

FOCUS

a journal
for gay women



July '74

BOSTON DAUGHTERS of BILITIS

60¢

FOCUS: A JOURNAL FOR GAY WOMEN

JUNE 1974

FOCUS is published monthly by Boston Daughters of Bilitis, Room 323, 419 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 02116.

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This publication is on file at the International Women's History Archive, 2325 Oak St., Berkeley, Calif. 94708. It is available on microfilm from Bell & Howell, Wooster, Ohio to October 1971 and from IWhA from Oct. 71 on.

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DEADLINE FOR AUGUST: JULY 23

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

NEWS.....1

LETTERS.....2,3,4

Reflections on Gay Pride
by Janine Bernier....6

REVIEWS

Pat Parker: "Pit Stop"
by Gerry Azzata.....5
Judy Grahn: "A Woman is
Talking to Death"
by Judi Stein.....12

REVIEWS (cont.)

Total Eclipse.....14
Carrots & Tomatoes....15

CALENDAR.....8,9

POEMS

Monday Morning Pronoun
by Jules.....10
Liberation!.....11
After I Went Away
by Pat Hardman.....14

Cover: 1974 Boston Gay Pride Parade, photograph by Terri

As the world turns....

An open rap and planning session for the next National Women's Poetry Festival will take place September 21, 1974 from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. at St. Clement's Church, 423 West 46th St., New York City. The first National Women's Poetry Festival which was held at Amherst, Ma., March 11-16, under the sponsorship of the Feminist Arts Program of Everywoman's Center at U. of Mass. brought together female writers whose poetry reflects social change. For more info., to contribute support and suggestions write:

Women Writing
c/o Polly Joan
Dandelion Hill
Newfield, New York
14867

COFFEEHOUSE NEWS:

Denise who has bread to open a coffeehouse for women in Boston would like to know:

1. where you would like to see it located?
2. how many nights it should be open?
3. What hours you would prefer?
4. how often you could come?
5. if the coffeehouse should serve more than sandwiches and pastries?
6. how about an art exhibit, poetry, dancing, a bookstore?
7. would you bring your own albums if there was a stereo?
8. teach what you know in arts, crafts, self-defense, etc.?
- *9. would be willing to donate time to paint, fix up?

Please send feedback to Denise:
Box 8000, c/o GCN, 22 Bromfield St., Boston, Ma. 02108

The June 5, 1974 issue of the *Advocate* (Los Angeles-based national gay newspaper) contained five full page ads for California political candidates, seeking the gay vote.



Intro. 2, the antidiscrimination bill in New York City, was defeated by the City Council 22-19 on May 23. (*N.Y. Times*, May 24, 1974).



An anti-discrimination law protecting gays in Boulder, Colorado, adopted originally by the city council, was overturned in a referendum May 7 by a 2/3 majority. (*Advocate*, June 19, 74)



The FBI has been questioning in San Francisco's gay community to get information on the Simbionese Liberation Army, some of whose members were lesbians. (*Advocate*, June 5, 74)



The latest effort of the Hold Hands Project was 400 people holding hands around the Statue of Liberty in May. (*Advocate*, June 5, 74)



CORRECTION:

In June's list of representatives who voted for H. 5863 we left off **BARNEY FRANK** (Boston), one of the bill's sponsors.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



June 6, 1974

Dear Sisters;

Of the dozens of magazines and periodicals that cross my desk every month as Lesbian Counsellor and contact person in my area, one of the few I read thoroughly and right away is FOCUS--especially in the past few months. Every issue seems to have at least one thought-provoking article and the June issue has three!

I read with interest the two articles on "Coming Out". I personally came out in 1950, and did not have most of the hassles that Lois describes, mainly because I concentrated on the "it is good to love" part, and refused to either play games or in any way compromise--including at work. I always avoided gay men--I did not date, either gay or straight men--I always had SOME Lesbian friends, and I am still with the woman I started with in 1950!

But I especially want to comment on the letter on roles--and it somehow connects with what I have just said.

