

Mainely Gay

Vol 4

September 77

No 9



One without doubts & fear of
liberation is a fool—

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Who We Are

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The official positions and policies of *MAINLY GAY* are contained only in its editorials. Opinions put forth in individual articles, cartoons, poems, advertising, letters and notices are those of the authors and not necessarily those of *MAINLY GAY*.

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AUGUST PRODUCTION

The Regulars



Note To Readers

THERE COMES A TIME in every Gay activist's life when the brain gets frazzled, and a vacation is needed. This month's issue marks the end of sleepless nights at the IBM Selectric, hassling at the printer's, and intense hours balancing the budget for two of our more dedicated staff members:

Peter Prizer and Robert Calkins. Peter, whose brain has been frazzled for quite some time, has gone back to school at UMPG (reportedly majoring in sex roles). He's been with us from the outset and his talents will be sorely missed. He has, however, agreed to continue his "State Street Straw", injecting this cherished rag with his unique brand of (black) humor. Robert has dedicated his energies to the financial and editorial aspects of Mainely Gay for the past couple of years and has been in large part responsible for what success we can claim as a magazine.

THERE ARE CHANGES in store for Mainely Gay. During this month and October we will be transferring our offices to 92 Bedford Street in Portland, sharing space with Gay People's Alliance. This, we hope,

will lead to greater accessibility to the community. There is also a chance for a new look for Mainely Gay this fall. In addition financial and editorial policies are to be discussed, and perhaps there will be some changes made in those areas.

BUT WITH ALL THESE CHANGES, we hope to preserve or improve the quality the rag has thus far attained, and to make it available at the current price. To do this, we need your help. Our need for articles, poetry, graphics, and letters cannot be underestimated. If you live in or near the Portland area, drop in and help -- there is always something to do. If you're good at typing, paperwork, etc., and have time on your hands for volunteer work, join the staff. And, finally, we're always in need for more funding. This is your magazine, and we need your help to continue its production.

* * * * *

IN THIS ISSUE: Absolutely NOTHING about Anita Bryant! (The OJ Pusher has been quiet of late.)

FEEDBACK

Dear MG,

I inconveniently lost the address given to me at a meeting several weeks ago by Ms. Henderson at the Phoenix and am hoping the newsletter address is still valid for correspondence. I spoke to Susan about a research project dealing with Hitler and his policy toward Gays which I have been interested in.

This project has been approved by Bowdoin and I am now beginning a search for any materials pertinent to homosexuals in Nazi Germany. I am requesting aid in locating any data on the subject; i.e., books, periodicals, personal knowledge, etc. I would be very happy to go to Portland at any time if personal contact is helpful.

The Task Force could very well be my major source of information as the subject is very new to historians as a serious question and our educational institutions have failed to give Gays their

history. With such an independent study project at Bowdoin, I must start from scratch and follow any leads. Your help is greatly appreciated.

I must congratulate you folks on your hard and dedicated work for all Gays. You deserve many thank-yous. I close in hopes of hearing from you as soon as you are able to respond. Thank you.

In Gay pride,
Rick T.
Bowdoin College
Brunswick, ME

[We have sent you leads which we hope will be helpful in your research. Any readers can send pertinent articles to us, earmarked for "Rick T." and we'll forward them along to you. Good luck in your project!]

Dear MG,

We would appreciate if you could place the follow-

ing ad in the "unclassifieds" section of your publication.
[Readers: see Bits.]

I would also appreciate if you would remove Don Dumas' name from the list of prisoners who wish to have correspondence, as Don was murdered in his cell on May 24, 1977. A letter of protest to the warden at MacNeil Island by your readers would be fantastic. Don Dumas was the third Gay activist to be murdered with-

in a year at this prison and "authorities" did nothing. We are just one of the many Gay prisoner rights organizations who protested this lack of action.

In Unity,

Brian O'Dell

NY Gay Prisoner

Support Committee

POB 2 Village Sta

NYC 10014

[Don's name has been removed from the prisoners' list. Readers can protest the inattention to this prisoner's tragic death by writing: Warden, MacNeil Island, PO Box 1000, Steilacoom, WA 98388]

How dare you presume us to be Heterosexual!



NEWS SHORTS

CALIFORNIA (*New Women's Times*) -- California Court of Appeals voted unanimously to set free a man convicted of raping a woman he had picked up in his car. Judge Lynn Compton wrote, "the lone female hitchhiker advises all who pass by that she advertises she has less concern for the consequences than the average female. Under such circumstances it would not be unreasonable for a man to believe that the female would consent to sexual relations."

ROCHESTER, NY (GCN) -- The Monroe County Human Rights Commission has agreed to take cases of alleged discrimination against Gay people in housing and employment. The decision, made on July 14, came after intense lobbying by the Rochester Gay Task Force.

TORONTO, ON (*Body Politic*) -- Ontario Gays are currently being assaulted by the most vicious anti-Gay media barrage

in Canadian Gay history. A 12-year-old boy was brutally murdered, and the press is relating to the homosexuality involved as if it were the cause for it all. The anti-Gay backlash ranges from bomb threats to anti-Gay demonstrations of up to 15,000 people shouting "Torture the buggers" and "Help stamp out Gays."

WICHITA, KS and CHAMPAIGN, IL (GCN) -- Wichita and Champaign became the 40th and 41st cities in the nation to pass civil rights ordinances protecting Gay people from discrimination.

SEATTLE, WA (*Seattle Gay News*) -- The American Civil Liberties Union has appealed the firing of a Gay Tacoma teacher to the United States Supreme Court. The ACLU is also forming a new committee, the Committee on Sexual Minorities, which will deal with Gay rights and other sexual minority issues.

DENVER, CO (GCN) -- Donna

Levy has been awarded custody of the child of her deceased lover, Jeanette Hatzopoulos. The case is believed to be one of the few in which a Lesbian non-biological parent has been given custody of a child.

OTTAWA, ON (GCN) -- The Ontario Human Rights Commission has urged the inclusion of the phrase "sexual orientation" in the Ontario provincial Human Rights Code. The recommendation, made last month, is the culmination of five years of pressure by the Ontario Gay movement. However, it is unknown whether the provincial government intends to put the Commission's recommendations into legislative form. The Ontario decision is the second such recommendation by a Human Rights Commission. In 1973 the Human Rights Commission of Saskatchewan made a similar recommendation, but as yet this has not been enacted into law.

WASHINGTON, DC (Advocate) -- A nationwide coalition of 144 Gay organizations has petitioned the Federal Communications Commission (FCC) to include Gay leaders in the "community ascertainment"

checklist used by local stations to survey how well they are serving their communities. The FCC currently requires stations to consult 19 specific groups (ethnic minorities and women, for instance), but leaves it up to the individual station to decide whether or not to solicit the views of Gay leaders. The petition, as prepared by the Media Access Project and filed by the National Gay Task Force in association with 143 local Gay organizations in 49 states, asks the FCC to "fulfill its mandated obligation to protect the rights of all citizens to their share of the public airwaves."

HARRISBURG, PA (*The Alternative*) -- The Pennsylvania Supreme Court has refused to overturn Gov. Milton Shapp's 1975 executive order banning discrimination against Gays in state agencies. The court let stand a lower court decision that Shapp acted within his executive powers in making the order. Reaction to the executive order has come in the form of bills from the state legislature barring Gays from being prison guards, state

police officers and hospital attendants.

WASHINGTON, DC (GCN) -- Amtrak, the nation's passenger rail service, has been accused of compiling a "blacklist" of up to 85 names of its suspected Gay employees. The purpose of the blacklist, according to one Gay employee, was to deny promotions to Gay workers. Thomas Shelton, an Amtrak employee, took his case to the District of Columbia's Human Rights Commission, charging that he was passed over for a promotion and a \$2,500 raise by the company because his name was on the blacklist. (The District of Columbia has an anti-discrimination ordinance.) In July, the Commission ruled in Shelton's favor and the company has since promoted him. Amtrak personnel director Kenneth Houseman denied the existence of a Gay blacklist. "You can't discriminate against Gay people. There isn't any list of Gays in this company... There never has been." However, one Amtrak official told United Press International that a personnel officer had showed him a lengthy list of names of employees and asked him if he knew which ones were Gay. According to the official, some

of the names on the list bore an "F," apparently to designate "faggot." Others were marked with an arrow, apparently meaning "straight as an arrow." The official told UPI that Amtrak was concerned that Gay employees would "bring their own kind" into the company.

