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"Discovering that you're a lesbian in Towanda, Pennsylvania is a little bit like discovering that you're a cannibal in the vegetable section of Shaw's."

See Centerfold, Page 8

INSIDE

- $2500 Offered For Best First Novel
- Maine House Makes History!
What They Said: Quotes From The Maine House Floor

by Eric Gordon

In what Maine Public Radio called “a near-perfect lobbying effort”, MLGPA (Maine Lesbian Gay Political Alliance) realized a stunning victory for the first reading of L.D. 556, An Act To Prevent Discrimination, in the Maine House of Representatives. The winning vote of 73 to 67 represents the first time the Maine House has ever supported a gay rights initiative.

Eleven legislators spoke in favor of the bill. Only one, Mary MacBrìde, spoke against.

At press time, MLGPA lobbyist Saddleb Neilan and scores of others were organizing for a second reading House vote and for a victory in the Maine Senate.


What They Said: Quotes From The Maine House Floor

Gerard Conley, Jr.
Portland Democrat
Voted in favor

“The problem is real. The need is great. The solution is simple. And it is here before us today.”

Cushman Anthony
South Portland Democrat
Voted in favor

“If Gertrude Stein, or Holly Near or Walt Whitman came to Maine would we discriminate against them?”

James Oliver
Portland Democrat
Voted in favor

“I recently spoke with two neighbors of mine, two wonderful gay men who were viciously harassed.”

Neil Rolde
York Democrat
Voted in favor

“I’ve never before spoken out on this issue. I usually just sit quietly in my seat and vote against this.”

María Glen Holt
Bath Democrat
Voted in favor

“On does not “choose” to be gay. It is a fact of life, not a lifestyle. The “choice” gay people make is not to pretend any longer.”

William O’Gara
Westbrook Democrat
Voted in favor

“Some people claim that God has told them homosexuality is wrong. I would bet that God talks much more frequently against discrimination than against homosexuality.”

Anne Rand
Portland Democrat
Voted in favor

“Let’s stand behind freedom and justice for all.”

M. Ida Luther
Mexico Democrat
Voted in favor

“L.D. 556 deals with justice and an insistence on human dignity.”

James Handy
Lewiston Democrat
Voted in favor

“My daughter Alexis is three years old. I don’t know if she’ll be a lesbian. But believe me, if she’s discriminated against, I’ll fight for her.”

Peter Hastings
Fryeburg Republican
Voted in favor

“Pass away your fears of darkness.”

Mary MacBrìde
Presque Isle Republican
Voted against

“Our civil rights laws have been written for all of us.”

Portland has no sexual orientation protection ordinance. Let’s join the 80 U.S. cities that do. Passing a Portland ordinance could be a piece of cake. Call 871-1014 and I’ll tell you why.
An Urgent Appeal to the People of Maine

The Problem:

- More than 60 Maine residents have already died from AIDS: a 12-year-old boy from Lewiston, a father of two from Presque Isle, a pastry chef from Portland and a prisoner from Thomaston have been among those Maine residents whose lives have been claimed.
- During the first 4 months of 1989, 28 new cases of AIDS were diagnosed in Maine. This represents a dramatic rise over 1988, when the total number of cases diagnosed in the state was 25.
- 150 Mainers are currently living with AIDS. Cases range in age from 4 to 80. This number of cases will at least double by January 1991!
- Many people living with AIDS (PWAs) are trying to make ends meet on disability checks of as little as $220 per month. In the past, the Maine Health Foundation has provided up to $200 per month of financial assistance to PWAs to cover such basics as housing, childcare, and medical care when all other means of support have been exhausted.
- The rapid escalation of AIDS cases in Maine has created an unprecedented demand for assistance funds that far exceeds contributions.
- The Maine Health Foundation PWA Financial Assistance Fund is in crisis!

The Solution:

Until now you may not have thought you could help. This is your opportunity to make a difference.

The Maine Health Foundation is a private, nonprofit, 100% volunteer organization. The Maine Health Foundation is Maine's only statewide fundraising organization for AIDS-related programs. Your contribution to the Maine Health Foundation PWA Financial Assistance Fund will go directly to PWAs in Maine.

The Maine Health Foundation has formed an important new membership opportunity known as Helping Other People Everyday (HOPE). In 1989 we're hoping to find 1,000 people who will make a difference by contributing $200 annually. The $200,000 raised will enable us to provide continued financial assistance to the men, women, and children who so desperately need your help.

Here's what HOPE membership will mean for you:

- HOPE members will have the satisfaction of knowing their tax-deductible donation is being used to dramatically enhance the quality of life of Maine people living with AIDS.
- HOPE members will receive membership cards entitling them to a 50% discount on admission to all Maine Health Foundation concerts, cruises and events.
- HOPE members will receive the Maine Health Foundation newsletter which will keep you informed about how your donation has made a difference to your neighbors in Maine.
- You will not be solicited again by the Maine Health Foundation throughout the year.

For the price of a fast food lunch ($3.85) per week, you can make the difference. Please... give today. Give HOPE.

Yes, I want to give HOPE!

☐ I want to become a member of HOPE with a tax-deductible donation of $200
☐ Check enclosed
☐ Charge my VISA/MasterCard
Acct # __________________________
Signature _______________________
Expiration date __________________
☐ Charge my VISA/MasterCard $50 every three months for one year
☐ I want to help Maine people living with AIDS.
Enclosed, my tax-deductible donation of $ __________________

Name ____________________________
Phone __________________________
Address _________________________

☐ You may ☐ You may not use my name in media publications.

Send this coupon & your donation to:
Maine Health Foundation, Inc., P.O. Box 7329op
Downtown Station, Portland, ME 04112
For more information call: 772-2717
Canada Customs Strikes Again!

Canada Customs, notorious for seizing " obscene " lesbian and gay literature and art, struck again in April when 15 photographs were detained at the U.S./Canada border. The photographs were to be displayed at The Queer Culture Festival in Toronto as part of a show called Lesbian Sex Art.

Ruthann Tucker, the curator of the show, was forced eventually to pay $600.00 in duty charges to ensure that the photographs were in Toronto in time for the show. An understandably enflamed Tucker said, "The arbitrary nature of Canada Customs is appalling in how they interpret the various classifications. Having to pay $600.00 is in duty for an art show that will be sent back after three weeks -- that's obscene."

This is not the first time Canada Customs has seized lesbian and gay art and books. Last fall, several works of gay literature destined for bookstores in Canada were detained by customs officials.

Gay Museum Founded in New York

The Lesbian and Gay Community Services Center of New York City has announced the founding of the first museum in the United States devoted to lesbian and gay history. The museum, to be called the National Museum of Lesbian and Gay History, will also store and develop a library and archival collection of periodicals, books and memorabilia, as well as such research materials as the re- tailed files of gay museums and personal papers and biographies of gay people. Richard Wandel, an archivist and member of the Museum Committee, says, "There's a real need for a place to collect and preserve papers important to our experience. My coming out process was enormously influenced by reading. We owe it to future generations to protect and make available everything we can accumulate that documents our past."

