

September 1982

MLF Meetings! Where? When? What? If you want to have a meeting, please announce it in the next newsletter. We need to get together to show support to each other. October anyone?

#### SUSAN B. ANTHONY CLUB

Next Dance will be held September 18th, there will be no Dance on the 4th because of Labor Day weekend.

Directions to the Susan B. Anthony Club; Go to the middle of downtown Belfast, look for the "Grasshopper Shop", go in the door to the right of the shop, straight ahead up to the third floor, take a left and you are there.

HELP! HELP! HELP! HELP! HELP! HELP! HELP! HELP!

We need Wimmin to help write and type the Newsletter each month. If you have an interest and some energy to share please come to the next meeting - at Maddy's -140 Washington st. Camden, Sept, 16th at 7:00. Bring a typewriter and a friend, call 236-9022 for further directions or info. If we don't get more Wimmin to help the newsletter would make it out, so help get your newsletter out.

## The Female Paul Revere

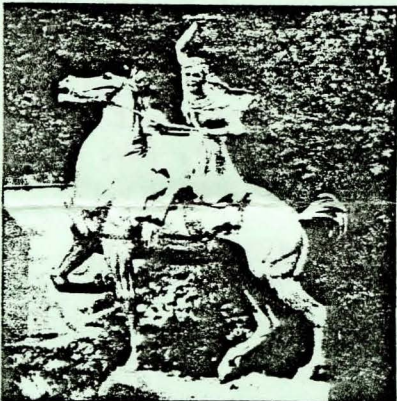
During the American Revolution, a 16-year-old girl named Sybil Ludington took a midnight ride for the rebel cause that was more dangerous and far longer than the famed ride made by Paul Revere.

On the night of April 25, 1777, 2000 British soldiers landed in Connecticut, marched inland to the town of Danbury and proceeded to destroy the rebels' storehouse of food and arms. Diverted by hogsheads of rum, the Redcoats thereupon got drunk, shot off their guns and began burning the town.

At 7 p.m., a messenger with a bullet in his back rode up to the Ludington house, 20 miles west of

Danbury, and alerted Sybil's father, who was commander of a militia regiment. Colonel Ludington had a grave dilemma: If he rode off to notify his 400 volunteers, he might not return in time to lead them in battle. Sybil offered to go in his place.

Sidesaddle on a big bay horse, she rode 40 miles — 26 miles more than Revere — through a dangerous no-man's land between British and American lines that was infested with deserters and hostile Indians. As she rode, she banged on doors with a stick and shouted the summons. The night almost over, she returned home and slid, exhausted, from her horse.



Danbury statue honoring Sybil's ride

#### GAY COMMUNITY NEWS OFFICES BURN

"On the evening of July 7, 1982, the offices of Gay Community News (GCN), the noted weekly newspaper, were destroyed by fire in a 7-alarm blaze. Arson is suspected. No injuries resulted, but the offices of Fag Rag, another Boston-based gay publication which is housed in the GCN office, was also destroyed. Very extensive fire and water damage was suffered by Glad Day Books, Boston's gay-lesbian bookstore, located across the hall from GCN. Much of the bookstore's stock was lost.

In spite of the fire, GCN continues to publish weekly. Their subscription lists and other confidential papers are kept at a separate location and so were saved."

by Benj.

-Northern LAMBDA NORD-

Parade 1982

#### HOLLY NEAR

Will be on tour in Maine this fall; Orono, October 12th, call 581-7167, and October 10th in Lewiston, call 784-2361.

#### HIDDEN VALLEY CAMP

"Hidden Valley Camp in Freedom will be the site of the Women's Healing Ritual Gathering on Sept. 10-12. Workshops and events are too numerous to mention, but workshop leaders on various subjects related to women's physical and spiritual development are needed by August 7. Cost for the weekend are \$30 including food and lodging. To offer a workshop or for general info: Ritual Gathering, PO Box 476, Lincoln, Mass. 01773 or call Foxfire in Maine at 342-9685."

-INVERT-

BOSTON GAY AND LESBIAN HOTLINE: 617-542-5188

#### TAKE BACK THE NIGHT

IS reorganizing for fall 1982, the Coalition is trying to get so input this year to it can continue the traditional day of workshops, march, and Rally. If you would like to help organize call Betsy 772-1515 or Nellie 775-7510 to find out the next meeting.



# A CALL FOR MATERIAL

OUT FROM UNDER: SOBER DYKES AND OUR FRIENDS

"This is to announce a call for material for a new anthology under contract for publication in 1983. The anthology will draw together, for the first time, the storeis and dreams of those of us involved with recovery from alcoholism or drug addiction.

We want to hear from women who are making sober and clean lives, in lesbian communities as well as in communities of our birth cultures and classes. This is a call for material from any woman who: has become a clean and sober dyke or, loves clean and sober dykes or, wants to live in a community where there is strength and joy and the beginning of an end to victimization in lesbian lives.

