

# FOCUS <sup>a</sup> journal for gay women



Aug '74

BOSTON DAUGHTERS of BILITIS

60¢

# FOCUS: A JOURNAL FOR GAY WOMEN

AUGUST 1974

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FOCUS welcomes contributions from everyone, including drawings. Include SASE for return. All letters must be signed, but names can be withheld for publication.

## IN THIS ISSUE:

### Features

Virgin and Child with Saint Anne,  
a Painting by Leonardo Da Vinci  
by Paula Bennett . . . . . 1,2

Crossword . . . . . 12,13

### reviews

### WOMAN PLUS WOMAN

by Laura McMurry . . . . . 4

### MALE HOMOSEXUALS: THEIR PROBLEMS AND ADAPTATIONS

by Laura McMurry . . . . . 9, 10,11

OLIVIA RECORDS: Meg Christian  
and Cris Williamson

reviewed by Judi Stein . . . . . 14

### Poems

On Loving Women

by Paula Bennett . . . . . 5

Untitled by Suzanne . . . . . 5

Untitled by Mary Rita Woodward. 3

Looking back by Paula Bennett . 15

### Fiction

"Lesbian Heartbreak"

by Gerry Azzata . . . . . 6,7

Calendar . . . . . 8,9

# Virgin and Child with Saint Anne, A Painting by Leonardo Da Vinci

by Paula Bennett

Anne, looking down with a loving smile, holds her daughter, Mary, in her lap. Mary, her face filled with tender concern, leans towards her child whom she catches between her legs. The child, apparently interrupted in his efforts to mount his pet lamb, looks up towards his mother--as does the lamb, in mute appeal. Human psychology being what it is, our eyes inevitably follow those of Christ and the lamb back to the central figure, Mary, thus completing the circle of need and affection which comprises the principle theme of Da Vinci's famous painting.

The triadic composition of Da Vinci's painting has roots in both religious and pictorial convention. Unlike the overwhelmingly patriarchal Jewish faith, Catholicism was receptive to the worship of the mother figure and during the latter part of the Middle Ages a cult of St. Anne developed in which Anne replaced God as the base of the Holy Family. From this cult evolved the iconographic tradition of the "female trinity" (Grandmother, Mother and Child) in which Mary was depicted holding the Christ child while sitting squarely on her mother's lap.

But Da Vinci brings his own peculiar emphasis to the maternal triangle. It is not simply the lifelikeness of expression and posture which differentiate Da Vinci's painting from the more stylized arrangements of the Middle Ages but, consonant with this naturalism, Da Vinci's emphasis on the earthly and the human. In the medieval depictions of the Virgin and St. Anne, the spiritual role of the holy family remains the primary concern, the principle focus of artistic, religious and psychological interest. The love



they offer is divine. In Da Vinci's painting, on the other hand, love is human. Indeed, so human that Christ's part in the conomy of salvation is all but irrelevant to the picture's theme. Here Christ himself is a child to be nurtured and "saved," saved not by Mary's spiritual perfection but by her loving care. It is no accident that Mary's breasts occupy the exact physical center of the canvas. It is to them, Da Vinci seems to be saying, not to Christ--or God--that we must go for human love, for only the mother can give the kind of love, nurturing, care-ful, that we as human beings require in our daily lives.

It is also for this reason, I believe, that Da Vinci chose to make St. Anne the strongest figure in the painting, giving her, to some critics' consternation, the famous "Mona Lisa" smile. St. Anne sits clearly ready to take the full weight of both Virgin and child upon herself. Although depicted as a young woman, hardly older than her daughter, in her role as mother she gives Mary the support that allows her



in turn to care for and support her child. In making St. Anne young, Da Vinci is again following iconographic tradition (medieval painters habitually painted female saints as young women of extraordinary beauty) but again with a difference. For Da Vinci's St. Anne lacks the virginal quality which characterizes most medieval female saints. She does not seem simply strong but, given her smile, experienced as well. Da Vinci's decision to give St. Anne the enigmatic smile (the same smile he gives both St. John the Baptist and the pagan god Bacchus) has, as I indicated, caused some critics to wonder, but the main effect of his decision is simply to reassert his major theme: our need as human beings for mother love, a need not confined to childhood but with us to the day we die. For Mary, the mother of a child, must herself be mothered by St. Anne, adult to adult as it once was adult to child. Thus Mary both sits in her mother's lap and leans out of it, thus she leans towards her child yet pulls him towards her. Love is not a fixed set of hierarchical relationships but a dynamic interaction between people

