

LESBIAN ALPHABET

San Jose, CA (In) - A 11/26 feature in the *San Jose Mercury News* spotlighted "classic" toys for kids this Christmas, complete with photos illustrating everything from rock-a-bye dolls to alphabet blocks.

What the all-seeing editors at the paper didn't notice was that the blocks, arranged in a pyramid, spelled out "B A LESBIAN." In fact, no one at the paper noticed it at all until eagle-eyed readers called in to complain about the "hidden message" in the photo.

Mary Neinast, the *Mercury News* photographer who snapped the illustration that appeared on the first page of the newspaper's "Living" section, said she had arranged the blocks to take a photo for a friend and never intended the picture for publication.

Neinast, who produced several negatives to prove she hadn't intended the photo to be part of the spread, was given a three week suspension without pay. Among other things, she had not been involved in selecting the photo that ultimately was used with the paper's story.

CONDOM ADS IN IRELAND

Ireland (*The Washington Blade*) - The country's first condom commercials began airing 11/10 on independent radio stations.

The state-run television and radio network, Radio Telefis Eireann, continues to refuse condom ads, although it does air public service announcements promoting the effectiveness of condoms in protecting against HIV and sexually transmitted diseases.

Condoms had been available only from pharmacists and

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THE QUILT COMES TO MAINE

by Sherry Nicolds

Between December 1st and 4th, more than 400 panels of the Names Project AIDS Memorial quilt were displayed at the YWCA in Portland. The display was the largest ever in the state of Maine,

and provided many people with a first opportunity to see so much of the quilt. A fact sheet available at the display noted that the entire quilt represents only 12% of all U.S. AIDS deaths.

An especially poignant panel was intentionally without any name. Instead there was a statement about a family's fear of stigma and a

brother's need to remember. As much as any other in the room, this one panel articulated the profound need for the quilt to be created and displayed.

Every panel in the room told a story. Some revealed the very warm personal sides of men well known professionally. Many panels included pictures of pets. Articles of clothing, letters and photographs of loved ones left behind provided glimpses of private worlds altered by death. Always there were words of love attesting to the fact that those lost will not soon be forgotten. One particularly lovely panel had several pins still in it, truly a labor of love in process.

It is hard to imagine being in a room with more than 400 such panels, each acknowledging the loss of a loving and loved person who died too young, without being overcome with emotion. A symbol of such beauty, power and strength created by and in the midst of loss defies explanation to those who have not seen it. ▼



photos by Annette Dragon

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STATEMENT OF PURPOSE

Phoenix Press is a collectively run organization whose purpose is to build and empower our community by providing positive lesbian/gay images. We will be a forum for the exchange of ideas through debate and discussion. The collective will work to reflect the political and social diversity of our community.

SUBMISSIONS

All submissions should be typed and double-spaced if at all possible. Please include your name and phone number in case we have any questions. Your name will be withheld at your request, but any material received without a contact name or number will not be published. If your submission has appeared or will appear in any other publication, we must be notified. Submissions *must* be received by the 20th of each month. Thank you for your contributions.

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LETTERS ...

To the Editor:

It appears that Sue Enos in "Dyke in the Third Row" [APEX, Vol. 2, No. 10, 11/93] was so caught up in her own agenda that she missed the point of "Maine Lights."

Her interpretation of my presentation (This priest from a Catholic diocese/the Catholic guy who just did not get anything) reflects her own hang-ups. . . . The woman who read part of the dialogue with me was the initiator of the P-FLAG group in Lewiston.

Such inaccuracy leads to disinformation. You may need to take another look at your Statement of Purpose. Diversity does not have to lead to abuse.

Sincerely,
Roger P. Chabot

Dear APEX,

APEX is a professional and visually attractive publication. Thank you for all your time and effort in putting together a much needed source for the lesbian, gay, and bisexual community.

I understand that the opinions expressed in the publication are those of the authors and do not necessarily represent the views of the collective. I have to write to tell you that as one of the collective [sic] I find it disturbing that the word "queer" is substituted often for the term "gay." Many of my fellow gay women and men have expressed the same concern. I think that I am aware of why it is used but I cannot think that using this negative word with all its connotations somehow transcends it. For many it does not transcend...it offends.

This is a crucial time for us in politics. The blacks did not call

themselves "niggers" publicly during the Civil Rights Movement. Jerry Falwell enjoys the word "queer"; I do not.

Perhaps you would consider asking the community their thoughts. Gloria Steinem tells an interesting story. While attending college she went on a Geology field trip to some flood plain. Near the highway she discovered a huge mud turtle creeping along the road. She thought it would be hurt so she picked it up and carried it all the way down the hill to the river bank. The entire time the turtle was snapping at her. When she set it near the water her Geology professor spied her and asked her what she was doing. She told him she had found the turtle near the road and moved it so it would not be hurt. The professor became upset and told her that it had probably taken the mud turtle months to climb up the hill to lay its eggs. That's what mud turtles do.

After that experience she promised herself something. Before taking on a cause for someone she felt the politically correct thing to do was to "first ask the turtle." As a gay woman who supports a gay publication for Portland, I am deeply offended to be referred to as queer.

Anonymous

[Ed. Note - We refer "Anonymous" to *Queer Trip* on page 7.]

"I've seen the pendulum swing towards gays and lesbians being cool, and I don't trust it. But I'll take advantage of it while it lasts. If we're the comedy flavor of the month, eat me."

-Gay comic Mark Davis

apex \ˈā-peks\ *n.* 1 **a:** the uppermost point: VERTEX (the ~ of a mountain) **b:** the narrowed or pointed end: TIP (the ~ of the tongue) 2: the highest or culminating point (the ~ of her career) **syn** see SUMMIT.

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LETTER TO A FEMME

Leslie Feinberg grew up differently gendered in a blue-collar town in the 1950s. She came out as a butch in the bars and factories of Buffalo, NY in the pre-feminist '60s. She writes from the unique vantage point of a woman who entered a female-to-male transsexual program in the early 1970s and has written and spoken widely about her experiences as a passing woman. She is a political activist who has been a part of the lesbian/gay struggle since before the Stonewall rebellion, a member of Workers' World Party for 20 years and a contributing editor to Workers' World.

Leslie represents the pre-Stonewall past of the lesbian community - a past that lesbian-feminism largely has dismissed. The publication of Stone Butch Blues has been a catalyst in recognizing how little the lesbian community knows of our cultural past and how essential it is to us. Therefore, Leslie very much represents the lesbian future; her exploration of butch/femme history helps us reclaim the value of lesbian passion and sexuality.

The following excerpt is from her first novel, Stone Butch Blues.

Dear Theresa,

I'm lying on my bed tonight missing you, my eyes all swollen, hot tears running down my face. There's a fierce summer lightning storm raging outside.

Tonight I walked down streets looking for you in every woman's face, as I have each night of this lonely exile. I'm afraid I'll never see your laughing, teasing eyes again.

I had coffee in Greenwich Village earlier with a woman. A mutual friend fixed us up, sure we'd have a lot in common since we're both "into politics." Well, we sat in a coffee shop and she talked about Democratic politics and seminars and photography and problems with her co-op and how

she's so opposed to rent control. Small wonder - Daddy is a real estate developer.

