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NO 3

JULY 1982

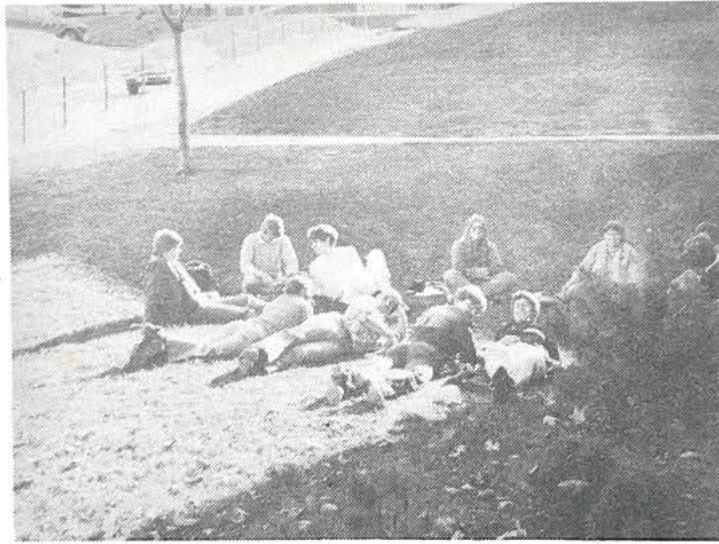
ISSN 0228-7579

Making Waves

**Organizing Northern
Maine and NB**

**A Lesbian Tupperware
Party ?**

LIVING GAY in Fredericton



**The Turret and GAE:
Disco vs Community**

The Great Moncton Picnic

**PLUS
Fiction
Reviews
Poetry
Cartoons**

Making Waves

Issue No 3 July 1982

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Making Waves is published four times a year (January, April, July and October). ISSN 0228-7579. Second Class Mail Registration No 5553. Return Postage Guaranteed. Contents copyright 1982 by Robin Metcalfe unless otherwise identified. Reprint by permission only. The opinions of the editor are expressed only in editorials. Publication of an advertisement does not represent an endorsement of the advertiser. Advertising rates available on request.

Address
PO Box 8953, Stn A
Halifax, NS
Canada B3K 5M6
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Subscriptions
\$4 for four issues.

Deadline for Issue 4
September 1, 1982

An Atlantic quarterly for Lesbians & Gay men

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NOTE TO SUBSCRIBERS

We have recently been given a Second Class Mail Registration Number which enables us to send you *Making Waves* more cheaply than before. This saving is important to our continued existence as a small publication serving Atlantic lesbians and gay men. Unfortunately, postal regulations require that we print the name, *Making Waves*, on the envelope if we are to take advantage of these lower rates. If you do not wish to receive mail identified with the name, *Making Waves*, please contact us and you will continue to receive your copy in a plain envelope. If we do not hear from you, you will begin to receive the paper in an envelope marked, "Making Waves", starting with issue 4.



Drawing: A Wallace

Dear Editor:

I am writing Co. (Female Imper reference to last MacSwain.

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Drawing: A Wallace

LETTERS



Drawing: A Wallace

The MAKING WAVES COLLECTIVE has been discussing a few thorny questions of late: one being the inclusion of personal ads in the quarterly. We would like to bring questions of this kind to our readers and see what you think. The questions revolve around the fact that personal ads, such as the ones in the Body Politic, can veer towards sexism, ageism and racism; "isms" the collective do not and cannot endorse. We can include as does the Body Politic, the proviso that any of the above "isms" will be "censored". Of course, many of the ads will simply be an extension of our mandate to link the gay community with one another. If you have any pros or cons regarding this question please write us and give us your opinion.

- The Making Waves Collective

Dear Editor:

I am writing on behalf of Sister's Elite and Co. (Female Impersonators and Entertainers) in reference to last issue's article on theatre by Jim MacSwain.

Our group found his article a little out of date, although we agree with it up to a point. You mentioned in the article that Sparrow, the gay Christian organization, also sponsors cabarets at the Turret, such as the one on April 13 entitled "This is My Life". But since then, and before your article appeared, Sparrow had three more shows which were put together by Sister's Elite. I feel that you should have checked out your story more thoroughly before printing.

We agree with the writer of the article that we ought to have more plays, but no one ever seems to come forward with one. As one who has directed and put together many cabarets at the Turret, I have found that all I get is promises for plays, or for live singers who then either do not show up for rehearsals, or drop out at the last minute, thereby sending the whole show into chaos.

I'd like to point out also that we prefer to be called "Female Impersonators", rather than "Drags".

We perform at the Turret for free, at no charge to the Turret or to the Gay Alliance for Equality. Our clothes are hard to get hold of or to make, our make-up and wigs are expensive, and it all comes out of our own pockets.

Recently there have been more and more drag acts coming out, but we all work together, forgetting our occasional personal differences. We help each other with each snag that arises during rehearsals or performances.

Drag is not easy. You need more than clothes, and a mouth to lip-sync the words. You need a lot of rehearsal time, and there is just as much output and energy required as actors need for skits or live singers for their songs. It is hard work.

Sister's Elite and Company invite you to come to the rehearsal for our show "Big Spenders" at the Sir James Dunn Theatre at Dalhousie, so you can see the work and time put into these shows.*

All of our cabarets have contained the best acts the community can offer.

Drag, too, is a statement against the oppressor.

Yours respectfully,

Emerald Gibson
Group Manager,
Sister's Elite and Company

*Note: See our review this issue.

The Collective would like to thank Sister's Elite and Company for arranging a meeting with the Making Waves Collective at which the concerns expressed here were discussed openly and in a spirit of mutual discovery between our two groups.

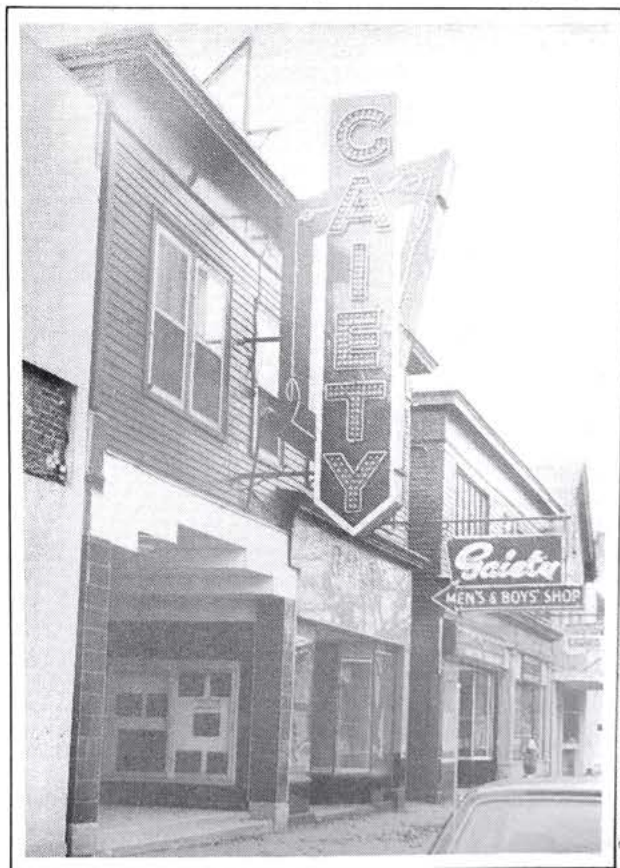


Photo: Robin Metcalfe

Drawing: A Wallace

Waves

O P I N I O N

The following is an edited version of a speech delivered to the annual meeting of the Gay Alliance for Equality in Halifax on October 21, 1981 by the former chairperson, Ed Thibodeau. The Opinion column is available to anyone who wishes to present an opinion or an analysis of an issue that concerns the lesbian and gay community. Responses to this or any other Opinion column are welcome.

IT COULD BE THAT THE GOOSE THAT LAYS THE GOLDEN EGGS HAS TURNED INTO AN ALBATROSS AROUND THE NECK OF GAE.

The Gay Alliance for Equality is an alliance of gay individuals working towards equality. Dennis Altman, in the book Homosexual Oppression and Liberation, writes, "The essential quality of gay liberation lies in its assertion of gayness, its refusal to feel shame or guilt at being homosexual. Out of this affirmation of being gay comes an affirmation of solidarity with other gays and the transformation of the pseudo-community of the old gay world into a sense of real community. To the extent that homosexual oppression is internalized such self-affirmation is an act of liberation. The real oppression we suffer is psychological."