The museum's first independent project, entitled "Imagining Stonewall," will take place in June. Lesbian and Gay Pride and History Month.

Sponsors Line Up For Hate Crimes Act

Nearly one-half of all U.S. Senators and one-fourth of all members of the House of Representatives have become co-sponsors of the federal Hate Crimes Statistics Act. According to National Gay & Lesbian Task Force (NGLTF), lobbyist Peri Jade Radecic, 43 Senators and 114 Congresspersons have endorsed the bill as of April 28, 1989, making it the most widely-supported bill pursued by the lesbian and gay civil rights movement.

Radevic attributed the large co-sponsor list to the efforts of individual constituent lobbyists, particularly local gay and lesbian groups, and the work of a 60-member Hate Crimes Coalition which NGLTF launched in 1987 in order to generate broader support for the Act. "The large number of co-sponsors shows that our lobbying efforts work. Today, a significant percentage of all Members of Congress recognize violence against lesbians and gay men as a serious problem deserving federal attention," said NGLTF.

The Hate Crimes Statistics Act mandates collection by the federal government of data on crimes motivated by prejudice based on race, religion, gender, or sexual orientation. The bill's chief sponsors are Senators Paul Simon (D-IL) and Sen. Orrin Hatch (R-UT) and Representatives John Conyers (D-MI) and Peter DeFazio (D-OR). Constituent lobbying is urgently needed.

Mainers, In Poll, Back Gay Rights

Augusta - Results of a random telephone survey of 422 Maine voters, as reported in The Brunswick Times Record, show that Mainers overwhelmingly support a legislative proposal to extend protection of the Maine Human Rights Commission to Maine homosexuals.

Of those responding, 77.3 percent supported the proposal, while 15.6 percent were opposed and 7.1 percent were undecided. "I have to say I am very surprised," said James M. Day, chairman of the Commission, "but very pleased."

Last week, 422 randomly selected Maine registered voters were asked the question, "Do you support the proposal to extend the protection of the Maine Human Rights Commission, banning discrimination in employment, housing, credit or public accommodations, to all Mainers, regardless of their sexual orientation?" as part of a general survey on issues before the Legislature conducted by CNS.

"I think the wording of the question was crucial," said Diane Elze, president of the Maine Lesbian - Gay Political Alliance. "When Maine people are asked exactly their opinion about the existence of discrimination, it's clear that Maine people do not support discrimination."

During the survey, some respondents offered comments as well as answering the yes or no questions. A middle-aged man from York County who identified himself as a Republican and a conservative told the interviewer he wanted his position to be clear. "I don't like them. I don't like what they do," he said, "but I don't think we should discriminate against them."

Dale McCormack, a longtime gay rights activist, disagrees. She says the poll results indicate Mainers will not support discrimination against any group, and that includes people whose lifestyle they may personally disagree.

"I would think it would quell some of the reservations that lawmakers have had that their constituents do not support this kind of issue," she said. "It shows Mainers can separate the issues of discrimination from other issues."

Commission Chairman Munday said he believes the poll results are important, because of the wording of the question. "I am one of those people who do not put much stock in public opinion polls because of the way questions can be used," he said, "but this question was straightforward and reinforces my belief that Maine people are basically fair."

Women supported the proposal more strongly than men responding to the survey, with 83.9 percent of the women saying yes to the question. Among men responding to the question, 73.1 percent supported it.

The survey indicates broad support for the issue, with clear majorities of all ideology groups and political affiliations supporting the proposal, although the percentage of support among conservatives was the lowest at 62.9 percent, and the highest among liberals at 85.3 percent. Among all respondents analyzed by income, age, education and how long they have lived in Maine, there were some fluctuations in support, but in all cases, a clear majority of each group supported the proposal.

The Capitol News Service survey is based on telephone interviews with 422 randomly selected registered voters, using a computer-generated random-digit dialing method that assures samples and is weighted for an accurate representation of Maine's voters. Responses were obtained from all counties.

A question in the survey based on all 422 respondents, CNS predicts an accuracy of plus or minus 5 percent if all adults had been contacted by the interviewers. There is less certainty on questions answered by fewer respondents. The survey was conducted April 23-26.

Another Alliance Is Born

On May 3, 1989, the newly formed Lifestyle Alliance was recognized by the University of New England undergraduate student senate as a student group. The organization is modeled after other university student groups in Maine, and will be providing similar services in York County, joining the network of services to gay, lesbian, and bisexual people in Maine.

This type of organization was attempted before at UNE but failed to become recognized and established. This year, however, support from faculty, staff, administrators, and students proved to be fruitful.

Currently the Lifestyle Alliance has a group of volunteers willing to speak in the community on gay and lesbian issues -- the Speakers Bureau -- and continues to formulate and realize the other services it has planned.

Long-term goals include: an active speakers bureau, an lending library of gay and lesbian literature, support and discussion groups, referral services, special events, sports, peer counseling, and public relations.

The staff consists of myself and Annette Coutombe as co-coordinators, Jeff Haas as Financial Officer, Carlos Esquendo as Public Relations Specialist, and Susan Milton and Jennifer Perry as Support Staff. Dr. Vernon Patterson, a full-time faculty with the Division of Human Resources, and Barbara Hazard, the Dean of Students, make up the male and female team of faculty advisors. Although there are many others and that list is too long for this article, the above are active students holding offices and serving.

The staff will take the summer to formulate policies and procedures, an $89,906 operating budget, as well as support and educational services. If all goes as planned, the organization will be in its infant stages of providing services in September, 1989, particularly for in-coming students.

This group formed relatively quickly. In September, a couple of students inquired at Student Affairs as to whether or not UNE has a Lesbian/Gay Student Organization. They learned that there was not, but were connected up to each other, as they both expressed an interest in starting one. In other words, this year the need and interest was apparent and Student Affairs responded with their support. After a few short months, three groups were formed: one to formulate a constitution, another to assess the educational (social and academic) needs of the university community, and a third to look at the university's Equal Opportunity Clause, which currently lacks the term "sexual orientation."

Since the organization was formed in the end of the school year, it will have to wait until next academic year to submit a budget.

As the organization progresses, it will submit updates to Our Paper and announce its events, which will be open to the public. It is hoped that the Lifestyle Alliance at UNE will join the other Maine gay/lesbian/bisexual/straight alliance's efforts to work on relevant issues for this community, will be welcomed into that network, and will be used and depended upon as a resource. Your support, either in monetary, volunteer hours, books or referrals, would be very much appreciated.

Inquiries, requests, and offer of support can be directed to: Lifestyle Alliance c/o Student Affairs University of New England II Hills Beach Road Biddeford, ME 04005-9599

Rick Bouchard
Bored Stiff: The Real Sin of Pornography

by Michael Bendzela

The following article uses some explicit language to make its point.

You would think, given the vehemence with which Christian and “family” groups protest the sale and distribution of value core pornography, that it is potent stuff, able to promote mental illness and the complete moral breakdown of its purveyors (as these groups indeed claim). However, one, two, or even three looks at some porn tapes let you know that nothing so drastic will become of you should you happen to view such material. Pornography cannot harm you. It is too boring.