"Reader" tries to tell us what the oppressors have told the oppressed since time began, namely, that the oppressed are "happy the way they are". You can insert almost anything here--American Indian (they are "happy" on their reservations); Blacks; gays; ethnics; Jews (they are happiest with their own). The list is endless. It is true that some oppressed peoples are unaware of their oppression--women have been so for a long time--but that does not make them "happy as they are"--just unaware that there are other ways they could live if they knew how. And I speak as an ex-"femme"!

Some roles ARE satisfactory and satisfying--but I cannot for the world of me imagine a "femme" who gives and gives and cares and cherishes and asks nothing in return, doing so voluntarily. Neither is it good for a "butch" to keep taking, because taking without receiving is an unsatisfying situation.

I agree that there is no point in "putting down" people for being into roles, but is "reader" sure that she doesn't mistake trying to raise consciousness with "putting down"? I THOUGHT I was happy as the fluffy femme, catering to my "butch"--until after 22½ years of it. I fell in love with another woman, and expected to "get" after having given all these years. I soon found out that by giving and not asking in return, I had taken away my life-companion's ability to give--and that I had locked MYSELF into a box. I realize now that most of it was my fault, and I had an inkling of this before I fell in love, thanks to women's liberation. But it took the upheaval of making a multiple relationship out of a monogamous one to REALLY make me realize that roles are NOT harmless--to either party. That they lock women into boxes of which they are not even aware. That eventually there will be a situation where either one or both of the partners will suffer from the effect of these roles.

I fully agree that we have to find the woman--or women--who are most harmonious with us, and that we cannot and SHOULD not force anyone to be anything. But I think we need also to realize that strict roles are a cultural brainwash, and that in today's world they hinder, rather than help, in our self-development as women, as individuals, as self-realized human beings. They restrict flexibility--they ossify. And I speak from many years of experience, and a recent breakthrough that is still causing much--and unnecessary--hurt to three people. I hope "reader" will think on that.

Insisterhood.
Julie Lee
Lesbian Counsellor
DOB NJ



June 1974
 FOCUS keeps getting better & better all the
 Time — Good for You —

Janet Stone

Dear FOCUS Staff:

I was astonished to find a poem such as
 "Noble Hour" in the June issue of FOCUS
 magazine!

While I value the right of each individual
 to freedom of speech and laud freedom of
 the press, it seems to me a shame that a
 magazine which espouses the gay cause,
 particularly the lesbian cause, should
 blatantly knock the only openly gay
 candidate for the Legislature ever to show
 up on the Boston scene, furthermore, a
 woman. If we do not support a lesbian
 candidate, or at least not medumistically
 slur her, how on earth can we expect our
 rights as gay citizens to be taken up by
 anyone.

Certainly everyone has a right to his/her
 opinion of a political candidate, whether
 pro, con or indifferent. And if there are
 a whole lot of things that "Jim" has to say
 about Elaine Noble, I surely would like to
 hear what they are, for my own edification,
 in a forthright, honest manner, rather than
 in a "cute" poem complete with illustra-
 tions! No matter what her stand on the
 issues is, Ms. Noble is waging a serious
 campaign. How many of us have been
 willing to run for political office, openly
 advocating the gay cause, or not. Also, it
 would seem to me courteous to have an
 alternate view appear side by side such an
 article. Even Boston Globe editorials give
 both sides of an issue.

Wow, is FOCUS for me or against me?
 That's what I wondered, after reading
 "Jim's" poem.

In all sincerity,
 Diane E. Schalk



WANT TO ADVERTISE
IN FOCUS ?

¼ page \$5
 ½ page \$10
 Full page \$20

Send to: D.O.B. Room 323
 419 Boylston Street
 Boston, Mass. 02116

Also...

We accept Classified
 ads at 5¢ per word.



LETTER TO READERS

Dear Readers,

As a member of the gay community of Boston and as a gay parent, I am concerned with the community's inability to support the large number of children and parents in our community. It seems to be a cycle which we have not yet found the means to break. The parents, due to fear of repercussions from the heterosexual community, will not "come out" to activities, and the non-parents seem to be uninterested in giving any attention to the parents. Without the visible support of the rest of the community, combined with their fears, these parents will not become actively involved.

Other gay communities have reached their parent members and genuinely support their special needs. The Boston community is one of great warmth, growing stronger, more active and more together all the time. Certainly, this should be a community where the needs of gay parents would be nurtured.