The GAE of Halifax has addressed itself in the past to many of the outward manifestations of oppression. However, we must never forget that the most powerful forms of oppression lie within ourselves. A community is people coming together in support of one another. It is a number of small groups working individually towards a common goal, our liberation. We find ourselves today still striving for our liberation and at the same time trying to retain what little we have gained. For on the horizon there are dark clouds approaching to the tune of "Onward Christian Soldiers".

So where do we turn? To the larger community? Hardly. It must be to ourselves. Our greatest resource to combat the coming storm lies within the gay community, in the potential talent of our young people and in the established talent of our mature members. As an organization, our major challenge is to tap and direct that talent to everyone's benefit.

We must develop a faith in ourselves as individuals and as a people who have something to contribute to society. Because of our homoerotic preferences, and present-day society's attitude towards those preferences, we are in a position to gain a great deal of insight into the human condition. Our constitution says we should educate the public on the subject of homosexuality. I believe we should educate the public on being human beings, from the perspective of those with a homoerotic preference.

A community centre becomes imperative as the focal point from which the organization reaches out into the community, serving our needs. The community centre becomes a visible symbol within the gay community and outside it. Therefore, it is important that the centre truly represent and serve the greater gay community, not just a small, self-

centred faction. It is imperative that the Gay Alliance for Equality not stray from its ideals and not contribute to self-oppression.

I now turn to the Turret. The Turret is not the GAE, nor does it stand or speak for the Gay Alliance. The Turret has, over the years, developed into a disco club meeting the needs of a small faction of the gay community, a faction which is visible within the community at large, but which does not represent the gay community as a whole. If anything, it represents many of the negative, self-oppressive aspects of the gay community. The GAE, keeping in mind its credibility and what it stands for, should be very leery of being associated with what the Turret represents and perpetuates.

At one point in my involvement with this organization, I equated the Turret with the goose that lays the golden eggs. It could very well be that the goose has turned into an albatross that hangs around the neck of GAE. We must look at the Turret as an investment that must bring a fair return. For the money that the GAE puts into the Turret, at least a fourth to a third of the moneys returned should be profit. If we do not see this return, then we must look seriously at the management of this establishment. The GAE is not here to subsidize the disco crowd. I believe that the Turret does have a financial role to play within the organization and that the organization has a responsibility to the Turret employees. But I also believe that the organization should provide alternatives for socializing, such as monthly dances away from the Turret, or a quiet bar or lounge within a community centre. These are just two examples and I am sure there are more.

WE MUST KEEP IN MIND THE TURRET'S ROLE WITHIN THE GAE, NOT THAT OF THE GAE WITHIN THE TURRET.

As I look down the road I can see the GAE diminishing its financial dependence on the Turret. Our greatest expense in the future will be a community centre, but when we lay its foundation, it must be with financial independence in mind. The Turret lease is coming up for renegotiation within the coming year. This lease must be looked at seriously, keeping in mind the Turret's future role within the GAE, not that of the GAE within the Turret. At all times we must ask whether the return on investment in this venture, and/or the expansion of this venture, is worth it.

This is an organization, a community, that can certainly live with and expect of itself great expectations. It is the cowards that fear the challenge. It is the big toads that fear the expansion of the pond. It is the complacent that fear losing their positions. It is the incompetent that fear having their incompetence shown up. Every individual here this evening has a responsibility to a gay and lesbian community. It is your responsibility to see that there is elected an executive dedicated to the concepts of this organization and to gay liberation.

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LIVING GAY: 4th Atlantic Conference in Fredericton

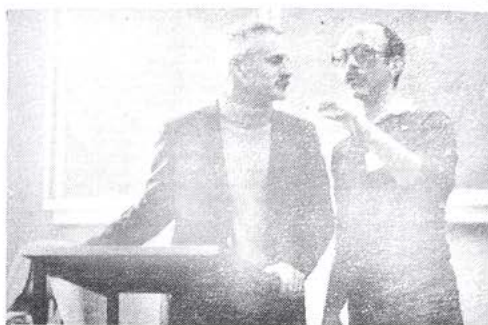


Feminism for Faggots, Aging, Atlantic Outreach and Bridging the Gap were among workshop topics at a well-attended Atlantic Gay Association conference held in Fredericton in October and hosted by FLAG.

Keynote speaker Don Clark, author of *Loving Someone Gay*, opened the conference with an address on gay community. "Gay people are my native land", he said, a source of strength and support in a time of rising fear and attacks from the right. He stressed the importance of reaching out to help other gay people get in touch with the community and with their own inner resources. Clark also led a workshop on Aging, reminding delegates that the loss of a long-term partner through breakup or death can be especially devastating to older gays who have little contact with new gay organizations or the social scene.

Boston writer Eric Rofes' presentation on Feminism for Faggots defined the common goals of feminism and gay liberation to include the attainment of personal and sexual freedom regardless of traditional sex-role expectations. Men can learn a lot from the lesbian-feminist writings of the last decade, but the liberation of men must be accomplished by men themselves. Discussions in this workshop were practical as well as philosophical, particularly for men and women attempting to work together in gay organizations where questions of sexism and privilege often underlie supposedly personal conflicts.

Chris Bearchell, leader of the workshop on Bridging the Gap, identified sources of conflict between men and women in mixed organizations. These



Left: FLAG member Gwyn Martin
upper right: organizers Hal Hinds & Glenn Pelshea
lower right: Bridging the Gap workshop on the lawn



photos: Robin Metcalf

include differences in styles of organizing and disagreements over sexual issues like S/M, pedophilia, public sex and pornography. Despite occasional problems, mixed groups continue to be the norm in the Atlantic provinces where there are few communities large enough to support more than one organization. Participants agreed that there is a growing awareness of the need to talk out problems and to keep channels open.

The problem of communications was discussed by GAE Resource Coordinator Clairemarie in her workshop on Atlantic Outreach. Delegates from Saint John, Moncton and Northern Lambda Nord described outreach efforts in communities where there is little open gay activity and most people remain closeted. A confidential contact system was set up to put rural gays and lesbians in touch with their nearest organized community, and to introduce newcomers who move from one centre to another.

A Gay Parents workshop touched on problems of custody, the isolation of gay parents, coming out to one's children and providing a healthy childhood in a gay or lesbian household. In Married Gays, formerly or presently married gays shared their experiences of early marriage and divorce, or of trying to function bisexually in an open marriage.

Around the workshops, the conference happened: the coming together of people from two countries, two languages, four provinces and any number of life experiences to explore themselves and one another in talk and song and dance and love.

- Lynn Murphy

Gay Olympi...

San Francisco will host the 1982 Gay Games in August 1982. The Games are a serious athletic competition for gay and lesbian women. The emphasis is on winning. Events range from basketball to bowling for both men and women. There will be rugby, wheelchair basketball, and wrestling. Representing the gay and lesbian athletes are invited to take part in the responsibility of the Games. The billeting will be provided for the events by lesbian and gay organizations concurrently. All the contributions are welcome. The Games are appearing shortly. Send your contributions for further information to: Gay Games, P.O. Box 94114, San Francisco, CA 94114, USA.

- Carol Millett

Drawing: K. Kechnie



Clarence Comeau le prix France

Un enfant de notre pays s'est vu attribuer le prix de la littérature pour son premier recueil "Entre amours et silences". "Acadie de Moncton. Or, ses poèmes transpirent l'âme des hommes et d'une enfance."

Clarence Comeau a été élu "homme de l'automne", un texte dramatique diffusé sur le radio de Radio-Canada 1.

Son premier recueil de poèmes "Entre amours et silences" nous avons-nous dit, nous sommes confié au magazine Le Bateau et le recueil serait certainement...

- renseignements à...

Student groups

The October founding of the Federation of Student Organizations was announced forward by the Saskatchewan Federation of Student Organizations on CFS members to give more power to students arrested during the Edmonton strike on October 30, 1981. These men are the first to be elected to a projected cost of \$20,000, an amalgamation of Canadian Federation of Student Organizations, the National Federation of Student Organizations, the Association of Student Organizations of Canada.

