No. 5, July 1994).
I couldn’t see myself playing that straight role, because I would feel...
B: Displaced from gay culture?
F: Yes. And when I’m in drag the last thing I think about would be sleeping with a man. Usually I’m around other women and drag queens. When I’ve done drag I do really erotic things with women on stage and I really get into it! (Thanks, Phoebe and Jen. [Simone, you’re like a sistah.]) It’s like I’m so gay that I couldn’t be straight.

It sort of scares me because I can see how women are read the wrong way and harrassed all the time. One time, I ended up having to push this guy up against a wall and tell him to lay off because he kept thinking I was out for sex because of how I was dressed up.
B: So dressing up isn’t about sex so much?
F: It’s about power. It’s a rebel side of myself. It’s about being unstoppable - as long as you don’t do 3 hits of Ecstasy and mix it with K.

B: But don’t men have more power?
F: I don’t really see it that way. Men do, because they are told they do. Women have manipulative power that they don’t act on. I’ve seen women being victimized since I was a kid. It always pissed me off. So I want to show people that I can do anything in that form.

Women are more victimized than anyone - anyone else or anything else on this planet. So men do have more power. But I can look good dressed up, get good feedback from it. I can go out and be wild and have fun, whereas women sometimes are more restricted. This doesn’t make sense to me. Why does a man get to walk around in a tight t-shirt with his crotch hanging out all over? What’s wrong with a woman wearing a skimpy skirt? Why can men walk around with their shirts off - it’s so uncomfortable to lay out with a bra on - I’d rather see any woman walk by than a guy with his gut hangin’ out and hair all over his back. They say it’s because breasts are a "sexual part," or because breasts are sacred since a woman is [here on earth] for being a mother. But that’s not why. And the whole body should be a sexual part.

B: Do you have life experiences that made you see early on how women get shat on?
F: I do have formative experiences, yes, I think everybody does. But I see the impact more in TV and magazines.
B: I’ve seen you do Marlene Dietrich a lot. I really like that because Marlene is so butch, she knew what she was doing and she was so drag herself. How’d you pick her?

More STONEWALL from page 1
Janis Ian was on the Howard Stern show last night. And in the first five seconds, he tossed his auburn curls like some latter day Loretta Young entering his hair through a doorway, and asked her how old she was when she first acted on her lesbianism.

What? Janis? One of us? Oh, gaydar, where were you when I really needed you?

"Fifteen and a half," she replied in the kind of months-on-end accounting ascribed to the impatiently young learning to tally their lifetime.

"Ooooh," I thought as I inwardly groaned. Only, Judi, lying beside me in our Sunday night let's watch a little tv before we have to sleep ourselves into a new week bed, asked, "What's wrong?"

"Oh, nothing. I used to know her." And drifted myself into a twenty year old Chicago memory. Way back when I still wanted to throw up at the lesbian scenes in paperback books. I had been married to Whatsisname for about as long as we were going to last, and had taken up a friendship with a woman at work who fulfilled all the blond, blue-eyed Cinderella fantasies I was never going to be. As friends, you understand. The kind who invent traumas weekly for excuses to hug. The kind who later would bring suicidal realizations, none of which would ever get acted on. And only very later understood.

I was still working my way through my frustrated twentysomething housewife phase when Paula said, you have to hear this music, and played Janis Ian's interracial anthem, "Society's Child." It had turned Jan from schoolyard outcast into famous folksinger at fourteen. She, who got to hang with Hendrix, was an icon I had missed, and I was taken. With the voice, with the lyricism of the writing, with the sentiment and sentivity and the concern about the boundary crossing of the song.

It was significant months later, with Whatsisname packed and gone, Paula offering scant relief, and a company who said, "Vacation: use it or lose it." The kind of chill December ultimatum that caught me short on cash and travel inspiration. I'd paid for the divorce, and was still paying for childcare, and couldn't cover costs beyond the wilds of Gary, Indiana, an inconceivable opportunity for a midwest travel adventure. So I did what any poor Chicago soul in my circumstances would do...I looked in the Sunday Sun Times for amusements, and planned to stay home.

And lo. And behold. Janis Jan was at a local club for the week. For the few bucks it would cost to cover the babysitter and the price of a subway to, and an indulgent taxi from, I could have my own Janis Ian festival. She was splendid. I was entranced. For four nights I showed up and sipped scotch which hadn't yet been assigned as environmentally hazardous, and drank the music and the lovely lady in.