Pornography cannot harm you. It is too boring.

From the very beginning of the tape to its meager end, a porn director can be so deliberately crass, so relentless in his repetitions, and so cheap in production and benefit of imagination that you may be left wondering how the sex acts that you languished over in your parched adolescence could have become these cheap, boring bumpings on the screen. This tiresome sawing back and forth is the deed which has led so much of humanity to despair! This shuffling and scrubbing the pivotal event around which the human personality revolves, the point at which both Church and State become utter wrecks? Of course.

It is, but don’t let the boredom of the video fool you. Though it pretends to show everything and then some, ironically, pornography doesn’t tell even half the truth. It may be explicit, but it lies in its explicitness. Though no stone is left unturned, the real drama is occurring off-camera, and before the cameras even roll, and after-the-fact.

A California “blond” in a BMW picks up a “blond” hitchhiker. They say some things that you can’t hear because the music is too loud. Then they pull over to the side of the road and drop their pants in the bushes. The one blond erect now, dictates that the other should “suck that dick.” Second blond does so, interminably. Then he leans up against a tree and takes it up his rear end. His cries of joy, or anguish, are extinguished by the noise from the nearby bongo band playing a Ken doll, and just as plastic-looking. The “bottom” doesn’t seem to tire of the plastic. Mile after mile of it. Again postoperative orgasm. You fast-forward, and even fast-forward the scene is boring. Why do the “flaws” scream at you?

Nothing so weird, though, as the one where a guy is poking a bunch-brown beer bottle at his anus while a high school marching band plays on the soundtrack. The point is that these renderings of sexuality, while glaringly explicit, are unlike—they are porn sex. Pretending to be straightforward, they fumble to show what happens during sex. But what happens during sex has everything to do with what has happened before the sex takes place, and what will happen afterward. It has everything to do with the history of the people involved, why they are there, what they want from each other. The bad thing about pornography, its real sin, is that for all its anatomical clarity, there is a shocking lack of intimacy.

“Like this you mean?”
“Never mind. Forget it. The shot’s ruined. Just pull it out and start over again.”
“Do I get double overtime for this?”
Three guys are going to have rough, manly sex in a game room. They shoot pool and pretend to be acting disinterested in each other while the seat to one guy’s jeans has been snipped out, and another guy is sporting a leg of lamb in his trousers. Two guys attack the one with his ass poking out. He “struggles.” They get mean with him and say menacing things like: “I’m gonna fuck that sweet ass of yours.”
Now the interest of the video becomes almost anthropological, because the “star” has something like an arm coming off his body below the waist. His buddy is not unendowed as well. They pin their victim to the pool table and stretch out all his officers. (The guy’s face must elongate about a foot to get it all in.) Then they throw him up against the fashionable brick interior wall (it wobbles a little) and they stretch him out some more. It is unreal. The thing about the “star” is his studied perfection—he has huge muscles, huge lips, and huge, huge hugeness. He is shiny-looking, a pornographic rendering of a Ken doll, and just as plastic-looking. The “bottom” doesn’t seem to tire of the plastic. Miles and miles of it. Again postoperative orgasm. You fast-forward, and even fast-forward the scene is boring. Why do the “flaws” scream at you?

Where did these boys come from? Why are they doing this for money? Do they like these performances?

The bad thing about pornography, its real sin, is that for all its anatomical clarity, there is a shocking lack of intimacy.

Looking up a guy’s anus is not necessarily the same as looking into his soul. It is scandalous and ironic that there are hundreds of gay porn titles to choose from in this town but little of anything else. Go to Videoport and rent Pedro Almodovar’s Law of Desire if you want to see a bit of the truth. This film about homosexuality and filmmaking and obsession contains scenes which are worth ten thousand feet of “Jeff Skynzer.”

“Eerial” shot permits you to view the whole business again, from a different angle. But instead of being shocked into arousal by the boy orgasming in front of you, you notice he has black roots. Where did these boys come from? Why are they doing this for money? Do they like these performances? Apparently not, judging by the fact that their ejaculations are retarded beyond belief.

Two boys dock and interlock in a swimming pool. Never mind that the tube keeps washing away—they can reapply it off-camera. They go at it with the excitement of laundry dropping together in the agitator cycle. One guy keeps looking up off-camera and squinting. (Don’t ever wear your glasses during sex—it’s not photogenic.) You can almost hear beyond the generic rock music on the soundtrack what is happening behind-the-scenes.

“Huh?”
“I said to-Don’t look at me while I’m shooting directions.”

“There is no need to do this:”

“Shut your mouth. No, left. Your left. Left as in left.”

“What do you want me to do now?”
“I want you to keep it up, that’s what. OK. That’s real good, Ty. Stick it right in. But not too far. Get your hand out of the way. Oh, you blocked it.”

Where did these boys come from? Why are they doing this for money? Do they like these performances?

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“Never mind. Forget it. The shot’s ruined. Just pull it out and start over again.”

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The point is that these renderings of sexuality, while glaringly explicit, are unlike—they are porn sex. Pretending to be straightforward, they fumble to show what happens during sex. But what happens during sex has everything to do with what has happened before the sex takes place, and what will happen afterward. It has everything to do with the history of the people involved, why they are there, what they want from each other. The bad thing about pornography, its real sin, is that for all its anatomical clarity, there is a shocking lack of intimacy. Not an honest word is exchanged between actors. Dysfunctions—common and troublesome in real gay life—are treated as bad takes. As pornography eschews the standard virtues of the good story—character development, rising action, falling action, complication, tension, dialogue, etc.—it suffers from emptiness and coldness; it has nothing to say.
Healthy Curiosity... About Menstruation

by R.J. Bass

Q: I recently got into a discussion with several women friends, and none of us could really explain the mechanics of our own menstrual cycles, like what causes ovulation, cramps, or even bleeding. We realized that except for what we were told as schoolgirls, we really didn’t know much about periods. I know this is a ridiculous question, but can you please explain the menstrual cycle?

A: First of all, your question is NOT RIDICULOUS at all! Most women have been given only very basic information about the menstrual cycle, often in the course of obtaining birth control, or if there is a problem requiring medical attention, so don’t be surprised that you and your friends don’t understand the menstrual cycle. This basic ignorance is the main reason there are so many misunderstandings about women’s periods and cycles.

What you refer to as the “mechanics” of the menstrual cycle are events triggered by the activity of hormones—chemical messengers produced in various parts of the body. Hormones work in many body functions, including menstruation and the menstrual cycle.

The onset of menstrual periods, referred to as menstruation, usually happens near the end of puberty. Menarche can occur anywhere between the age of nine and 18.

A woman’s ovaries contain about 400,000 immature egg cells. Between menarche and menopause (the cessation of menstrual cycles), only three-to-five hundred of these cells will develop to mature eggs.

The day of bleeding, usually called “the period,” is the beginning of a hormone cycle that takes about a month. The length of a cycle, which is measured from the first day of bleeding to the first day of the next period, can vary greatly from woman to woman. While we commonly refer to cycles as being 28 days in length, many women have cycles that are as short as 14-21 days or as long as 42 days.