The Student Union of the University of Saskatchewan (SUNSC) is a non-profit, non-directive, voted to send a delegation to the Privacy Defence Committee.

- Daniel Anderson,

Gay Olympics

San Francisco will host the first Gay Olympic Games in August 1982. The games will consist of serious athletic competitions for both men and women. The emphasis is on participation rather than on winning. Events range from track and field to bowling for both men and women. For women only there will be rugby, while for men only there will be wrestling. Representation is on a city basis and gay and lesbian athletes from all over the world are invited to take part. Transportation costs are the responsibility of the participants, but billeting will be provided. A week of cultural events by lesbian and gay artists is planned to run concurrently. All the organizers are volunteers and contributions are welcome. A newsletter will be appearing shortly. Send contributions or requests for further information to: GOG, PO Box 14874, San Francisco, CA 94114, USA.

- Carol Millett

Drawing: K Kechnie



Clarence Comeau gagne le prix France-Acadie

Un enfant de notre Acadie, Clarence Comeau, s'est vu attribuer le prix France-Acadie de littérature pour son premier recueil de poèmes: "Entre amours et silences" publié aux Editions d'Acadie de Moncton. Originaire de Néguaac au N-B, ses poèmes transpirent l'amour de la mer, de ses hommes et d'une enfance en terre d'Acadie.

Clarence Comeau a écrit "Première neige d'automne", un texte dramatique qui fut repris à la radio de Radio-Canada l'automne dernier.

Son premier recueil transpire l'amour des hommes avons-nous dit, mais le jeune auteur a confié au magazine *Le Berdache* que son deuxième recueil serait certainement plus direct.

- renseignements tirés du magazine *Le Berdache*

Student group gives money

The October founding conference of the Canadian Federation of Students (CFS) passed a motion put forward by the Saskatchewan-Manitoba Caucus calling on CFS members to give monetary support to the men arrested during the Edmonton bath-house raid of May 30, 1981. These men are facing individual trials at a projected cost of \$20,000. CFS is the result of an amalgamation of Canada's two national student organizations, the National Union of Students and the Association of Student Councils.

The Student Union of the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design (SUNSCAD), in response to the CFS directive, voted to send financial aid to the Privacy Defence Committee of Edmonton.

- Daniel Anderson, VP Internal, SUNSCAD

Once more, with feeling...

The offices of the Body Politic were once again raided, by the Metro Toronto Police Morality Squad, on Friday, May 7. Police were searching for evidence relating to an article in the April issue entitled, "Lust with a Very Proper Stranger", a first-hand account of New York fist-fucking. No materials were seized during the raid.

Pink Triangle Press, the publisher of the Body Politic, was acquitted in 1979 on charges of mailing "indecent, immoral or scurrilous" material, relating to a December 1977 article, "Men Loving Boys Loving Men". The Crown successfully appealed the acquittal and the Press is now facing a retrial on the same charges. The right, once acquitted, not to be retried on the same charges, is considered an essential right in most democratic countries, but not, apparently, in Ontario. Some have suggested that, having lost in the courts, the government is hoping to destroy the Body Politic through mounting legal costs.

Contributions can be sent to the Body Politic Free the Press Fund, PO Box 7289, Stn A, Toronto, Ontario M5W 1X9. Make cheques payable to Lynn King in Trust for TBP.

GAE News in brief:

Shortly after the present GAE executive took office in mid-October, the membership asked Price-Waterhouse Associates, management consultants, to undertake an audit of the Turret/GAE accounts. Partly because of variations and inconsistencies in bookkeeping procedures over the past few years, a full audit could not be done. The consultants made several recommendations for improvements in accounting procedures, which were approved at the December 2 meeting. In a related development, Revenue Canada has tentatively recognized GAE as a tax-exempt, non-profit organization.

GAE was given notice to vacate its offices on Blowers St which it had occupied for more than two years. More than seventy properties were considered before a location on Quinpool Rd was approved. Days before moving deadline, the group was informed that this space would not be available to them. The owner claimed that his agent had believed GAE to be a government agency. In negotiations with other landlords and their agents, one member of the search committee reported being called "fag" and "queer". Fortunately, new offices were secured in a central location. A larger Community Centre room, a kitchenette and an executive office are among the advantages of the new space.

Read any good books lately? GAE has approved in principle a proposal to establish a small library in the new community centre rooms. Lynn Murphy has been authorized to approach local gay and lesbian library workers to serve on a proposed Library Committee.

More recently, the Turret has received notice that it must vacate its downtown premises by the end of August. GAE has arranged discussion sessions to involve its members in the decision of where the organization is going and whether the time for a true community centre has arrived. An important question is that of financial support for such a centre.

- Lynn Murphy



The Festival
June 26-July 5

The Conference
July 1-July 5

For more information:
Toronto Gay Community Council
730 Bathurst St., Toronto, ON M5S 2R4

Gay Group active in Library Association

If you are one of countless gay people who have searched in vain the shelves of your local public library for positive and informative material about homosexuality, take heart. The Gay Interest Group of the Canadian Library Association (CLA), formed two years ago partly in recognition of this problem, is working to get basic gay materials into libraries across the country. The gay information gap in Canadian public libraries is the most immediate concern of the Group.

Other concerns include making gay materials accessible to the public at large in order to promote acceptance of gay and lesbian lifestyles and awareness of gay concerns. Increased accessibility to gay fiction is also a Group goal. The Gay Interest Group hopes that by developing an active, high-profile program within the library association, and by putting gay and lesbian librarians across the country in touch with one another, it will create a bulwark against anti-gay discrimination in library jobs.

The major project of the past year has been publication of a bibliography of recommended reading matter on homosexuality for Canadian collections. The American Library Association's Gay Task Force has had such lists available for years. Aimed primarily at librarians, the Canadian list recommends Canadian titles as often as possible. It also includes two special lists: one on lesbians, and, annotated in French, a selection of French and Québécois titles of interest to gay people. Copies may be obtained, for personal use or for presentation to your local library, by writing to: Gay Interest Group, c/o Ted Millward, St John's College, 400 Dysart Rd, Winnipeg, Manitoba R3T 2M5.

- Tom Fleming

Police seize magazines

Magazine outlets in several Nova Scotia communities received unexpected visits in early December, when local police and RCMP cooperated in seizures of sexually explicit materials, generally of the "soft-core porn" variety. Well-known slicks like *Playboy* and *Hustler* were left alone, but titles like *Playgirl Couples*, the *X-Rated Movie Handbook*, *Dude*, and *Swank* were among those seized from Halifax's Atlantic News. Most of the magazines seized were American publications which had already been allowed into Canada by Customs.

The unsigned warrant presented to Atlantic News proprietor Pat Doherty listed several titles he did not have in stock at the time of the seizure. No gay publications were taken, and Doherty says the police did not seem especially interested in those he carries. All the titles taken from Atlantic News had been supplied by the distributors H H Marshall.

- Lynn Murphy

Over-30s socialize

A social gathering for lesbians and gay men over thirty was held in the home of a Halifax gay man on December 5. Close to sixty people turned out for an evening of conversation, fireplace-gazing and wine. This first event was financially supported by GAE, in the hope of bringing together men and women who are interested in an alternative social scene for the older-than-disco members of the community.

Reactions ranged from a staid "Very pleasant" to the starry-eyed. "I didn't even know the people whose names were on the invitation, and I don't

know how I got invited," said one happy participant. "I thought it was some kind of cultural fundraiser, but when I walked in the door and started to see all these wonderful gay people, I couldn't believe what was happening. But I love it!"

The second get-together was a pot-luck party on January 2, followed by events on February 13 and April 30. All of the gatherings have been well-attended. Anyone who would like to take part in future, or who knows someone who should be invited, may contact the GAE Resource Coordinator, 429-4294.

The over-thirties group is independant of both the Turret and the Gay Alliance for Equality.

- Lynn Murphy



Drawing: Katherine Rechin

The Great Moncton Picnic

"It's unfortunate, but if we're on the national map to defend the rights of what we think are the majority, then that's where we'll be." Dennis Cochrane, Mayor of Moncton, was understandably nervous last year when his Council decided to ban a gay picnic on Canada Day. The news broke in the electronic media with the sudden violence of a summer storm, and the city and its gay community found themselves the subject of national attention.