PARIS, FRANCE (GCN) -- Writers Jean Paul Sartre and Simone deBeauvoir have signed a petition supporting Gay rights. The petition stated in part that "the battle of Soviet dissidents, of opponents to totalitarian regimes everywhere in the world, of women for freedom to dispose of their bodies, of blacks in South Africa against apartheid, of homosexuals for the right to exist are one and the same battle." The circulation of the petition coincided with a Gay rights march which was held in Paris on June 26. On that day some 350 to 700 Lesbians and Gay men and their supporters marched from the Place de la Republique to the Place des Fetes to protest the Dade County vote against Gay civil

rights.

NEW YORK, NY (Sentinel) -- "Times" columnist and editor Tom Wicker wrote last month about the anti-Gay amendment to the Legal Services Act which would prohibit the use of federal funds to support legal services for Gay liberation and other Gay-related cases. Wicker said it was a move "to discriminate against poor homosexuals (that) leaves affluent homosexuals untouched." The amendment, said Wicker, is a "shabby bit of legislative pornography."

NEW YORK, NY (GCN) -- Jonathan Katz, author of Gay American History: Lesbians and Gay Men in the USA, is now working on a second volume of his monumental work. Volume II will present new materials on several areas of research begun in Volume I as well as documents covering additional areas of Lesbian and Gay life. In an appeal for research assistance, Katz is asking people who have material concerning the following subjects to get in touch with him. These subjects include:

- *various forms of Lesbian and Gay oppression.
- *anti-homosexual witchhunts

in particular towns and cities, and within particular schools, and the military.

- *the treatment of Lesbians and Gay men by psychiatrists and psychologists.

- *Lesbian and Gay resistance to oppression; the homophile, Gay and Lesbian movements.

- *women who dressed as men and had intimate relationships with other women.

- *homosexuality among specific American ethnic and religious groups.

- *Lesbian and Gay life in prison.

- *male and female homosexuality in old age and in youth.

- *early connections between Lesbians and feminists.

- *legal cases and statutes.

- *sodomy executions and cases in the colonial period.

- *references to Lesbians and Gay men in fiction, film, plays, and other mass media.

- *illustrations; pictorial representations of Lesbian and Gay life.

Interested people can write Jonathan Katz, c/o Raines & Raines, 475 5th Ave., NY, NY 10017.

NEW YORK, NY (GCN) -- Approximately 500 Lesbians and Gay men marched on the United Nations on Saturday,

August 20, to "alert the world that Gay men and women are still denied basic human rights." The protesters marched from Washington Square Park in Greenwich Village to Dag Hammerskjold Plaza at the UN in a demonstration organized by the Coalition for Lesbian and Gay Rights. At the rally a letter to United Nations Secretary General Kurt Waldheim was read. The letter, signed by David Thorstad and Cheryl Adams for the Coalition, noted that "The United Nations itself currently makes no recognition in any of its policy documents of the rights of homosexuals to live their lives free of discrimination and persecution." Speakers at the rally included representatives from several New York-based Gay groups as well as a representative from "L'Association pour les Droits des Gai(e)s du Quebec" and the Chicago Committee for Gay Rights. The thrust of most of the addresses centered on what the speakers felt was discrepancy between the Carter administration's expressed stand on human rights abroad and its lack of concern about civil rights at home.

Such an emphasis on "human rights" brought a great deal of heckling from Gay Communist and Gay Socialist participants at the rally, who resented the implication that Gay people should operate on terms set by the Carter administration.

OREGON (*Northwest Gay Review*)
-- The groundwork is currently being laid for the formation of a statewide coalition of Gay organizations and non-Gay organizations supportive of Gay rights in the state of Oregon. Learning a lesson from the rapid organization of statewide groups which worked in opposition to Gay rights in the '77 Oregon legislature, members of the Capitol Forum in Salem, the Lane Action Committee in Eugene and the Portland Town Council realized that a higher degree of communication among the Gay groups in Oregon must be accomplished to counter the opposition's influence. At present the coalition, named Gay Unity, is working on defining the purpose, structure, goals, and methods of implementation for the group and plans a statewide conference to take place in the fall.

The State Street Straw

By Peter Prizer

HOW I SPENT MY SUMMER VACATION

I spent the months of July and August, the traditional time of the year when people attempt to escape the rat shuttle, laboring in a lobster pound in Portland. As a result, the summer was hardly a vacation and constituted, in fact, a certifiable drag. But the previous 15 months had been lavished in a rather tepid (and unsuccessful) search for employment; a condition, some may feel, that constituted a vacation all its own. C'est la vie, I suppose.

The fact is, I'd accumulated some awesome debts during those tepid 15 months and at the end of June, both my credit--shaky even in good times--and credibility had been stretched to points definable only with new math.

So it was, most regrettably, back to the lobsters where I had a previous experience of six years. (The wanton drudgery of the place was relieved, here and there, with lobster freebies hot from the steamer.)

The highlight of July occurred in my bedroom at midnight on the 31st, when I had occasion to turn a large wall calendar. So much for July.

A brief cheap thrill, and I mean cheap, was had at 7:07:07, on 7-7-77. Get it? I was in the Coffee & Sandwich Shoppe on Exchange St. in Portland, testing my growing expertise on the "Bicentennial" pinball machine. For reasons not clear, I seem to be inately attracted to particularly bizarre or insipid events, so at 6 minutes past 7, I glanced up--quickly--at the wall clock in the coffee

shop, and it dawned on me that I was about to be party to an unusual time sequence that happens just once a lifetime. Naturally, the Martian inside the pinball machine utilized my fleeting lapse to snare the ball, but that was OK, too. At the historic moment, my score after the first ball was 7,700.

Neat, I thought.

I kept the significance of the moment to myself, as I decided that the early bird bankers and investment managers sipping coffee in their suits and ties would not be impressed with the information; especially coming from an early morning pinball freak.

In fairness, let's note that at times I was rather unimpressed with some of their commentary, too. There was one middle-aged man, probably some sort of investor/manipulator, who always arrived at 6:45 AM and proceeded to inform the rather bored coffee servers and anyone else within a 100 yard radius of his latest coups on Wall Street or other exciting financial victories. Very rarely did his dribble distract from my game.

One morning, however, as I was knocking the crap out of the "Bicentennial," he announced, loudly as usual: "Today is the most exciting day of my life!" Jesus, I thought as the ball escaped through the flippers, this should be rare. Beaming like a young child who actually gets what she/he wants for Christmas (ever try to beam at 6:45 AM?), he explained, "I've got 'till 4 PM today to raise one million dollars from investors to back a revolutionary office machine that will type letters directly from executives' dictation." Neat, I thought. This pig's not even concerned about the thousands of lowly-paid women office workers that might be forced out of work by the machine. He'll get none of my investment quarters, I decided, as I returned my attention to the Martian.

August was somewhat of an improvement over July, but not much. Still trundling lobsters to and fro. Unfortunately, the rigors of the lobster pound were catching up, and I was less and less frequently playing an hour of pin-ball each morning before work.

One Saturday in August, I was hitching in town (the VW had a dead battery---or more precisely, a battery nearly dead from thirst) when a van stopped to pick me up. But not just any old van. This was a van with two Moonies.

Oh shit, I thought, but it was a ride, and I wasn't going to look a gift horse in the consciousness. "Hello," beamed* the very clean-cut male driver, thrusting his left hand at me on the front passenger seat which the other Moonie, a woman, had dutifully surrendered. "My name is Frank something-or-other." (He didn't actually say "something-or-other; I wasn't paying attention.") "Hi," I said, "My name is Peter." I turned to the rear of the van and asked the woman what her name was. She answered. The scene was really bizarre.

"How are you today?" announced the clean-cut Frank, as if I was a newly introduced contestant on a sort of mobile "Let's Make a Deal." "Just fine," I lied, as my eyes surveyed the red, white and blue bunting around the windshield and the several full-color pictures of a beaming Sun Myung Moon. Unlike a game show host, Frank seemed serious when he spoke. It would be a weird ride, I thought, but it would be a short ride, too.

"What do you do for a living, Peter?" asked the enthusiastic Frank. "Well," I responded rather sheepishly, "I've had a hard time finding a job lately, so I've been working as a projectionist in the State Theater." "You mean the theater that shows sex movies?" asked a startled

*see "Let's Beam for Fun & Profit!" Reader's Digest, October, 1973

Frank. "Yeah, but they're all heterosexual." The light turned red and the van came to a rather abrupt stop. The woman in the back spoke for the second time, and asked me if I liked doing that. Her tone was not cheerful. (The Moonies had picketed the place several months earlier.) "Well," I admitted, "the films are rather boring--after all, when you've seen it twice you've seen it twice." The only person still smiling in the van was Rev. Moon.