At first I was angry and hurt by the attitudes that are expressed here — the idea that gay parents are somehow not "as gay" as the others, or that their children are not really part of the community. Whether or not my son is gay, he is part of the community until he grows up and chooses as he wishes. And if the community shuns him now, he may shun the community when that time comes. I believe that these children are our future; our chance to end some of the prejudices, our chance to end some of the prejudices, our chance for peace, and perhaps the leaders who will make that peace.

But no one seems to hear that, and I think I can see what prevents their hearing. Most have never had contact with children, and are afraid of them, and also of what children stand for — almost as afraid of the possibilities of heterosexuality as some heterosexuals are of gayness. Also, they do not seem to understand the situation of the parent, who may not have wanted to play the game of heterosexuality but was forced by circumstances into it, or who perhaps simply was not yet aware of her or his gayness. Since they have never been in the situation, they seem to doubt its validity. Thus the "gayer than thou" attitude appears.

I would like to reach out to other gay parents and welcome them, and I would like to get the rest of the community behind me or that welcome will be empty. I would greatly appreciate it, if any of you reading this have any ideas on the matter, or if you are a gay parent interested in joining the community in some way, if you would write to me. Thank you for reading this and for your support.

Peace and Love,
Claire Shanahan
661 E. 5th St., #2
S. Boston, MA. 02127

Pit Stop

REVIEW BY Gerry Azzata

by Pat Parker (The Women's Press Collective, Oakland, CA, 1973. Available at "Everybody's Autobiography" and other good bookstores.).

During the past few years, a number of small women's presses have been set up across the country. Most of them are publishing women's work that wouldn't make it into mainstream presses for a number of reasons. One of the best of these is the Women's Press Collective, which prints collections of poetry in an attractive format (with a lot of good photographs and graphics), sold for a very low price.

Pit Stop by Pat Parker is a good example of such a book. This is a short collection of poetry that captures a unique experience — the life of a black lesbian and the double tension that this life creates. Out of this tension comes some very angry poetry. Pat Parker is not afraid of words, and she uses them all, from "queer" to "nigger." She obviously understands that the only way to keep words from being used against you is to claim them as your own, and to spit them back at the people who want to wound you.

This tension also surfaces in a very honest poem, in which she tells how focusing on her drinking has become a camouflage for dealing with other problems:

When i drink
 i scream
 i fight
 i cry
 i don't
 do these things
 when i'm sober.

so far,
 my friends
 think the
 solution
 to my being
 a problem

is for me
 to stop
 drinking.

But Pat Parker also makes the important step from anger to an acceptance of her self — and that self is a person of contrasts. She captures the problems of monogamy in "A Small Contradiction":

It is politically incorrect
 to demand monogamous
 relationships —
 It's emotionally insecure....
 Me, i am
 totally opposed to
 monogamous relationships
 unless
 i'm
 in love.

She understands how hard it is for a woman to mix strength and tenderness:

it is difficult to be
 strong
 and appear sure
 no one ever believes
 when you cry....
 it is difficult to be
 quiet —
 and appear sure
 no one believes
 when you
 don't
 show your tears.

Beyond these realities, Pat Parker has a sense of roots that I haven't found before in lesbian poetry, and it is her acceptance of these roots that makes her so strong. She has lived through the movements and the attempted revolutions, and she has seen the

(continued on page 13)



Reflections On Gay Pride

Janine Bernier

Clinging to its' owner's white T-shirt, basking in the sun that gradually drooped the dogs' tails, the iguana had it made. Of all the pets, the Siamese had it worst, its mouth half-opened in protest. I wondered about how it is that we come individually to accumulate goldfish, dogs, cats, or hamsters: extensions of what would normally be nuclear, familial relationships; why it is that one animal is more appealing to an owner than any other.

In front of me a woman began to pass out noise-makers. I hadn't seen or noticed one since my last New Year's with my parents four years ago. It was something to keep me busy--to help keep my hands occupied even though I had already dragged my jacket along for that very reason. The jacket didn't help very long. It just couldn't do it. But for a while my friend's dog filled the bill, and I felt functional--essential--or whatever it is that I thought I needed to feel when something--anything--needs to be being done.