We are looking for articles and artwork in almost any style: journals, letters, fiction, autobiography, poetry, interviews, dialogues, theory, nonfiction, narratives, diaries, songs, speeches, graphics, paintings or photography. We are interested in seeing anything honest that is not sloganeering or rhetoric.

If you need help getting started, here are some questions:

1. If you are recovering: How did you? How long has it been? What are you feeling now? How is your sex life? What are your dreams, your sources of joy?
2. If you are a signigicant other: What did you see? What did you feel? And now? How has your life changed? What were/are your struggles, your joys?
3. If you want a clean and sober community: Are there political connections? What is your Community? Is it drugged? What is the alternative to a future built on numbness? Where is the solace to a past lived in pain?

DEADLINE: JANUARY 1, 1983 SEND TO 11 BRODERICK #5, SF, CA 94117

## poetry

Dear sisters of MLF,

"over a year ago several of my poems appeared in your monthly newsletter. Since then many other gay and lesbian publications have "discovered" me, or rether my poems. I never realized so many people would enjoy them!

This encouragement has given birth to a collection of poetry that will hopefully be published in the near future. I would like to thank all of you who had faith in my writing which gave me courage to let the world know my innermost thoughts and feelings.

Please accept my apologies for not sharing my current works with you for so long. As long as I can reach out and touch you with words and images of love, joy, tenderness, or share your sadness, I will continue to share my poems with you!"

With deep appreciation,  
Lydia Chapman

Collecting shells and such treasures of the sea,

the sun warming my winter-weary skin.

The sea breeze whispering songs of calm,

the gulls flying high and free.

Such vast riches she shares,

so precious is the ocean to me.

I never tire of her mysteries and beauty.

She always gives, yet never takes from me.

Her songs heal me of painful dreams and realities,

So many lives she has taken, yet so much life she gives

to a person such as I who always

returns to her side.

Her strength is awesome and demands respect,

yet her serenity can rock me to sleep

as I sit and watch her quietly swallow the sun.

The County Fair

Our love, like an amusement park ride  
Of caousels and ferris wheels,  
Spins colours into the summer night's heat,  
Makes me dizzy in the total thrill of you.  
Around and around, up and down we fly  
Secured only by each other's arms,  
Unbroken chains that neither bind nor  
glisten in the night.  
Constant motion of swirling, vibrant passion,  
An unending ride, a belief in magic,  
Like the wide eyes of a child  
Entering the gate of a county fair.

-Lydia Chapman-

Memory has blurred you until I no longer  
Remember your touch upon my skin  
Nor your sweetness, if indeed, upon my lips.  
Like a song void of emotion, inescapable,  
You haunt me through the day  
Until at night all I know is an emptiness  
Where once you laid beside me.

-Lydia Chapman-



Red is the color of

our blood

our fury

our eyes

from crying ceaseless tears

through years

of pain and anger,

restless like

a river

ever going,

ever flowing

homeward

towards our Sister Sea,

unable to be at peace,

at least

til it reaches its destination,

only then to find it defiled with

buried, bloodied, massive heaps

of warship skeletons

haunting her ebb and flow

begging the dreadful pain

of remembering

to go

forever.

Oh, Sister!

Will we ever

be free?

D.Diana Dargie

# DENIAL

Wanting blood from a stone,

I squeeze.

Mica glistens,

Holding promise of richness within.

Squeezing harder,

Both hands tighten.

The edges, sharp,

Don't give an inch to my raw and swollen hands.

A drop of blood appears.

"aha", I say, "at last",

And squeeze still harder.

-Maddy-

Elizabeth, the wonders of your charms  
Fill the night sky like the full  
Rich gold of a harvest moon.  
Your smile is the only shadow  
That crosses the smoothness of your face.  
There are no stars that twinkle brighter  
Than the silent laughter of your eyes.  
Your brightness burns away the shadows  
Lingering within the corners of my soul.  
This is your glory, cast against  
The deepness of the horizon,  
Set free upon the gentle ebb of the ocean,  
Rising in love and completeness within my  
Heart.

-Lydia Chapman-

## SUBSCRIPTION INFO:

Please Note: Because of printing cost - approx. \$20 a mo. plus - postage \$35 a mo., not counting envelope cost. The newsletter must also pay back moneys borrowed from other accounts. At least some of it! Soooo we must raise our sub. rate to \$7 per yr. This rate will go into affect August 31, 1982. Anyone who wants to pay at old rate of \$5 must have it in by that date. Your account will be credited accordingly.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

MLF  
P.O. Box 125  
Belfast, Maine 04915

\_\_\_\_\_ enclosing \$5/yr.  
\_\_\_\_\_ I will send money when I can  
\_\_\_\_\_ Contributing \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_ I don't want the newsletter, take me off the list.