I was looking at her while she was talking, thinking to myself that I'm a stranger in this woman's eyes. She's looking at me but she doesn't see me. Then she finally said how she hates this society for what it's done to "women like me" who hate themselves

We learned fast that the cops always pulled the police van right up to the bar door and left snarling dogs inside so we couldn't get out.

so much they have to look and act like men. I felt myself getting flushed and my face twitched a little and I started telling her, all cool and calm, about how women like me existed since the dawn of time, before there was oppression, and how those societies respected them, and she got her very interested expression on - and besides it was time to leave.

So we walked by a corner where these cops were laying into a homeless man and I stopped and mouthed off to the cops and they started coming at me with their clubs raised and she tugged at my belt to pull me back. I just looked at her, and suddenly I felt things well up in me I thought I had buried. I stood there remembering you like I didn't see cops about to hit me, like I was falling back into another world, a place I wanted to go again.

And suddenly my heart hurt so bad and I realized how long it's been since my heart felt - anything.

I need to go home to you tonight Theresa. I can't. So I'm writing you this letter.

I remember years ago, the day I started working at the cannery in Buffalo and you had already been there a few months, and how your eyes caught mine and played with me before you set me free. I was supposed to be following the foreman to fill out some forms but I was so busy wondering what color your hair was under that

white paper net and how it would look and feel in my fingers, down loose and free. And I remember how you laughed gently when the foreman came back and said "you comin' or not?"

All of us he-shes were mad as hell when we heard you got fired because you wouldn't let the Superintendent touch your breasts. I still unloaded on the docks for another couple of days, but I was kind of mopey. It just wasn't the same after your light went out.

I couldn't believe it the night I went to that new club on the West Side. There you were, leaning up against the bar, your jeans too tight for words and your hair, your hair all loose and free.

And I remember that look in your eyes again. You didn't just know me, you liked what you saw. And this time, ooh woman, we were on our own turf. I could move the way you wanted me to, and I was glad I'd gotten all dressed up.

Our own turf... "Would you dance with me?"

You didn't say yes or no, just teased me with your eyes, straightened my tie, smoothed my collar, and took me by the hand. You had my heart before you moved against me like you did. Tammy was singing "Stand by Your Man," and we were changing all the *he's* to *she's* inside our heads to make it fit right. After you moved that way, you had more than my heart. You made me ache and you liked that. So did I.

The older butches warned me: if you wanted to keep your marriage, don't go to the bars. But I've always been a one-woman butch. Besides, this was our community, the only one we belonged to, so we went every weekend.

There were two kinds of fights in the bars. Most weekends had one kind or the other, some weekends both.

WHERE WE'VE BEEN - an exploration of lesbian and gay history

by Stan Clough

The Goddess: Part V

One of the biggest issues confronting feminist Jews and Christians concerns the issue of the male deity, namely Yahweh, who is the centerpiece of the concept of the Godhead in the Judeo-Christian tradition. Conservative theologians criticize feminists who refer to the Judeo-Christian God as "She." The critics claim, and somewhat rightly, that God in the Bible is referred to in masculine terms, such as with the pronoun "He," or more poetically, the "Heavenly Father." I say somewhat rightly, because it would be foolish to deny that there is a male supreme deity in the Old Testament (the Jewish Tanach), in the person of Yahweh. But there is also *another* supreme deity in the Old Testament, Elohim, and this deity can not be rightly called "He."

There are *two* creation stories in Genesis, and the first story stars Elohim as the creator. In Genesis 1-2:4, Elohim created the world in six days. Perhaps the most poetic part of this recounting of the Creation concerns Elohim's Spirit, Who "hovered over the water," which was a formless void. Elohim's Spirit, wherever that Spirit flew, brought life into being. But Elohim's crowning achievement, we are told, was the creation of "man," which Elohim ordained in saying, "Let us make man in *our* own image." So "Elohim created man in the *image* of Elohim . . . Elohim created man, male and female Elohim created them."

Compare all this to the *second* story of creation. In the latter account, Yahweh created the male, Adam, first, and from the male's body, Yahweh fashioned the female, Eve. In the Elohim story, Elohim created the male and female *together*, suggesting that one would not have dominion over the other, while in the Yahweh account, the female is created from the male's body, suggesting Eve's subordinate role to Adam.

We already know that Yahweh is a male deity, but what of Elohim? Recall Elohim said, "Let *us* make man in *our* own image." This suggests the Elohim Godhead truly combines the female and male aspects, for recall also that man, as male *and* female, was created in Elohim's image.

Elohim is the Crypto-Goddess, or at least incorporates her, for recall the Hebrew word for "Spirit," which is the creative principle in Genesis, is a feminine noun. The Spirit of God is thus the Creatrix, breathing life into the lifeless void.

In stark contrast to Elohim is Yahweh. Yahweh, as Merlin Stone suggests, is the male deity who co-opts the creative power of the creatrix: Yahweh, the male, and not Elohim, breathes life into Adam. Also, Yahweh condemns Adam and Eve to a mortal life full of pain and woe, all because Eve, under the temptation of the serpent, prompts her mate Adam to eat from the Tree of the Fruit of Knowledge. This story suggests the conquest of the Goddess by the Sky-God, writes William Harwood: Eve was once the Goddess, with the serpent Her sacred companion and the forbidden fruit Her gift to humankind.

Further, it is the Warrior-God, Yahweh, who destroys Sodom, Gomorrah and the other "Cities of the Plain," in Genesis 19. As I suggested in Part One of this essay, the writers of Genesis used Yahweh as their literary hammer in Genesis 19 against the folks in the lands surrounding Judea, such as Phoenecia, who worshipped the Goddess.

Imagine the difference in the development of the Judeo-Christian tradition had Elohim, and not Yahweh, become the God of the Hebrews, for Elohim was not another name for God in addition to Yahweh; Elohim was the name of a God distinctly separate from Yahweh.

Next month, the Goddess in a "kinder, gentler" patriarchy: the Goddess in the world of the Celts. ▼

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More FEMME from page 3

There were the fist fights between the butch women - full of booze, shame, jealous insecurity. Sometimes the fights were awful and spread like a web to trap everyone in the bar, like the night Heddy lost her eye when she got hit upside the head with a bar stool.

I was real proud that in all those years I never hit another butch woman. See, I loved them too, and I understood their pain and their shame because I was so much like them. I loved the lines etched in their faces and hands and the curves of their work-weary shoulders. Sometimes I looked in the mirror and wondered what I would look like when I was their age. Now I know!

In their own way, they loved me too. They protected me because they knew I wasn't a "Saturday-night butch." The weekend butches were scared of me because I was a stone he-she. If only they had known how powerless I really felt inside! But the older butches, they knew the whole road that lay ahead of me and they wished I didn't have to go down it because it hurt so much.

When I came into the bar in drag, kind of hunched over, they told me, "Be proud of what you are," and then they adjusted my tie sort of like you did. I was like them, they knew I didn't have a choice. So I never fought them with my fists. We clapped each other on the back in the bars and watched each other's backs at the factory.

But then there were the times our real enemies came in the front door: drunken gangs of sailors, Klan-type thugs, sociopaths and cops. You always knew when they walked in because someone thought to pull the plug on the jukebox. No matter how many times it happened, we all still went "Aw..." when the music stopped and then realized it was time to get down to business.