I remembered hearing in a rap once that often things seem real only if we can hear the noise that doing them produces--as if action needed sound, and silence was nothing because it was quiet. But it was the quiet times in the march that made it for me. The times that I could use to focus on little things that I normally miss when I'm in public--as a homosexual--and for self-preservation have been made to feel as though I must concentrate solely on what being a homosexual in public means.

During the lull between chants and slogans, I watched the faces bordering the streets, most smiling. I thought that they either were amused or grateful with the yearly entertainment. Grateful in much the same way I had been with the noise-maker. Another gay who saw the same grin I was seeing remarked, "This parade is brought to you by your friendly local gays."

The faces looked less hostile than I imagined they would be. Even as part of the crowd, with the protection of too many to be singled out as one queer and ridiculed, I expected worse. I always expect worse. My paranoia anticipates what created it and feeds itself. But during the quiet, the lulls, I could sense it lifting. If I didn't hold someone, I felt myself not holding out of choice rather than out of fear. And when I finally realized I was choosing, that I was safe to choose within the mass I had placed myself, I felt comfortable as a public homosexual for the first time, the very first.

I had been a public 'queer' before. Had 'come-out' to a class of graduate students in a setting where I was also a student and in an institution where I also worked. Had been 'out' with the Gay Speakers' Bureau, had been to out-of-state conferences, had marched before, and had even managed to 'hang in' under the Gay Caucus sign while at this year's Democratic nomination for Attorney General and Secretary of State in Framingham.

I had made it through those times--had survived without the unknown repercussions my paranoia tells me will come crashing down every time I stick my neck out--as a homosexual. But in each case, I had concentrated on how I was coming across, what was happening to the minds around me, and what, consequently, might happen to me. In each case, I had not forgotten I was a homosexual in a public place.

This year's Gay Pride March was the first time the paranoia lay quiet enough for me to really see the parade around me, the pets, the faces of spectators. It was the first time I wished I hadn't brought my jacket--the first time I really didn't need it, or anything to keep me occupied - or concentrating on self-preservation --or needing to not concentrate.

It was healing to realize that something--anything--doesn't need to be being done--to spend time feeling the heat coming through the soles of my sneakers--to be without fear or anticipation long enough to do something as mundane as watching a dog's tail drooping. Good to be a public homosexual and not have to have to worry--not have to be defensive--to forget.

To just be marching in the middle of a road in Boston with hundreds of others--and just seeing for the first time and after so long, an iguana, necked with a lavender ribbon and a gay pride balloon that really has got it made. ■

**JULY
1974**

D.O.B. CALENDAR

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 8p.m. in the D.O.B. office.

July 8: 8pm - **COUPLES RAP**, — will include how singles relate to couples, so singles please come.

July 22 8pm **HEALTHCARE, SELF-HELP**

Aug. 5 8pm — **POETRY READING** (bring yours)

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 office.

WEDNESDAYS, 1st & 3rd, 8pm, 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 90.0 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.**

July 11, 7:30 pm **FOCUS MEETING**, call office — leave number — someone will call you and give you directions.

July 15, Monday 7:30 pm — Business meeting at D.O.B. office.

July 19, FRI., 8pm at the office — **TRAINING FOR PEOPLE TO LEARN HOW TO STAFF THE DOB OFFICE and ANSWER THE PHONE.**

July 20-21, Sat-Sunday, N.H. D.O.B. will hold a campout in N.H. for info write Occupant, Box 137, Northwood, N.H. Dr. Nanci-Ames Curtos, who works with gay women in Burlington will join us. Children welcome.

July 21 SUNDAY — **DOB PICNIC AT COCHITUATE STATE PARK*** NATICK.** Rides leave the office promptly at 10 am. (Call if you can offer or need one) 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.**



DOB Membership includes a subscription to **FOCUS**. You must be 18 years or older. Single Membership \$10 Joint Membership \$15 Send Your Name(s) and address to DOB.

MONDAY MORNING PRONOUN

You, walking alone through a labyrinth of words.
Words that once would anger, turns to pity.
Words turned inward to strangle you with anger.

