

NORTHERN LAMBDA NORD
COMMUNIQUE

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▼ WE'RE MAD AS HELL AND WE WON'T TAKE IT ANY MORE! ▼

by Chrysostome

On Sunday, July 11, 1982, a series of events took place at the Caribou Rest Area which amounted to "Stonewall" for the gays who frequent the "R.A."

For the last couple of years, there has been some trouble from straights. Most of this trouble has come and gone with little action on our part. This year there have been more screams from the highway as homophobes drive by than in the past, and we had done nothing until the 11th.

Three gay men were sitting on a picnic table talking and rather wrapped up in themselves when a red and white Thunderbird drove in and parked. Two young men jumped out, one carrying a long tire iron and the other a small wooden bat. They walked towards the picnic table yelling, "Clear out!" One of the gay men asked, "Why?" The response was, "Clear out or we'll bash your face in." In disbelief, the gay man said, "What?", as the queer basher put the tire iron under the gay man's chin and repeated the demand and then slammed the tire iron down on the table. The gay men decided to leave and started to do so when the man with the tire iron pushed one of them off the picnic table. All three got to their cars all right. One got the license plate number of the Thunderbird and headed for the Caribou Police Station where two of the gay men filed complaints. The two then headed back to the Rest Area.

A bit later that evening, one of the two queer bashers reappeared but saw he was out-numbered and walked off. Since their car was not in the parking lot, we figured that this time the queer bashers came through the woods. A little later they started yelling "faggots" and threw beer bottles, nearly hitting a couple of men. An old lady (where she came from we haven't figured out) yelled, "Help!", and a gay man got her to get into her car. Everyone got in a car and cleared out of the area, heading back to the police station. Two cars were left at the R.A.

After five more complaints were made, everyone was instructed by the police to return to the R.A. and "act normally" as the State Police would try to apprehend those in question at the other end of the woods.

Arriving at the Rest Area, the gay men found that the two cars which had been left had been badly vandalized. One of the cars lost all of its windows except the two that had been rolled down. Everyone returned to the police station to learn that the vandals had been apprehended.

They were positively identified and the police seemed very pleased about how things had turned out. A piece of the wooden bat was found in one of the vandalized cars, so the case seemed solid. Reports were made out. The gay men were up front with the police and assured them that they had not made any sexual approaches towards the men in question and had not provoked them in any way.

The court hearing is at the end of July. In the two weeks following the trouble, the R.A. has been busier than normal, and there has been little trouble to date. ▼

▼ AND WE'RE TIRED OF YOUR SICK, HOMOPHOBIC WAYS! ▼
by Benj.

Friday, July 23, 1982. The scene is Pelletier Toyota/Autoland of Caribou. Phil and Dick are looking to purchase a new car. It's early evening, around suppertime.

After making several inquiries of the salesman at Autoland, our gay friends were on the lot, left in the hands of the owner of the Toyota-Datsun dealership, Bruce Pelletier, who was ever so friendly, helpful, and oh, so prepared to answer their questions, give them a test drive, and sell them a new car. But that was before Bruce dearest knew to whom he was speaking. Bruce extended his hand. "I'm Bruce Pelletier," he said. Dick extended his hand, and his name fell from his lips. Bruce's hand fell from Dick's. A blank expression fell over Bruce's rotund countenance. Then his face assumed a look of recognition. He turned and walked slowly away from our two friends, saying "That car's been sold; yes, I think that car's been sold." Bruce went into the showroom and headed straight for the lady's room.

Undaunted, and ignoring the obvious lie about the availability of the car they wanted, Dick and Phil followed Bruce into the building.

Bruce momentarily regained his composure, realized which door he was entering, and immediately turned and went into the men's room. Dick felt at the time that perhaps Bruce's bladder had given way during the excitement of

meeting two gay men, but later felt that Bruce had to get away to think about what to do next, and that he gravitated to the T-room.

When Bruce emerged, he walked directly to his office. Dick and Phil were left standing in the showroom.