On the fifth night, the record company advance man acknowledged my existence with free albums and free drinks. Nothing lascivious, I was vaguely disappointed to discover, (what did I know then?) just good business for an obvious fan. I still have the album, a little cat scratched along the upper edge, but with the magic marker inscription still intact: To me. From Her.

On the fifth night we talked a little. Between sets. The sort of star to fan non-conversation that makes your adams apple sit doubled inside your throat. But, I must have said something, because the sixth night, the last night, she said, "So, uh, you wanna come with us 'n' get something to eat? Help us pack?"

More CLOSET => page 13
VOICES FROM THE WORKING CLASS
by Stan Clough

Having done graduate work in African-American history, I was struck by the parallels between the struggles of African-American abolitionists in the 19th century and those of modern gay and lesbian activists. Of course, the parallels are not perfect, as they never are between social groups, but nevertheless, the experiences of Frederick Douglass, Sojourner Truth and Harriet Wilson are depressingly familiar. Sometimes our "best friends" are really our greatest stumbling blocks.

Prior to the Civil War, white middle-class New Englanders such as William Lloyd Garrison and Harriet Beecher Stowe fretted that God would lower the boom on the entire nation unless New England took the lead in expunging the vile sin of slavery from the American soil. Ostensibly, the white abolitionists were doing the slave a great charity in seeking his or her liberty, but in reality, the abolitionists were cultural imperialists, and the South needed to be "reformed" in the image of Boston. So they travelled throughout the North, portraying the grim horrors of human bondage.

But when one former bondsman, Fredrick Douglass, dared to speak for himself, Garrison and others tried to silence him. These whites must have thought: a negro advocating his own freedom? Absurd! Only whites have the ability to articulate the needs of the "children of Africa." Furthermore, if negroes are allowed to speak on their own behalf, they might alienate those who support abolition. It must only be in the rarest circumstances that negroes be allowed to speak for themselves, and only if they are "respectable" in their demeanor, because after all, negroes are "wild" and "alien."

Sojourner Truth ran into the same condescension at the 1852 women's convention in Akron, Ohio. The white ladies did not want Truth to speak, because she might say something unseemly. But she challenged the delegates repeatedly, saying, "and aren't I a woman?" Truth had something to say to the white ladies, and say it she would. Her message was heard, and applauded, but in reality, Truth was speaking for her own benefit.

And not long after the Akron Convention, Harriet Beecher Stowe began to write Uncle Tom's Cabin, a grim exposé of the horrors of slavery. So it was only natural that Harriet Wilson, an African-American New Englander, would seek Stowe's help in publishing Wilson's Our Nig, the semi-autobiographical account of the abuses of an African-American domestic suffered in a Northern, white, middle-class household. But like Garrison, Stowe was horrified at the prospect of African-American self-advocacy. Furthermore, racial violence and discrimination in New England, the hearthland of abolitionism, was an embarrassment. How dare Wilson criticize her white benefactors by bringing up the unpleasant truth?

Does any of this sound familiar? How dare gays and lesbians speak for themselves? Of course, if they are respectable - straight acting - they will be acceptable spokespeople. But better yet, why not let homosexuals speak for us, so we don't mess it up ourselves? And God help any gay or lesbian who dares to criticize the benevolent straights who are directing our struggle for us. Now doesn't this sound familiar? Isn't history fun?
GET IN TOUCH WITH YOUR INNER BITCH
by Elizabeth Hilts

There is an integral, powerful part of each of us which is going unrecognized. Years of repression have sent this aspect of our personalities into the deepest reaches of our souls, from which it emerges only with the most intense provocation. And when, on those rare occasions, it does surface, we misunderstand its meaning. We do all we can to put it back in the dark where we believe it belongs. We are embarrassed by its appearance; we are ashamed of its existence.

It is the Inner Bitch. Don’t even pretend you don’t know what I’m talking about.

The Inner Bitch is that part of us that we like to blame on stress. Or frustration. Or PMS. She is the part of us for which we apologize most profusely, denying her very existence by claiming we don’t know what got into us. But think about it rationally for a moment. The Inner Bitch is nothing to apologize for. She is the Bette Davis in each of us, walking around with a cigarette in one hand, a martini in the other, calling a dump a dump. The part that calls it as she sees it without regard for the conventions and niceties of daily life. The part that tells that part of the truth which is distasteful, ugly.