Even for an individual woman, her cycles may vary in length from month to month. About a week in fluctuation is considered normal. “Irregular” periods are not uncommon, but if a woman experiences extreme differences in the length of her cycles from month to month, she may, indeed, have irregular cycles. This may, or may not, be a problem.

At the beginning of the period, the hypothalamus and pituitary glands, located in the brain, send hormone signals to the ovaries. These signals instruct 10 to 20 immature egg cells to begin developing. As they mature, the egg cells form little buds, called follicles. Usually, only one follicle will fully mature. The follicles that do not produce mature eggs will disintegrate.

The follicle also releases estrogen, another hormone, as it carries the mature egg to the surface of the ovary.

Menstrual cycles can vary greatly, from as short as 14 to 21 days or as long as 42 days. About a week in fluctuation is considered normal. “Irregular” periods are not uncommon, but if a woman has cycles that are as short as 14-21 days or as long as 42 days, this may, or may not, be a problem.

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Progestrone also can cause a very slight (less than one degree centigrade) increase in body temperature.

Periods generally last from about 2 to 8 days. The fluid is a mixture of uterine lining, vaginal and cervical secretions, and a small amount of blood. The average amount of menstrual flow is less than it used to be only 2 to 3 ounces. (Some women may have longer, heavier, shorter, or lighter periods.)

The onset of the woman’s period begins, the hormone cycle begins again. This is in simple form, an explanation of the mechanics of the menstrual cycle.

Over the course of their lives, women will experience changes in their cycles. Stress, aging, and pregnancy are common reasons for these changes. Most women continue to have menstrual cycles till about the age of 50, with a range from 40 to 55 considered to be normal. The ending of menstrual cycles is called menopause. The transition between regular cycles and total menopause can take as long as fifteen years.

Excessive cramps with periods (“dysmenorrhea”) are not directly related to the menstrual cycle, but are probably caused by the hormone prostaglandin. This hormone is produced in many parts of the body, including the uterus, and it can cause very bad cramps, even diarrhea. Certain medical problems, like endometriosis, can also cause excess cramping. If a woman is having a hard time with this, she should speak with her health-care provider. There are many remedies, herbs, drugs, exercises, and dietary recommendations which can help alleviate these problems. It should be noted, though, that not everyone with cramps considers it to be a problem.

If you want to learn more about your own menstrual cycle, you can learn to monitor all the changes that you experience during your cycle: body temperature, cervical mucus, breast changes, emotional changes, etc. There are special charts which you can use to create a visual interpretation of the hormone activity in your cycle, or you can simply use a calendar or journal.

A good resource on the menstrual cycle is “Our Bodies, Ourselves” by the Boston Women’s Health Book Collective, or, for a more technical explanation, Contraceptive Technology, by Robert Hatcher, Felicia Guert, et al.

If you are interested in charting your cycles, local family planning clinics can teach you how to use the charts, or provide books to teach you how to recognize symptoms and interpret them. Most of these books are written from the viewpoint of charting fertility for the purpose of planning or avoiding pregnancy, so they are not necessarily sensitive to lesbians. Their technical information is generally valuable, however.

If you have healthy curiosity about gay or lesbian health, sexuality, or mental health, send your question to Healthy Curiosity, c/o OUR PAPER, PO Box 9074, Portland, ME 04104, Portland, ME 04101. Names and locations will not be printed.

Gayzette

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to add co-sponsors and to defeat attempts by Sen. Jesse Helms to enact anti-gay provisions. A legislative packet on the Hate Crimes Statistics Act may be obtained from NGLTF, Count Hate Crimes, 1517 U Street NW, Washington DC 20009.

Harvard Gays Stage Hug-In

Several gay students attempting to expose anti-gay bias on campus staged a "hug-in" recently in a campus dining hall at Harvard University in Cambridge, Mass. The protest, which provoked a campus-wide debate on the rights of gay students, included hugging and kissing by lesbian and gay couples and was organized in response to an incident at a gay dance where a gay student was pushed around and verbally attacked.

Harvard’s gay student group organized the hug-in as a result of the negligent attitude expressed by school officials when told of the harassment.

Notable Quotable

"We are doing a movie together! It’s based on an experience we had when we first met a few years ago."

- Pee-wee Herman, reacting to the news that 15,000 USA Weekend readers would cast him with tough-guy Clint Eastwood if they wanted a "really ODD couple to make a movie."

Sources: The Advocates, Rites, New York Native, National Lesbian and Gay Task Force

Judith Lippa, MSW
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- Individuals
- Couples
- Families
- Groups

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Portland, ME 04101
(207) 773-1225
A View From Waldo County

by Alan Kelly - Hamm

My name is Alan Kelly-Hamm. I live in Searsport in Waldo County. As a boy growing up in the town of Berwick, I thought that Maine was just about the most wonderful place a person could choose to live. Two years ago I returned to this state after a 10-year absence, and I feel that way once again.

There was a time when Maine was not an easy place to be a boy who preferred reading to baseball. Adolescence can be difficult for anyone. I found it to be a horribly painful, alienating period. Looking back over those years it seems that every time I tried to be the person I really was there were subtle and not so subtle reminders that I was a misfit. Boys like me were never allowed to forget that we were ‘queer.’ Every gym class was a new lesson in humiliation with my clothes being thrown in the shower or having a basketball flung at my head. Some young men thrive on hurting those who are less able to stand up for themselves. For another, I considered myself fortunate if I didn’t get punched in the face more than once a month. My teachers turned a blind eye to this abuse. I was too ashamed and embarrassed to tell my mother. Hatred and anti-gay violence were subjects that I came to know a lot about in those years.

I managed to get into college. I was drunk or stoned when I graduated in the bottom third of my class. I’m there now, probably just a bit too, a faggot, you have AIDS.” I wonder how these boys would feel if they knew their favorite teacher was a faggot. It’s a healthy, well-adjusted human being. I’m there because I care.

Our society goes to great lengths to keep lesbians and gay men away from children. Far too many qualified gay people avoid teaching because of this attitude. It’s bad that every gay person is at risk. How many gay kids are out there trying to cope in a hostile, bigoted world. How many heterosexual teachers understand the magnitude of gay oppression.

Perhaps the most troubling aspect for me is it that soon I would have to leave Maine and go some place more accepting if I was ever to find the support I needed to become a healthy, well-adjusted human being. For the past year and a half I’ve worked with special needs children at a small school near my home. As an educator who is also gay, I lead a schizophrenic existence. Each day at work I listen quietly while my co-workers talk about their spouses, their children and their domestic lives. I sit quietly because I don’t have the luxury of talking about my spouse. When I do mention my partner of eight years, Miles is usually reduced to being “a friend.”

In the classroom there is a different set of constraints. I’m very physical with my kids, yet often I find myself holding back, being more cautious than I like. A teacher I once worked with suspected I was gay. She told me she didn’t want her first graders to sit in my lap any more. That hurt!