After continuing to attempt to communicate with employees at the dealership, Phil and Dick already realizing that they weren't going to do business there, ("This must be what it feels like if you're Black and are not waited on by a store clerk.") went out to the lot to talk with the first salesperson they had spoken to (he had been busy with another customer). This man confirmed for them that the car in question was not sold, as Bruce had previously said.

Not sure what to do next, Phil and Dick were approached again by Bruce, who, by this time, had regained his composure. Bruce explained to them that he did not want them around, that their "philosophies" were different. Dick said that he realized they had differences but was here to do business. If Bruce did not want to do business, then "You've got a problem," Dick said. Then, Bruce told Dick that it was Dick's fault that Bruce and his ex-wife were not together anymore -- "You helped a sick woman," Bruce said (in reference to Dick's support during her separation, divorce and child custody proceedings, and to her "sickness" -- her desire to spend her life with another woman rather than with Bruce.) To this statement, Phil said to Bruce, "You're the one who's sick."

Again, Phil and Dick found themselves alone on the car lot. But they did not want to leave! They went into the showroom again and looked at what cars were indoors. Bruce saw them and told them in no uncertain terms to get out. "Just take some brochures and get out of here." Dick and Phil ignored him. "I'll call the police," he said. "Go ahead," said Phil. Bruce then disappeared into his office.

Phil and Dick spent some more time there. Now, the other salesman had become cold and barely polite towards them. They wandered around the showroom and lot a few minutes more, then left, angry, but refusing to be defeated.

A formal complaint has been filed with the Caribou Chamber of Commerce. A letter detailing the incident has been sent to Nissan Motor Company. ♥

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▼ THE TORONTO REPORT: PART THE FIRST

▼ DOING IT IN THE BIG T.O. ▼

by Benj.

It's been three weeks since I've returned from the Big T.O., Toronto, Ontario, and the "Doing It" conference - "Gay and Lesbian Liberation in the 80's". It never fails that the gay gatherings that I've attended are better and better all the time.

"Doing It" was a Canadian national meeting, the first in two years. Most major communities from across the country were represented -- Victoria, Vancouver, Edmonton, Saskatoon, Toronto, Montreal, Halifax. Attendees were also from Australia, Sweden, England, and the United States, many on their way to the International Gay Association (IGA) meeting in Washington, D.C. Three "Lambs of the North" were there -- a 13-hour drive from home. Only 6 people, 3 from NLN and 3 from Nova Scotia, attended from the Maritimes. We found, however, many relocated New Brunswickers residing in Toronto.

There were several things which I felt made the Toronto conference a success. First, was the people. I had the chance to meet and talk with many wonderful family members. The people always seem the most important element. This conference was special, though, because of the schedule. It was not an "arrive-Friday-night-workshops-all-day-Saturday-leave-Sunday" conference. This was a 5-day gathering, preceeded by a one-week celebration of film, art, dances, a gay fathers gathering, and a history conference.

We arrived at about 7 pm Wednesday, June 30; the four full days we spent were filled with workshops, films, panel discussions, and important time to meet and talk. It's good to sit in workshops and hear what some people have to say. These are the times you find out which people you want to meet. For me, talking one-to-one about issues relevant to our movement is important; exchanging experiences, hearing new ideas, having the opportunity to be close with other men, these are the things I enjoyed. My only regret is that we couldn't have stayed two days longer and spent non-conference time with new friends -- to see how they lived in "real life" -- outside the structured conference environment.

A few other noteworthy things: the conference booklet was excellent. It was a small, 3-inch square book, perfect pocket-size, which included the week's schedule, listings of bars, restaurants, baths, etcetera, and a map of the heart of Toronto with locations noted by number.