It’s time to stop denying the Inner Bitch in ourselves. Stop apologizing for her. Set her free! Honor her as we have learned, under John Bradshaw’s tutelage, to honor our Inner Child. Admit it, you laughed that uncomfortable laughter of recognition when you first heard ol’ JB talking about that Inner Child. But now it is in common usage, even in People magazine. Now, think about this - all the trouble that Inner Child caused us has been eradicated, simply by recognizing its existence, by learning to tap into its energy. Imagine how far we could go if we applied the same rule of recognition to the Inner Bitch.

After all, the Inner Bitch defines intimacy. We can truly be intimate only with the people who recognize our Bitch and love us. Not in spite of her, but because of her. And it is equally true that we are not intimate with those who won’t share their Bitch with us. Friends don’t trash their friends’ Inner Bitches. They show their proper respect.

When the Girls and I get together for dinner (a/k/a Truthing), we break through the lies we tell to each other in an effort to justify a bad situation. Truthing is most often about interpersonal relationships. There’s nothing that brings out the Inner Bitch like the clear vision we can apply to another’s relationship. Our own is, of course, another story.

And that’s the shame, right there. Because I believe, with almost my entire heart and soul, that if we could harness the power of the Bitch in our relationships, we would be able to find truer happiness. The key phrase here is harness the power. I am certainly not advocating abuse of power. We all know where that’s gotten human beings. I am, however, calling for a recognition of that part of ourselves which can serve as an absolute defender of the boundaries.

Here’s a scenario for you: Diana, a lovely woman in her mid-thirties, has been seeing David for about two months. David has stated his desire for an exclusive relationship. She is pleased with the arrangement, and lets her friends know that she is off the market. Her weekends are planned around seeing David. She no longer has that sinking feeling about Saturday night.

Great! But then, about two weeks into this exclusivity contract, David neglects to make specific plans with Diana for the coming weekend. Because she is being "nice," Diana doesn’t pursue this slip, she assumes that because they have seen one another every weekend for nearly three months, they will see one another this weekend. David doesn’t call on Friday, which is fine because David sometimes has drinks and dinner with his co-workers on Friday, as does Diana.

David doesn’t call in the morning on Saturday to talk about Saturday night. Diana does her errands, with the arrangement, and niceties of daily life. The part that tells that part of the truth which is distasteful, ugly.

By Sunday evening, Diana is a wreck. She has called David’s machine at least twenty times, hanging up each time. She has imagined him lying in ditches, hooked up to life support, in the arms of another woman. She still doesn’t have any cigarettes. And there is no way she’ll find a Sunday Times now.

David calls at 10:30 that night. Diana goes ballistic on him. He is incredulous that she is upset. He went up to his buddy’s place in Vermont. They hadn’t had any plans anyway. He guesses he could have called, but why? Diana apologizes for her outburst.

What is wrong with this picture? Diana has not gotten in touch with her Inner Bitch in its pure form, which would allow her to see that she is taking part in an unacceptable pattern of behavior, and that David has dis’ed her big time.

I would strongly suggest that we get in touch with our Inner Bitch to avoid a lifetime of weekends like this.

Admit she is there, and that she is powerful. Understand that there is a reason she exists. She comes out of her own volition, seeking justice. She is mistress of her own power and answers to no one. She is your own true self. Enjoy her.
F: I have my own persona who I’ve put together from independent, powerful women: Marlene Dietrich, Marilyn Monroe—who people say was such a victim, but who was able to manipulate everything she wanted, though she had to put out a lot for it-Joan Crawford, Bette Davis. I studied their makeup and their characteristics, and formulated them into a character I was comfortable with. I used my own creative visualization to put together a personality.

B: A different personality?

F: Yes, but it’s a part of me. I have to express it—that anger and energy—or else I’d probably be one of these macho guys with too much testosterone. I’d probably be really butch if I didn’t express that. (Everyone’s gonna say yeah, right.)

B: I’ve noticed that you use a lot of mouth action to convey character.

F: Jay Melvin—who just passed away, he died of AIDS—he and I would videotape Marilyn, freeze it, and practice mouth moves. That’s a real gift I got from him—how to distinguish yourself by doing theatrical facial expressions.

B: Do you think of yourself as he or she?