At what point in time did thoughts
become
raw hanging words
become
mind fucking
become
you, alone?

Mystic correlation brings back all your ghosts, pseudonymously.

You, courageous academician
spewing out the words
hiding the real you.

Does it take courage to hide tactfully behind the closet- cased
Monday Morning Pronoun?

You did not tune her out
you did not tune us out
you tuned you out

We mourn, the ethics of love never tuned you in.

JULES





LIBERATION! ...my friends

We've made it all feel better...after too many years of pain...walking in and out of dungeons...crying in the rain. Open barless prisons and nowhere to run...no escape from memory...that timeless beating drum. CLOSET...shame, guilt...built in by other minds...holding back real feelings... inescapable binds.

OPEN DOOR now.. new found pride... 1000 marching strong...working day and night together to change a needless wrong. BEAUTY...holding hands under helium balloons...a week of concentration... posters...banners...rhinos... PEOPLE. Liberation.....through dedication.

maggy

A Woman Is Talking to Death

Judy Grahn

A review by Judi Stein

(Women's Press Collective,
5251 Broadway, Oakland, Ca \$1.25)

(also available at
Everybody's Autobiography)

A Woman Is Talking to Death is a moving and poetic testimony to woman's pain and woman's strength. Judy Grahn has reached into her own depths to recover the cries of anguish that are our herstory. The poem lays out her despair at acknowledging both what has been done to us, as women, as well as what we have done to each other. *A Woman Is Talking* is a heavy poem, full of the forces that move us. There is no frivolity here, no lightness; but there is also no acquiescence. The poem is the most moving work I have read that documents our struggle to be strong and gentle women in a world that would prefer to keep us zombies.

And the things that have been done to us are written here through Grahn's experience, but they are common to us all. We have been burned at stakes, and raped by taxi drivers, beaten up, caged up, kept in and killed. Through it all echoes Grahn's refrain "that's a fact," affirming again what we have always known. And when men are unable to finish us off, there is always death who "...wastes our time with drunkenness/and depression/death, who keeps us from our/lovers." And when that is insufficient "Death only uses violence/when there is any kind of resistance,/the rest of the time a slow/weardown will do."

And what have we done to each other? "we left, as we have left all of our lovers/as all lovers leave all lovers/much too soon to get the real loving done." In the fourth section, *A Mock Interrogation*, the poet/we are asked "Have you ever committed any indecent acts with women?" and her/our answer is:

"Yes, many. I am guilty of allowing suicidal women to die before my eyes or in my ears or under my hands because I thought I could do nothing, I am guilty of leaving a prostitute who held a knife to my friend's throat to keep us from leaving, because we would not sleep with her, we thought she was old and fat and ugly; I am guilty of not loving her who needed me; I regret all the women I have not slept with or comforted, who pulled themselves away from me for lack of something I had not the courage to fight for, for us, our life, our planet, our city, our meat and potatoes, our love. These are indecent acts, lacking courage, lacking a certain fire behind the eyes, which is the symbol, the raised fist, the sharing of resources, the resistance that tells death he will starve for the lack of the fat of us, our extra. Yes I have committed acts of indecency with women and most of them were acts of omission. I regret them bitterly."

But the learning of these indecent acts, their nature of leaving too soon, of being miserly with our selves, is the way to fight death, to leave him starve. "death, do you tell me I cannot touch this woman?/if we use each other up/on each other/that's a little bit less for you/ a little bit less for you, ho/death, ho ho death."

We must learn, we will learn to touch each other, to give to each other - this is what Grahn's poem shows us. And this is the poem's affirmation and strength; that there is a way for more of ourselves to be wasted: "to my lovers I bequeath the rest of my life

I want nothing left of me for you, ho death
 except some fertilizer
 for the next batch of us
 who do not hold hands with you
 who do not embrace you
 who try not to work for you
 or sacrifice themselves or trust
 or believe you, ho ignorant
 death, how do you know
 we happened to you?

wherever our meat hangs on our own bones
 for your own use
 your pot is so empty
 death, ho death
 you shall be poor"



PIT STOP (cont.)