based on mutual yet often conflicting needs--of dependence and independence, caring and being cared for, giving and being given to. These needs, and the element of conflict within them, are not outgrown with the end of adolescence. The love we have learned to give to and receive from our "mothers" becomes the model or base for all relationships we have thereafter.

With the limited exception of St. Christopher, no iconographic tradition exists to my knowledge which depicts this concept of love through a male relationship. It is unlikely that there would be one. For better or worse in Western culture, the capacity to nurture and to accept nurturing have always been thought of as peculiarly feminine. Perhaps that is as it should be and perhaps we should be grateful--for in the ambiguous relationship which Da Vinci delineates through Mary and St. Anne (mothers, daughters, sisters, lovers) we find the very network of emotional give-and-take which gives such special quality and grace to lesbian love.

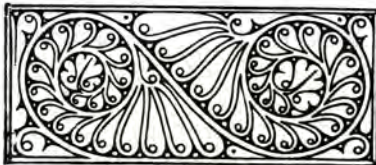
## CLASSIFIEDS:

### GAY COMMUNITY NEWS

weekly news and features for men and women, serving New England's gay community. 10 weeks, \$2.10  
1 yr, \$10, GCN, 22 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass. 02108

"Flight In Blue". Poetry by a woman to the women in her life. Gentle. Soft and flowing. \$1.00 from the author. Desi Seagull c/o Ms. Geshen 201 Mancil Road, Media, Pa. 19063

Wanted: Opportunity to meet other Gay Women in the Sudbury-Concord area or surrounding towns by middle-aged working female. If interested, please call 443-3508.



The first step in conquering--  
 'know thy enemy'  
 Turn the radio on  
 listen to the enemy  
 King Phallus  
 glorifying himself  
 singing imperialistic lyrics  
 keeping us  
 'in our place'  
 with pollinated euphemisms of love  
 Deflowered,  
 they spell out slavery  
 and there is no such thing as a happy slave  
 Just a brainwashed one

Bobby Womack,  
 up your ass  
 You claim to be 'looking for a love'  
 but who ever told you  
 that a love is synonymous to a  
 hole  
 that can cook and clean and  
 'bring your breakfast to your bed'  
 Someone's going to dump your breakfast  
 on your head  
 Sisters,  
 Bobby Womack is looking for a hole  
 (since he's blind, this is truly  
 an amazing feat)  
 Let's arm ourselves with chastity belts  
 Or, better yet,  
 hatchets

Dear Stevie:  
 your empathy would be commendable  
 but we neither want nor need it  
 Don't be 'standing in the wings'  
 or any place else for that matter  
 while we take flight; we're learning how to land  
 by ourselves  
 Remember Humpty Dumpty?  
 The same is true of the  
 Sisterhood  
 Only we can put us together

Springing up in the cracks  
 of the patriarchy

like life-giving plants  
 refusing  
 to be obliterated by cement are

Rape Crisis Centers...Journals...Workshops...  
 ...Abortion Counseling...Consciousness Raising  
 Groups...Homes for Battered Wives...

Vincit qui se vincit  
 ("she conquers who conquers herself")  
 And we have  
 There's no stopping us now

Mary Rita Woodward

### Looking back

Your hands were not the hands  
 to mother  
 but to pick and choose and to go over  
 Your life was full and rich with things.  
 It was not likely you would notice  
 when the love you gave your daughter  
 turned belly up  
 and died.

Paula Bennett

You have given me a special kind of love,  
 A requited love, the realization of a  
 Lifetime's yearning.  
 Days spent together  
 Melt into moments in their flight.  
 Thoughts we share,  
 Your loving caress,  
 Brighten my reverie, assuaging my fears  
 And lightening my spirit.  
 My being thrives on your love.  
 Why do you doubt that you are enough?