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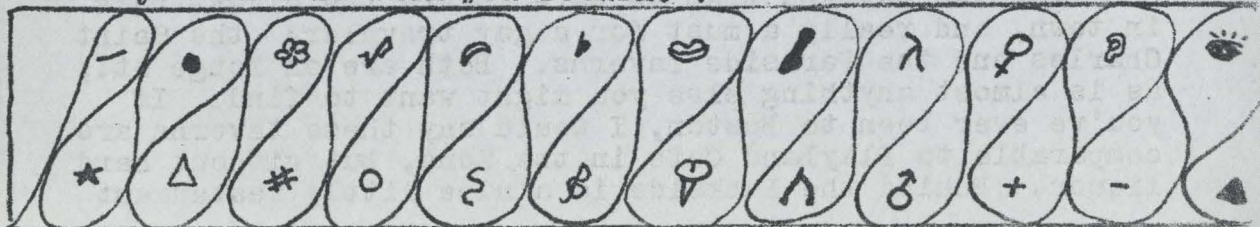
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Concurrent with "Doing It" was "Wilde '82", a lesbian and gay history conference. Regretably, I was able to attend only one history program -- an EXCELLENT slide presentation by Alan Berube of the San Francisco Lesbian and Gay History Project, entitled, "Marching to a Different Drummer," an attention-holding 90-minutes which dealt with gay women and men in the U.S. military in World War II. I did not see another presentation which traced the early German homosexual rights movement, from the 1860's until the 1930's and Hitler. I participated in an "organizing" panel discussion which was a waste of time, primarily because it was scheduled at the same time as the German Movement presentation, which was the popular event of the hour.

Another highlight of my Toronto visit was seeing the movie "Track Two". It is a film which documents the movement in Toronto, focussing upon the harassment from police which culminated with the bath raids in which over 200 men were arrested for being "found-ins" in a "bawdy house". The audience, mostly T.O. people who had experienced what the film was depicting, loved it. As a non-Torontonian, I felt it was a good record of what appeared to me to be a catalyst towards the formation of a strong gay-lesbian community in Toronto. It's a very comfortable city to be in. I left with a feeling and a sense of community there. What Anita Bryant did in the U.S. to bring gays together the bath raids and subsequent demonstrations did for Toronto. They've taken much hassle from police, not just invasion of privacy but harassment of THE BODY POLITIC, the Toronto-based gay liberation monthly. The community in Toronto is stronger for it. I used to think that Boston would be where I'd move if I were to live in a city again, but now I think it's Toronto. I can't wait until my next visit.

One last word: I want to thank Philip Fotheringham and the other organizers of "Doing It" for allowing me to do it in Toronto. The Lambs' round-trip transportation was paid by the conference, plus an unexpected \$60 towing fine for parking. Warning -- when in Toronto, read ALL the signs on the poles when you park your car. It may not be where you left it when you return! ▽



▼ THE TORONTO REPORT: PART THE SECOND

▼ HILARY'S TRAVELOGUE: CAROUSING IN CANADA ▼

by Hilary H.

Tooting here and there this summer, I must admit that I have seen some interesting turf, as well as clocked many miles on my personal pedometer. Recently, three of the Lambs herded their way to the big T.O. in Ontario to attend the recently held "Doing It" conference. This was the first national conference in Canada that has been held in two years. There were representatives from throughout the country as well as numerous Americans. "Doing It" was really about two weeks long. We were there for 5 days. It coincided with Toronto's Gay Pride celebrations. There was a lesbian and gay history seminar held at the same time. It was run by the New York Gay History Project, sponsored by the Canadian Gay Archives. It, too was held at Ryerson Polytechnical Institute. There were too many things to do, so the three of us tried to get to as many different things as possible.

Some of the interesting panels that I made it to were "What's Doing?", which was a presentation of what is going on across Canada. I spoke at the very end of this panel about NLN and what we were doing. People seemed impressed, and I passed out many of those handy folders that I knew we brought for some reason or other.