The idea for a picnic was born June 10 at a gathering in the home of Don Cormier. Don and his friends were concerned about anti-gay violence. Men in the vicinity of the Block, a popular cruising area, had been stabbed, attacked with baseball bats or had their cars spray-painted. Others had suffered obscene phone calls, threats and property damage, or been fired as a result of calls to their employers. It was time to get organized, and a picnic seemed a pleasant way to start. People were invited from Fredericton and Halifax to share the experience of their communities with Moncton.

Response to the idea was stronger than anticipated. Cormier spoke of receiving calls from Toronto and San Francisco, and predicted 500 people for the picnic. Plans were made for billeting, clean-up, information booths, canteens, a PA system and organized sports.

Up to June 27, all publicity was by word of mouth. Then Cormier received a call from Bill Mayo of the *Times and Transcript*. A small article was run in the Saturday paper. The next day, conservative City Councillor Al Galbraith began to receive calls from ministers and senior citizens. When Cormier got home on Monday afternoon, he learned that a special Council session was to be held that evening to consider a motion from Galbraith to ban the picnic. The Councillor told reporters, "This piece of property was turned over to the citizens of the City of Moncton for their own recreation purposes, not for outside. I'm gonna put a motion through tonight to deny 'em the rights to go in there, 'cause if they want it, they can stay in Toronto. We can handle the situation down here."

When Moncton gays attended that meeting, it was the first time they had defended their rights as a visible community. Don Cormier, speaking on their behalf, made an impassioned speech defending their right as citizens to gather in a public place. He dismissed fears of a gay orgy: "We are bringing picnic baskets, not water beds." The Councillors listened in chilly silence, then passed unanimously a by-law effectively banning the picnic by requiring groups of forty or more to apply in advance for a permit to use City property. For many Moncton gays, this confrontation aroused anger and frustration. One woman named Connie hadn't planned to attend the picnic until Council banned it. The by-law angered her enough to attend the meeting and risk identifying herself as a lesbian.

After the passage of the by-law, the picnic organizers decided to cancel the activities planned for the park. However, they encouraged lesbians and gay men to attend in small groups. The confrontation with City Hall was widely reported in the media amid speculation of possible violence or arrests.

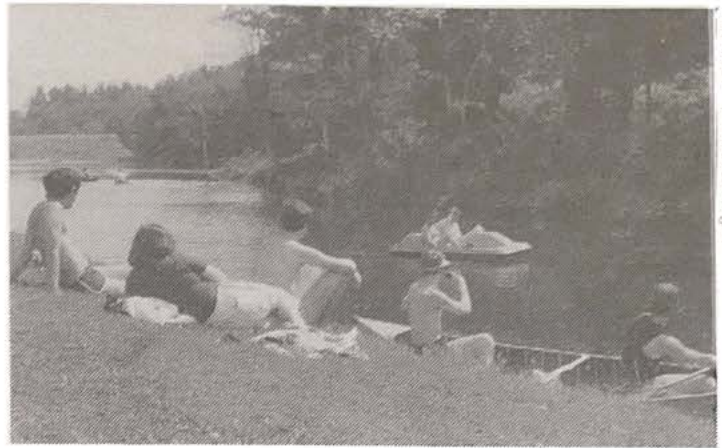


Photo: R Metcalfe

What actually happened at Centennial Park? At first glance, it seemed a typical sunny July 1. A closer look revealed large numbers of police, both uniformed and plainclothed, and park security men prowling in small groups with walkie-talkies on their hips. There was a heavy flow of traffic through the park as everybody and their dog drove by for a glimpse of the 500 fruits. A sprinkling of media people festooned the parking lot area, interviewing Don Cormier and keeping an eye out for any photogenic homosexuals. Finally, there were the gays themselves, present but largely invisible. Some of the media, unable to identify lesbians and gay men in the crowd, concluded that none were present. ATV reporter Robert Rankin reported that, "It was difficult to tell if there were any gays in the park at all... City Council's action to curtail the gays' presence here today certainly appears to have worked." Two CKCW radio announcers drew a more favorable conclusion: "nobody knew who was and who was not." A comic example of the media's failure to see us was the bored young ATV cameraman, surrounded by lesbians and gay men, training his camera on young women in bikinis.

It is impossible to say how many gays were in the park. Estimates ranged from none to 400. As an out-of-town visitor unfamiliar with the Moncton community, I could identify perhaps fifty, including a large contingent from Halifax.

An unexpected result of the controversy was the support gays received from other quarters, the first such public support in New Brunswick. Dr Noel Kinsella, head of the NB Human Rights Commission, offered to help "resolve the human relations problem". "The human rights commissions must use their good offices to demythologize the whole issue of sexual orientation." Eric Teade of the Civil Liberties Association described the Council action as "an ill-advised, hasty move done in a panic because somebody has a personal animosity towards the particular type of citizen."

The Moncton picnic was neither a gay victory nor the defeat the media portrayed it as. The experience of those who were there was that we had claimed our place in the sun despite the by-law. "We've learned a lot today," said Connie. The event focussed the anger and the hopes of the Moncton gay community and was followed by the first steps towards an organization.

Mao once said that the revolution is not a tea party. For Moncton gays in 1981, however, the revolution may have started with a picnic.

- Robin Metcalfe

SISTER'S ELITE

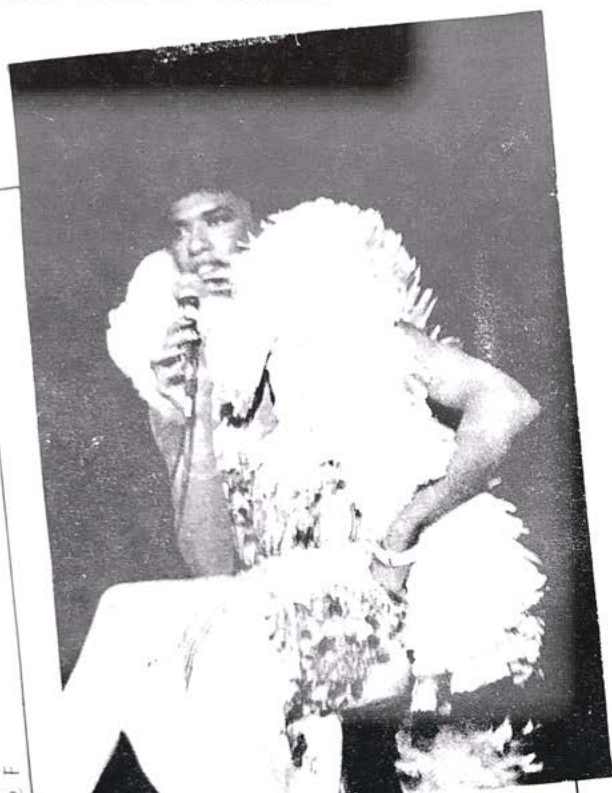


Photo: Anne F.

Sister's Elite Performer Marsha-Anne

"Decoration, or glamour, is the definitive strategy against the oppressions of history."

John Bentley Mays

Delighted one moment frustrated the next, I experienced the Sister's Elite show on the night of Sept. eleventh. The Sister's Elite moving out of the Turret into the wider world of Halifax was a brave step and demonstrated a willingness to move the gay community into the public eye. At least Dalhousie responded with three security guards in the halls outside the Dunn. The show was supported by the gay community who appeared in droves and responded to the atmosphere with suitable screams of anticipation as the house lights dimmed. From then on the show moved relatively smoothly from act to act: lights and props, microphones and tapes, singers and the "ladies"-they all clicked into the right music at the right time. Of course, backstage can only be visualized as a chaos of

sparkles, fingernails, scarfs, feathers, dresses, rhinestones, shoes and mascara; the place where men transform themselves into women. Why do they do it? For Fun? No, for on their own admission it is hard work to sustain the illusion while remembering the choreography and the words. To satisfy an emotional need? The songs are definitely emotional. Men leave their girls and girls are sad; girls find their men and are ecstatic; girls cry at parties and girls have Bette Davis eyes; girls don't want to be made over and girls, whatever they sang, sang about the joys and sorrows of love love love. Love was the game, love was the price to pay and love was lost. What was this love? Margaret Atwood has commented that, as the Inuit have thirty words for snow, we should have as many for love. The love expressed in these songs was mainly a generalized image of the dazzling man who mastered our every need, especially the need to be fucked. This was never explicitly stated but by about ten thirty I was hoping someone would. Love as revealed in these heterosexual sentimental songs lost the ability to turn me on. I wanted more real sex if sex was what it was all about. What did delight me, however, were the comic routines. These "girls" know how to be witty. Exploit it! Laughter is one way to draw in everyone, no one gets hurt and in this way we transcend our fears. I especially adored Emerald and Randy's routine of Bosum Buddies and the act that followed where Emerald loses his wig. That's style! Randy's act as the banana lady was superb; for me the best in the show.