Several times a week I hear a first or second grade boy taunting a fellow student with “You’re a faggot, you have AIDS.” It’s not fair that they should feel so bad about who they are. I want them to be free to be what they choose, to be involved in the fight against the bill that’s her choice. However, I’m there because I care. I feel good to be involved in the fight for my rights and for the rights of my fellow Lesbians and Gay men. I feel stronger and healthier. Now that I’ve got involved I won’t be left out.

The following is the text of my presentation to the judiciary committee of the Maine State Legislature:

My name is Alan Kelly-Hamm. I live in Searsport in Waldo County. As a boy growing up in the town of Berwick, I thought that Maine was just about the most wonderful place a person could choose to live. Two years ago I returned to this state after a 10-year absence, and I feel that way once again.

There was a time when Maine was not an easy place to be a boy who preferred reading to baseball. Adolescence can be difficult for anyone. I found it to be a horribly painful, alienating period. Looking back over those years it seems that every time I tried to be the person I really was there were subtle and not so subtle reminders that I was a misfit. Boys like me were never allowed to forget that we were ‘queer.’ Every gym class was a new lesson in humiliation with my clothes being thrown in the shower or having a basketball flung at my head. Some young men thrive on hurting those who are less able to stand up for themselves. For another, I considered myself fortunate if I didn’t get punched in the face more than once a month. My teachers turned a blind eye to this abuse. I was too ashamed and embarrassed to tell my mother. Hatred and anti-gay violence were subjects that I came to know a lot about in those years.

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An Hour With Holly Valero

by Eric Gordon

Sheep farmer, radio deejay, cartoonist and funny lady Holly Valero. You’ve read her column, “The Straight and Narrow” in Our Paper. Now read a bit about this woman who has given us the likes of Freteenia Truegrip, Lesbian TV, and The Queen of the Night Festival. Ladies and gentlemen, Holly Valero...

Holly was born in a big city; I was born in Miami, Florida. Born and off on what appeared to be a glitzy career of metropolitan living, but my family decided to leave when I was only seven. Now when I was seven, I assumed that the only two other places we could be going to would be California or New York. So all of a sudden my parents and I ended up on a farm in Pennsylvania, and our nearest neighbor was two miles away. And when we got there, I just assumed that it was a stop along the way...like we couldn’t afford a hotel or something, and we were on our way to California. But we didn’t leave. You cannot imagine my shock when I realized that this is where we were going to live.

Holly does Towanda

Towanda, Pennsylvania is a very small town in Bradford County which is in northeastern Pennsylvania. Historically, nothing has ever happened there. To give you an idea of the social climate, Towanda is an Indian word that actually means “places where our dead are buried.” It’s a very nice town to live in, you know, if you’re a dandelin. We did have county courthouse because we were the county seat. But as far as I’m concerned, I never saw anyone go in there. In the sixteen years I lived there I didn’t see a soul in that building. I just heard one of those fans that you see in the movies and I heard what sounded like an old lady walking around. That’s it.

Holly’s father was interesting. My father had this desire, I guess, to raise sheep. I’ve heard you can cure that desire now with drugs and intense psychotherapy, but we actually did end up with a whole pile of sheep on this farm in Towanda. This is crazy now that I think about it, but my father had this dream, of raising an entire herd of black sheep. He wanted to go into the business of making sheepskin coats with these black sheep. Now, if you have a bunch of sheep that are white, black, Hispanic, whatever, only one out of 3000 lambs will be black. So the herd of black sheep never did happen. The whole thing was a complete exercise in futility, and we ended up with a whole lot of white sheep.

Holly moves to Maine.

Then, in October of ’87, I decided to go back to school here at Andover. Celeste and I had moved up to Maine. She’d just gotten a wonderful job here, and I decided to get a degree. You know how your mother tells you that you really should get one, you know, in case your desire to be a ballerina doesn’t really pan out? So I decided to get a degree in something, anything, so I could have something to fall back on.

Enter Celeste.

I moved from Towanda because a social life was impossible. See, discovering that you’re a lesbian in Towanda, Pennsylvania is like discovering that you’re a cannibal in the vegetable section of Shaw’s.

I found myself with an incredible crush on Jaclyn Smith. I had a scrapbook.

And I realized that when shows like Charlie’s Angels came out, Yes, I confess. I found myself with an incredible crush on Jaclyn Smith. I had a scrapbook. That was when I realized that I was not like all the other girls in school. And of course, one of the reasons I went to New Hampshire was that nobody knew me. For six months I didn’t leave the house. But then I did date a couple of other women. And then I met a woman named Celeste who needed a partner for raquetball. And I thought, “Great, finally a friend, without any pressure to date...no ties, nothing.” And I don’t know exactly how it happened, but we’ve been together for two and a half years, three in November.

Does Celeste like humor, too?

Well, Celeste is one of those people who doesn’t laugh aloud. Some people are just natural-born laughers. She is the sort of woman who just sort of looks at something and smiles. I’ve heard her laugh aloud only twice, and I figured that it just had to be Oscar-winning material. I write the articles for Our Paper, and I make the mistake of bringing her a copy of my article to read. I may think it’s hysterical, and I’ll hand it to Celeste. She reads it like maybe it’s a tax assessment notice. She’ll read it, flip through it, come up with a faint smile, and say something like “cute.”
The Straight & Narrow

The Coming Out Kit

by Holly Valero

"It's the Coming Out Kit. I got it from the Gay Times Support Group. It's got everything you need to come out of the closet. They have a version for lesbians, too. This one came with some safe sex pamphlets and trial condoms; the legal rights guide for your home state; directory of support groups, gay clubs, therapists, and supportive legal advice; directions to all the gay bars, dance clubs, and stores; current issues of the local gay publications; a videocassette and guide filled with suggestions for coming out to parents, family members, co-workers, friends, and others; an upcoming calendar of political and social events; and, of course, if all else fails, the rabbits.

Susan said as she gathered up the stray and getting that Gay Times Heart Starter with adapters for the VCR. It's for the one-in-seventy chance of VT.

"The Gay Times Heart Starter?" thought the plug in the back of the VCR. It's for the one-in-seventy chance of stress induced heart failure. It's good for up to three small voltage heart stops before it shuts down—to prevent any damage to the person's heart. It's completely biodegradable and disposable. Sort of a stop-gap measure between the initial heart attack and getting that person to professional medical help.

"Thank goodness you had this thing," said the first assistant. "Yeah, I got this one through the national Gay Times Hotline by calling 1-800-GAY-TIME, giving them my name and address and number of Heart Starters I needed—it came with the kit. It showed up in just a couple of days. I got to know nobody. The Coming Out Kit was a real life saver for me!"

"Mom, too," Susan said, tossing an afghan over her mother. "I wonder what's taking the ambulance so long?"

"We're in Portland, remember? They probably can't find a place to park!"

Looking out the window, Susan spotted the red and white rescue van coming around the corner. "They are! I better go outside and flag them down!"