-Judy

On Loving Women  
to Phyllis and Marylou

Like flowering trees of spring  
they blossom, their faces  
show the fullness of their being  
their bodies open to the sun,  
they carry their own fruit  
within them and set their scent  
upon the gentlest of winds.

Paula Bennett

There are no dirty words  
there are only  
pornographer's pens paid to please;  
or chalkscrawls, four feet tall  
shouting from some schoolyard wall.

Lawrence proved it with his Lady  
that even "cunt" spoken softly in the night  
can make love

move and flow.

There are no dirty words  
there is only the lack  
of love.

By-Suzanne



## LESBIAN HEARTBREAK

by Gerry Azzata

When I think back on that incredible, agonizing summer of sand and sun, soft nights and alluring music, a shiver runs up and down my spine. How close I came to loosing True Happiness and Security! And all because of THE DYKE...

But I'm getting ahead of myself. I should start back at the beginning, and the beginning was Daisy and me. Daisy was my childhood sweetheart. We'd met when I was coming out, and it was love at first sight. I was sitting at the bar with some friends, and then She walked in. Out eyes met, and she started to walk toward me. Could it be? It was too much to hope for--there I was, a smalltown girl in the big city, shy and innocent, and oh so lonely. And here is this wonderful woman, in overalls and the sexiest

T-shirt, with rippling biceps and piercing eyes, looking at me?? I'll never forget our first conversation. She looked deep into my eyes, and said: "What's that you're drinking?" I giggled nervously and replied: "A sombrero, I think. I'm new here." She smiled at me and said, "What a coincidence. That's my favorite drink, too. We seem to have a lot in common." From that moment we were inseparable.

In the weeks to come, my feelings for Daisy grew steadily. So what if we didn't have much? At least we had each other. And we were making plans for a better future together. Daisy worked at a gas station during the day, and took courses in auto mechanics three evenings a week. She hoped to have her own body shop some day. To help make ends meet, I got a job as an attendant at the local laundromat. To pass the evenings when Daisy was at classes, I'd do all of the housework around both of our apartments. (We still hadn't taken The Big Step, living together).

Well, to make a long story short, soon we were arguing constantly. We were both exhausted every night and soon forgot all of the good times we'd shared. One evening I left her apartment, screaming: "I'm tired of clean and white and bright housewives, and I'm sick of hearing about your grease jobs! I WANT TO LIVE!!" And I ran out into the night. Eventually I found myself in front of the bar where Daisy and I had met, and I went in for a quick drink. How could I have known what lay in store for me there?

I sat alone for an hour or so, drinking sombreros, and then I felt eyes watching me. I looked up, and there she was--THE DYKE. She was gorgeous--tall, with long blond hair and a smile that took me in from head to toe. I felt absolutely chilled as she walked oward me.

"Hello. What are you drinking?" she said in a low, sensuous voice.



"After many a summer  
dies the Dyke...."



"A sombrero," I gasped, feeling the stars grow in my eyes.

"That's no drink for a woman like you." She motioned to the woman behind the bar. "We'll have Harvey Wallbangers here."

We talked for a while. I turned out that THE DYKE had been out of town for a few months, checking out lesbian life around the country. "There's so much to learn about women, don't you think?" she asked me seductively. Daisy was calling to me from a growing distance. I shoved her out of my mind, and smiled. "I'd love another drink." The night went on and on. After several drinks, I began to get less tense. Soon the hours merged into a mind-boggling blur of laughter and Wallbangers and Rocking the Boat. I had forgotten Daisy.

The next morning, I crawled back to my apartment. First I called in sick at work, and then I guiltily called Daisy. She was frustratingly calm. "I finished a valve job after you left, and then I went to bed early. I guess I didn't hear you if you called," she said. I pretended not to hear the hurt behind these words, and thought to myself: "So that's how it is. All right, I'm going to enjoy my summer!"