F: One reason I dropped my first name (for performing) is that Ferrante is more androgynous. She was blessed with a good last name. I guess I think of myself as male, then female when I’m in drag: but an illusion. I’m not totally there.

B: What’s the money situation for performing in the bars? Do you get lower pay because you’re dressed like a woman and that’s what happens to women?

F: In general, in this city, in this state, really even north of New York, go-go boys have always made more money than drag queens. People don’t realize the time you put in—promoting shows comes with the territory, for example. You don’t see go-go boys out there on the street saying "Come to this show." Kaos actually has been featuring drag queens, so other clubs have been following suit. It’s forced them into realizing what goes into [drag performing]. If I was to compare go-go boys to drag queens: it’s great to see a go-go boy with a nice body dancing, but when they get too muscular they can’t move—and all they’re wearing is cut-offs, a thong, a shirt or not; limited clothing. Then you have a drag performer that has to take 1 to 2 hours to get ready, including the psychological part, which will show if you’re...
uncomfortable. It cost lots of money for clothes and makeup, hair, etc. And a drag queen is in character the whole night, promoting all night. A go-go boy changes and he’s gone. And what’s really sad is you get a go-go boy with a beautiful body and no dick.

Now I’m a drag queen and I have a dick. At least in New York they make sure they’re equipped with that sort of thing (sorry, Boston).

This proves to me that women are discriminated upon - with my hairdressing clients, the men need to spend a lot more money on jewelry, accessories, hair, and makeup for their jobs - and the men make more money. Then you see women get fired, and replaced by men who get paid more. It’s a fact. Anyone who says it’s not is wrong. Look who’s running the country: huge men with bad hair.

And what’s with a woman taking a man’s name when they get married? This woman was crying to me about “I couldn’t give him a son.” It’s his chromosomes. I said, “Honey, you’re a nurse practitioner. Don’t you realize it was him?”

B: Do you see yourself as part of the transgender movement?
F: I do it when I want to do it. There are people who do it 7 days a week, or even 1 or 2 days - and people who are transsexual and living in the middle of that, who would be more discriminated against.

B: The distinctions among different kinds of drag queens.
F: You have drag queens, who are like a campy version of a man being a woman. Visualize me trying to ultra-feminize you, for example.

An illusionist is someone who creates a persona or has a realistic vision of what they’re trying to accomplish. An illusionist is also a kind of drag queen (or king).

Transsexuals are people going through an operation one way or another.

More STONEmall = page 11
A lesbian answer to Spike Lee's *She's Gotta Have It.*
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SATURDAY 7/9
Bangor Pride. Meet at the Paul Bunyan Statue at noon, Bangor, ME. FMI (207) 338-1327.

WOMEN ONLY! Canoeing/swimming. Canoe down the Beigade Stream, including races & swimming, followed by a cookout (207) 495-2510.

MONDAY 7/11
Kim Gallagher of Seacoast Astrological Association returns to Seacoast Gay Men to talk about the astrological significance of current world events. Unitarian Church, Portsmouth, NH. FMI (603) 898-1115.

THURSDAY 7/14
Coming Out of the Closet - How I Did It. A chance to hear how members of our community have experienced the coming-out process. Matlovich Soc., 7:30-9pm, Holiday Inn by the Bay, 88 Spring St., Portland. Accessible to the mobility-impaired; free hotel parking. FMI (207) 773-1209.

FRIDAY 7/15
Feminist Film Series: From Sun Up at the Belfast, ME Free Library, in the Abbott Room. 7:30pm.

SATURDAY 7/16
Canoe Outing and Barbecue, Lakes-Mountain Connection, NH. FMI (603) 286-8664.

SUNDAY 7/17
Seacoast Gay Men Prescott Park Arts Festival night at Broadway musical Annie, 7pm. Cookout on the harbor at 3pm. FMI (603) 898-1115.

MON. 7/18-FRI. 7/22
Women's Motorcycle Festival '94. The Radisson Inn, just south of Rochester, NY will be home for 5 days & 4 nights to "Modern Day Cowgirls" & their chrome & metallic steeds.

FRI. 7/22-SUN. 7/24
Northampton Lesbian Festival. One hour west of Northampton, on-site camping, crafts, performers. 10am-11pm daily. Alternative girl music on Sun. FMI (413) 586-8251 or write WOW Productions, 160 Main St., Northampton, MA 01060.