"Do you realize that those films are immoral and against God's wishes?" inquired a concerned Frank. "Yes, but I need the money to pay rent and buy food and play a little pinball on the side." "Well if you know they're immoral, why do you continue to work there--can't you find work somewhere else?" asked Frank, who was not keeping his eyes on the road as often as I wished. "Well," I said, "I think that moral standards are more or less up to the people who are doing the moralizing. For example, it's interesting that many of the same people who supported the killing in Vietnam are now the greatest anti-abortion proponents on the moral grounds that it's not right to take the life, if you'll call it that, of an unborn fetus." Both the woman and man jumped to respond to my comment, and of course Frank prevailed. "In Vietnam we were fighting the communists, to keep them from dominating the Christian World." Would I like to live in a commie world, asked he. The woman in the back added, "If President Nixon had been allowed to finish his term, we would have won in Vietnam." The Free World, said Frank, is in a life and death struggle against communism, and it's up to all of us (i.e.: me) to work to defeat them.

Both Moonies were completely unleashed. "Yeah, but I'm pretty busy with the films and pinball," I pleaded in my best Silent Majority whimper. The woman was gathering up Moonie lit to give me, and it was time to move. "Thanks for the ride," I said and got out at a light.

August was like that.

WE WON!

By The Lesbian Defense Fund

The Vermont custody case of a Lesbian mother and her child, part of a collective of eight Lesbians and three kids, has been settled out of court, with the mother keeping custody.

The mother, divorced and separated for five years, had had custody for those five years, when in November, 1976, the ex-husband filed for custody. He was threatened by collective life-style and out political Lesbian stance, and by the fact that his daughter, age six, is now asserting herself in confrontations with him.

Both sides prepared to go to court. A lawyer was appointed by the court to represent the child. Each of the three lawyers hired psychiatrists, who invaded the various homes, emotions, and minds to pass their judgments. The psychiatrist hired by the lawyer for the child turned in a favorable report, supporting that custody stay with the mother. This was a turning point; the neutral, male, conservative lawyer was supporting the mother! After this point, there was considerable bickering over visitation rights, but final papers were signed in late August.

There have been plenty of ups and downs, more downs than ups. We couldn't be sure it would be over at any point, until the papers were finally in our hands. We can never be sure it won't happen again, but the Vermont court has shown impatience over this case; they'll not be receptive to him bringing charges again, especially when the neutral experts supported the mother.

It has been a long haul of asking and asking for help, with nothing to share but struggle, until now. LDF has been fundraising and supporting this effort since its onset. LDF went to the Womens' Music Festival in Michigan

in late August to bring this case to emotional and financial close. We did; we raised the money needed to pay off the last of the thousands of dollars of bills from this case. And we all felt a real emotional high by introducing Carol and Rachel, the mother and child, and the rest of their collective, to the people that have supported them. They have all had to be anonymous throughout the case, and are now glad for the chance to share the victory openly.

Thanks to your help, we won. We've managed to keep one more kid out of their hands. LDF is ready to go ahead and deal with another Lesbian's struggle. This battle is won, but the struggle continues.

Thanks for your help!

If you want more details of the case, write with the specific questions to LDF, P.O. Box 4, Essex Junction, VT 05452.

[The Lesbian Defense Fund was present at Symposium IV, held in Bangor last March, fundraising for this case. For more background on LDF and their activities, see Mainely Gay, April, May, and August issues.]

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	<i>Wolf Creek, Oregon 97497</i>	
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Perceptions

THE COUNCIL FOR THE SISTERS AND BROTHERS

This is not what I intended to write about this month and I did not intend to be a part of the Council for the Sisters and Brothers. I intended to write about relations between gay people and the wholistic healing movement, so I find myself instead writing about the centermost part of our pain, that which needs more healing power than anything else, the division into male and female in this world. Intuition as usual rises above intentions.

A sister had a vision of three councils. First the council of sisters-mouths-brothers'-ears, sisters sitting in the inner circle, brothers on the outer circle, sisters speaking their true heartsongs, brothers listening in silence. The second council is of the brothers'-mouths-sisters'-ears in which the brothers speak their heartsongs in the inner circle and the sisters listen outside. The third council is joined as one, brothers and sisters becoming the ears for each other to speak one by one until it is spoken. This first vision was lived out in a 7-day council somewhere out west -- sisters speaking for 3 days, brothers for 3 days, one day of speaking in unity. All those in the council fasted for 7 days, emptying the body, the heart, the mind. The womoon who held the vision said, "we must create our own true rituals that have meaning for us -- no more boogie!"

I came to the third annual Healing Arts Fair at Another Place in Greenville, N.H., on September 4, excited about new people, ready to do a workshop on emotional healing for chronic illness, hoping to learn some new skills or strengthen old ones, hoping to learn some songs and dances, to relax. With the exception of organic gardening gatherings this is the first conference for both wimmin and men I have attended in at least 7 years (oops, with one horrendous exception which strengthened my resolve never to do it again!), and only knowing that Another Place is a community where male people take the

initiative in dealing with sexism without constant prodding from wimmin around them, has tempted me this far. I am not disappointed and anyway the place is so full of incredible beautiful wise wimmin that I don't have time to worry about men. I don't even notice the slip of mimeod paper which says:

As we heal ourselves, often times we feel the joy of new found health and spirit entering our bodies, often we feel the pain of our illness in the process of leaving. And so it is with the healing of our relationships to each other. As sisters and brothers, we have been growing much in this journey together, feeling both the joy of new beginnings, and the pain of old ways leaving. Who are we my family? Let us sit in council and hear each other -- the sisters, and the brothers, and as one, each to speak and be heard. In the council each person speaks their heartsong, while we circle, open our ears, and listen. This is not a time for discussion, but a place for each person to have a clear space to speak and be heard, what needs to be spoken.

The council itself will take place on a hill isolated from other fair activities. We ask that people fast from supper so as to enter the council at dawn with clear minds, empty bellies. May we feel the spirit within us and let come through that which we as a whole have to say.

Quickly I become aware. Pamela is announcing that those wimmin who wish to participate in the council will meet in the afternoon to do the "grounding" for it, visit the sight, plan how it will be. We meet, few of us knowing why we are here. It's almost a reflex for me to be part of anything that is happening with/for/by wimmin -- trusting my sisters to know what they are doing. Pamela and Nancy and Z try to tell us this is/will be the creation of all of us; at the same time burning with urgency and passion against the small time there is to prepare a ritual of this magnitude at a conference that is carefully scheduled to the limit. We try to tell them it is okay -- okay to be leaders/guides. We will gain from their strength. We decide to stop talking and visit the site -- a high field surrounded by trees. A circle of wimmin, breasts shining in the sun, heads high, vibrating with a sense of importance. We pray to Mother Earth and Mother Sky for the power of our vision.

We meet again at dusk, a smaller group, intense, full of doubts, fears. I don't trust men to come to a council and fast and sit listening for hours to wimmin. I don't believe they will cut through the bullshit when it is their time to talk; I have no faith that I/we will receive the respect we need if it has never happened before. Others worry the men won't come at all -- they'll feel left out of the organizing, poor dears... Quickly we pull ourselves out of our own traps. Many of us have come from long separation from men, from wimmin's communities and long involvement in the wimmin's movement; we don't think we have anything to say to men, we don't expect our separation to change, the issues of feminism to be resolved. There are no pollyannas, no deserters here. I know, though, that if there is ever to be communication between wimmin and men, then it must be in this way -- structured, ritualized (no one will speak unless s/he is holding the wooden bowl we will bring with us), wimmin first, wimmin grounding, laying down the rules, men listening and learning for hours before they are allowed to speak. No more arguing with men or holding bullshit workshops or CR groups with them, no more taking care of their feelings -- we all said "goodbye to all that" years ago. I speak out my small hopes against some of my sisters' much larger ones -- I hope what will come of this is just a little more respect, a little more faith, willingness to grow, to move on a bit and above all bring some healing not only for ourselves but collectively for all. Someone says "realistic" and we all laugh.

At dawn it is cool, misty. About 30 wimmin and 20 men (a good proportion) are gathering in silence, listening to the brief, simple instructions from three of the wimmin. We go single file and silent behind Pamela in her long starflowered mirror dress, a priestess leading us through woods and fields. I am right after her pulling energy from the bright red word MAGIC on my T-shirt and from L'aura who gave it to me never knowing how it would come in handy. And on and on a stream of young and old and in-between. We arrive, we form our circles, the bowl rests in the middle.