So why do men dress as women? It frees them from the tiresome roles of men, of course. And, oh my god, they are tiresome. However, playing with roles, like all things, has a double hook. Whereas the roles of men are tiresome, it follows that the roles of women are equally boring. It would be helpful if sex roles were obsolete. They aren't. For the moment, the twentieth century has taken a stumbling tumble into this personal morass of sexual, biological and psychological roles and we are the inheritors of confusion. In our confusion we can only listen to those we admire and trust. Virginia Woolf, commenting on Coleridge's use of the word androgynous, says, "He meant, perhaps, that the androgynous mind is resonant and porous, that it transmits emotion without impediment, that it is naturally creative, incandescent and undivided." Stunning words and ones that we all, in our own minds, can try to emulate.

A few more words on the show itself. Other than the criticism that the show was too long, these Sister's Elite deserve a healthy applause for undertaking so ambitious a project. I also enjoyed the singers (even the nervous one) and the "witch-doctor" with his feathers. It was a glittering array of the gay community's talent, that if encouraged, could open the way to even bolder experiments in saying "fuck you" to our sexist society.

- Jim MacSwain

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PATRYSHA COLP

Animator Patrysha Colp's first professional show opened at Doomsday Studios in November. Colp drew on her rural Nova Scotia roots for the evocative images presented in one of the two series that made up the show. In one sketch her grandfather perches atop a woodpile - a reminder that the lumber for the Bounty replica came from his land. Of more interest to feminists was the series of cels from *Nightvision*. The film opens with the woman animator walking home from her studio late at night. The fears of only-too-real rapists and muggers mingle with the terrors of the unknown dark, as woman-eating garbage cans leer from the shadows and feral cats reclaim the city night.

Colp's first film, a two-minute short which she entered in a National Film Board showing of films by amateurs, attracted the attention of Ramona MacDonald of Doomsday Studios, who offered to produce *Nightvision*. The film is in its second year of preparation: because each of the thousands of cels must be separately hand-drawn, it may be two more years before the public sees any more of the piece than the few frames on exhibit at Doomsday. Patrysha Colp admits to occasional frustration with the slowness of the process, as

half a dozen new films are already unreeling in her mind.

The artist is now completing a degree at the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design, and will join Doomsday fulltime next fall.

- Lynn Murphy

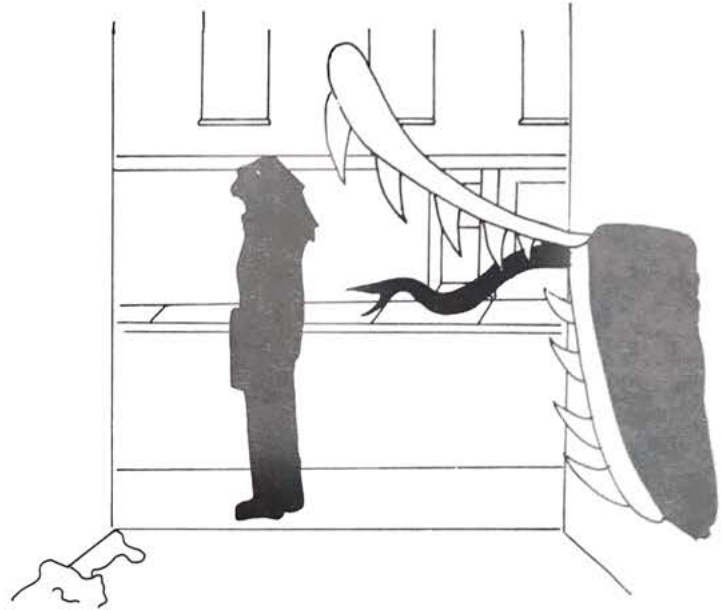


Illustration: Patrysha Colp

RAND GAYNOR

The character of our soul-image, the anima or animus of our dreams, is a natural index to our internal psychological situation. The seeker after self-knowledge will do well to accord it the utmost attention. - Carl Jung

Before Rand Gaynor, graphic illustrator extraordinaire, leaves Doomsday Studios for the wilds of Toronto, he has put on view in Doomsday's new gallery space, a wonderful display of his latest paintings. The paintings centre around a little girl named Henrietta and the work illustrates *Henrietta's Book of Days*, with a different colour for each day. Henrietta was born in a nightmare approximately four years ago. Rand was terrified of her, especially when she took his hand and said, "I can help you." Yet how could a little girl with big repulsive hands and feet help anyone? Slowly Rand realized that she represented his fear. Gradually he externalized her, became obsessed with her. She began to evolve from an image in nonsense poems into a picture where she carried a key. "You are the key," said Henrietta. He realized then that she was only a character in his mind. He came down from his nervous breakdown, and began to get to know her. He had to draw her. And the work, now on the walls of Doomsday Studios, attests to the fact that Henrietta metamorphosed into a charming creature of whim and vitality. Rand says, "She was for myself. We grew together. Her prophesy was fulfilled." Yes, she did help him: as she resolved into a personality so Rand's confidence in his own work became apparent. "Recurring nightmares are good to have. They make you realize your neuroses and you can work on them and control them. You



Illustration: Rand Gaynor

begin to realize your own personal system of symbols." These paintings of Henrietta represent a culmination in Rand Gaynor's personal odyssey as an artist. It seems appropriate that it comes at a time when he has decided, after a stay of nine years, to leave Halifax. There are a number of

reasons for leaving. There is the weather. Halifax is the real name of Halifax and "I have not been warm or dry since my arrival." Of course that is not the basic reason. Rand needs more stimulation from those who are doing the same kind of work as himself. He feels that he is painting in a closet. There is a sense of futility that comes with having to deal with conservative clients who water down his ideas and his choice of colours. There is also in a place like Halifax a financial limitation when there is a limited budget spent on promotional experimentation. In Toronto, Rand's sense of the outrageous will stand him in good stead. This is a field where the image is one among many and demands a bold attack to gain attention for itself. Rand would also like to meet gay men who are artists, those gay artists who form a community of support. "After fifteen years of promiscuity, it becomes dissatisfying, and you tend to want, as you get older, to get on with the job at hand. It would be

great to have a relationship with someone who is like myself in their work. You then could appreciate each other as you grow parallel in the work-goal. This is an ideal, but party time is over."

As well as his graphic work, Rand also creates films, one of which, "Spectrum", has just been completed through the NFB and Doomsday Studios. Some of the graphic work from the film is also in this show and explores again the imagery of dreams. Snow, lightning, fog and rain devastate the earth and time itself seems to disintegrate. But the film ends with the rainbow, the symbol of renewal. Rand has reached a peak both personally and professionally in Halifax. It's time to enter new images. Angels and demons, he suggests, are the beginning of a new exploration of theme and idea. Hopefully, Toronto will offer him new ways of seeing, and I look forward to his next creative output.

- Jim MacSwain

M U S I C



Photo: R. Metcalfe

NIGHTWALKING AMAZON

Take a politicized lesbian singer, put her in a room usually reserved for disco, throw in a clump of young, off-duty female impersonators, and what have you got? A riot? A riotous good time, that's what! Cathy Cook played the Turret for three nights in September and had her audiences screaming for more. A singer in the social-protest folk tradition, with a strong, clear voice and up-front politics, Cook sings about the realities of our lives. Her songs included several by Holly Near, such as "Mountain Song", "Fight Back!" and "It Could Have Been Me", to which she added a verse about Harvey Milk, the assassinated San Francisco gay political figure. The greatest audience response, however, was to her own compositions. "I Can't Sing Farewell To Nova Scotia", for example, was a moving tribute from an American raised in Pittsburgh who discovered Nova Scotia in the spring and stayed for half a year in Shelburne County.