The next few weeks were a whirlwind of beaches and bars with THE DYKE. I quit my job at the laundromat. I decided to tell Daisy it was all over, and that I was going to go off with THE DYKE on her bright-red motorcycle, to travel across Lesbian America. When I shared this news with THE DYKE, however, she seemed less than overjoyed. "Well, you see, uh, the dyke life isn't quite like that. Dykes have to be free and uncommitted and non-exclusive and ..."

"Huh?" I replied.

Just then, an old friend of THE DYKE's appeared on the beach. She and THE DYKE got into a heavy conversation about old times and old friends. "Remember Amazon Alice and Betsy The Dyke? Well, Alice is with Big Martha (formerly of Big Martha and Little Joan) now. And Little Joan is just splitting up with Loose Linda who I've always suspected of being bisexual anyway, and..."

And it went on and on. Wha's going on here, I thought. "'i'm not feeling well," I said to THE DYKE. "I think I'll just stay home tonight."

"Sure, sweetie," she responded in her most helting tones. And I went home to think. By evening, I decided that I'd been foolish to worry about what had happened. THE DYKE and I had to adjust a little to each other's life styles, that's all. So I decided to go to the bar to find her.

And did I ever find her. When I walked in, her back was to the door and she didn't see me. She was engrossed in a conversation with a woman. Anokther old friend? And then, as I came nearer, I was horrified to hear THE DYKE saying, "That's no drink for a wman like you." To another woman!!

I didn't wait to hear more. How could I have known that she only wanted me for my body? I ran out of the bar, stopping only to let the air out of THE DYKE's motorcycle tires (poetic justice, I thought). And I ran all the way back to Daisy's apartment. She wasn't there! So I ran on through the night to the corner garage, where she was jsut finishing a valve job (her homework for that night). We stared silently at each other for a long time. Then I finally broke the silence. "Daisy, you have grease on your nose." And we both burst into laughter.

That was three weeks ago. Daisy and I have begun to patch things up, to take a little time for ourselves. My job at the laundromat was still open, so I got it back. And Daisy will be through with her classes soon. But I still shudder to think of what nearly happened to us. I've grown up a lot, and now I realize how dangerous it was to expose myself to.... "Lesbian Heartbreak."

## D.O.B. CALENDAR AUGUST 1974

**419 Boylston St., Rm 323, Boston, Mass. 02116 ————— 617 262-1592**

All events are open to all women regardless of their membership in D.O.B.

All raps are 50¢ for non-members, and 25¢ for members.

**MONDAYS, TOPIC RAPS** start at 8 p.m. in the D.O.B. office.

Aug. 5: **POETRY READING**, bring yours

Aug. 19: **THE MEN IN OUR LIVES**, a discussion of all types of relationships with men.

**TUESDAYS, 7:30 pm Rap session on being gay for women.** Share feelings about being gay, everyone welcome. There are always many new people every week. At the DOB office, near the Arlington MBTA stop, between Arlington and Berkeley Streets.

**WEDNESDAYS, 7:30 pm Rap session for lesbian mothers**, and phone-in time for lesbian mothers. Mothers with grown children invited to share with other mothers. At DOB office.

**WEDNESDAYS, 1st & 3rd, GAYBREAK radio program, AMHERST, WMUA-FM 91.9**

**THURSDAYS, 8 pm Rap session for older gay women.** No ages are defined. Come if it sounds right for you.

**THURSDAYS, 9-10 pm GAY WAY RADIO program. WBUR 90.9 FM.**

**SUNDAYS, 10:30-11 am CLOSET SPACE radio program, WCAS-AM 740.**

**SUNDAYS, 1pm, SOFTBALL.** Bring bat, ball, glove and/or self; informal games. Magazine Beach Field, Cambridge, across Charles River from Cadillac-Olds and along Memorial Drive west of the Boston Univ. bridge.  
**RAIN OR SHINE.**

Mon., Aug. 5, 8pm, Topic Rap: **POETRY READING**, bring poems to share. At the office.

Mon. Aug. 12, 7:30 pm at office, **DOB BUSINESS MEETING.**

Tues., Aug 13, **FOCUS MEETING**, 7:30 pm, call office for directions.

Sun., Aug. 18 **\*\*DOB PICNIC AT COCHITUATE STATE PARK\*\***

NATICK. Ask at Raps about Rides!!!!