While Benj. was across town picking the brains of THE BODY POLITIC people, I got some street tramping in, and I tracked down a number of interesting watering holes. Ontario has taverns quite frequently located, and they are really rather different from American bars. You sit down and are served beer from the waiter's tray, not from a bar. Once you sit, you stay put -- it's illegal to get up and walk around. I found it very frustrating not to be able to follow someone off and get to know them. Frequently, policemen would stroll through these bars, and although the locals seemed relaxed enough to light up joints now and then, I certainly felt ill at ease, and almost as though I were in a police state atmosphere at times.

The two taverns that we were in are the oldest bars in town, and really a must for a gay traveler: the Saint Charles and the Parkside Taverns. Both are on Yonge St., as is almost anything else you might want to find. If you've ever been to Boston, I would say these taverns are comparable to Playland Cafe in the Zone, but without hard liquor. Behind the Parkside is a nice little restaurant

called Dudes that becomes the most crowded "stand and stare" bar late at night that I saw in the town. I never did try the food. I would rather have ordered the bartender, but I had to wait two days before I got to order the owner of the place. Co-owner, boys do they take their time closing up in the morning. Bars stop serving at 1 am, but that doesn't mean that they close. I found a nice disco called Stages that stayed open until 5 am the two nights that I was there. It amazes me how little sleep I need when I travel.

Two other discos that I never made it to but that my escort recommended are Voodoo and 18 East. All three of us made it to a disco called Katrina's the first night there, after the welcoming reception at Oakum House at Ryerson. It was the local fashion palace with a mixed crowd -- all ages -- dressed mainly in New Wave and B-52 type drag. Sort of vanilla. I never found a really rough and tough place unfortunately. Stages was rather sweaty, but not raunchy.

The second afternoon we went to a wonderful reception at THE BODY POLITIC, the nicest part being a rooftop party with all of Toronto around us. It's nice to get high in the shadow of the Space Needle (it is the tallest free-standing tower in the world, and it's just out of George Jetson's neighborhood, although I never did see daughter Judy or Jane, his wife...) While Dick had been there all morning, Cliff and I were watching films and getting to know first one delegate and then another. I also sat in on a "Directions for the '80's" discussion. The gist of the directions that the three panelists wanted to take were recruitment, and talking more about sex -- that was from a wonderful dyke dressed in leather with a collar with the prettiest studs all around it. You should have seen all the people that made it to "Doing It."

We did eat when we were in Toronto, too, and one of the nicest places was called Crispins. It is on Gerrard Street, and if you eat there, order the peanut butter pie for dessert. (It's orgasmic! -- ed.) I had linguine for my main course and it was just right. Don't bother to eat at Lipstick -- the food isn't worth the price even if you do get to eat with the chi-chi people until all hours of the morning. Another wonderful place we ate at -- I went back three times -- is called Pimblett's. It's an English bistro, and the menu is frighteningly British. So are the owners -- a beautiful man and his wife who have stuffed this townhouse with all sorts of bric-a-brac from the mother country. There was always a fire in the parlor when I

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was there. Their trifle is terrific. Try two, with a stinger to cut the richness of it all.

Since one finds street time taking up a large portion of the day (and night), we ate quite frequently while walking. Eaton Place is Toronto's Quincy Market -- a haven for fat tourists or rushed businesspeople out on lunch hour. We found pizza slices in Toronto terrible and outrageously priced. Don't they love that American \$\$ though. Something else about the streets that I found truly amazing is that they are spotless. The city as a whole is incredibly clean. Litter went into trash cans, not onto the sidewalk. The subways have little doors that you can break if you see someone vandalizing, and the doors lock on the cars and the train stops so that the boys in blue can catch the bad guys. It really was nice. The street sweepers go all night long -- they even wash the sidewalks in Toronto.

We saw so much in such a short time, that it is hard to put it all down. The last day that we were there we spent on Toronto Island at the gay beach of course. I tried three times to get into the water, but it was just too cold. I later found out that it was better that I didn't, as it's quite polluted. It was great to lounge around eating cheese and drinking champagne when you are surrounded by gorgeous flesh, and it was nice to see women able to bare their chests when the rays got too hot. I've never liked that inequity. I did warn one woman about sunburning her nipples though.