And now I have to say whatever little/however much I tell you of what happened in this council, it will remain a mystery until you experience it yourself. Many wimmin who read this already know the joy and power and agony of listening to their sisters speak the truth of their

lives, whether it is the Japanese mother in her 50's who tells of her father never speaking to her out of his disappointment that his first-born was not a son, growing up in silence to be married off to the approved man; or the womoon in her twenties coming out of the terror of her father's attempts to kill her, other men's attempts to rape her, out of a long birth tunnel into her sisters' arms; of the young womoon still in school raging with anger and fear and life at the schools and men and even her own mother who held her back from experiencing her own life; or the womoon who has been so long separated from herself and her own life that she can't remember her own name or how to belong to herself. It seems never-ending sometimes. Feelings whirled through us like winds leaving us shaking, weeping, breaking under the weight and power of our own voices. For me, the men disappeared in the outer circle. We did not speak about them or to them, we spoke our fears and angers, our own songs. Only sometimes I heard them behind me very softly sobbing, sometimes there were moments we laughed, shouted, chanted together.

When the bowl came to rest in my hands it was so heavy. My speaking was a scream tearing through a small child's tears:

I am a volcano about to erupt

I have a nightmare that comes again and again

*I am in a courtroom a very large courtroom I am the only womoon
Way high above me on a raised platform is the judge*

*He is white and dressed in black and all around him more white
men in black And I can't see any of their faces*

*I don't know what I am here for or how to defend myself
against what I don't know*

*But when I come before him my voice breaks and I dissolve in tears
and I see the face of my father turning away
refusing to listen to me because he knows he is right
and I am so small*

And I know if I am ever going to speak to stand up

I will have to use this broken voice until it gets stronger

When the bowl came full circle to me again it hummed in my hands. I spoke differently, gathering power from all the songs I had heard, from wimmin who spoke confusion, weakness, joy, ecstasy, loneliness, anger, and anger against other wimmin for turning away from their sisters to be with men, love, love for wimmin and all the feelings of being les-

blains, mothers, daughters, sisters, lovers with men -- truly many more voices of wimmin than were here.

I want to speak to my Mother to my Mother we are sitting on who bears us up to the trees and sky

I am trying to love you I am trying to hold faith even when I see how you are trampled how you give and give and never know when to stop (how will I learn if you won't teach me?)

Everywhere men tear at you with machines cover you with grayness and waste

You are burning, starving, drying out while men protect themselves against their own fear

of you, of us your daughters, of all that is female, animal, alive

And the daughters forget and cling each to one man for protection

And I too am taking, digging, trampling as I build a house for me

Don't give up your own life to your children! We are dying too!

Over and over I see one image a hole that gets deeper and deeper and then is filled with cement and hardens and bears no more

just as the wombs of my mothers in the camps were filled

filled with the fear of men fear of their own softness

over and over we fuck the earth

once that meant plowing sowing seed

I have made love with women

and there is a tremendous peace in that

it is like digging my hands into warm garden soil

knowing my touch can heal that I can give back life's energy

and growth

And I have been with men and I don't know when you enter me

if I am being planted if anything will grow from this

or if your fucking what you call love-making will turn to stone

Lie down brothers and let yourselves be plowed

let the wimmin turn you over into the earth

in your blood and your pain and your openness

the world will split open the earth will turn dark and rich

something green will grow in the heart again

When the bowl came the third and last time I said "This is how we make things holy," and offered it up with our words to the sky. The sisters finished speaking after 6 hours and all that time the brothers had sat in silence on the outside and listened. We broke apart, ran around, stretched, went to the woods, reformed into new circles. And there the men were in their own circle now. If they were going to speak it would be to each other and not to answer us back, if there was any comfort or support for them it would have to come from each other, and slowly, sometimes woodenly, it did. It seemed in all the hours of listening many had been able to deal with their own shit in silence, to open their ears, and begin to truly open their hearts. They began to reach out, to hold each other in their tears and pain and some joy and laughter. Those wimmin who instantly begin to mother when they see men cry were stopped by the structure, just as the men had been stopped from answering and dominating before. For myself, when I see men begin to take care of each other's emotions then I have a little less fear that if I come near them, they will suck me dry. Oh yes, there was still some whining, some complaining and pleas for mothering, cries of "why do the wimmin have all the fun and leave us out," etc. from many of the men. There were also small funny changes in atmosphere -- it wasn't till the brothers' circle that I heard hammering in the distance, planes began to fly over head and a man with a cowboy hat rode up on a horse to tell us to move off his hay field. But many of the men broke through all of that. Some told stories of their lives and the pain of missing their fathers as real people, of their isolation from life and feeling; some told about their struggle to break away from sex roles and from the male role in sex with wimmin; gay brothers spoke about their pain and joy in loving other men. So many spoke of the pain of hearing the wimmin speak and the awe and honor they felt to be included. Most important for me some men began to talk with each other about the small and simple and immense things that they can do to change the world, ways in which to give up their privilege and power. An older man said he no longer takes his shirt off any place where wimmin are not free to do so too and urged all the other men to do likewise (and repeated that announcement before the whole conference later). Another man suggested to his brothers that they just pay more attention in their living to the little things that need doing because that is where the burden falls on wimmin -- clean up instead of talk! Another said perhaps refraining from heterosex is necessary in order to come to a place where it's possible to relate to

wimmin on an equal basis, that perhaps all men would have to be gay, to be vulnerable, to be "plowed" (amazing how many men picked up on my images and related to them seriously!). Things like this mean much more to me than a million agonized confessions. One man said, "When the bowl started around I was thinking, come on you guys, this is an incredible chance, don't blow it! I think we didn't blow it." I think he was right.

We had sat for 5 more hours listening to the brothers. It seemed 11 hours was our limit for that day, and we stopped, sang together, danced and breathed in the intensity of the moment -- sisters rejoicing with sisters, brothers with brothers, none of that running back into male and female pairs that has so often happened in the past, but wimmin and men embracing too. It was hard for me to let go, to give up the chance for us to be together in a greater circle -- I had spoken with my sisters and listened to my brothers speak together and there were clear things in my mind to speak to the men. I longed for the strength and commitment to hold a 7-day council -- it would take at least that long for us to cleanse ourselves thoroughly of this pain and fear and distrust and go on to something more! It was clear too though that this was a good small beginning. And there will be more such councils every where around the country led by wimmin who know we have to be heard not only by each other but by men also if things are ever truly going to change. Wimmin who also know that we cannot waste our time pleading to be heard, or arguing, mothering grown boys, hassling in dead-end relationships, etc.; and who know that if we need to speak with men sometimes as brothers, we don't need to do it often. We are together as wimmin, feeling the strength of our pain, anger, love for each other, power, joy and the protection of our circle -- protection against our own weaknesses and emotional traps as well as against men. If we meet occasionally with men let it be in this way, in a ceremony filled with respect and dignity and solemn separation, under the leadership of loving women. Blessed be!

LITTLETON, MASS.

(617) 486-3967

Rural Counseling Service

Specializing in the needs of rural Lesbian women

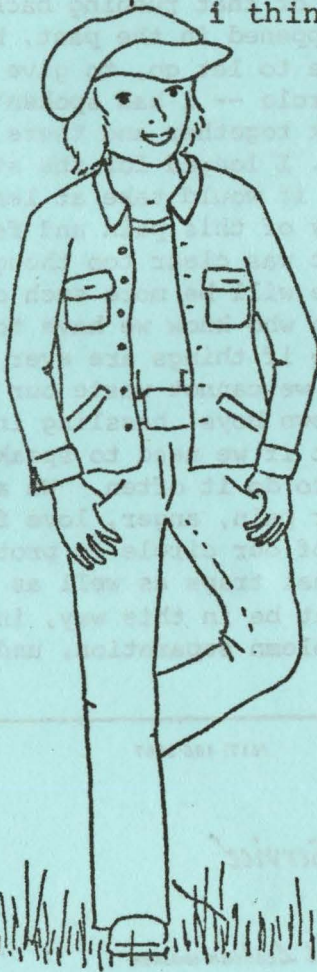
COUPLES

INDIVIDUALS

GROUPS

today i think i'll be butch
hiking boots and dykish hat
denim and leather and stuff like that
and you'll laugh with me
soon as you see
that i'm fooling again
-- and not doing it well
but what the hell
i think i'll be butch today