When the bigots came in it was time to fight, and fight we did. Fought hard - femme and butch, women and men together.

If the music stopped and it was the cops at the door, someone plugged the music back in and we switched dance partners. Us in our suits and ties paired off with our drag queen sisters in their dresses and pumps. Hard

to remember that it was illegal then for two women or two men to sway to music together. When the music ended, the butches bowed, our femme partners curtsied, and we returned to our seats, our lovers, and our drinks to await our fates.

That's when I remember your hand on my belt, up under my suit jacket. That's where your hand stayed the whole time the cops were there. "Take it easy, honey. Stay with me baby, cool off," you'd be cooing in my ear like a special lover's song sung to warriors who need to pick and choose their battles in order to survive.


We learned fast that the cops always pulled the police van right up to the bar door and left snarling dogs inside so we couldn't get out. We were trapped alright.

Remember the night you stayed home with me when I was so sick? That was the night - you remember. The cops picked out the most stone butch of them all to destroy with humiliation, a woman everyone said "wore a raincoat in the shower." We heard they stripped her, slow, in front of everyone in the bar, and laughed at her trying to cover up her nakedness. Later she went mad, they said. Later she hung herself.

What would I have done if I had been there that night?

I'm remembering the busts in the bars in Canada. Packed in the police vans, all the Saturday-night butches giggled and tried to fluff up their hair and switch clothing so they could get thrown in the tank with the femme women - said it would be like "dyin' and goin' to heaven." The law said we had to be wearing three pieces of women's clothing. We never switched clothing. Neither did our drag queen sisters. We knew, and so did you, what was coming. We needed our sleeves rolled up, our hair slicked back, in order to live through it. Our hands were cuffed tight behind our backs. Yours were cuffed in front. You loosened my tie, unbuttoned my collar, and touched my face. I saw the pain and fear for me in your face, and I whispered it would be alright. We knew it wouldn't be.

More FEMME  page 8



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DYKE IN THE THIRD ROW - Back in Class

by Sue Enos

Just when I think high school is far behind me, I find myself walking down echoing halls, past over-stuffed lockers, shuffling past those water fountains that look like urinals, right to the one place I had always managed to avoid as a student - school advisory board meetings. And the hot topic for debate? Condom availability. The Portland school district has set up a long standing "family living and human sexuality advisory board" to give recommendations for any major decision the school board has to make. Unfortunately it seems as though the committee already has two strikes against it - for having progressive ideas and ways to get feedback. The committee is always having to battle just to get the recommendations heard by the board, and now the best way they found to get info has been rejected. In addition to this committee, a smaller STD subcommittee was formed to advise on matters of student prevention of STD's and HIV. Their recommendation was to hand out a survey to all the students asking them how they feel about having condoms in school

and if their sexual practices call for it. This survey included questions like:

Q: If you are sexually active do you use a condom?

A. Always B. Sometimes C. Never.

Q: Do you think condoms should be available in school?

A. Yes B. No C. Unsure.

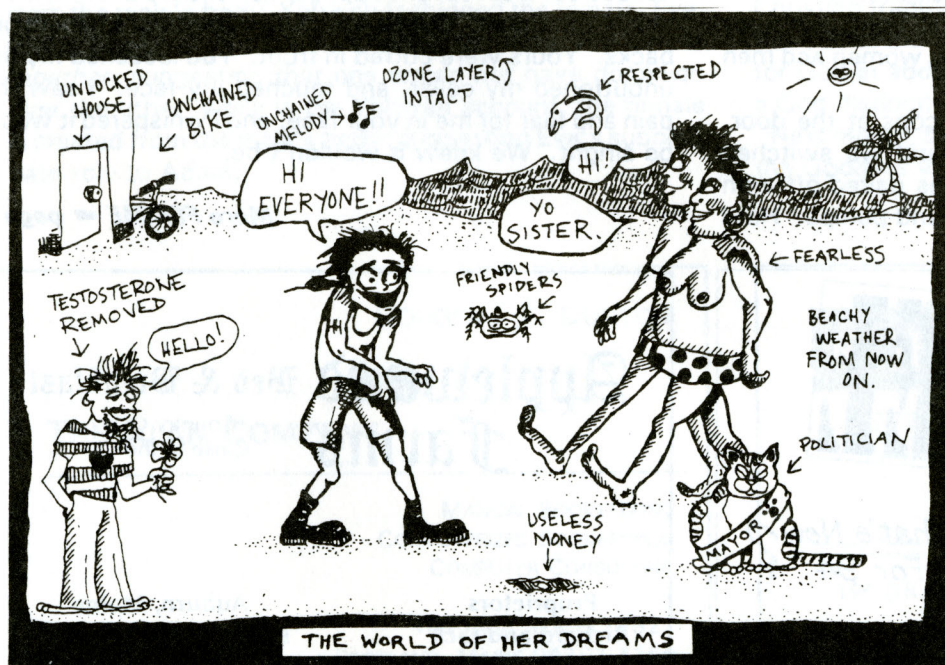
Sounds like real subversive stuff here, doesn't it? Well, the subcommittee won't have to worry about any blank lines or false answers on this questionnaire. They were denied the chance to distribute the survey and were told that they were no longer needed, and to disband.

So anyway, now that you have a brief history, I'll continue with the compelling story of these advisory board meetings that I keep finding myself at. They are held at PRVTC and the two that I have attended were attended by a wide variety of people. My personal fave was the first one I attended with ACT UP/Portland and some Lesbian Avengers from New York. There was about a half hour of public testimony and in that time was some great testimony supporting a

program in the schools with a lot of facts and heartfelt concern. There was also a lot of long-winded, harebrained, right wing, swiss cheese, don't make me laugh comments from the opposite wearing white "Parents Care" ribbons. Don't worry, the cheese comments were not left unchallenged. ACT UP came prepared (we have to, it's in the handbook). In the parking lot outside the meeting, signs that read "Yeah", "When," and "Lie" were shoved into our jackets and pants and smuggled inside. We took our seats and well, leaned back, since we couldn't bend in the middle until Michael Schools (boo, hiss) stood up and spoke. We pulled out signs and, in fluorescent pink letters, silently screamed "Lie."

The rest of the night went along accordingly, pro-condom truthfully and seriously addressed the advisory board, anti-condom speakers yelling and pointing fingers at anyone they could find, and ACT UP/Portland holding our signs. Oh, I almost forgot, the signs really pissed off the "I want my kid to die an AIDS related death" parents. They used up half their public comment time yelling at the committee to stop us. Obviously, they really cared.

The second meeting I went to was basically the same except ACT UP's signs were to stay out or there would be no more public comment. Since these nights are so fun-filled, we left them at home. One ACT UP member found a great shirt that just happened to say "call a lie a lie" in big black letters. And we all wore pink triangles with F.A.T.E. written on them. During the night there were two fabulous students who got up to speak and one totally right dad. Who said meetings were all boring? Well, at this one there was comic relief. When the fanatics, I mean parents, got angry enough at the shirt, someone tried to stand in front of him so no one could see the



Hothead Paisan available from Giant Ass Publishing, POB 214, New Haven, CT 06502 ©Diane Dimassa. Hothead Paisan (the book) available from Cleis Press.

More DYKE page 13



photo by Annette Dragon

NEA TOWN MEETING - Fear No Art?