SUNDAY 7/25
Seacoast Gay Men Annual Sunset Harbor Cruise and Potluck Party, 7pm. Ltd capacity. $10 (rain or shine) Reservations now: (207) 439-1623.

THURSDAY 7/28
Judith Sloan's one woman show Denial of the Fittest. 8pm, Oak Street Theatre, 92 Oak Street, Portland, ME. Tix $10. FMI (207) 775-5103.

An HIV Update: AIDS in Maine. Hear the results of two recent state-wide needs assessments, done by the Maine Community AIDS Partnership and by the Maine AIDS Development Project. Matlovich Soc., 7:30-9pm, Holiday Inn by the Bay, 88 Spring St., Portland. Accessible to the mobility-impaired; free hotel parking. FMI (207) 773-1209.

FRIDAY 7/29
Judith Sloan's one woman show Denial of the Fittest. 8pm, Oak Street Theatre, 92 Oak Street, Portland, ME. Tix $12. FMI (207) 775-5103.

SATURDAY 7/30
Judith Sloan's one woman show Denial of the Fittest, 7 & 9pm, Oak Street Theatre, 92 Oak Street, Portland, ME. Tix $12. FMI (207) 775-5103.

MAW Pool Party at Marty & Sue's house in Keene, NH. Swimming begins at 1pm, barbecue at 4. Bring something to grill. FMI (603) 352-6741 (Shelly).

SUNDAY 7/31
Amelia's Tubing and Potluck at Louise's, 12 noon. FMI (802) 763-7112.

Judith Sloan's one woman show Denial of the Fittest, 7pm, Oak Street Theatre, 92 Oak Street, Portland, ME. Tix $12. FMI (207) 775-5103.
Vermont Workers Win Health Benefits

New York Times - Vermont will extend health and dental coverage to the unmarried heterosexual and homosexual partners of its state workers, becoming the first state in the nation to do so, officials say.

Under an agreement reached on Friday between the state and the union representing its workers, employees who sign affidavits affirming that they are in an "exclusive, enduring domestic relationship of at least six months" can obtain health benefits for their partners.

"A number of people have asked me if this is going to be a political hot potato, and I think the answer is no," Thomas Torti, the state's Commissioner of Personnel, said yesterday. "Vermont, traditionally, is a state which since the days of the abolitionist movement has supported individual rights and fought discrimination. I don't think this is going to rub a lot of Vermonters the wrong way."

David Smith, a spokesman for the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force in Washington, said, "Vermont is definitely the first state to do this."

In 1992, the Vermont Legislature prohibited domestic partners from receiving state health benefits, but lawmakers in the same session amended the State Labor Relations Act to ban discrimination based on sexual orientation. Mr. Torti said the labor act took precedence over the conflicting law.

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Dear Thighmaster,

Theresa and I have been roommates for over a year and a half. The expenses are shared equally and we respect each other's space. Until I started dating someone on a regular basis, there were no problems. But now, whenever I announce that my lover will be spending the night (about once a week), Theresa becomes cool and distant toward me from the time of the announcement until after my lover has come and gone. Once, I asked for an explanation and she said that it was just my imagination, that she felt nothing but friendship for my lover. The only thing I can come up with is that my lover makes a lot of noise when we have sex, and even though it's behind closed doors I'm sure she can hear it all (and my roommate hasn't had a lover in about three years). What do you make of it, Thighmaster? I don't want to move but it's becoming really weird.

Home Wrecked

Dear Wrecked,

Why is your lover the only one expressing herself here? Theresa's not talking and you've just written the most uninformed 172 words that Thighmaster has ever read. Is sex noise really all you can think of, or are you just using this problem as an excuse to brag to Thighmaster about your sexual prowess? If so, you're out of luck. Thighmaster has no use for those top-stuck chycks who stifle every moan so that, audibly unbusted as conquered, they can brag about their conquests later with their I-really-made-her-scream studisisters. Being good in bed entails giving it up as well as giving it out; you're not getting Thighmaster's gold star until the noise in your bedroom switches from mono to stereo (quadraphonic, of course, is o.k., too). But if you really are clueless, you've come to the right place for getting the between the lines on the between the walls. What makes you think that it's Theresa's feelings about your lover that are at issue? How does she feel about you?