pam mcarthur



oh lover

i just have to smile

when you're all dyked out

denim and leather

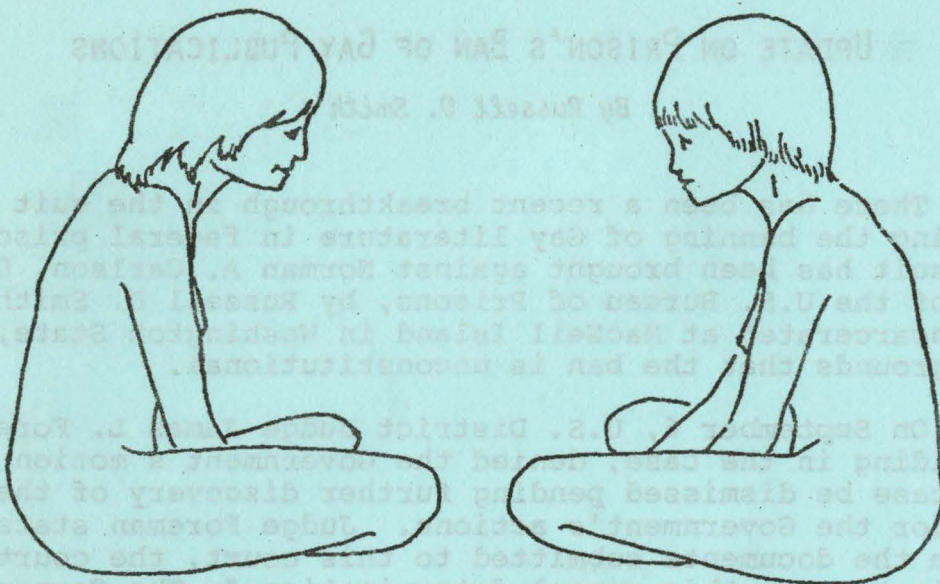
thumbs in your pockets

grin on your face

cocky and tough

you don't fool me

peg batchelder



i touch as gently as i can, sweet woman
these hands are rough with calluses and scars
my kisses taste of anger
fear etches my tenderest voice

i give as freely as i can, sweet woman
from fingers clawed by past pain
i speak in sharp-edged silences
my eyes cry out to be heard

i love as gently as i can, sweet woman
this soul is rough with calluses and scars

poem and drawings by
Peg Batchelder

UPDATE ON PRISON'S BAN OF GAY PUBLICATIONS

By Russell D. Smith

There has been a recent breakthrough in the suit contesting the banning of Gay literature in federal prisons. The suit has been brought against Norman A. Carlson, Director of the U.S. Bureau of Prisons, by Russell D. Smith, who is incarcerated at MacNeil Island in Washington State, on the grounds that the ban is unconstitutional.

On September 6, U.S. District Judge James L. Foreman, presiding in the case, denied the Government's motion that the case be dismissed pending further discovery of the causes for the Government's actions. Judge Foreman stated, "From the documents submitted to this court, the court is unable to make this causal determination." The Government's motion had been made on February 11, 1977.

When asked to speculate upon the reasons for the decision, the plaintiff in the case, Russell D. Smith, stated, "I think it may have been the fact that the Government had included as part of their documentary exhibit a non-Gay publication which had been the issue in a totally different lawsuit. Whether advertently or inadvertently, this definitely confused the issues. This would also explain why the court waited so long to decide."

BACKGROUND. On December 10, 1976, the defendant in the case, Norman A. Carlson, issued a statement that "Publications which call attention or identify inmates who accept homosexuality can, in our opinion, be detrimental to their safety as well as to the safety of others. For that reason, we have concluded that such publications should be prohibited." On December 30, 1976, Carlson had cited an earlier decision by Judge Cale J. Holder in Indiana wherein a precedent was set in a similar case by upholding the ban.

Cumberland County Curmudgeon

By Susan W. Henderson

HOT GAY GOSSIP FROM LISELOTTE

Liselotte, as we noted in our last issue, was the nickname of Princess Elisabeth Charlotte of the Palatinate, Duchess of Orleans, known to the court of Louis XIV simply as "Madame." Her marriage to Louis's Gay brother Philippe gave her a front-row seat to observe the Gay doings of the day, and she relayed all the hot tips to her women relatives with great gusto. Liselotte was a good storyteller, and sometimes stretched a point for the sake of a good delivery, but her letters are nonetheless a valuable source for Gay history.

Of the Gay scene at Versailles, she wrote:

Anyone who would hate all those who love young fellows would not find six men here that he could love or, at least, not hate. Every kind of thing is to be found here. There are some who hate women like death, and can love none but men. Others love men and women, like my Lord Raby. Others like only children of ten or eleven years of age, others young fellows of from seventeen to twenty-five, and they are the most numerous. Others are debauched in such a way that they can like neither men nor women, but amuse themselves in solitude.

Sounds very contemporary.

Louis, she said, would have liked to crack down on the Gay scene, but the Minister of War, the Marquis de Louvois, who had a lot of Gay friends, persuaded him not to. Louvois's argument, according to Liselotte, was that homosexuality was good for Army morale. Heterosexual soldiers were reluctant to leave their mistresses when the campaign started and eager to get it over with and get back to them,

whereas homosexual soldiers were willing to go on long campaigns with their lovers. (Somebody should leak this to the Pentagon!) Liselotte added that the King's confessor was relieved when Louis accepted Louvois's argument, because any anti-Gay purge would have had to start with the College of Jesuits. (Is this where Frederick the Great and Voltaire got all their digs about the Jesuits? Father McNeill, please take note.)

Liselotte said Queen Anne of England had "a passion for women," and William of Orange had one for men. Of William she noted:

But all these heroes propose as their models Hercules, Theseus, Alexander and Caesar, and all these great figures had their favorites. Those who indulge in this vice, and believe in Holy Scripture, please themselves by imagining that it was a sin only when there were but few people in the world, and that one was guilty in that he hindered the peopling of the earth; but since the earth now has people enough, they look upon this merely as a diversion; however, to be accused of these vices among the people is as much avoided as possible, but amongst persons of quality, they are openly spoken of; it is regarded as a kindness to say that, since Sodom and Gomorrah, the Lord has punished no one for these misdeeds.

Yours Truly was amazed to find that this line of reasoning went back as far as the seventeenth century. A propos of William, Liselotte remarked in 1689, "We are told here that the women of a small county in Ireland have revolted against King James and taken up arms for the Prince of Orange. It must be for the honour and glory alone, for none can say he has any kindness for their sex - he is believed to have very different inclinations." Liselotte admired William, though she became very fond of James II, the man he overthrew.

Prince Eugene of Savoy, who was the Duke of Marlborough's great ally, was also on her list. She wrote her Aunt Sophie, Electress of Hanover, "Since you want to know why he used to be called Mme l'Ancienne and Mme Simon, it was because these were the names of two very common whores (by your leave, by your leave). People used to say that he used to give a *tout venant beau jeu* [good sport to all comers] by

acting the lady, but he may have lost the knack in Germany."

One tale that Liselotte told on the Jesuits was worthy of a Voltaire:

There was, so the story goes, a schoolboy who played all sorts of mischievous tricks, and wandered about all night when he ought to have been fast asleep in his bed. The fathers threatened him with a sound thrashing if he didn't stay in his room at night. What did the urchin do but go to a painter and beg him to paint the portraits of two saints on his buttocks; to be precise, St. Ignatius on the right and St. Francis Xavier on the left. [These were the patron saints of the Jesuits.] The painter having obliged him, he cheerfully pulled up his breeches and returned to the school, where he began to play a hundred-and-one monkey tricks. The fathers laid hands on him, and vowed that this time he was going to have the birch. The lad fought and pleaded, but all in vain. Then he threw himself on his knees, and cried, "O St. Ignatius, O St. Xavier, have pity on me, and perform some miracle to show that I am innocent." The fathers relentlessly seized him and pulled down his breeches, and as they turned up his shirt to thrash him, the youngster said, "I am praying with such fervor that I am sure my prayer will be answered." Then the fathers saw the two saints, and cried out, "A miracle has been performed, and he that we thought a rogue has turned out to be a saint!" They threw themselves on their knees, saluted the boy's behind with kisses, and called all the pupils together...

Tsk!

One regrets that Liselotte never became a professional writer. She would have enriched Gay literature a hundredfold.

(These stories were taken from Harold D. Eberlein, The Rabelaisian Princess (New York, 1931) and Maria Kroll, Letters from Liselotte (New York, 1970), both of which are in the Portland Public Library.)

Review

by Barbara Silk

Debutante * Willie Tyson * Urana Records * Wise Women Enterprises, Inc. \$5.50

Willie Tyson writes songs on a variety of topics and almost always allows her humor to shine through. While she laughs at life's seriousness and at herself, she manages to share her views and her feelings which are well worth the listening. And the music performed by ten talented women is all marvelous.