On November 22 Jane Alexander, the new chairperson of the National Endowment for the Arts, spoke to a crowd of 300 people in Portland, Maine. Her speech was the first in a series of town meetings which will take her to all 50 states.

Alexander, an actress, writer, and producer, talked about the history of the NEA and her vision of its future. Her skill as a diplomat was evident in her response to two totally disparate questions from the audience.

Richard Fried of ACT UP/Portland asked, "How do you intend to encourage the human spirit in terms of art that is deemed homoerotic, and to cultivate gay culture, the culture that I align myself with?"

Another member of the audience asked, "Is the National Endowment for the Arts going to continue Christian-bashing?" To both questions, Ms. Alexander replied, "We don't discriminate against anyone."

Her tact will serve her well in her new position. ▽

WHAT A LONG, QUEER TRIP IT'S BEEN

by Colleen Marzec

For *queer*, it's been a long haul. No one is sure where it originated. So far, the earliest it's been dated in print is 1508, at which time it was applied to people or things regarded as strange, odd, peculiar, or eccentric. *Queer* took on ever expanding meanings and uses over the next three centuries, but exploded in use during the 1800s.

Charles Dickens's characters spoke of being on *Queer Street* - in a difficulty or hard up for cash; and it was common to remark that a person was "Queer as a Dick's hatband," meaning he or she was out of order or out of sorts. *Queer birds* were convicts; a *queer fellow*, *queer card*, or *queer fish* described a person with odd manners or views; and a *queer peeper* was a mirror of poor quality.

More QUEER ▀ page 11

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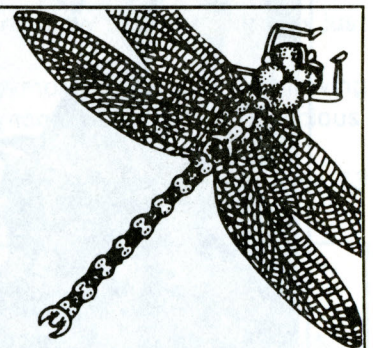
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More FEMME from page 5

I never told you what they did to us down there - queens in one tank, stone butches in the next - but you knew.

One at a time they would drag our brothers out of the cells, slapping and punching them, locking the bars behind them fast in case we lost control and tried to stop them, as if we could. They'd handcuff a brother's wrists to his ankles or chain him, face against the bars. They made us watch. Sometimes we'd catch the eyes of the terrorized victim, or the soon-to-be, caught in the vise of torture, and we'd say gently, "I'm with you honey, look at me, it's OK, we'll take you home."

We never cried in front of the cops. We knew we were next.

The next time the cell door opens it will be me they drag out and chain spread-eagle to the bars.

Did I survive? I guess I did. But only because I knew I might get home to you.

They let us out last, one at a time, on Monday morning. No charges. Too late to call in sick to work, no money, hitch-hiking, crossing the border on foot, rumpled clothes, bloody, needing a shower, hurt, scared.

I knew you'd be home if I could get there.

You ran a bath for me with sweet-smelling bubbles. You laid out a fresh pair of white BVD's and a T-shirt for me

and left me alone to wash off the first layer of shame.

I remember, it was always the same. I would put on the briefs, and then I'd just get the T-shirt over my head and you would find some reason to come into the bathroom, to get something or put something away. In a glance you would memorize the wounds on my body like a road map - the gashes, bruises, cigarette burns.

Later, in bed, you held me gently, caressing me everywhere, the tenderest touches reserved for the places I was hurt, knowing each and every sore place - inside and out. You didn't flirt with me right away, knowing I wasn't confident enough to feel sexy. But slowly you coaxed my pride back out again by showing me how much you wanted me. You knew it would take you weeks again to melt the stone.

Lately I've read these stories by women who are so angry with stone lovers, even mocking their passion when they finally give way to trust, to being touched. And I'm wondering: did it hurt you the times I couldn't let you touch me? I hope it didn't. You never showed it if it did. I think you knew it wasn't you I was keeping myself safe from. You treated my stone self as a wound that needed loving healing. Thank you. No one's ever done that since. If you were here tonight... well, it's hypothetical, isn't it?

I never said these things to you.

Tonight I remember the time I got busted alone, on strange turf. You're probably wincing already, but I have to say this to you. It was the night we drove 90 miles to a bar to meet friends who never showed up. When the police raided the club we were "alone," and the cop with gold bars on his uniform came right over to me and told me to stand up. No wonder, I was the only he-she in the place that night.

He put his hands all over me, pulled up the band of my Jockeys and told his men to cuff me - I didn't have three pieces of women's clothing on. I wanted to fight right then and there because I knew the chance would be lost in a moment. But I also knew that everyone would be beaten that night if I fought back, so I just stood there. I saw they had pinned your arms behind your back and cuffed your hands. One cop had his arm across your throat. I remember the look in your eyes. It hurts me even now.

They cuffed my hands so tight behind my back I almost cried out. Then the cop unzipped his pants real slow, with a smirk on his face, and ordered me down on my knees. First I thought to myself, *I can't!* Then I said out loud to myself and to you and to him, *"I won't!"* I never told you this before, but something changed inside of me at that moment. I learned the difference between what I can't do and I what I refuse to do.

I paid the price for that lesson. Do I have to tell you every detail? Of course not.

When I got out of the tank the next morning you were there. You bailed me out. No charges, they just kept your



photo by Bill Hackwell

money. You had waited all night long in that police station. Only I know how hard it was for you to withstand their leers, their taunts, their threats. I knew you cringed with every sound you strained to hear from back in the cells. You prayed you wouldn't hear me scream. I didn't.

I remember when we got outside to the parking lot you stopped and put your hands lightly on my shoulders and avoided my eyes. You gently rubbed the bloody places on my shirt and said, "I'll never get these stains out."

Damn anyone who thinks that means you were relegated in life to worrying about my ring-around-the-collar.

I knew exactly what you meant. It was such an oddly sweet way of saying, or not saying, what you were feeling. Sort of the way I shut down emotionally when I feel scared and hurt and helpless and say funny little things that seem so out of context.

You drove us home with my head in your lap all the way, stroking my face. You ran the bath. Set out my fresh underwear. Put me to bed. Caressed me carefully. Held me gently.

Later that night I woke up and found myself alone in bed. You were drinking at the kitchen table, head in your hands. You were crying. I took you firmly in my arms and held you, and you struggled and hit my chest with your fists because the enemy wasn't there to fight. Moments later you recalled the bruises on my chest and cried even harder, sobbing, "It's my fault, I couldn't stop them."

I've always wanted to tell you this. In that one moment I knew you really did understand how I felt in life. Choking on anger, feeling so powerless, unable to protect myself or those I loved most, yet fighting back again and again, unwilling to give up. I didn't have the words to tell you this then. I just said, "It'll be OK, it'll be alright." And then we smiled ironically at what I'd said, and I took you back to our bed and made the best love to you I could, considering the shape I was in. You knew not to try to touch me that night. You just ran your fingers through my hair and cried and cried.

When did we get separated in life, sweet warrior woman? We thought we'd won the war of liberation when we embraced the word *gay*. Then suddenly there were professors and doctors and lawyers coming out of the woodwork telling us that meetings should be run with *Robert's Rules of Order*. (Who died and left Robert god?)