There is a fireplace — bring fuel; do not depend on others to feed you. Bring your own food unless you want concession things — (expensive). Bring sports things. There is swimming. Turnpike west to exit 13, Route 30 east 1½ miles. Park is on right. By bicycle from Boston 1½ hours on routes 16 and 30. Admission is \$1/car, 25¢bicycle. **RAIN OR SHINE.**

**MON., Aug. 19, 8pm, Topic Rap: THE MEN IN OUR LIVES.**

**Thurs. Aug. 22 FOCUS MEETING, 7:30 pm at office.**

## MALE HOMOSEXUALS:

### THEIR PROBLEMS AND ADAPTATIONS

A review

# MALE HOMOSEXUALS: THEIR PROBLEMS AND ADAPTATIONS

by Martin S. Weinberg and Colin J. Williams

Oxford University Press 1974 \$10.95

by Laura McMurry

The latest study by the Institute for Sex Research, Bloomington, Indiana (the "Kinsey Institute") is reported in this new book. The object of the study was to see how society has made its mark upon homosexual men.

The study looked at this question in two ways: 1) by comparing the lot of homosexual men with that of heterosexual men (the latter being the controls) and 2) by comparing the situations of homosexual men from three different societies--the U.S., the Netherlands, and Denmark--which differ in their attitudes towards homosexuality.

The homosexual sample, taken in 1967-69, came from gay bars and the mailing lists and meetings of gay organizations. The heterosexual sample came (for the U.S.) from a 1964 study by Melvin Kohn and (for the two other countries) from names from telephone books. The homosexuals filled in a 145-question multiple-choice questionnaire, while the heterosexuals' answers to only certain questions were used. There were 2437 homosexuals and 3170 heterosexuals total.

Perhaps the most interesting conclusion concerns psychological problems. As the authors state, and gay people have often speculated, "If psychological problems are a function of societal reaction toward homosexuals rather than homosexuality being psychopathological

per se, then we would expect to find not only that homosexuals show greater psychological problems than the general population in our three societies, but also that the more tolerant the society, the less this difference is between homosexuals and the general male population."

But it didn't work out that way. There turned out to be little difference between male homosexuals and the general male population with regard to self-acceptance and psychosomatic symptoms. This had also been found in earlier, less extensive studies. Although there was less happiness among homosexuals than heterosexuals, this difference did not change as the country became more tolerant (the Netherlands was the most tolerant country; the tolerance of each country is analyzed in the beginning of the book).

Among their other findings were:

- 1) Black homosexuals anticipate less negative reaction from society than whites and are less concerned about passing.
- 2) European homosexuals were less secretive and anticipated less negative reaction.
- 3) Those homosexuals who are known about report less anticipation of negative reaction, combined with less actual experience of negative reactions from heterosexuals than do those in the closet.
- 4) Homosexuals with higher status jobs are less known about and more



worried about passing--but they have more self-acceptance. The latter was attributed to their high status job, showing that many factors enter into a sociological study besides the one you are studying.

That sociological studies are fraught with dilemmas of methodology is plain from this book; it is sometimes a nightmare trying to take into account all the variables--- such as difference in sample source (bar, gay groups...and NO complete closet cases!), small numbers of respondents from the telephone books, people mostly from the cities--and one wonders whether those who don't care about passing are the hairdressers but not the school teachers (one of the "morals" of the study was that trying so hard to pass maybe wasn't worth it because of #3 above--but could it be that if the schoolteachers came out they would get more negative reaction due to job situation?)

The authors acknowledge these difficulties. They are particularly concerned about not counting the real closet people, but have seen no great differences between semi-closet and open people with regard to psychological problems. While not approaching the famous Kinsy studies on both male and female general sexual behavior (done in the late 40s and early 50s) in depth and

brilliance, the research of Weinberg and Williams is a carefully qualified, fascinating work done without the traditional bias of homosexuality as an illness. It was evidently done with a helping purpose. With such an enlightened attitude it was all the more disappointing to find the lesbians still don't exist, much less matter in these affairs of society and sociology. Why did the researchers choose to look at only the "problems and adaptations" of male homosexuals without even explaining this focus? Lesbians are mentioned only twice--one sentence each, to remind the reader that females were being left out. I suspect it was a woman editor at Oxford University Press who saw the need to put the clarifying word "male" in the title of the book. The authors say nothing about whether a consideration of lesbians would be of importance--or even of interest--- for the Institute for Sex Research in the future.

