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, 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 then got drunk, shot off their guns and American lives that were instilled 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.

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 Pag 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.

HOLLY NEAR
Will be on tour in Maine this fall; Cronq, October 12th, call 581-7167, and October 14th 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: 617-542-5183

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 stories 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 victimisation 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 significant 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 rather 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.

D. Diana Dargie

The County Fair

Our love, like an amusement park ride
Of carousels 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
ever
homeward
towards our Sister Sea,
unable to be at peace,
at least
til it reaches its destination,
only then to find it defiled with
burried, bloodied, massive heaps
of warship skeletons
haunting her ebb and flow
begging the dreadful pain
of remembering
to go
forever.
Ch, Sister!
Will we ever
be free?

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-

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SUBSCRIPTION INFO:
Please Note: Because of printing cost - approx. $20 a mo. plus - postage
$3 a co., not counting envelope cost. The newsletter must also pay
tack 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

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

MLF
P.O. Box 125
Belfast, Maine 04915