They drove us out, made us feel ashamed of how we looked. They said we were male chauvinist pigs, the enemy. It was women's hearts they broke. We were not hard to send away, we went quietly.

The plants closed. Something we never could have imagined.

For more than twenty years I have lived on this lonely shore, wondering what became of you. . . . Did you burn in anger when women said, "If I wanted a man I'd be with a real one?"

That's when I began passing as a man. Strange to be exiled from your own sex to borders that will never be home.

You were banished too, to another land with your own sex, and yet forcibly apart from the women you loved as much as you tried to love yourself.

For more than twenty years I have lived on this lonely shore, wondering what became of you. Did you wash off your Saturday night makeup in shame? Did you burn in anger when women said, "If I wanted a man I'd be with a real one?"

Are you turning tricks today? Are you waiting tables or learning Word Perfect 5.1?

Are you in a lesbian bar looking out of the corner of your eye for the butchest woman in the room? Do the women there talk about Democratic politics and seminars and co-ops? Are you with women who only bleed monthly on their cycles?

Or are you married in another blue-collar town, lying with an unemployed auto worker who is much more like me than they are, listening for the even breathing of your sleeping children? Do you bind his emotional wounds the way you tried to heal mine?

Do you ever think of me in the cool night?

I've been writing this letter to you for hours. My ribs hurt bad from a recent beating. You know.

I never could have survived this long if I'd never known your love. Yet still I ache with missing you and need you so.

Only you could melt this stone. Are you ever coming back?

The storm has passed now. There is a pink glow of light on the horizon outside my window. I am remembering the nights I fucked you deep and slow until the sky was just this color.

I can't think about you anymore, the pain is swallowing me up. I have to put your memory away, like a precious

More FEMME ❖ page 13

LOOKING FOR MAGAZINES?

Outlook, 10 PerCent, Out, Bad Attitude, On Our Backs, RFD, James White Review, Sinister Wisdom, Christopher Street, Heresies, Lesbian Contradiction, Sojourner...



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CALENDAR . . .

SUNDAY 1/2

Annual Cape Neddick Inn Brunch. 1pm. Reservations needed. FMI ☎ (603) 898-1115. Seacoast Gay Men.

Auditions for Maine Gay Men's Chorus, 5-7pm, First Parish Unitarian Church Hall, 425 Congress St., Portland, ME. FMI ☎ Mark McDonald (207) 797-9270.

WEDNESDAY 1/5

Auditions for Maine Gay Men's Chorus, 5-7pm, First Parish Unitarian Church Hall, 425 Congress St., Portland, ME. FMI ☎ Mark McDonald (207) 797-9270.

SATURDAY 1/8

Amelia's ski and potluck, 1pm, meeting, 5pm. FMI ☎ (603) 632-7146.

Shared Times Women's Dance, VFW Post 662, 190 Plain St., Lowell, MA. Tickets in advance only, \$6. FMI ☎ Mary or Gloria (508) 441-9081 before 8pm.

MONDAY 1/10

Flora Piterak, NH committee for the Stonewall March/rally in NY talks about ongoing plans at Seacoast Gay Men, Unitarian Church, Portsmouth, NH, 7pm. FMI ☎ call (603) 898-1115.

THURS.-SAT 1/13-15

Black Women in the Academy, Defending Our Name: 1894-1994. National Conference, MIT & Radcliff Colleges. FMI ☎ (617) 253-8844.

THURSDAY 1/13

Let Me Tell You About My Family: A Panel Discussion with Lesbian, Gay, and Bi-

sexual Parents. Matlovich Soc., 7:30pm, Holiday Inn, 88 Spring St., Portland, ME. Accessible, free parking. FMI ☎ (207) 773-1209.

FRIDAY 1/14

Radical Radio - World premiere of a magical theatrical experience for the whole family. Scarborough HS, 7:30pm. Tickets \$7/adults, \$5/students & seniors. FMI ☎ (207) 883-9174.

An evening of children's stories and hot chocolate with MAW at Amy & Jane's in Rindge, NH. FMI ☎ (603) 899-6174.

SATURDAY 1/15

Women's Downhill Ski at Sunday River, Bethel, ME. FMI ☎ (207) 495-2510.

MONDAY 1/17

The Gathering presents the film *Claire of the Moon*, 7-9pm, USM Campus Ctr, Student Commuter Lounge. FMI ☎ Tania (207) 780-4050.

Greg Schwartz, psychotherapist and author of *Straight-jacket* talks on the negative effects of male socialization at Seacoast Gay Men, Unitarian Church, Portsmouth, NH, 7pm. FMI ☎ (603) 898-1115.

Registration deadline for Womensphere Winter Retreat for Women. See Notices for details.

MONDAY 1/24

Sam Orlando, director of Sexually Assailed Males, discusses male survivors of rape at Seacoast Gay Men, Unitarian Church, Portsmouth, NH, 7pm. FMI ☎ call (603) 898-1115.

TUESDAY 1/25

The Gathering presents a talk by USM Student, Kate Ridlon: *Straight but Not Narrow* 7-9pm, USM Campus Ctr, Student Commuter Lounge. FMI ☎ Tania (207) 780-4050.

THURSDAY 1/27

Craig Hickman, choreographer and co-writer of *Through the Fire*, a provocative and poignant reflection on being black and gay in America. Award-winning poet, singer, and satirist, Hickman brings his magic to Portland in *Performance Poetry: An Evening with Craig Hickman*. Matlovich Soc., 7:30pm, Holiday Inn, 88 Spring St., Portland, ME. Accessible, free parking. FMI ☎ (207) 773-1209.

MONDAY 1/31

Lynda Anderson, education director of Consumer Credit Counseling, tells what to do when you run up credit cards. Seacoast Gay Men, Unitarian Church, Portsmouth, NH, 7pm. FMI ☎ call (603) 898-1115.

WEDNESDAY 2/2

An evening of readings from *Stone Butch Blues* Raffles Cafe, 555 Congress St., Portland, ME, 7:30pm, Donation. FMI ☎ (207) 775-1487.

NOTICES

Don't Bore Me With Gender Pre-Valentine's Day Cantina and Tea Dance to benefit ACT UP/Portland and Leslie Feinberg events. Zootz, Portland, ME, 4-9pm, 2/6, DJ. \$6/couple; \$4/single donation at door. Stag welcome,

creative/inspired dress encouraged. Refreshments.

Leslie Feinberg, author of *Stone Butch Blues*, will be in the Portland, ME area 2/8-13. She will be speaking at USM, Bates, Bowdoin, the Matlovich Society, Ananael ...see ad on back page for specific times. FMI ☎ (207) 775-1487.

Jonathan Katz, Dept. of Gay and Lesbian Studies, City College of San Francisco: *Culture and Subculture and How Gay Men Put Post-War American Painting on the Map*. 7pm, 2/14, Campus Center, USM, Portland, ME.

First annual Womensphere Winter Retreat for Women 2/18-21, 1994 at Walnut Hill Seminar House, Raymond, NH. A weekend of educating, empowering & community building for women. Workshops, dancing, concert, skiing, games. FMI ☎ Keryn or June (603) 659-2139. Reg. by 1/17.

MEDIA

WMPG'S Women's Music Fest on 90.9 FM 3-5pm Sundays.