Debutante Ball is a fine example of Willie Tyson's blendings of seriousness and humor. Sherwood, the farmer father figure, is taking his "fine bred southern daughter girl" out to the debutante ball. At the same time he is taking Red Satin to the local cattle auction. Sherwood's high hopes for the evening shatter when his prime cow comes clomping into the ball and daughter dear "comes out" at the auction.

Stealin' Heart is Willie's broken-heart song blended with her love of cars. *Levee Blues* is both musically and lyrically a delight. Willie, like most of us "ain't never sat on no levee but (she) sure can cry," and *I Got A Feelin'* is blues blues that sound so good. *Did You Say Love?...I Thought You Did!* says Willie. From bridal veils through divorce, to "life goes on. This is only a song so how come I can't forget?" Well, some of our dreams do die hard.

Arsenal is a song about taking care of yourself -- no matter how big your opponent may be. *I'm Gonna Be An Engineer* by Peggy Seeger is an outstanding tale of how a woman can be treated. It is a joy to hear Willie singing this song and keeping it alive. The last verse sums it up:

*I been a sucker ever since I was a baby
As a daughter, as a wife, as a mother and a dear
But I'll fight them as a woman not a lady
I'll fight them as an engineer.*

The Witching Hour is a potent finish for this album. The lyrics alone are frighteningly true. The blending of piano, guitars, sax, trombone, trumpet, flute and drums (and whatever else might be in there) is finely done. *In the witching hour you come to your power... power to the witch and to the woman in me.* The women who worked on this album used their power to create a precious package. Blessed be to Willie Tyson and all her talented helpers.

Mooncircles * Kay Gardner * Urana Records * Wise Women Enterprises, Inc. \$5.50

I have been listening to an album which is new to me even though it has been out since 1975. The sounds from this album seem to spin protective circles around all that can be reached. I feel a healing process happening, a soothing within me. Kay Gardner as musician, composer, arranger is clearly talented. Through her music she mingles a sense of ancient days with an awareness of the present producing a beautiful celebration for all listeners.

Prayer to Aphrodite is an instrumental that begins the album and speaks to the soul. The cover explains that this composition is based on a poem by Sappho and that its mode is built upon a note which arouses passion. *Changing*, the first of three vocals, is full of female images, "ever changing like the phases of the moon." As women going through our own cycles and being aware of our own life's flow, we can be in touch with this movement. Kay Gardner has touched on all of this to present a "strong, soft, whole" woman. *There's a woman in the moon, I can see her when she's whole.* I believe that woman is in us all.

Beautiful Friend is a lovely love song. It is set in the forest -- hear the wind and its music playing tops of trees. *Moon Flow* is a flute-piano duet. The piano piece is from Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata*, the flute is from Kay Gardner. They share a somewhat somber and beautiful space.

Wise Woman with all she has seen is asked what do you know of life? Kay, boldly replies, *I know of life, it's my music.* Indeed, with autoharp, hand drums, cello and cymbals Kay does celebrate the music of life. Side two is all instrumental. Kay says, *My music is naturally suited to subtle activities. I don't feel that it always has to be the focus of*

of everybody's rapt attention. I think it's perfectly all right for music to be in the background. It can often have a very healing effect. It does that quite magnificently. I have been focusing on the music and have been envisioning some magical dreams: birds singing to one another, light rays dancing in the forest, circles of women silently swaying and spinning in the silver moonshine. Mooncircles is beautiful music. Listen to it.



The crowd is thick and deep.
You are in the crowd but
Aloneness is surrounding your spirit.
Others in the crowd are feeling
Aloneness. Can you reach them?
Aloneness confines spirits and needs of
Those possessed within its boundaries.
The spirit strains against the bonds of
Aloneness, to break free of it, to be
Rid of it, to be able to contact the
Spirits of others held in the chains of
Aloneness. To be free is to see, hear,
Touch the spirits and needs, as you want to be
Touched, seen, heard. The rewards are great.
Struggle to banish aloneness. Never give in...
To aloneness.

--Charlie Webb

STAND UP AND BE COUNTED!

By the National Gay Task Force

The petition reprinted here, A Declaration in Support of Human Rights for 20 Million American Citizens, is being circulated by the National Gay Task Force as part of its "Stand Up and Be Counted" project, designed to mobilize the Gay community and its heterosexual supporters to help secure human rights for Gay women and men.

At the conclusion of the drive, the signed documents will be sent to the President of the United States, with copies to both houses of Congress and to state and local legislatures. NGTF has already collected a substantial number of signatures; however, to influence federal, state, and local legislation and government policy, thousands of additional signatures are needed from across the country.

NGTF asks that you please reproduce and circulate the petition and return the signed copies to the National Gay Task Force, 80 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011 no later than January 31.

* * *

DECLARATION IN SUPPORT OF HUMAN RIGHTS FOR 20 MILLION AMERICAN CITIZENS

We, the undersigned, assert that the Constitution of the United States protects the rights of all citizens to personal privacy, including the rights to define and express their individual sexuality, affectional preference and lifestyle.

To most Americans these rights are taken for granted, but for 20 million Lesbians and Gay men these rights do not exist. We believe that all citizens have an interest in eliminating laws which criminalize sexual behavior between consenting adults, since such laws affect all people, regardless of their sexual preference. And we believe that all citizens have an interest in ensuring that no group in society is

arbitrarily discriminated against in employment, housing and public accommodations, since history has shown that when the rights of one minority are violated, the rights of all others are in jeopardy.

Therefore, we pledge our support to eliminate all forms of prejudice and discrimination against Lesbians and Gay men in America.

	<u>NAME</u>	<u>STREET ADDRESS</u>	<u>CITY</u>	<u>STATE</u>	<u>TELEPHONE</u>
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GAY NURSES TO HOLD CONFERENCE

The Gay Nurses' Alliance will hold its first annual national conference/educational symposium on Saturday November 12, 1977 from 8-4:30 PM at Old West Church in Boston, Massachusetts.

The program will include a keynote speech by State Representative Elaine Noble (6th Suffolk) of Massachusetts who will speak on legislative issues related to Gay people and health care. Ms. Noble has been active in both the Gay and Women's movements and is the only openly Gay person ever elected to public office. An address will also be made by Marilyn Anderson-Richard, M.S., R.N., Chairperson of the Psychiatric-Mental Health Special Interest Group of the Massachusetts Nurses Association and an Instructor at Fitchburg State College School of Nursing. She will speak on a Gay, feminist approach to Mental Health Counseling.

Workshops will follow the major presentations on 1) Sexually Transmitted Diseases (VD), 2) Gay People/Straight Health Care, 3) Mental Health Counseling, 4) Substance Abuse in the Gay Community, 5) Women's Health Care, and 6) Organizing a Local GNA Caucus.

Ms. Norma Swenson, M.P.H., one of the authors of Our Bodies, Ourselves, has been asked to give an address on women's health care, but at press time had not yet confirmed that she would make the address.

The Gay Nurses' Alliance is an organization that provided a forum for Gay nurses and seeks to serve as an advocate for Gay patients within the health care system. Its major programmatic thrust is aimed at educating the nursing profession about Gay lifestyles, with the major goal of insuring quality health care for Gay patients. For more detailed information on the conference and registration, write to the Gay Nurses' Alliance at PO Box 530, Back Bay Annex, Boston, MA 02117. Registration fees: \$15, non-members; \$10, members; \$7, students, retired persons.

FOUR POEMS

By Louie Crew

PONDERED

Joseph! Joseph, rejoice!
This sheet tells that last night
Jesus had his first wet dream!



CLOSET MANTRA

If I

just get

just

all those balls

arms and legs

right here

I might never

never tell anyone

I'm queer!

If I could

just

get all

balls and arms

legs and crotch perfumes

here inside with me

I might never have to tell

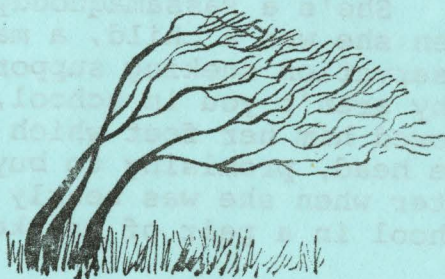
anyone at all

queer! queer! queer!

POLLUTION

Like Allied Chemical's Capon
homophobia's ultimate lodging is the brain,
though first signals may be

- twitches at the edges of the eye
when camp is overheard in a lobby
- a crunched-up nose
when a quean passes redolent
of a Bal a Versailles
- a sharp start when one's
seven-year-old son angrily
calls his elder brother "faggot"
in a heated argument over who
can be firstbaseman.