The most pleasant surprise of her engagement was the response to her song, "Nightwalking Amazon". A militant protest against the rape and harassment of women, the song brought an unexpectedly enthusiastic response from a crowd of young gay men who are into drag. These men were only too familiar with the dangers of street harassment. Cook, commenting that, like many lesbians, she had often felt uncomfortable with the idea of men imitating women, was nevertheless impressed by the men's identification with the strong female image of her "Nightwalking Amazon". The song was an anthem in the spirit of the Reclaim the Night movement that also expressed, for the gay men present, the spirit of our resistance to queer-bashing. The lyrics are reprinted on the next page.

Cathy Cook has gone back to Pennsylvania, but she left behind a tape recording of her last performance at the Turret, and a promise to return to Nova Scotia in the near future.

- Robin Metcalfe

*I was walking along a city street just after the sun came down
When I passed some boys in punk attire and their comment turned me 'round.
As I passed 'em by, with my head held high,
One said to me, "Hi, Guy."
I looked over my shoulder, laughing,
"Amazon" was my simple reply.*

Chorus:
*I ain't no guy, I'm all woman and I'm strong as the moon and the night,
And I guess you can tell just by the way that I walk,
Mess with me and you're in for a fight.
Don't get me wrong - I'm no bully - and I'd rather be friend than foe
But you can bet I'm no victim either; just cross me and it'll show.
Tho' I'm not a man, you'd best understand,
If hurtin' me's your plan,
If I have to, to defend myself, I'll kill you with my bare hand.*

*(repeat chorus, second verse, chorus and end:)
I'm just a Nightwalking Amazon Woman, strong as the moon and the night.*

© 1981 by Cathy Cook

Engraving: "The Secret" from Godey's Lady's Book, courtesy S Haslebus

H
Old Ma



Dear Mr Godey
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leads me to
short article
old maids.

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P

Drawing: K Kechnic

H I S T O R Y

Old Maids

Engraving: "The Secret" from Godey's Lady's Book, courtesy S Hasbkins



Dear Mr Godey — Your well-known interest in what-ever tends to improve the condition of our sex leads me to solicit a place in your pages for a short article in favor of the much-abused class — old maids.

I never could understand why these words should be so generally used as a term of reproach; why a lady might not remain single, if she choose,

earning her own livelihood or otherwise, according to her circumstances, and yet be entitled to the respect of her own and the opposite sex. But it is a sad truth, that when a lady is no longer young and is unmarried, she is not always treated with the same consideration as her married friends of the same age; and a sufficient explanation of any peculiarities of dress, manners, or conversation is supposed to be contained in the following words, "She is an old maid."

I have sometimes wondered when and by whom the words were first used so contemptuously; it might have been by some disappointed wooer; or, perhaps, by some jealous woman; or — but it is no use to guess; I never shall know the facts of the case. I have also wondered why the very men who speak slightly of old maids should censure so severely the conduct of those young girls who are plainly endeavoring to obtain a husband. Are they not educated to believe that happiness and honour are found only in the married state, and that to be old and single is a disgrace?

What are the characteristics of old maids? Are they not generally called over-nice, peevish, discontented and sometimes stingy? But have we not read and heard of dissipated husbands, unhappy children and a miserable home, produced by a deficiency, in the wife, of neatness and exactness, the very qualities that are so disagreeable in an old maid?

Candid reader, have you not known and do you not know some of this class worthy of your esteem and love? women of good intellect, good common sense, and good hearts? If so (and I cannot doubt it), never again speak contemptuously of old maids.

To those of my readers who are really of the sisterhood, and those who expect sometime to enter the ranks, I give an earnest invitation to unite with me in endeavoring to show to the world in general, and our calumniators in particular, that a happy and useful old maid is, not the exception, but the rule.

- from Godey's Lady's Book

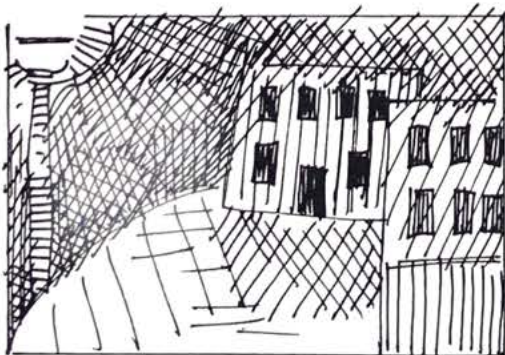
P O E T R Y

Street Sounds

Pressed lips
fingertips moist
in the sweating night
Street sounds float
through open windows
muffled by red wine.

A breeze touches
the darkness
followed by rain
cool, soft and sweet
it hits the street
disturbing dust with wet;
a caress stirring
dryness to life.

- L Lutes



Drawing: K Kechnie

TIM

Blond lean sixteen reclining
soft-tanned in cut-offs on the pool's edge
at the deep end.
Jock, I thought, and I pretended not to notice you.
We are opposites; so I dismissed you.

When you stood up to dive
I knew you.
Only one leg in the cut-offs.
I remembered you as a child
limping on an artificial leg in town.

As you dove the vulnerability dissolved.
You became strong and definite.
Magnetic, as you swam your sure strokes.
The childhood deformity of a limb — gone...
Built: had formed you
into a catlike independence; I wanted to touch
the glistening torso,
your body spare and hard-muscled
in your defiance of lethargy.

As you left later in a car,
crutches beside you on the back seat,
you were beautiful
when you returned my wave.

JULY'S DISILLUSION

Letters through the year,
protected by distance
Spoke of love and revelations.
When you returned to Nova Scotia
I hitch-hiked down to see you
in the city.
Anticipating what? I confess
now I'm not sure.
Because up close
in flashing colored lights
and smoky disco thump
Where everyone's an audition for love.
You were remote and New-York cool.
Avoiding my eyes.
Silent and leaving with someone else.
Initially I was hurt and confused,
Blaming myself.
Now, merely annoyed
for letting my emotional needs
be splattered by shallowness.
Rejection: imagined or brick-hard;
we shudder,
And throw it at others.

- Anthony Wallace



Drawing: David Cummings

F I C T I O N

THE SHORT, HAPPY PRESIDENCY OF RONALD DRAGON

ROBIN METCALFE

There once was a dragon named Ronald, who lived in Maine, not very far from Brownville Junction. During the long winters, Ronald would sit indoors drinking beer, knitting and watching television. Whenever he got tired he would curl up on the sofa and sleep for a couple of weeks.

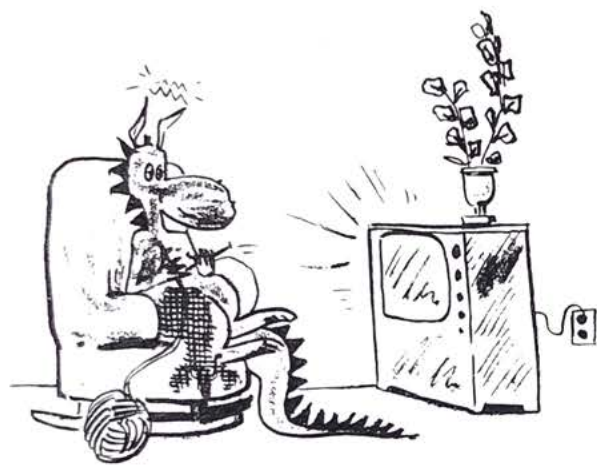
words to himself over and over so he wouldn't forget them. He decided to visit his best friend, Alexandra, who was very clever and could read and write, to ask her what they meant.

Alexandra was a witch, the only fully-qualified witch in Madawaska County, New Brunswick. She had big coloured diplomas in her house that said she was a Doctor of Wicca and licensed General Hag. Ronald knew that was what they said because he had been there when Alexandra had written them out, and had helped her to colour in the borders with felt-tip markers.

Alexandra hadn't heard about Ronald being elected President. She never watched TV because, she said, it ruined her concentration and was always telling lies. When Ronald told her the news she said that was nice and would he like some magic brownies. They were from a secret recipe she got from an old friend named Alice. You could tell they were magic because they made you feel nice for a long time and because the more you ate, the hungrier you felt.