This is probably not a book that the general public will read (unlike the Kinsey reports, there are few statistics about sex life), but for gay people, both men and even women, it indicates (though perhaps does not prove conclusively) some things about gay life in different societies. It also has some straightforward chapters about conditions in the U.S., Denmark, and the Netherlands.

## CONFERENCE '74 CALENDAR:

(Meetings until September)



July 31 (Weds.) 7pm Barbara 734-0745  
 Aug. 11 (Sun.) 5 pm Sue 266-3089  
 Aug. 21 (Weds.) 7pm Jane 734-1883  
 Sept. 4 (Weds.) 7 pm Janine (Number later)  
 Sept. 11 (Wed.) 7pm Laura (354-4169)  
 Sept. 22 (Sun.) 5pm -- still tentative

# 74



## WOMAN PLUS WOMAN: ATTITUDES TOWARD LESBIANISM,

by Dolores Klaich. Simon & Schuster, 1974. \$8.95

by Laura McMurry

The power and fascination of this book is in the historical perspective it gives us. The details and documentation are all here: Drafft-Ebing's comparison of the circumferences of the heads of lesbians with those of normal women, the destruction of most of Sappho's poetry, the excuses made that Sappho wasn't really a lesbian at all (of course not, since she wrote such great stuff and was so profound), the furor about publication of the *Well of Loneliness* in the 1920s. These were the actions of a primitive superstitious culture of decades and centuries ago...but also of today! History makes the absurdities clearer.

Like the play "Coming Out, but with more riches for lesbians, the book tells us things of which I never quite believed there was any documented history. Did you know that there was

a major find of fragments of Sappho's poetry in the deserts of Egypt in 1897? There are chapters on the Natalie Barney crowd in Paris in the early 1900s, about Gertrude Stein, about Freud's analysis of the poet H.D., about theories of sexuality, and more.

There are a few chapters in the book that don't belong there--interviews with anonymous women of today about their lifestyles--which must have been added to juice up the book, but which are rehashes of things we've all heard many times and which are better dealt with in other books. Otherwise, *Woman Plus Woman* is excellent. Hopefully its publication will stimulate popular publication of other research about lesbian history.

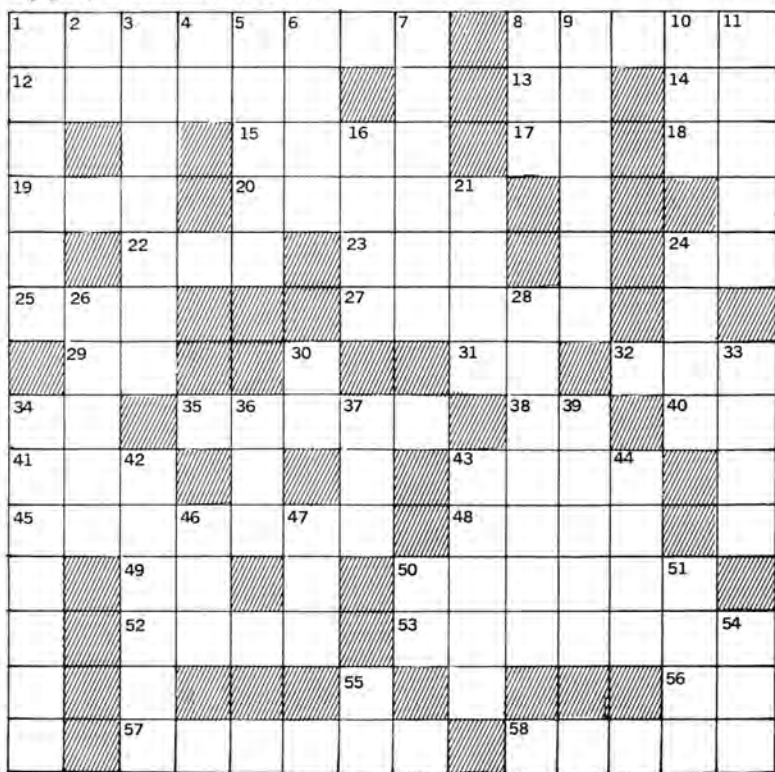
(Two copies are in the Boston D.O.B. library).