But the brain is the poison's target,
moving speck by bespeckled bit
from nostril to lung pores, through the blood,
till the victim sustains a perpetual hopeless silence,
one catatonic stare at all that's queer.

1970s, 80s, 90s...*



Calling all Gay people! Calling all Gay people!
Lesbians, queans, punks, faggots, fairies, queers!
Wherever you are! Calling all of you Gay people!
Come out wherever you are, Gay people!
You do not have to stick your hands up.
Aw right, come on out right now, darlings.

*with special thanks to Baraka

[Louie Crew, Associate Professor of English at Ft. Valley State College, in Georgia, has been active in the Gay movement for several years. His work has been published in Fag Rag, GCN, Mouth of the Dragon, and others.]

DEANNA FRANCIS

By Sandra Swain

She's a Passamaquoddy from Pleasant Point, Maine. When she was a child, a man named Muskie came to the Reservation seeking support for the office of Governor. "Why aren't you in school, little girl?" he asked. Deanna showed him her feet which were bare, and he patted her on the head, promising to buy her some shoes. Many months later when she was nearly seven years old, she started school in a pair of sneakers her cousin had outgrown.

Eight years later, he returned, wanting to be a national Senator. This time when he asked her what he could do for her, she told him she wanted her people to have a voting representative in the State Legislature. His assurances were glib and many. It's now 1975; the Native American Representative is permitted to sit on the floor with the other Reps only after a special motion is passed granting the privilege, but no vote accompanies the honor.

Deanna's Uncle George was this special representative for years, and she would travel with him and listen and watch, her anger growing. Once when the legislature was considering cutting the budget at the Passamaquoddy's expense, several concerned members of the tribe attended the session, but when the speaker asked if there were any comments, no one spoke, until Deanna rose from her seat and asked to address the House. There were a few snickers, and everyone settled back expecting a good time.

It was customary to speak from the floor but Deanna surprised everyone by walking forward to the Speaker's podium and taking over the mike. She began by talking about her uncle who was beaten to death by five white hunters, all of whom were acquitted because the Court refused to accept her eye-witness testimony.

We wish our sisters and brothers at Eagle Bay strength

She talked about her people's history. She quoted the letter from General George Washington in which he points out that without the vital support of the Abnaki Nation, the province of Maine would have been lost to the British during the Revolutionary War. There would not be a State of Maine today, she reminded them, if her people had not remained loyal to the American Patriots.

She described the poverty and madness and suffering on her 100-acre Reservation and demanded to know what good had come to her tribe for their misplaced loyalty. Their lands, their culture, their very lives were being forfeited to white greed. By then, her hatred of every stunned white face staring at her surfaced and she left the chamber in disgust.

Someone started to applaud and then they all rose to their feet in one of the longest and loudest tributes ever paid to any speaker in that House of Representatives. She was 16 years old and Gay.

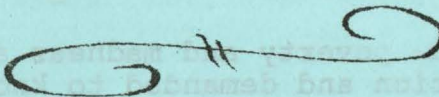
* * * * *

In early December [1974], Deanna and her cousin Jeanne Francis brought 500 wreaths down from the Passamaquoddy Reservation and asked for help in selling them. Miriam Dyak, Karyn Frank, Karen Bye, Anne Garland, a whole troop of young people (I think they were all female, too!) and Sandra Swain worked for several days in front of churches and door-to-door.

They sold most of them and succeeded in raising some consciousness as well as money. Miriam and Karyn sold trees from their land and donated the proceeds to the fund, which helped to swell the total amount, some of which went to cover expenses. The rest is being used to purchase supplies to be smuggled in to the Mohawks at Eagle Bay in N.Y. State who are presently under siege from the combined forces of the N.Y. state, county and local police and the National Guard.

We wish our sisters and brothers at Eagle Bay strength and courage and Deanna success in getting through to them with the needed supplies.

[The above article is reprinted from the January 1975 (Vol. 2, No. 1) issue of the Maine Gay Task Force Newsletter.]



DEADLINE SET ON JAY/YOUNG SURVEYS

A deadline of November 1, 1977 has been set by Karla Jay and Allen Young for the return of questionnaires in their survey on Lesbian and Gay male sexuality.

Several hundred thousand of the surveys, including questions on sexuality, relationships and society, have been distributed throughout the United States and Canada, and thousands have already been returned.

"The responses have been wonderful, reflecting the rich variety of the Gay male and Lesbian experiences," according to Karla Jay and Allen Young, who are coordinating the survey and who will compile the responses in a book to be published in 1978 by Summit Books, a division of Simon & Schuster. "We are grateful for the thousands of responses as well as encouraging letters, and we hope even more people will participate in our survey."

The authors also stated that a limited supply of questionnaires is still available. To obtain questionnaires, direct requests to Survey, Box 98, Orange, Mass. 01364. Specify quantity, and indicate whether for Gay males or Lesbians. Groups and individuals may request and distribute questionnaires.

--Summit Books Press Release

GOOD NEWS FOR BANGORIANS: According to the latest issue of the Maine Lesbian Feminist, The Record Warehouse on Main Street in Bangor now carries Olivia and Wise Women Records, which can be ordered, and T-shirts may be available soon.

* * *

NEW FROM OLIVIA RECORDS: Olivia announces the release of Meg Christian's second album, Face the Music, which "reflects through her consummate artistry her feelings and ideas as given expression through her music." The record costs \$5.50 plus 10% for mailing and is available through Olivia Records, POB 70237, Los Angeles, CA 90070.

* * *

BUT WHAT ABOUT US VEGETARIANS? The Advocate reports that "First Lady Rosalyn Carter has contributed a recipe to a cookbook being planned by the Cleveland chapter of Dignity, an organization for Gay Catholics. The group had written to the White House,

explaining its purpose and requesting one of the First Lady's favorite original recipes. Mrs. Carter replied with a recipe for 'Flank Steak' and her wishes for a successful project."

* * *

NEW FROM THE PUBLISHERS: Bantam Books has released Rita Mae Brown's Rubyfruit Jungle, the semi-autobiographical misadventures of Molly Bolt. This paperback is probably collecting dust at your nearest drugstore right now, so if you haven't read it yet, what are you waiting for? Also new are A Family Matter: A Parent's Guide to Homosexuality, by Charles Silverstein, Ph.D. (McGraw Hill, 1221 Avenue of the Americas, NYC 10020) and Among the Carnivores, Daniel Curzon's third novel which we hope to review for Mainely Gay sometime this fall.

* * *

Send your bizarre bits to us, c/o Kitchen Sink. We'll be overjoyed to edit. NEXT MONTH: LESBIAN SEAGULLS.



Calendar

The WILDE-STEIN CLUB meets every FRIDAY at 7 PM in the International Lounge of Memorial Union, UNO, for a business and general meeting. All are welcome, students and non-students.

The GAY PEOPLE'S ALLIANCE meets every MONDAY at 7 PM for a general business rap at 92 Bedford Street, Portland.

GROWING...SOBER AND GAY welcomes all Gays and bisexuals who are interested in living a chemical-free life. They may be contacted at GSG, PO Box 893, Waterville 04901. Group meetings are 8-9:30 PM, SUNDAYS.

SPECIAL EVENTS

SEPTEMBER 24-25 (Saturday-Sunday): Maine Lesbian Feminists meeting, 189 Water Street, Skowhegan. Party at 8 PM, Saturday; Meeting begins at 10 AM on Sunday.

OCTOBER 1 (Saturday): Pot-luck Supper sponsored by Gay People's Alliance at 92 Bedford Street, Portland, 6 PM.

OCTOBER 5 (Wednesday): MAINLY GAY SURVIVAL MEETING, 7:30 PM, GPA Office, 92 Bedford Street, Portland. This journal is undergoing a critical shortage of staff members. In order not to fold, we are calling this meeting for volunteers who see the necessity in keeping MG in operation and can make work commitments. We need people who are into clerical work, accounting, journalism, stuffing envelopes, and Gay Liberation. Please attend.

OCTOBER 7-9 (Friday-Saturday-Sunday): Women's Weekend Workshop in the Woods. Fee: \$50.00. Meals and transportation from Waterville provided. For further details, see Bits.