The next morning we had to shove off. It was a good thing that I didn't have to drive since it was the second night I danced till 5:00. If you're ever going to Toronto, don't fill your car with gas in Quebec province, and let me know when you're going. Till next time, Hilary. ▽

▽ THE TORONTO REPORT: PART THE LAST

▽ "DOING IT" IN TORONTO WAS FUN! ▽

by Cliff

I was asked to write my experience down about my recent trip to Toronto, to the "Doing It" conference which was held from June 30 until July 4. Well, writing has never been one of my better subjects, but here goes.

We got up early Wednesday morning, June 30th, Dick, Jon, and myself, and headed out for what I think turned out to be an experience for us all. We packed all our

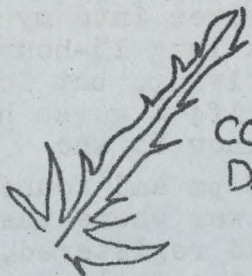
luggage and other junk along with ourselves into my Toyota and took off for what would be a long 13-hour drive. We had planned to take turns driving, but Jon decided he was going to do it all himself; I guess he wanted to prove something but I don't know to who

Well, we got to Toronto about 7:30 pm and found the Ryerson Polytechnical Institute. This was where the conference was being held. After we had registered, we went to look around a bit, to kind of get a feeling of the place. We had a couple of beers at two quite "interesting" taverns there, then we walked around Yonge Street for a while, just to look around, of course. After that, we went to find Jacques' home where we stayed during the conference. (If you read this, Jacques, I want to thank you again for your hospitality; it was really appreciated.) None of us had ever been to Toronto before, so finding our way around was not too easy. Thanks to the little guide we received when we registered, it had a map of most of the city in it, we were able to find our way around pretty good.

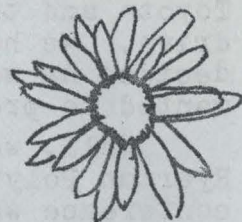
By that first evening, I had already come to the conclusion that I really liked it there. One little thing that I noticed right off and remarked to Jon and Dick about was how clean the city was. I think it must be one of the cleanest cities I have ever been in.

There were numerous things scheduled throughout each day like workshops, film festivals, panel discussions, slide shows, receptions in the evenings along with dances, and on the final day, a picnic. There was something you could attend almost always, if you wanted to. I must say, the whole thing was very well organized and well planned. This was my first conference that I had ever attended, so I don't have others that I could compare it to, but I must say they really would have to go some to top this one.

Our workshop on rural organizing did not turn out to be quite what we were expecting, not many attended. But the rest of the conference made up for that. The following are some of the things that I really enjoyed the most: "Marching to a Different Drummer", a history slide show about gay and lesbian GIs in WWII, by Allen Berube. If you ever get a chance to see this, do so, it is very good. This also will be coming out as a book sometime but I'm not sure when. I also attended the World Premiere showing of the movie, "Track Two". This is about the 1981 bath raids by the police that took place in four different bathhouses in Toronto. This also was



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very good. If you have ever patronized a bath before, you could really associate with what it must have been like for our brothers in Toronto and what they went through. I also went to a lot of different movies at the film festivals. I attended many panel discussions and workshops, "Direction for the Eighties" and "Genderfuck" to name a few. The whole thing was really a great experience for me and I thoroughly enjoyed it. I met a lot of really nice people and made some new friends. There were people from all over Canada and quite a few from the U.S. There were some from as far away as Australia and Sweden. I'm not sure of the actual number registered, but I guess it must have been well over 500. I would say the conference was a great success thanks to the Toronto Gay Community Council and all their effort.

Besides from the conference there was an endless number of places to go and things to do. Needless to say we were never bored. None of us was too anxious to leave, we all had such a good time. But before we knew it, our time was up and we had to start getting ready for that long ride back. "Uck!" Dick and I drove back; Jon had enough of that.