Any chance she's jealous - not because you're getting the action, but because someone else is getting you? You don't say why she hasn't had a lover in three years, or if she even wants one. From your letter, it sounds like sex talk comes up between you two less often than it comes up in the average high school curriculum. Here's one more piece of evidence, as if any were needed, that silence about sex is rarely golden. Read your t-shirt: Silence = Death. Granted, your regime of silence won't kill you. That distinction goes to school boards, to the CDC, to anyone who still tries to glide from a backbruck into fluid flow without braking for latex, and to the dastardly duo of the FDA and Burroughs Wellcome - which (in a deadly rewrite of the "lather-rinse-repeat" scam that directs you to use twice as much shampoo as you need) held back the information for a year that they were prescribing twice the dose of the highly toxic AZT that a person would possibly benefit from taking. The side effects of your silence won't kill you. But it could kill your friendship. Ask Theresa again about what's going on: does she want a lover? does she want a quiet home? does she want more of you? Even if she doesn't want your body, she might well feel threatened. Don't be fooled by the pseudo-rules that reward you with "family" or "partner" status - and occasionally with health insurance - only for those stable living situations that mix cohabitation with sex. You and your roommate are, in fact, domestic partners. You live together, share expenses, and have put 18 months of work - the marital standbys of processing, negotiation and compromise - into making your habitat a home. But who the hell respects this, really? There's some room for gay marriages now. And if you're unlucky enough to have gotten, like Thighmaster, onto AT&T's gaylist, you know that same-sex lovebird duos have even made it into semi-cryptic lavender mailings with pictures of happy white couples saying things like "When my grandmother calls, Claire talks to her even more than I do" - as if getting your privacy invaded by Napalm Incorporated is some incentive to give them your phone business. But when was the last time you got invited to celebrate a domestic arrangement that wasn't tea-for-two plus sex? Maybe Theresa just needs to know whether one night of screaming a week is a step toward a U-Haul. If it is, or it might be, tell her now. She has the right to look around. If it isn't, give her a break. Reassure her you're staying put, and ask her if anything about you and your lover is putting her out. If it is the noise, work around it. Theresa doesn't get to ask you to gag your girlfriend - that's your girlfriend's option - but you could certainly pick some times that might be better for Theresa, or ask your girlfriend to keep it down, say, every other visit. Don't be so pompous as to think that because you're so good, your girlfriend absolutely has to scream. For all you know, she's playing response queen to flatter your ego. (And, by the way, have you heard of this new invention called a radio?) Maybe noise isn't even the issue. Maybe Theresa just wants to be invited for a beer threesome once in a while. Maybe she wants your lover to squeeze the toothpaste from the bottom or to chip in for coffee. Maybe, quite simply, she just wants you to ask. Do it or lose it.

Thighmaster eagerly awaits your submissions. No problem too complicated or twisted! Thighmaster, c/o Phoenix Press, PO Box 4743, Portland, ME 04112.
"Did I? Of course! It was way into the little hand numbers by the end of the last set. We rode up the Northside, Janis, me, the three in the band, in a Sherman tank sized Checker Cab that defines the streets of Chicago. I sat backwards on the fold-down, while they talked of the next gig. And I tried to figure out what I was doing there, or was supposed to do. Help her pack, I guessed. Going home with a guy from a club, I'd have known. But this? It was very undefined.

We headed to the hotel, where I handed her clothes from a drawer or a pile on the floor, and listened to memorable one-way conversation I can't reconstruct. Just the float-through image of being there, innocently, strangely, strongly drawn in a magnetism that had no vocabulary then, in a room where the tension came from nowhere to go with it. So I went home, caught in the first few rays over the corner of the Lake.

I never did know what I had been doing there. Just a fan thing, I always thought. I must have nearly worn the grooves in that signed album smooth over the next decade. I casually sought sightings, and cheered grammy successes, marveled at her anthem to my adolescence, "At Seventeen," which she lifted wholecloth from my highschool yearbook.

We've traveled some roads since then, Janis and I. I went through lesbian bootcamp, away the next year in Europe with Sandy, interned magnificently with Roxann, and studied self-destruction with Professors Barbara and Jennifer on my way to Judi. A most enlightening trip. I don't know what Janis did in the intervening. Just, from what I could tell on the Howard Stern show last night, got cooler. Her voice got sweeter. Her memory more special, now that I understood, finally, what I had been doing in a Chicago hotel room twenty-three years ago handing Janis spare socks and packs of guitar strings.