AREA GAY GROUPS

(See CALENDAR for Events)

MAINE

GAY COMMUNITY COUNSELING SERVICE

(Serving Gays, Bisexuals, and
their families)

Marjorie Meyer at York County
Counseling Service...282-4151

Maine Gay Task Force....773-5530

GAY PEOPLE'S ALLIANCE

92 Bedford Street
Portland 04103
773-2981, ext. 553

GROWING...SOBER AND GAY

PO Box 893
Waterville 04901

MAINE GAY MEN/MGM NEWSLETTER

PO Box 303
Whitefield 04362

MAINE GAY TASK FORCE/MAINELY GAY

PO Box 4542
Portland 04112
773-5530

MAINE LESBIAN FEMINISTS/ MLF

NEWSLETTER
PO Box 125
Belfast 04915

WILDE-STEIN CLUB

Memorial Union, UMO
Orono 04473

NEW HAMPSHIRE

LESBIAN SUPPORT GROUP

UNH Women's Center
University of New Hampshire
Durham 03824

MCC-EXTENSION

292 State Street
Portsmouth 03801
(603) 382-4678

NASHUA AREA GAYS

(603) 673-5315

NH LAMBDA (Lesbian Group)

PO Box 1943
Concord 03301
(603) 228-8542

OCCUPANT (NH D.O.B.: Do not use 'Gay' on envelope)

PO Box 137
Northwood 03261

VERMONT

COUNSELING FOR GAY WOMEN AND MEN

c/o Vermont Women's Health Center
158 Bank Street
Burlington 05401
(802) 863-1386

COUNSELING-SUPPORT FOR GAY WOMEN

c/o Susan Katz
South Vermont Women's Health
Center
187 North Main Street
Rutland 05701

GAY PEOPLE AT MIDDLEBURY
Middlebury College
Middlebury 05753

GAY STUDENT UNION
University of Vermont
Burlington 05401
(802) 656-4173

WOMEN'S CENTER
182 Main Street
Burlington 05401
(802) 863-1236

MARITIME CANADA

ALTERNATE BOOKSHOP
Suite 301
1585 Barrington Street
Halifax, NS B3J 1Z8

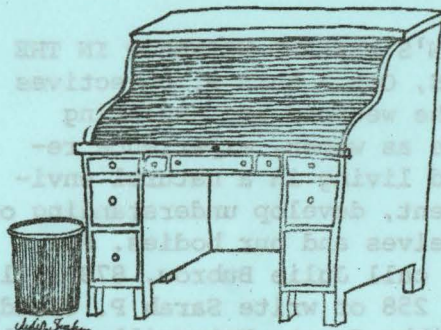
APPLE (Lesbian Group)
PO Box 3611
Halifax South Postal Station
Halifax, NS B3J 3K6

GAY ALLIANCE FOR EQUALITY
PO Box 3611
Halifax South Postal Station
Halifax, NS B3J 3K6

GAY FRIENDS OF FREDERICTON
Box 442
Fredericton, NB E3B 5A4

COMMUNITY HOMOPHILE ASSOCIATION
OF NEWFOUNDLAND (CHAN)
Box 613, Station C
St. John's, NF A1C 5K8

COMMUNITY HOMOPHILE ASSOCIATION
OF NEWFOUNDLAND (CHAN)
Box 905
Corner Brook, NF A2H 6J2



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The National Edition includes listings
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North America \$7.

The quarterly NYC/NJ Edition covers
New York City, Long Island, and New
Jersey. Features include bar and
cruising notes, and a special section,
"Women's Gayellow Pages." \$1.50; \$2
by mail from Renaissance House, Box
202MG, Village Station, New York, NY
10014.

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

UnclassifiedS

FREE BITS...free bits...FREE BITS...free bits...FREE BITS...free bits...

WOMEN'S WEEKEND WORKSHOP IN THE WOODS, Oct 7 thru 9. Objectives of the weekend are exploring roles as women, experience relaxed living in a natural environment, develop understanding of ourselves and our bodies. For info call Julie Bubrow, 873-2171, Ext. 258 or write Sarah P. Cloudy, 11 Libby Court, Waterville 04901. Fee: \$50.00 for the weekend, meals and transportation from Waterville included. September 26 deadline. Limited enrollment.

●**ANCIENT MAINIAC**, guaranteed impossible to live with, wants to move from monastic YMCA cell to a shared Portland apartment for a month. Parking required. Write Alan, c/o Box 4542, Portland 04112.

●**WANTED**: One or two wimmin to share an unfinished house with womoon and man and two cats -- low rent and/or work exchange. No smoking, drinking, drugs, or meat. Lesbians and witches welcome! Call 688-4432 or write: Grand Earth Trine, RD #1, Pownal, Maine 04069.

●**LAMBDA RISING CELEBRATES** the Gay Experience. Our new store features an informal reading lounge, a community bulletin board, artwork on display by Gay and Lesbian artists, and the finest selection of books, magazines, and gifts for Gay men and women. Lambda Rising, 2012 S St., NW, Washington, DC.

●**WOMEN MUSICIANS!** I'm searching for you, where are you? Can you play an instrument, or sing, or compose? Let's get together! Can't shake this dream of a women's band "Someday"!!! Call Deb, (603) 436-5047. Tell your friends too!

●**PLEASANT THIRD WORLD GAY WOMAN** would like to hear from other Gay women who live in or near the New England area. Must be clean, honest and have a sense of humor. All ages and ethnic backgrounds welcomed. Write, Box 815 Downstairs, 166 West 21st St., NYC 10011.

●**BITS ARE FREE** for two consecutive months unless requested otherwise.

UnclassifiedS

FREE BITS...free bits...FREE BITS...free bits...FREE BITS...free bits...

●GAY BUSINESSES AND ORGANIZATIONS list yourself free in the Gayellow Pages. Write to PO Box 292, Village Station, New York, NY 10014,

●THE N.Y. GAY PRISONER SUPPORT COMMITTEE offers any services (penpals, legal referrals, counseling, social activities, etc.) for Lesbians and Gay males who are either incarcerated or free now. Write us at P.O. Box 2, Village Station, New York, NY 10014 or call Brian O'Dell, (212) 675-2983. Interested Gay volunteers are also urgently needed!

●INSIGHT: A QUARTERLY OF GAY CATHOLIC OPINION, published by Gays for the non-Gay to make the Gay experience understandable. Fall Issue; Coming Out; Winter Issue; Homophobia; Spring Issue; The Rights of Gay People in the Church. Each copy is \$1.50 or \$6 per year. (\$9 outside the U.S.) Subscribe! A publication of Dignity/New York, Inc. PO Box 5110, Grand Central Station, New York, NY 10017,

●WITH DOWNCAST GAYS: Aspects of Homosexual Self-Oppression, by Hodges and Hutter, is now in its first North American printing. Readers of Mainely Gay will remember excerpts of this pamphlet printed in the May, June, and July issues. Now you can get it for \$1.35 by writing to Pink Triangle Press, Box 639, Sta. A, Toronto, Ontario M5W 1G2.

●WANTED: LARGE APARTMENT or moderate-sized house to rent within 20 miles of Portland. Two women, three children. Need four bedrooms. Contact Wendy Ashley, c/o PO Box 4542, Portland 04112.

●LESSONS IN ASTROLOGY by Wendy Ashley at University of Maine at Portland-Gorham. Non-oppressive attitudes stressed. 10 weeks, starting October 5. Call The Other Program, UMPG, 773-2981, ext. 454.



UnclassifiedS

FREE BITS...free bits...FREE BITS...free bits...FREE BITS...free bits...

●THE FOLLOWING PRISONERS
wish to have correspondence:

Larry B. Shears #020889
PO Box 747
Starke, FL 32091

Jamey A. Vann #042287
PO Box 747
Starke, FL 32091

Philip Grant #035927
PO Box 747
Starke, FL 32091

Arthur Graham #051054
Box 221
Raiford, FL 32083

David J. Woodin #041233
PO Box 747
Starke, FL 32091

James C. Welsh
PO Box 221
Raiford, FL 32083

Walter Stowars #042479
PO Box 221
Raiford, FL 32083

Richard M. Stewart #B-15041
Box AE Rm 1212
San Luis Obispo, CA 93401

Roger Hall #034941
PO Box 221
Raiford, FL 32083

Don Smith #140-872
PO Box 787
Lucasville, OH 45648

Carl Harp #126516
PO Box 520
Walla Walla, WA 99362

John Hedlund
PO Box 100
Somers, CT 06071

Henry Carter #92440-1
Box 514
Granite, OK 73547

●NOTE TO PRISONERS: Because of
space limitations, beginning
with this issue, your name and
address will appear for three
consecutive months only, unless
otherwise requested.

UnclassifiedS

QUALITY MERCHANDISE: MAGAZINES & LOCKER ROOM

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PORTLAND

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