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# WOMEN'S CROSSWORD

by J.S., with thanks to G.A.



ACROSS

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1. Amazon who could outrun every man in sight
8. Patience' lover
12. Little Flower
13. Account Receivable
14. myself
15. nickname for "Clementine"
17. deciliter
18. indicates a radical
19. woman who ate one apple too many
20. famous Fair Lady
22. Morrocco
23. prefix indicating not
24. when you're not out, you're -----

25. actress who played a leukemia death-bed scene
27. straight-shooter
29. since, because
31. symbol for element einsteinium
32. religious view of sodomy
34. symbol for element ruthenium
35. heroine of Twelfth Night
38. Alcoholics Anonymous
40. thusly
41. before
43. early 20th-century lesbian poetess
45. illegitimate
48. groan
49. symbol for element thorium
50. sister of Moses
52. Wonder Woman's favorite goddess
53. what you stick on the walls
56. alternating current
57. Joseph worked seven years for her
58. moon goddess

## DOWN

1. the wisest person on Olympus
2. symbol for element Tellurium
3. Greek goddess of chastity, hunting, and the moon
4. French article (masc.)
5. daisylike flower
6. claw, talon
7. female warrior
8. unhappy
9. T.V. quiz show personality
10. the simplest Little Woman of all
11. the girl with keel marks across her face
16. one of the three ships of Columbus
21. very dull British queen
22. prefix indicating error or wrongness
24. goddess of the rainbow
26. author of "Little House" series of children's books
28. a dancer who would have been better off with a bow tie
30. the Little Woman who wished she'd been born a boy
33. Ibsen's liberated doll
34. the dyke from Sunnybrook Farm
36. Irish Republican Army
37. boy
39. prolific journal keeper
42. Jewish queen who saved her people from massacre

(continued)

## OLIVIA RECORDS; Meg Christian and Cris Williamson

A review by Judi Stein

Womanculture has taken another step forward with the advent of Olivia Records. A new national women's recording company, Olivia Records has released one record, a 45 rpm, with a song each by Meg Christian and Cris Williamson. The entire record was produced from start to finish by women and its recording quality is excellent.

Meg Christian is a singer-songwriter from Washington D.C. Her song "Lady" is addressed to women who have given themselves up to men. The waltz tempo and Christian's strong voice add a poignancy to the refrain "Do you like the one your beauty's been sold to?" "Lady" is not an angry song, but is a song of strength and sadness. The double voicing and Christian's guitar accompaniment are haunting in their beauty. Without hate or bitterness Christian asks us to look at how we sell ourselves to succeed: "Knowing what you know how could you sell?" Clearly feminist, "Lady" is beautiful both in lyrics and melody.

"If It Weren't for the Music" is a love song of incredible strength and joy by Cris Williamson of San Francisco. Williamson's voice has a clarity and range that make her a pleasure to listen to. Her image in the song is of a song bird, soaring in circles and singing for joy. Her voice range and driving guitar make "IF It Weren't for the Music" a song of affirmation of life.

Both of these songs are clearly feminist and very beautiful. This record has been released by Olivia as a fund-raiser to enable these women to buy a studio. It is available for \$1.50 (plus 30 cents mailing) from Olivia Records, Box 1784, Main City Station, Washington, D.C. In addition to helping feminist culture, when you buy this record you get two really fine and beautiful songs by two beautiful women.



## DOWN

43. 19th-century lesbian poetess addicted to hyphens
44. anatomy
46. definite article
47. company associated with His Master's Voice
50. Military Police
41. nasty, stingy
54. same as 47 DOWN
55. in reference, to.





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- ★ "The Queens Vernacular" — Bruce Rodgers

★★★ AND MORE★★★

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