Alexandra got Ronald to repeat all the words he didn't understand so she could write them down. Then she went through the list and explained them to him one at a time. "Morality? That means treating people nicely and not taking advantage of them. Democracy means everybody helping one another and making decisions together, instead of just some people always having things their own way. Terrorism means going around frightening

Drawings: Anthony Wallace



One cold November day, Ronald woke up to the sound of people shouting. He was frightened for a moment, until he realized that he had left the TV on. Like most dragons, Ronald was nearsighted, so he had trouble making out what was going on. There seemed to be a lot of people waving signs, blowing horns and letting go of balloons. After a few minutes, the noise died down a little and the announcer said, "Ladies and gentlemen, Ronald Dragon has been elected President of the United States!"

Well. You can imagine that this was quite a surprise to Ronald. He had not asked to be President. He didn't even know if dragons were allowed to be President. At first he thought he should call the TV station and say, thank you very much, but I don't really want to be President, it must be a mistake. Then he thought, if all those people voted for me, it wouldn't be very nice of me to say no. However, Ronald did not have a very clear idea what it was that presidents were supposed to do. So he turned off the TV, picked up his knitting, put on his spectacles and settled into his rocking chair for a good long think.

Five days later, Ronald had knitted five sweaters, sixteen pairs of snuggly winter socks and a pink Phentex poodle doorstopper for his mother, but he still hadn't figured out what presidents were supposed to do. Ronald sighed and turned on the TV. The news was on and an announcer was saying, "The new administration of President Dragon is expected to concentrate on promoting morality and decency, defending democracy and fighting terrorism and subversion." Ronald repeated the long



people so they'll do what you want them to." Alexandra had to look up "subversion" in one of her books, because she had never really been sure what that meant. After reading for a few minutes and frowning a lot, she said, "It means taking something good and turning it bad, like turning love into hate or happiness into sorrow."

After Alexandra had finished explaining, Ronald said he thought it must be wonderful to promote morality and decency, to defend democracy and to fight terrorism and subversion. He said he didn't know what he would have done without Alexandra's help and asked her if she would be his number one helper and do any reading or writing he'd need to have done as President. Alexandra said that she would be delighted and Ronald went home again feeling happy and a little tired.

A few days later the TV reported that Ronald had chosen Alexandra Hag as his Secretary of State. Alexandra explained to Ronald that secretary was a big word for someone who did a lot of reading and writing for other people and that "of State" was just added on to make it seem more important.

For the next little while Ronald stayed home, knitting and wondering what he should do next. Then one day he came running into Alexandra's kitchen, all excited and out of breath. It took Alexandra five minutes to make out what he was talking about. "Alexandra, we have to go to San Francisco to defend morality and decency! The TV said they are under attack right now! We have to hurry, before it's too late!" Alexandra shook her head and said that you shouldn't always believe what you hear on TV, but Ronald insisted, so she unplugged the cauldron and climbed on Ronald's back, and away they flew to San Francisco.



Ronald didn't have much trouble finding San Francisco, after Alexandra located it for him on a map, but he didn't know exactly what to do once he got there. So they landed on top of a tall pointy building to catch their breath and looked over the city. Far below them in the streets Alexandra could see crowds of people, and Ronald glided down to allow them a better look.

There was some sort of party under way. Big banners were hung up on poles, with pink letters



saying "Gay Pride". There were crowds of men and crowds of women, all dancing together and hugging and kissing and smiling a lot. Many people were wearing costumes. Someone handed Alexandra a beer and a handsome man in a gold lamé evening gown started talking with Ronald. It was two hours before Ronald saw Alexandra again. Alexandra had found a whole coven of witches and had been trading spells and potions. Ronald had been eating magic brownies and dancing with the handsome man. "Isn't this wonderful", he said, "I've never seen so many people being moral and decent to one another. Have a brownie."

As they were talking, a strange commotion started at the far end of the street. Alexandra jumped up on Ronald's back and they flew over to get a better look. They could see a bunch of men in dark uniforms running into the crowd, hitting people with sticks. "They're trying to frighten everybody," Ronald said, "They must be terrorists!" "I have a plan," said Alexandra. Out of her pocket she drew a big bag of magic leaves her friend Alice had given her. She sprinkled them in the air and told Ronald to breathe on them. As the leaves burned, a cloud of smoke appeared and settled down over the men in uniforms, who stopped and stared at their sticks, which had turned into licorice twists. Some of the men turned and ran away, while others wandered around in a daze. As the party started again, they mingled in with the crowd. Some of them ended up dancing with each other. Five of them started a can-can line and won a prize in the Village People look-alike contest.

Ronald won a prize, too, for Best Dragon, and was given a sparkly tiara with real glass diamonds. The gay people got him to go up on stage, and he made a little speech. "You all know how much I want to promote morality and decency, and I'm very happy to see so much of it here tonight." Then Ronald helped people toast marshmallows. Everyone said that Alexandra and Ronald could be gay, too, if they wanted to be, and Alexandra and Ronald said that they certainly did and thanked everybody for such a lovely time. A few days later they flew home again, carrying a lot of souvenirs and addresses of people to write to.

Lavender Tupperware

The Tupperware party starts at seven,
 And the Tupperware lady asks Alice how many children
 she has and everybody giggles when Alice says
 eleven.

Then we play games, about "Do you have a secret
 admirer and what shape are his ears,"
 And Sally says it's Radclyffe Hall, whom fortunately
 the Tupperware lady has never heard of, and every-
 body cheers.

The Tupperware lady demonstrates a separator perfect
 for separatists, which separates eggs with excel-
 lent effect,

Only the separatists are not here because Tupperware
 is politically incorrect.

The Tupperware lady asks if we take our kids on pic-
 nics, but the lesbian mothers are not here either,
 having money for babysitters or for Tupperware but
 not for both,

And our hostess' married sister says she goes on
 picnics all the time, and henceforth the Tupper-
 ware picnic kit will be going wherever she goeth.

Jody wonders several times whether the little plastic
 dishes would be good for storing "fruit" cocktail,
 but we finally shut her up,

And one by one we slip out to the dining room to get
 a little wine in our little plastic cup.

In the Gift Game a dispute develops over who gets
 permanent possession of the Super Dooper Pooper
 Scooper

And Marjorie calls Jane a lesbian larcenist, but the
 Tupperware lady luckily doesn't notice the blooper.

Betsy orders a spice container just the right size
 for dope,

And Harriet gets a big plastic bottle for storing
 her lavender soap,

The Tupperware lady goes home at nine o'clock with
 a hundred dollars in orders, which seems plenty,



Drawing: Katherine Kechnice

And we all give her a hand, because she's a hard
 working woman who might have been a lesbian if
 she'd been caught when she was twenty.

Although it is the duty of the poet to draw a moral
 which will disturb ya,
 The Tupperware party was only a minor Amazon
 Expedition into suburbia.

- Lynn Murphy

New & Noted

- EVENT** *Special issue on feminist writing and graphics. Deadline: Dec 31/82. Kwantlen College, PO Box 9030, Surrey BC V3T 5H8.*
- FIREWEED: A Feminist Quarterly Watch for issue 13, an anthology of lesbian culture and politics. PO Box 279, Stn B, Toronto, Ontario M5T 2W2.**
- INTERNATIONAL JUSTICE MONTHLY** *Gay male newsletter serving Toronto-Detroit area. Info on bars, personal ads. RR 4, Harrow, Ontario NOR 1G0.*
- LESBIAN/LESBIENNE** *National bilingual monthly news- letter, four issues already published. Needs news and information from your area. PO Box 70, Stn F, Toronto, Ontario M4Y 2L4.*
- LESBIAN FORMER NUNS** *Share your stories of convent life, coming out, struggles to transform your spir- itual consciousness, etc for a collection to be published by Naiad Press. Deadline: Oct 31/82. Nancy Manahan, 1066 Terrace Dr, Napa, CA 94558 USA.*
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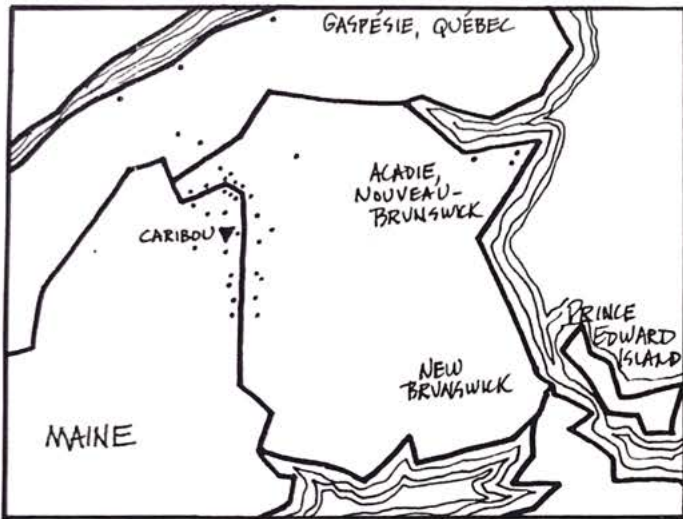
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COMMUNITY

Northern Lambda Nord



Northern Lambda Nord is an organization of lesbians and gaymen from Aroostook County, Maine; Madawaska, Victoria and Carleton Counties, New Brunswick and Témiscouata, Québec. It began around a farmhouse kitchen table in Maine in January, 1980.