Bill stood up, stretched, and stood by his mother, waiting for the rescue squad. A couple of men came in, gently lifted his mother onto the stretcher and took her outside to the waiting ambulance. She was just beginning to come around and was a little groggy. One of the crew members reassured her. "Everything's okay, Mrs. Abromowitz, just take it easy. We're going to take you over to the Osteopathic Hospital just to make sure everything's in working order. Just lie back and relax. You've had a bit of a jolt today!" Bill followed them outside, the Heart Starter paddles in hand, and climbed in to the van next to his mother.

"Okay, uh.. .let me open the jogging suit top of his mother. He placed the paddles over the chest area and shocked, "everybody clear!" There was a slight twitch. Then a pulse. Weak at first, but getting stronger. Bill's mother would be alright.

Bill slumped to the floor, back propped against the living room sofa, his own heart pounding. His younger sister, Susan, returned from the kitchen. "The ambulance is on the way. How's she doing?"

"She'll be okay," Bill smiled, "but I may never see the same!"

"So what do you do and do? You come over on Mother's Day, of all days, and just drop the bomb on her?"

"Jesus, Billy, it's not like you haven't been warned or anything! So what do you go and do? You come over on Mother's Day, of all days, and just drop the bomb on her!"

Bill's pulse raced as he tore open the sterile plastic wrapper surrounding the disposable heart paddles. Time was running out. Only six or seven minutes before permanent damage, he thought. The sweat collected on his upper lip as he fumbled with the VCR adapter. "Okay, uh.. .let me think. VCR adapter to jumper cables. Jumper cables to heart paddle. TV channel set to MTV," he gasped. Frantically he tore open the jogging suit top of his mother. He placed the paddles over the chest area and shocked, "everybody clear!" There was a slight twitch. Then a pulse. Weak at first, but getting stronger. Bill's mother would be alright.

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Susan let out a long sigh and put her hand to her chest. "Yeah, that's the second pair we've seen today."

"I had to tell her sometime. David and I are getting married this June. Every time I come over here it's the same story. Why don't you ever bring any nice girls to the house? What's wrong with Irma Peterson's daughter? She likes you, you know. Or my personal favorite: when are you getting married, Billy?—So, I told her. We're getting married June 24th!"

Susan let out a long sigh and put her hand to her chest. "Yeah, Billy, I think you scared me half to death, too." She picked up a couple of pamphlets and some scraps of plastic from the living room carpet. "What the Hell is this thing, anyway."

They were just about ready to roll when one of them noticed the paddles. "Hey, Frank, check out the hardware!" The other crew member looked at Bill, then looked at the contraption in his hands. He asked, "Hey, buddy, what are those anyway?"

"Who?" Bill asked, holding them up. "Yeah, that's the second pair we've seen today.

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Insect Veterinarian
by James One

My dear Rajendra is trying to cheer me up. He suggests I purchase some insects for my garden. I laugh wildly. Why should I buy bugs when there are already millions of free ones in my garden, eating it and driving me to despair?

Rajendra, who never gets angry or depressed, gently removes the badly chewed cabbage leaf from my hand, forces me to sit down on a sunny stool on the garden wall, produces a soothing cup of hot herbal tea for me out of thin air, and explains. Beneficial insects like ladybugs, praying mantises, shield bugs and vedalia beetles can protect plants from harmful insects like caterpillars, aphids, scales and tomato worms. The adult Rove beetle for instance is a ruthless predator of the cabbage maggot and in a single growing season may devour as much as eighty percent of the maggots in a field. Now—if one’s environment is a little short on a particular non-threatening beneficial insect, one can buy some from another part of the world, introduce them into one’s garden and enjoy the spectacle of these minute mercenaries knocking off hundreds of evil bugs a la “The Seven Samurais.”

Rajendra Shapiro—what a guy. So sweet, calm and reasonable to boot. He knew something about everything. How I miss him. He lived with me for two years. A self-described “Hindu,” he spent several hours a day sitting on the floor beside our bed in deep meditation, wearing only a wristwatch and a yarmulke. Eventually he began to feel the onset of total spiritual enlightenment. A week after his speech to me about this garden season costs me $17.95. Other, more exotic bugs I order are even more expensive. So I’m concerned when I notice that one of my Japanese miniature praying mantises suddenly become listless and has stopped eating the little used letter s q and u from the Chinese script. "I have to take this bug to the vet," I tell Gary, politely looking around as if confused about where his voice is coming from. "I have to take this bug to the vet! I’ll be right back. Don’t go out in the road while you’re invisible." The insect clinic—New England’s first—is located in Winchuk, a small inland city best known until now for leading the fight against the silent majority. Dr. Gross is the “big bug” man and works most out in the field. Dr. Hall specializes in smaller bugs and handles most of the office calls.

The clinic’s crowded waiting room resembles those of traditional veterinarians except that the “pets” on the laps of the waiting customers are smaller, virtually imperceptible. While my mantis and I await our turn with the doctor, a woman near me slides open a matchbox on her lap to give whatever is inside more air, and says, “I spend so much money on vet bills for my dog and my cat—and now my trichogramph wasps—that I’ll probably end up on welfare.”

The word “welfare” shocks into life a word that has proven very helpful in this branch of veterinary medicine. Dr. Hall says pleasantly. Then he frowns into the microscope and beckons me over to look. Magnified, it’s easy to see my mantis’ problems: his mesothorax is sprained, his tymbalan swollen, his spiracles dislocated and his prothorax covered with little cuts. "I’ll tell you the truth," Dr. Hall says quietly, "Obviously something nasty got ahold of him and kicked his butt. A particularly aggressive adult common asparagus beetle perhaps, or a strawberry corn borer." I know Mantis will have to be destroyed.

Did you know that Utah is a big empty salty desert with nothing living there to speak of except snakes, gophers and Mormons?

A week after his speech to me about good bugs and bad bugs he moved to India to be near his guru.

Now there’s Gary. Gary is nice, too, and better looking than Rajendra, but he has a problem. He suffers from post-pran­ dial psychosis. Victims of this rare mental disorder behave perfectly normally except for an hour or two after lunch when they’re totally insane. Poor Gary has his toasted cheese sandwich and potato chips waiting for him on an empty table every day, until two he laughs or weeps uncontrollably, or hallucinates, or tries to drive to town with no clothes on. Life, I remind myself during these episodes, can’t be all kisses and roses. But why is that?

Beneficial insects aren’t cheap. The quart of ladybugs I buy at the beginning of this garden season costs me $17.95. Other, more exotic bugs I order are even more expensive. So I mention to Dr. Gross that I notice that one of my Japanese miniature praying mantises (a back and a quarter each) has suddenly become listless and has stopped attacking the aphids on my roses. Luckily—thanks to the increased use of expensive bugs in farming and gardening—some local veterinarians have found it worthwhile to specialize in insect medicine, so there is someone nearby I can turn to for help with my sick mantis. I put

FREE EXPRESSIONS
The Devil's Bathtub

by Sydnie Fagan

Rae and Claire were doomed. The doctors had pronounced the death sentence. The years of working late, smoking unfiltered cigarettes, eating greasy food, and potato chips, and believing that laughter was the best medicine—next to vodka—had brought Rae and Claire to the edge of the grave where a fit of coughing or a good laugh might be enough to push them in.