"Did she come on to you?" Judi asked as I explained the encounter, briefly, so as not to interrupt the absorption of as much lan essence as could pass to me through the cathode ray.

"I don't think so. I don't know. Who could have known?" I answered, my eyes reconstructing a smoky club two decades ahead of the wrecking ball, just beyond the image of Howard Stern's awed interrogation, and way into my thousand yard stare.

Who could have known? Oh, Janis, I'm too old to be a groupie. But I'll always be a fan.

If I had only known then what I just found out now.
RESOURCE GUIDE

LIST YOUR GROUP PLEASE SEND INFORMATION AND/OR UPDATES TO PHOENIX PRESS, POB 4743, PORTLAND, ME 04112

HOT-LINES


DIAL KIDS, 774-TALK - for lesbian/gay/bisexual/questioning/outh under 19.

GAY-LESBIAN PHONELINE, Caribou area: (207)498-2088.

GAY INFO LINE, Concord, NH (603)224-1686. Social, legal, therapeutic & educational referrals.

INGRAM VOLUNTEERS (207) 774-HELP.

PUBLICATIONS

OUT IN THE MOUNTAINS P.O. Box 177 Burlington, VT 05402

THE FRUITS OF OUR LABORS POB 125, Belfast, ME 04915 (207) 338-2913. Calendar of events for central coastal Maine.

EDUCATIONAL/CULTURAL

THE MATLOVICH SOCIETY - Lesbians/bisexuals/gaymen/friends committed to sharing our history & providing affirming presentations/discussions. 2nd/4th Thurs. each month, 7:30-9pm, Holiday Inn by the Bay, 88 Spring St., Portland, ME. FMI (207) 773-1209.

SOCIAL GROUPS

AM CHOFSH - Maine Lesbian/Gay Jewish group, meets monthly. FMI (207) 874-2970 (Rheaetha).

MOUNTAIN VALLEY MEN - Box 38, Center Conway, NH 03813. Social group for gay men from west. ME/east NH. Potlucks/activities. FMI (207) 925-1034 (Paul).

OUT AND ABOUT - Lesbians over 18 in Seacoast NH area. Nonprofit lesbian support and educational group. Meets Mon., 7pm. Newsletter & calendar of local, current monthly events. FMI POB 332, Portsmouth, NH 03802 or (603) 659-2139.

SEACOAST GAY MEN - meets Mon. 7pm, Unitarian Church, 292 State St., Portsmouth, NH; POB 1394, Portsmouth, NH 03802. FMI (603) 898-1115.

TIME OUT - Outdoor recreation/environmental club for lesbians, gay men & friends. Free newsletter lists events for NH/ME area. FMI (207) 871-9940 or SASE: POB 11502, Portland, ME 04104.

SUPPORT GROUPS

LAVENDER WOMYN - Lesbian/Bisexual Women's discussion group. Tues. 6:30-8:30pm. First Unitarian Church, Pleasant St. So. Auburn, ME 04210. FMI (207) 783-0461.

FOR LOVE AND FOR LIFE - No cost, educ./rap group for gay/bisexual men in this time of HIV/AIDS. 7pm at AIDS Response of the Seacoast, 147 Congress St., Portsmouth, NH. FMI (603) 433-5377.

MONADNOCK AREA WOMYN -POB 6345, Keene, NH 03431 (603) 357-5757

NORTHERN LAMBDA NORD - POB 990, Caribou, ME 04736; (207) 498-2088. Serves Aroostook Co. & New Brunswick towns; social activities, discussion groups/speakers bureau; monthly newsletter/activities calendar.

LEWISTON-AUBURN GAY/LESBIAN/BISEXUAL SUPPORT GROUP. Weekly open group. Mon. 7pm, UU Church, Spring St., Auburn, ME.

OUTRIGHT/PORTLAND - Wkly support mtg., info., fun/special events for gay/bisexual/questioning youth under 22 yrs of age, Williston West Church, upstairs chapel, 32 Thomas St., Portland, ME, Fri. 7:30pm. FMI: Outright, Portland Alliance of Gay & Lesbian Youth, POB 5378, Portland, ME 04101.

SEACOAST OUTRIGHT - group for gay/bi/questioning youth 21 & under. Mtgs Fri., 7-9pm, Unitarian Church annex adjacent to fire station, 206 Court St., Portsmouth, NH. FMI teenline 1-800-639-6095 or write: Seacoast Outright, POB 842, Portland, NH 03801.