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HETEROSEXUALITY - The Ultimate Hiding Place

by Sol Ray Sender

I don't believe in heterosexuality. I think that it's a lie. In fact, I know that it's a lie. This puts me in the minority, even among gay people. I don't care how sensitive your straight friend is. He or she is lying to themselves and to you. Heterosexuality erects boundaries. It is by definition homophobic. I don't care how pro-gay your straight friend is, she or he is homophobic, and is contributing to your victimization.

Heterosexuality is a hiding place, a place to hide from oneself. It is a slow death, a life of running away from the truth. The heterosexual hides from the fact of his or her own hiding. Truth is lost in their denial and depression, and their panicked rationalizations will always victimize us, by defining us as aberrant.

Gay people are closeted too, but that's not what being gay is about. Being gay is about telling the truth. And the truth is that heterosexuality is a lie. Its being told every hour, every minute, by the people we work with, by the television, in the movies, by our families. These are heterosexual institutions. If you accept their assumptions, then you swallow their lies. If you play their game, then you have already lost.

The ritual lies of heterosexuality are the norm, they

surround us in traditional silence, unquestioned, and to be expected. Marriage is the heterosexual ritual par excellence, the ultimate hiding place, protected by the church and by the state. If we do not question the silence, the false rituals and models which perpetuate and even demand the lies, then we are left with only ourselves to blame. Depressed? Don't look to support from your straight family when it's their lies that are undermining you.

Being gay is about living a revolution. It is a revolution against heterosexuality. Acceptance will get us nowhere. Heterosexuals know only one language. It is the language of the closet, and it is full of lies. That is not where the discussion can take place.

These ideas are and will be the object of a hateful and fear stricken critique. The heterosexuals will fortify their walls against our revolution. They will use our ideas as the mortar for their bricks. They will hide behind their wall, firmly entrenched in the new found protection of their identity. They will hurl those bricks at us; throwing our own words back at us, ripped from the truth from which they sprang. These liars rob us of our meaning. Self righteously, they bury us in our own truth. ▼

More QUEER from page 7

There are literally dozens and dozens more examples of meanings and uses for *queer* that originated during the period. *Queer* was, as one language expert has called it, a "vogue" word during the 19th century.

Early in this century *queer* assumed sexual significance - in both the homo and hetero sense. It was like the word *gay*, which at one time shared homosexual and heterosexual meanings (a *gay dog* once referred to a philandering straight man who chased women).

It is generally thought that *queer* achieved its homosexual sense in America, possibly as early as 1902. Slang dictionaries of the '30s, '40s, and '50s are peppered with such *queer* entries. One dictionary says *queer* is a word "applied to effeminate or degenerate men or boys" (1931); another simply cites *queer* as "homosexual" (1935); and another defines *queer* as a "homosexual criminal" (1949).

Also in 1949, entries appeared for *queervert*, a blend of "homosexual" and "pervert," which a later

source notes was applied to "homosexual men." A *queer queen* was a "masculine woman."

Concurrently, *queer* was still used to describe the odd, peculiar, eccentric, counterfeit, unfavorable, or suspicious. *Queer* used in these senses has become more rare, which is the general pattern followed by words associated with Gays. Once words take on a Gay meaning and gain currency, their other uses tend to shrink or atrophy until they are used primarily in the Gay sense. Not only have Gays been stigmatized, the words used to describe them are stigmatized. One hundred years later, if *queer* is a "vogue" word, it is only because "vogue" itself has a new meaning.

Anti-Gay politicians and anti-Gay activists have lamented in public how Gays have "ruined" the perfectly good adjective *gay*. Ironically, it has been straight society itself, with its homophobic and anti-Gay attitudes, that has "ruined" the perfectly good word *queer*. ▼

Reprinted from The Washington Blade

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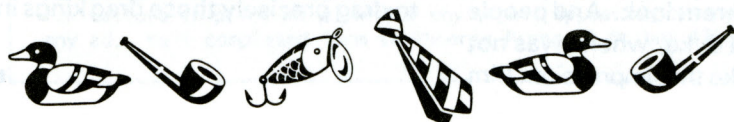
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... and much more!!



ASK THIGHMASTER - advice with holes

Dear Thighmaster,

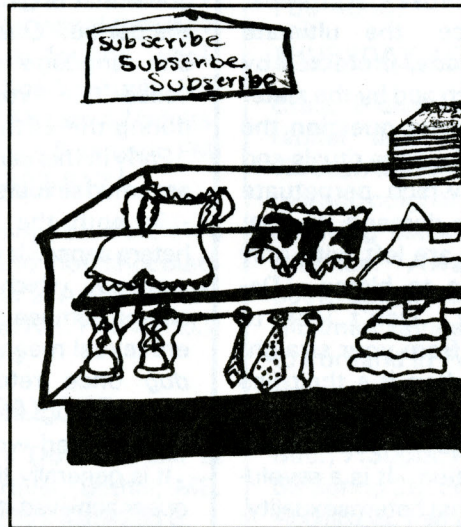
I would like to speak to A Mixed Case (APEX, Vol. 2, No. 10, 11/93) if I may, and offer another viewpoint/possibility.

With a polite bow to Thighmaster
[Thighmaster reminds those readers who have had the great misfortune to miss even one issue of APEX - in which case you need to subscribe, subscribe, subscribe, and support queer press in your community while you ensure that no Thighmaster insights will pass from paper to posterity without a sojourn in your hot little hands - that A Mixed Case is the dyke who was thinking about getting a sex change because she thought that the people who misidentified her as a boy in bathrooms and Shop 'N Save might be on to something that she wasn't. Thighmaster advised her to stage an educational dyke strip-and-fuck action and to hand out business cards reading "Cunt without Ruffles: Deal with It."]
 To A Mixed Case:

It seems like what you may be saying is that your current "look" (clothes, hair, jewelry/lack thereof) is not doing for you what you want it to. If even women are thinking you are a teenage boy, and leaving the bathroom, maybe some dykes are even overlooking you. I know this has been said a hundred times, and you might hate me for it, but hear me out - we don't have to look like guys to be dykes.

Now wait, I'm not saying that you have to abandon the butch-dyke look. I'm saying that you could adjust it just a little and make it look less like a guy. A tee-shirt and jeans would be just as dyky if you put a v-neck on the tee, but think about how that simple change can affect gender assumptions about the whole outfit. Or a warm flannel plaid shirt with a little touch of lavender in it, perhaps. Hair can be short, but cut interestingly; like the french bobs and 'wait' cuts. I don't know much about the terminology of hair, but you might also try that thing with different lengths and levels of

hair. *[Thighmaster, your fashion stud, believes that "shag" is the term you are seeking. At least, this was the term the last time Thighmaster saw the style mentioned by name - during the mercifully short era of the Dorothy*



drawing by Naomi Falcone

Hamill haircut and of that hairfad showpiece "One Day at a Time."] And as far as jewelry, if you have pierced ears, there are earrings with the two 'female' symbols interlinked. It's a good obvious declaration, if they take the time to look closely at you. Or consider the numerous available badge pins with pictures, symbols and statements. I've seen some women pull off these sorts of tricks very skillfully - they look like they are wearing clothes that they are comfortable in, and yet they look sexy too. Women have a lot more leeway, in our society, to wear different styles and cuts and colors, and I think this is unfair to guys, but hell, we can take advantage of it.