"It never occurred to Rae, even people who lived sensibly and took vitamins and subscribe to health magazines and eat and drink moderately did eventually. And they don't die, did. Remember Frank. He was only fifty when he died. And he took such good care of himself. That was it, that killed Frank? Cancer? Heart? Brain tumor?" Claire pretended she was apprising her swollen fingers to jog her memory. "The cause of death was something else. Something that was a mystery and unexplained, a mystery in which you can't work out what for which there is still no cure. O yess! I remember now. "She looked pleased. "Car crash!"

Rae laughed silently as so not to put a strain on her worn-out lungs. She and Claire had never been able to forgive Frank, for many years an intimate friend, for being run over near one night making crude, contemptuous remarks about Rae and Claire's relationship as it was. They never tried to hide and should be ashamed of.

So great was her dignity and equanimity, however, that she didn't seem ridiculous when she banged into a door jamb or knocked things off a counter or walked straight into a physical embrace with a passing stranger. She always retained her presence of mind and in the incident with the horrified ball-thrower of guilt and embarrassment, the horrified onlookers that her friend was uninjured, Rae's reaction was, "I'm not enthuasiastic about their fate. Rae and Claire knew they were slaves of habit. It is a disease, a disease that looks like a cancer of the mind. It's frequently, to use the modern term, called "vino vomintus." Rae said. They laugh and the car off the road at the next suitable inn. They intended to eat early, to get to bed early and get an early start for the city the next morning, but they lingered over dinner, drank too much, talked until late, got to bed late, woke up late the next morning feeling eligible for mercy killing. "In vino vomintus," Rae said. They helped each other to dress. Claire put on a pair of tight, cotton slacks and cashmere sweaters. Rae put on shorts, a sweatshirt and a large soft straw hat that looked like a basket turned upside down. They purposely wore distinctive clothing when traveling so that if they dropped dead in public they wouldn't appear utterly anonymous and unidentifiable. After all, they were clad in their travel clothes. Rae had given them pills had warned them to use them sparingly, carefully, but they didn't. Rae and Claire knew they were slaves of the natural chemicals and electric currents in their brains, making them ecstatic or exasperated or contemptible. Using pills and alcohol could seem like daily, along with her eyesight. Rae's posture was getting worse, rapidly along with her eyesight.

The northern weather the two women remembered most vividly from childhood were the severe winters. But it was now summer, unmistakably; the sky and water were blue, the trees and fields green; long days, warm air, noise. New houses were being raised either surprisingly close to the road or secretly in woods at the end of long dirt driveways. Roads were being widened or resurfaced and Rae had to stop the car frequently to wait for dump trucks and graders to allow country travelers to progress. During one of these delays in the late afternoon Claire, hot and tired and dissililuated, had suggested that they stop for dinner. But after the drive I'd known before birth that someday I'd be this uncomfortable, I'd have killed myself in the car, let's go home.

Rae agreed and pulled the car off the road at the next suitable inn. They intended to eat early, to get to bed early and get an early start for the city the next morning, but they lingered over dinner, drank too much, talked until late, got to bed late, woke up late the next morning feeling eligible for mercy killing.

"It was vacation time and Rae and Claire were alone together on a long car trip. One of them had been given months to live, the other weeks. They had not expected to live forever and so were not too sad about it. They were not enthusiastic about their fate. It was true that death was a part of life but so were religion and Dusty movies and they had assiduously avoided those. Claire suggested that since time was so precious now they should try to husband it by using an abbreviation of spoken English; for instance, instead of saying "I need a clean handkerchief," one could say, "I need a clean hank," and use the time saved by this verbal short-cut."

The comfortable little movie theater where the young girls had secretly held hands under a sweater covering their laps and first seen Garbo, Lombard, Harlow, and Hepburn had been converted into a hardware store...
an old horse-track—remember now? It was far back in the woods and deserted. We wondered if the car would make it or cook out again miles from anywhere. The brook and there was a waterfall and the leaves on an old horse-track—remember now!—were a golden color. I remember it perfectly—I never the beech trees had started to change to a gold color. I remember it perfectly—I never the beech trees had started to change to a
golden color. I remember it perfectly—I never the beech trees had started to change to a gold color. I remember it perfectly—I never the beech trees had started to change to a gold color. I remember it perfectly—I never the beech trees had started to change to a gold color. I remember it perfectly—I never the beech trees had started to change to a gold color. I remember it perfectly—I never the beech trees had started to change to a gold color. I remember it perfectly—I never the beech trees had started to change to a gold color. I remember it perfectly—I never the beech trees had started to change to a gold color. I remember it perfectly—I never the beech trees had started to change to a gold color. I remember it perfectly—I never the beech trees had started to change to a gold color. I remember it perfectly—I never the beech trees had started to change to a gold color. I remember it perfectly—I never the beech trees had started to change to a gold color. I remember it perfectly—I never the beech trees had started to change to a gold color. I remember it perfectly—I never the beech trees had started to change to a gold color. I remember it perfectly—I never the beech trees had started to change to a gold color. I remember it perfectly—I never the beech trees had started to change to a gold color. I remember it perfectly—I never the beech trees had started to change to a gold color. I remember it perfectly—I never the beech trees had started to change to a gold color. I remember it perfectly—I never the beech trees had started to change to a gold color. I remember it perfectly—I never the beech trees had started to change to a gold color. I remember it perfectly—I never the beech trees had started to change to a gold color. I remember it perfectly—I never the beech trees had started to change to a gold color. I remember it perfectly—I never the beech trees had started to change to a gold color. I remember it perfectly—I never the beech trees had started to change to a gold color. I remember it perfectly—I never the beech trees had started to change to a gold color. I remember it perfectly—I never the beech trees had started to change to a gold color. I remember it perfectly—I never the beech trees had started to change to a gold color. I remember it perfectly—I never the beech trees had started to change to a gold color. I remember it perfectly—I never the beech trees had started to change to a gold color. I remember it perfectly—I never the beech trees had started to change to a gold color. I remember it perfectly—I never the beech trees had started to change to a
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GBF, 36, bisexual, new to area. Interested in making new acquaintances with discreet area lesbians. I enjoy music, puppet shows, good books, travel, room service. Looking forward to hearing from some of the sisterhood. All replies will be answered. Please send letters to Advertiser #82, c/o Our Paper, P.O. Box 70744, Portland ME 04040.

GF, non-smoking, sober, professional seeks same to share lovely new home in Old Orchard. Write Advertiser #83, c/o Our Paper, P.O. Box 70744, Portland ME 04040.

NEW TO SCENE: WM, ages 21-25, seeking roommate. $225+utilities. Call Candice or Kris at 871-1014. We are exciting and love that bind two for life. Is this the spring of my life and perhaps yours too? Be positive! 50 mile radius of Portland. Please respond to Advertiser #84, c/o Our Paper, P.O. Box 70744, Portland ME 04040.