OUTRIGHT/CENTRAL MAINE - For lesbian and gay youth 22 & under, meets Fri. 7:30 pm, 1st Unitarian Church, Pleasant St., Auburn, ME. POB 802, Auburn, ME 04212 (leave msg).

PWA COALITION OF MAINE 377 Cumberland Avenue Portland, ME 04101 (207) 773-8500

RUMFORD/MEXICO AREA AIDS SUPPORT GROUP - Mon. at Mexico Congr. Church (the "Green Church") 7-8:30pm. Main St., Mexico, ME. FMI (207)369-0259.

MONADNOCK AREA WOMYN -POB 6345, Keene, NH 03431 (603) 357-5757

LIFESTYLES ALLIANCE - meets Fri. noon at U. New England campus, 11 Hills Beach Rd., Biddeford, ME 04005 FMI (207)283-0171 x372.

MERRYMEETING AIDS SUPPORT SERVICES - POB 57, Brunswick, ME 04011. Support services for AIDS/HIV. FMI (207)725-4955.

APEX DISTRIBUTION POINTS:

Maine

Gulf of Maine Books, Brunswick
The Square Cafe, Waterville
Papa Joe's, Augusta
Downeast AIDS Network, Ellsworth
Brewster Inn, Dexter
Androscoggin Valley AIDS Coalition, Lewiston
GLBA, Bates College, Lewiston
Sportsman Athletic Club, Lewiston
Homestead Bed & Breakfast, Bar Harbor
Bookland, Mall Plaza, So. Portland
Mike's Place, Lewiston
Fin Back Restaurant, Bar Harbor

Massachusetts

Glad Day Bookshop, Boston
New Words Books, Cambridge
Radzukinis', Neverthill

New Hampshire

Women's Information Service, Lebanon
NH Feminist Health Center, Concord
The Highland's Inn, Bethlehem
Campeau GLBA Alliance, UNH, Durham
ALSO, Plymouth State College, Plymouth
Blue Strawberry, Portsmouth
Members, Portsmouth
Lady Iris, Portsmouth

Vermont

Everyone's Books, Brattleboro
Luna, St. Johnsbury
Rainbow Coalition, Montpelier

Or delivered to your door by subscription (see form on page 13)!
OUT AMONG FRIENDS - Discussion/support grp. Thurs. 7-8:30pm, YWCA, 87 Spring St., Portland, ME. FMI (207) 799-0297.

WOMEN'S INCEST AND SEXUAL ASSAULT SURVIVORS' GROUP - Open support/discussion for women only. Weds. 1-3:30pm. FMI (207) 774-3613.

WOMEN'S INCEST AND SEXUAL ASSAULT SURVIVORS' GROUP - Open support/discussion for women only. Weds. 1-3:30pm. FMI (207) 774-3613.

MAINE LESBIAN/GAY POLITICAL ALLIANCE - Statewide, non-partisan org. promotes civil rights in ME and involves lesbian/gay community in political process. Mtg in Augusta 3rd Sat. of month. FMI (207) 55-MLGPA for meeting time/place.

MAINE GAY MEN'S CHORUS - Community chorus. FMI write M.G.M.C., POB 10391, Portland, ME 04104.

TRAVEL/VACATION

Lesbian Paradise! 20 charming rooms, 100 mountain acres, pool, hot tub, hiking/skiing trails, spacious fire-placed common areas, peace and privacy. HIGHLANDS INN, Box 118PP, Bethlehem, NH 03574. (603) 869-3978.

CLASSIFIED

RETREATS

Womensphere Summer Retreat for Women will be held at Walnut Hill in Raymond, NH August 18-22, 1994. The Retreat promises to be an enriching, empowering and educating experience for women from around New Hampshire, New England and the U.S. Activities include workshops, games, dancing, entertainment, spirituality service and more. The cost is $80 for a weekend pass (including food) and an additional $25 for lodging on site. For a free brochure: (603) 659-2139 or mail to: Keryn and June, 20 Bay Road Lot 19, Newmarket, NH 03857.

PERSONALS

Travel partner, male, museum and tourist trap maven, wanted by old GM retired intellectual, monogamously committed, cuddler, for sharing cheap weekend/longer trips, hither and yon. Suggest destinations, dates, costs. Boxholder 160, Phoenix Press, POB 4743, Portland, ME 04112.

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