I did get some pictures to remember my trip by. The CN Tower from this angle. The CN Tower from that angle. The CN Tower by day and night. The CN tower in my backgrounds. I just couldn't get away from it! I got all those pictures of it but never got to go in it. Oh, well, maybe next time. I also learned where not to park your car between the hours of 4 and 6 in the afternoon. It only cost \$60 to find out, but that's the city for you.

I can only sum up my trip by saying it was fun, interesting, and educational. The only question I have left is, "When can we do it again?" ♥

▼ MARITIME GAY MAN OF THE YEAR ▼
by the Judge

Fredericton was the scene of the first "Maritime Gay Man of the Year" contest, on Saturday, July 17, sponsored by FLAG and staged before an enthusiastic, standing-room-only, mostly gay male audience.

True to form, Lambda was well-represented. Two of our more familiar faces, Jim C. and Scott T., made us Lambs in attendance mighty proud, with their dazzling performances in both the street wear and swim wear sections of the competitions. Congratulations to Scott T, who will reign as the first Maritime Gay Man! Displaying beauty, brawn, and buns(!!), Scott wowed all five judges (4 male and 1 female) in what initially appeared to be a heated contest between the two crowd favourites: the runner-up from Saint John and a contestant from Fredericton.

A solid ballet performance by the Master of Ceremonies, Norman L., also highlighted an evening of gaiety, gallantry, and sheer guts.

Following on the heels of the contest, proud and boisterous Lambs danced and lived it up for three more fun-filled hours on that muggy, mid-July night.

If you unfortunately missed this year's contest, don't pass up the opportunity to see it next year -- when it should be bigger and better than ever.

Hearty congratulations to the FLAG organizers on a job well done. ▼

▼ GON OFFICES BURN ▼
by Benj.

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

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

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▼ RFD COMES TO NLN ▼

On a hot, 90-degree Sunday afternoon in July, a white Lincoln Continental Mark III pulled up to the Lambda House on the Grimes Road in Caribou and two men from Pennsylvania emerged. Tape recorder, camera, and wide-brimmed straw hats in hand, Don Graves and Mike Colby were in Aroostook County to learn more about NLN for RFD: A Country Journal for Gay Men Everywhere. One of Lambda's spontaneous gatherings happened and, by suppertime, ten Lambs and our two new friends were munching on a barbeque meal. This time gave Don and Mike the opportunity to meet and talk with some of the Lambs. Unfortunately, no one thought of taking a group photo until the sun was down.

On Monday, Don and Mike sat down with Phil and Dick for a formal, tape-recorded interview plus a few photos. And by Tuesday morning, 7:00, our guests were on the road again, heading south. Many Lambs were surprised and disappointed that the RFD'ers had driven all this way and spent less than a full week with us -- visiting members in our homes in Fort Kent, in P.I., in Houlton, and in Caribou. Now THAT would have given them a lot to write about and some beautiful scenery to photograph.

We hope they enjoyed their short stay with us -- and that others will want to visit us after reading of the Lambs of the North in RFD.▼

CIRCLE THESE DATES: OCTOBER 8,9,10,11,'82 And plan to be in Halifax for the **FIFTH** Annual ALGA Conference. This is a holiday weekend (Thanksgiving in Canada, Columbus Day in USA) so there's no excuse to miss the premiere performance of the "Lambettes du Nord"!!

▼ NORTHERN LAMBDA NORD COMMUNIQUE. THIS MONTHLY NEWSLETTER SERVES NORTHERN MAINE, NORTHWESTERN NEW BRUNSWICK, & TEMISCOUATA, QUEBEC. ONE YEAR (10 ISSUES): \$7; NLN MEMBERSHIP: \$10. NLN IS A MEMBER OF THE ALGA, THE ATLANTIC LESBIAN & GAY ASSOCIATION. ▼▼▼▼▼▼▼▼

WILD CARAWAY