GF, thirty-something. Tall, dark hair, bearded hairy. Has four open soul mates. Qualified GWMS must possess dark hair, beard, hairy. Living in the Greater Portland area. Into sunlight, passion, rupture, moon shadows, lust, Secure with their sexuality. Write PO Box 681, Freeport, ME 04032.
SUNDAY, JUNE 4

WOMLAND (women owning Maine land) has a major picnic and tour on its recently acquired 80 acres in Albion. Tour begins at noon and will be followed by a 5:30 p.m. meeting at 3 p.m. Open to all women. For directions or more information send SASE to P.O. Box 75, Troy, 01897 or call 924-5724/45-2863.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 7

The Maine Arts Sponsors Association will hold its conference on the arts June 7, 8 & 9, 1989, at the Whitcomb Inn, Camden, Maine. Highlights include: Showcase '89, Variety show by leading New England performers; opening address by Susan Farr, executive director, Association of Performing Arts Presenters, Washington, D.C. Also: Workshops, exhibits, and information.

FRIDAY, JUNE 16

SATURDAY, JUNE 17

SATURDAY, JUNE 24

SUNDAY, JUNE 18

FRIDAY, JUNE 30


One day's work will be devoted to the topic of "Sexual Orientation and Gay, Lesbian, Bisexual and Transgender Identities." More than 20 presentations will be made by experts in psychology, psychiatry, gynecology, endocrinology, and counseling. The program will be attended by professionals and students from various disciplines, as well as by the public.

The workshop will be held at the University of Massachusetts, Amherst, on Saturday, June 2, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

For more information, contact the Conference Office, 508-741-4500, or the Department of Continuing Education, 508-741-4500.

WOMLAND (women owning Maine land) has a major picnic and tour on its recently acquired 80 acres in Albion. Tour begins at noon and will be followed by a 5:30 p.m. meeting at 3 p.m. Open to all women. For directions or more information send SASE to P.O. Box 75, Troy, 01897 or call 924-5724/45-2863.

The Gaylactic Science Fiction Society, a central New England organization for gay people and their friends who are interested in science fiction and fantasy, holds its monthly meeting in Portland, ME. For more info: write: The Gaylaxians, P.O.Box 874, Back Bay Annex, Boston, MA 02127.

SATURDAY, JUNE 24

Sunday, June 24—"Looking Up" hosts a day-long workshop for men in committed relationships with survivors of incest. For more information, contact "Looking Up," P.O. Box K, Augusta, ME 04332-0470 (626-3402).

FRIDAY, JUNE 30

June 30 - July 4, Chiltern Mountain Club Holiday: Hike, bike, feed on lobster, etc. Reservations needed. Call Michael (207) 883-6934.

It is a pleasure for both the conference and the participants to extend our appreciation to all of the individuals who contributed to the program. The success of the conference is due in large part to the hard work, dedication, and talent of the people who participated.

We would like to express our appreciation to the following persons who contributed to the success of the conference: The organizers, the speakers, the panelists, and the workshop leaders. We would also like to thank the staff of the conference for their hard work and dedication.

For more information about this day-long workshop and the organization itself, please contact "Looking Up," P.O. Box K, Augusta, ME 04332-0470, telephone 626-3402.

Provincetown Express

Getting to and from Provincetown, at the tip of Massachusetts' scenic Cape Cod, has never been easier with the introduction of The Provincetown Express, a new charter bus service presented by Ashland Travel, 110 Federal Street, Boston.

The non-stop Express operates summer weekends from Memorial Day to Labor Day, round trip between Boston's Back Bay South End area and Provincetown. The Provincetown Express is designed to allow a full day of work or play in Provincetown. All passengers will be picked up and dropped off in front of Cafe Club, a gay-owned and operated restaurant and night club at the corner of Commercial Avenue and Berkeley Street, at 7 p.m. arriving in Provincetown approximately 2:42 hours later. Another bus leaves Saturday and Sunday mornings at 8:30 a.m. for Provincetown. There is a return bus from Provincetown's main wharf every Saturday and Sunday at 7 p.m.

Fares are $20 in-town, or $35 round-trip. Several Provincetown inns are offering special deals in conjunction with The Provincetown Express. For example, the popular Boat Slip Motor Inn will offer an extra night free on any two-night stay, if guests buy round trip Provincetown Express ticket, any time between now and June 22. The Boat Slip may be contacted directly to book this economical service. Hagen's firm is negotiating with other inns to provide package deals.

For more information: Ferry Beach Park Association, 5 Morris Avenue, Saco, ME 04072.
Thoughts of Presque Isle?

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To Our Paper
P.O. Box 10744
Portland, Maine 04104

Thank you for helping us explore this painful and personal issue.
Dear Reader,

We on the Our Paper staff would like to ask your help in making some changes in the formats of the Lesbian/Gay Network and the Meetings section. The name of the Lesbian/Gay Network has been changed to the Maine Community Network and we are expanding this section to further meet our readers' needs. We need to have you re-vote your group's entries in both the Maine Community Network and the Meetings section and update any information such as meeting times and dates, addresses, telephone numbers, and names of any contact people. We would also like to have you send us a short description (approximately 30 words) of your group's purpose or goal to help our readers better understand the resources available to them.

We would appreciate any additions, corrections, or deletions as soon as possible, so please take a few minutes to let us know we've got the right information for your group.

If you have any questions or need more information, please write Our Paper at PO Box 8774, Portland, ME 04104. We're really excited about these changes because we feel Our Paper will be better able to reach out to more of "our readers."

Sincerely,
The Our Paper Collective

Dignity/Maine, PO Box 818, Portland, ME 04104. Dignity/Maine is an organization of gay and lesbian Catholics and their friends. Our mission is to: 1) assist the glucosic and sense of dignity of people of God, to develop leadership and to be an instrument through which gay and lesbian Catholics may be heard by the church and society.

The Down East AIDS Network (DEAN) is a community-based, grassroots organization. We provide community education and support services for those affected by AIDS. DEAN is a gay positive organization. Call DEAN: 326-8580. Support group for HIV+, family, friends and those at risk every Tuesday 7-8:30 p.m. Ellsworth. Call Tracy at 326-8580 for information.

The Colby College Bisexual Gay Community is the Student Activities Office, Colby College, Waterville, ME 04901. Meetings, Wednesday nights at 8:30 in the Mary Low Coffeeshouse.

The Colby-college Bisexual Gay Community (CCBLGC) serves the members of the Colby and Waterville community as both a social and political medium. Promoting community, awareness, and knowledge, the CCBLGC maintains a safe and comfortable atmosphere for bisexuals, lesbians, and gays.

Parents and Friends of Lesbians and Gays (PFLAG) is a non-profit, non-sexual, social support network for those at risk every Tuesday 7-8, 30 Great Island, 506 Bay Street, Portland, ME 04103. Contact person is: Charles Terry, 207-772-4285.

The Maine Health Foundation is a nonprofit, tax-exempt organization that offers both direct and indirect financial support for people with AIDS in Maine. Our other concerns are the special health issues facing Maine's gay and lesbian communities, including gay youth.

For information, please write to: The Maine Health Foundation, Inc., PO Box 7329 DTS, Portland, ME 04102.