Membership is open to all who support the group's goals of mutual support, education and affirmation of the rights of lesbians and gaymen in our society. Northern Lambda Nord deals with the reality of living gay in a rural milieu through dialogue among members. The lack of urban anonymity necessitates the creation of support systems among the growing number of people who are coming out of the closet and dealing with the acceptance of self as healthy lesbians or gays.

At the crossroads of several cultures - English-Canadian, English-American, Franco-American, Acadian and Québécois - Northern Lambda Nord is structured to respect the cultural and linguistic diversity of its members. Business meetings are conducted in French one month and in English the next. The newsletter, *Communiqué*, is bilingual.

NLN has also set up a lending library of books, journals and papers available to its members.

The Executive Committee is a non-hierarchical cooperative of six, three Canadians and three Americans. An attempt is made to include both men and women on the committee. The meetings move from one community to another.

NLN is involved in regional organizing and is a member of ALGA (Atlantic Lesbian and Gay Association) and of NOLAG (National Organization of Lesbians and Gays) in the USA.

En janvier 1980 Lambda Nord est né d'une conversation amicale autour d'une table de cuisine d'une maison située à Van Buren au Maine. Ce groupe dessert maintenant les communautés homophiles du Aroostook County au Maine, des comtés de Madawaska, Victoria et Carleton au Nouveau-Brunswick et de Témiscouata au Québec.

Les buts de l'association et de ses membres sont l'échange d'information, l'entraide et l'affirmation de nos droits en tant que lesbiennes et gais des régions rurales de l'Amérique du Nord.

Lambda Nord s'intéresse aux questions qui touchent les régions rurales car, contrairement à nos frères et sœurs des régions urbaines, nos vies sont influencées par des facteurs différents. Nous essayons aussi de sensibiliser ces derniers aux différences qui existent. Tout comme le paysage d'une région rurale est découvert, nos vies le sont tout autant. Il n'y a pas d'endroit où se cacher. C'est pourquoi nous devons créer un mouvement de solidarité entre les gais et les lesbiennes qui vivent leur vie ouvertement. Nous nous intéressons aussi aux grands problèmes tels que le racisme et le sexisme, mais les lesbiennes et les gais sont pour la plupart au stade de la compréhension de leur soi et ne débutent leur vie homophile ou lesbienne.

Au carrefour des cultures canadienne-française, canadienne-anglaise, franco-américaine et anglo-américaine, Lambda Nord essaie de respecter les différences culturelles et linguistiques. C'est pourquoi les réunions sont à tour de rôle en français et en anglais avec les services d'interprétation simultanée. Toute la littérature de l'association est aussi bilingue. Dans le même ordre d'égalité, le comité exécutif est composé de trois membres américains et de trois membres canadiens. Les réunions ont aussi lieu en alternance, soit au Maine, au Nouveau-Brunswick ou au Québec. Lambda Nord a aussi une bibliothèque qui est disponible à ses membres.

L'association fait partie de l'ALGA (l'Association des lesbiennes et des gais de l'Atlantique) et du NOLAG, une organisation des groupes des États-Unis.

- Dick Harrison



L I S T I N G S

New Brunswick Fredericton

Fredericton Lesbians & Gays
(FLAG) PO Box 1556, Stn A, E3B
5G2. (506)472-9576. Pub FLAGMAG.

Northern NB

Dignity/Dignité gay Catholics.
Contact Léo Grégoire, CP 8,
Arthurette, NB, E0J 1C0.
(506)273-3482.

Northern Lambda Nord PO Box 990,
Caribou, ME 04736 USA. Publishes
Communiqué.

Moncton

Metropolitan Community Church
(MCC) Christian fellowship and
counselling. PO Box 2362, Stn A,
E1C 8J3.

South-East Lambda sud-est PO Box
1303, E1C 8T6.

Newfoundland

St John's

Dignity gay Catholics. PO Box
5848, A1C 5X3.

Gay Association in Newfoundland
(GAIN) PO Box 1364, Stn C,
A1C 5N5.

Nova Scotia

Halifax

Alternate Bookshop PO Box 276,
Stn M, B3J 2N7. 1558 Barrington
St, 2nd fl. (902)423-3830.

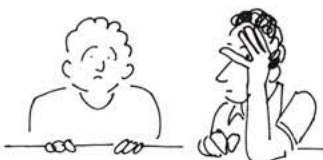
Gay AA (Live & Let Live) c/o AA,
PO Box 3064, South Stn, B3J 3G6.
(902)422-5875. Each Wed 8:30 pm,
Hope Cottage, 2435 Brunswick St.

Gay Alliance for Equality (GAE)
PO Box 3611, South Stn, B3J 3K6.
(902)429-4294. Meets 1st & 3rd
Wed each month 7:30pm.

GAYLINE information, coun-
selling & referrals. Open
Wed - Sat 7-10:30pm.
(902)429-6969

TURRET GAE's licensed disco, 1588
Barrington St. (902)423-6814. Mon
-Thurs 4:30pm-1:30am, Fri/Sat
4:30pm-3:30 am, Sun 9pm-1am.

Gay Artists Musicians Entertain-
ers Society (GAMES) of Atlantic
Canada PO Box 3611, South Stn,
B3J 3K6.



Cartoon: Katherine Kechnie

Lesbian Drop-In 2nd & 4th Thurs
each month, 8pm, 1225 Barrington.

Over-30s Group social gatherings
each month. Contact GAE Resource
Coordinator, (902)429-4294.

Sister's Elite Female Impersona-
tors & Entertainers. PO Box 276,
Stn M, B3J 2N7

SPARROW of Atlantic Canada gay
Christians. PO Box 3611, South
Stn, B3J 3K6. Each Sun 8pm, 5500
Inqilis St.

Region

Atlantic Lesbian & Gay Assoc/
Assoc des lesbiennes et des gais
de l'Atlantique (ALGA) regional
coalition consisting of FLAG, GAE,
Making Waves and Northern Lambda
Nord. For info contact nearest
member group.

Making Waves: An Atlantic quar-
terly for Lesbians and Gay men
PO Box 8953, Stn A, Halifax, NS
B3K 5M6. (902)425-6967.

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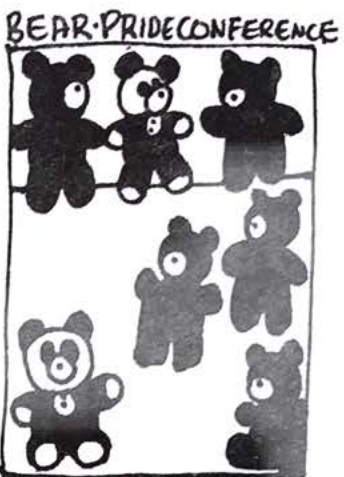
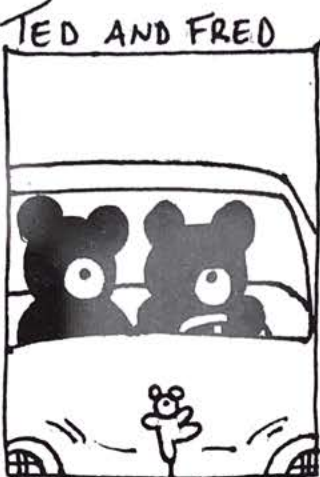
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