I know this is difficult, to think about clothes. In high school I ended up wearing jeans that didn't fit and big plaid shirts stolen from my Dad because this was what was available, and I didn't feel confident enough to spend money buying clothes, or to try and wear a different look. And people thought I was a dyke, when I was not intending to make that impression. (I'm

actually bi, but that's too finite a distinction to get across with clothes, I think.) Other dykes have told me similar things - that they have a low self-esteem about their looks and just wear whatever presents itself, not quite daring to try to design a 'look.' But think, it's got to be a lot less time and money consuming to change your wardrobe and hair than to change your body.

Doe

Dear Doe,

Your letter plunged Thighmaster into tortured self-doubt. Is Thighmaster so anxious to get dykes to take off their clothes, fuck in public, and hand out textual crudities that Thighmaster failed to see a desperate cry for fashion help? Are there none so blind as those who always think about sex? - a slight variation on the 19th century doctor-thing about how masturbation causes blindness, and if both of these are true, then Thighmaster is in big trouble. Thighmaster applauds your ability to exit the erogenous zone, in which Thighmaster appears to be trapped, for the sake of dykekind. True, Thighmaster has given fashion tips in the past, but only those directed to getting sex. And Thighmaster's imagination here, readers must now be thinking, is quite limited; despite having seen 8 million Gap ads, Thighmaster would never have thought of anything so simple as a v-neck tee shirt, or of any color that's not black. Thighmaster does, however, wonder about several things: whether the subtleties of neckline will be enough to clue in bathroom users in numbers sufficient enough to make A Mixed Case's life easier; whether A Mixed Case would actually get a better deal in the stalls from women who have made it a profession to see through the most thorough of drag routines (and to drag precisely those drag kings into

the stalls); and, above all, whether this particular mixed case is mixed by choice or fashion fear. But this, of course, is for A Mixed Case to determine, and you, Thighmaster believes, have given her the option to do so. So when you, dear Doe, finish your polite bow to Thighmaster, pick up your whip - because Thighmaster is prostrate before you, ready (and quite willing, Thighmaster must admit) to be punished for all this narrow-sighted sex thought by such a master of thighwear as you.▼

JOIN THE SCOUTS

Help track the progress of the anti-gay petition for a Colorado-style referendum in Maine. If you see someone pushing the petition, if you are approached to sign it, or if you'd like to be a scout, call one of the people below:

Bangor Area: Randy 947-1213;
Kevin 942-2901; Anne 581-6416

Augusta Area: Jane 622-7797

Portland Area: Michael 871-9940
or 828-0566 (24 hr. msg.)

More FEMME from page 9

sepia photograph. There are still so many things I want to tell you, to share with you.

Since I can't mail you this letter, I'll send it to a place where they keep women's memories safe. Maybe someday, passing through this big city, you will stop and read it. Maybe you won't.

Good night, my love.▼

Reprinted from *Stone Butch Blues*, published by Firebrand Books, Ithaca, NY

Winterfalcon/Rich Productions presents Leslie Feinberg in Maine in conjunction with the following sponsors: Phoenix Press; USM's Alliance for Sexual Diversity, the Women's Forum, and Gender Studies; Bowdoin College, Bates College, The Matlovich Society, and Ananael. (See back page for complete schedule)

More DYKE from page 6

shirt or the cute fag wearing it. What of course ensued was an invitation to dance from the shirt wielder to the Annoying Het in his face. Personally, my mother told me it was rude to refuse such a cordial offer!

Just in case you were wondering and even if you weren't, F.A.T.E. stands for Fight AIDS Transform Education, which is a newly forming coalition of teens, queers, and anyone else who wants to see some good work get done in our public schools on condoms and non-phobic education. If you want any information, call ACT UP or watch for a F.A.T.E. meeting after the first of the year.▼

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RESOURCE GUIDE

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

HOT-LINES

THE AIDS LINE: 1-800-851-AIDS or 775-1267. Questions/concerns re: HIV/AIDS? Call Mon.-Sat. 9am-5pm, Mon. & Wed. eve. to 7:30pm. Always anonymous.

DIAL KIDS, 774-TALK - for lesbian/gay/bisexual/questioning youth under 19 yrs of age.

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

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

INGRAHAM VOLUNTEERS (207) 774-HELP.

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EDUCATIONAL/CULTURAL

THE MATLOVICH SOCIETY - Lesbians/bisexuals/gaymen/friends committed to sharing our history & providing affirming presentations/discussions. 2nd/4th Thurs. each month, 7:30-9pm, Portland Public Library, 5 Monument Square. FMI ☐ (207) 773-1209.

SOCIAL GROUPS

AM CHOFSHI - Maine Lesbian/Gay Jewish group, meets monthly. FMI ☐ (207) 874-2970 (Rheatha).

MOUNTAIN VALLEY MEN - Box 36, Center Conway, NH 03813. Social group for gay men from west. ME/east. NH. Potlucks/activities. FMI ☐ (207) 925-1034 (Paul).

OUT AND ABOUT - Lesbians in the Seacoast NH area. Meets Mon., 7pm, Portsmouth, NH. Sample newsletter & FMI write OAA, POB 332, Portsmouth, NH 03802-0332 or ☐ (603) 659-2139.

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

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

SUPPORT GROUPS

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

THE AIDS PROJECT - 22 Monument Square, 5th Fl., Portland, ME 04101. FMI ☐ (207)774-6877 re: various support groups in Portland, Auburn/Lewiston & Brunswick, ME areas.

AIDS RESPONSE - 147 Congress St., Portsmouth, NH 03801. (603) 433-5377; fax (603) 431-8520.

ANDROSCOGGIN VALLEY AIDS COALITION (AVAC) - 70 Court St., 2nd Fl., Auburn, ME. Support grp for people with HIV & their loved ones. Thurs. 7pm. FMI ☐ (207) 786-4697.

THE BRIDGE AT COLBY - Student support/discussion group. FMI ☐ Steven (207)872-3635 (leave msg).

CRONES - for women over 40. POB 242, Winooski, VT 05404.

GAY/LESBIAN/BISEXUAL PARENTS GROUP OF MAINE - FMI: POB 13, Augusta, ME 04330.

L-ACOA/AL-ANON - Lesbian mtg. Tues. 7-8:30 pm, 7 Middle St., Brunswick, ME (behind U.U. Church on Pleasant St., dntwn Brunswick, opp. public library) FMI ☐ Gail (207) 833-6004.

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

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

of Gay & Lesbian Youth, POB 5378, Portland, ME 04101.

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

OUTRIGHT/CENTRAL MAINE - For lesbian and gay youth 22 & under, meets Fri. 7:30 pm, 1st Unitarian Church, Pleasant St., Auburn, ME. PO Box 802, Auburn, ME 04212 ☐ 1-800-339-4042.

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

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

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

MERRYMEETING AIDS SUPPORT SERVICES - P.O. Box 57, Brunswick, ME 04011-0057. Support services for AIDS & HIV. FMI ☐ (207)725-4955.

OUT FOR GOOD - Lesbian discussion/support grp. Thurs. 7-9pm, 445 Main St., Biddeford, ME. Issues relevant to lesbian lifestyle. Free/\$1 donation requested for room rental. Conf., non-smoking. FMI☐ Bobbi (207)247-3461.

WOMEN'S INCEST AND SEXUAL ASSAULT SURVIVORS' GROUP
Open support/discussion for women only. Weds. 12:30-2pm. FMI☐(207) 874-6593 or (207) 774-3613.

POLITICAL

APOLLO SOCIETY - For gay/lesbian atheists, free-thinkers, ethical humanists & Hellenists. Free speech/civil rights advocacy, freedom-from-religion support/fun! FMI ☐ (207) 773-5626 or SASE to POB 5301, Portland, ME 04101.

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The Onion River Co-op, Burlington
GLB Alliance, UVM, Burlington

Portland

Portland Public Library
Living Room North
The AIDS Project
Woodford's Cafe
Raffles Cafe
Books, Etc.
YWCA
Ananahel
Videoport
Chartroom
Underground
Blackstones
Condom Sense
Bayou Kitchen
Good Day Market
Maine College of Art
Women's Forum, USM
Counseling Center, USM
Green Mountain Coffee (back hall)

CLASSIFIED

AIDS COALITION TO UNLEASH POWER (ACT UP/Portland)

142 High St., #222, Portland, ME 04101; (207)828-0566; FAX: (207) 828-0566 3*. Sun. 7pm at YWCA (87 Spring St., Portland, ME).

GREATER PORTLAND NOW c/o YWCA, 87 Spring St., Ptd, ME 04101, (207)879-0877/(207)871-0618, POB 4012, Portland, ME 04101. Action-oriented group. Speakers/events for the public 4th Tues. of every month.

SPIRITUAL

DELTA PHYRE - Worship the Goddess at monthly Full Moon Circles. Open to wimmin (no transsexuals, please). Bring musical instruments. FMI ♣ Lady Alaina (207) 676-7914.

SPIRIT OF THE MOUNTAINS - gay/straight, justice-seeking community meets for worship 2nd & 4th Sun. 5pm, 1st Congregational Church, N. Main St. & Washington St., Concord, NH. Potluck after service. FMI ♣ Jim Bretz (603) 536-4011.

INTEGRITY/DIGNITY - 3rd Sun. St. Luke's Cathedral (Emmanuel Chapel), 5:15pm. All welcome. Fellowship and potluck follows each service. Ministering to the lesbian/gay community. FMI write POB 8113, Portland, ME 04104.

INTEGRITY - St. Matthew's Church, 18 Union St., Hallowell, ME. 1st Fri. each month, 7pm. FMI ♣ (207) 622-6631.

MUSIC

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

HOUSING

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FESTIVALS

Mainly for You Women's Festival wants you! We're looking for workshop leaders in a variety of areas such as: pet care, massage, sign language, real estate, cycling, etc. We are also looking for vendors. For more info call (207) 782-2275. 2/94

ARTS

Needed: Actresses/Actors and a stage for independent video production. FMI ♣ (207) 772-2527.

HELP WANTED

APEX needs more advertising sales reps. Commission only. FMI ♣ (207) 282-8091 or write POB 4743, Portland, ME. 04112.

More NEWS from page 1

physicians until May 1993, when the parliament of this staunchly Roman Catholic country approved the sale of condoms from vending machines.

Also this year, the parliament approved a bill that legalized homosexual relations between consenting adults, setting an equal age of consent of 17 for both homosexual and heterosexual activity.

The legislation repealed the only remaining sodomy law in western Europe.

APPEAL IN CUSTODY CASE

Virginia (Outlines) - The ACLU of Virginia and the ACLU's national Lesbian and Gay Rights Project asked the Virginia Court of Appeals to overturn a lower court decision on behalf of Sharon Bottoms, who lost custody of her son, age 2, in September *because she is in a lesbian relationship*. This sets into motion an expedited review of the case. Several "friend-of-the-court" briefs were also filed, including one by the American Psychological Association and other mental health groups reviewing studies showing children with gay parents develop no differently from children with heterosexual parents. ▽

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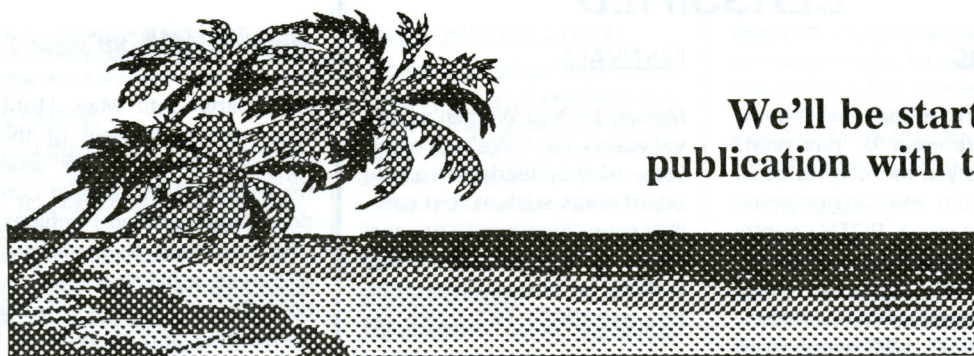
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The *APEX* collective is taking a break.



We'll be starting our third year of publication with the March 1994 issue.

APEX thanks our advertisers and subscribers for your support. Our continued existence depends upon you. To our many other fans, as we go into our third year of publication, here are three concrete ways to show your support:

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- Subscribe and/or contribute to *APEX*
- Tell our advertisers you "saw it in *APEX*"

UNDERGROUND

TECH-NO-LOGIC

Friday & Saturday Nights

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Portland's Premiere Gay Danceclub

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Spring Street; Portland, ME



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ANY WEDNESDAY OR SUNDAY IN JANUARY

Leslie Feinberg will be appearing at:

• USM Commuter Student Lounge

Tuesday- February 8, 7-9 PM

Campus Center/Portland

"Surviving Gender Oppression-
A Lesbian's Journey"

• Kresge Lecture Hall

Wednesday- February 9, 7-9 PM

Bowdoin College

"Reading from Stone Butch Blues"
and Discussion of Gender

• Holiday Inn

Thursday- February 10, 7:30-9 PM

Portland

"A Transgender History Slide Show"
Presented by the Matlovitch Society

• Chase Lounge

FRIDAY- February 11, 7-9 PM

Bates College

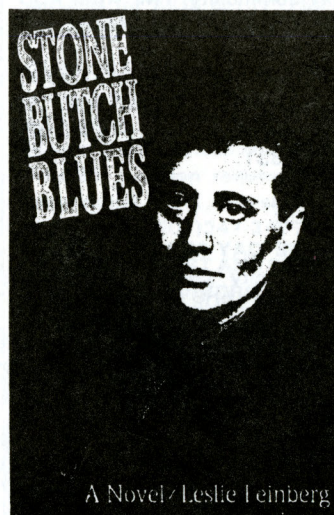
"A Transgender History Slide Show"

• Annanael

SATURDAY- February 12, 2 PM

Portland

Book Signing and Refreshments



A Novel / Leslie Feinberg

Presented by- **Winterfalcon/Rich Productions**

Sponsored by- **USM: Alliance for Sexual Diversity, Women's Forum,
Gender Studies
Matlovitch Society, Ananael, Bowdoin-BGLAD,
Bates Women's Action Coalition, Phoenix Press**