inhumanity of them all, from the
 machismo of the black movement to
 the racism of feminism ("SISTER! your
 foot's smaller, but it's still on my
 neck.") When you haven't found your
 freedom in dreams of liberation, where
 do you go?

how do i break these chains
 to whom or what

do i direct pain
 black - white
 mother - father
 sister - brother
 straight - gay

how do i break these chains

how do i stop the pain

who do i ask - to see

what must i do - to be free

As a black woman with a white
 woman as her lover, Pat Parker is
 trying to reject movements and labels.
 But she has held on to her past with
 pride. She realizes that she is a person
 shaped more by her roots than by her
 political thought. There is a sense of
 oneness with her racial heritage, even
 though she as a lesbian does not fit
 fully into the demands of that heritage.
 A serious challenge is offered to
 women who say that they have come
 out solely as a political decision. Life,
 she says, is more of a flow, more
earthy, than that:

my self is

my big hands —

like my father's

& torn innards

like my mother's

& they both felt

& were —

& i am a product of that —

& not a political consciousness.

Some of the poetry presented in this
 short book is not really outstanding
 (although much of it is), but all of it is
 very *alive* and it faces the realities of a
 woman's life. I really recommend *Pit
 Stop* for anyone who wants to share
 what it *feels* like to live this experience.

AFTER I WENT AWAY

She turns between the dark lips
Of her bed,
Making a breast of her pillow
With her fist.

"I'm done with it,"
She whispers,
And sighs with relief.

—Pat Hardman

Total Eclipse



Total Eclipse, Christopher Hampton's stage version of the relationship between the French poets Verlaine and Rimbaud, was performed at Tufts University Theatre, May 20-25. An exciting and complex play, it deals frankly with the homosexual relations between the two men, and with the conflict experienced by the older man, Verlaine, when he must choose between his wife and his lover.

The Tufts performance was somewhat marred by melodramatic and heavy-handed directing. Nevertheless, the overwhelming impression was a relationship which is doomed from the start, and which begins to go downhill at the very moment of its inception. The two personalities involved are temperamentally at loggerheads: Verlaine—alcoholic, sentimental, indecisive, and Rimbaud—ruthless, over-

bearing, opportunistic. The only elements which appear to unite the two men are an anti-bourgeoise rebelliousness, and an existential cynicism which manifests itself in a macabre, graveyard humor. This grotesque wit reaches its apex when Verlaine tells a long story about his siblings. "Like you," he tells Rimbaud, "I have two sisters and a brother. The difference is that yours are alive and mine are dead. My mother had three miscarriages before I was born and, being of a somewhat morbid turn of mind, she kept the results preserved in alcohol, in three large jars. I discovered them one day on the top shelf of the parlor closet: Nicole, Marguerite, and Pierre. I didn't know what they were at first, but I associated them vaguely with pickled plums." Verlaine goes on to relate his

(continued on page 15)

fury at how a mere accident (order of birth) has decreed that the other three should have the luck to be dead, while he himself is alive: "Otherwise, I might have been peacefully up there on the shelf, in a jar, dusted on Thursdays." Other than in such moments of what might be termed a kind of existential intimacy, the relationship between himself and the younger Rimbaud is basically destructive. It proves to be short-lived, and Verlaine gradually drinks himself to death, having failed to keep either lover or wife in his desperation to hang onto both, and he spends his last days wallowing in romantic illusions about his long-ago friendship with Rimbaud.


Clearly the play presents no 'models' to which a gay audience can point with pride. It portrays a relationship which is as unique as it is unideal. Perhaps the main thing to applaud is the attempt at candid theatrical handling of gay material. It is an attempt, however, which is not wholly successful. Most frustrating of anything is the way the play evades on-stage presentation of the specifically erotic/romantic ties between the poets. The growth of their homosexual attachment is implied, rather than shown, and it remains unclear to the audience exactly when the men become lovers. It is confusing, as well as disappointing, that such a basic element in their relationship should be portrayed so fuzzily. What the play does do is to suggest that the shattered friendship between these two great men somehow represents a tragic loss—that there was, in fact, potential for a very special and strong love bond, but that neurotic needs in both personalities worked against its fulfillment. Thus, despite its insistence on the destructiveness and failures which characterized the actual relations between Verlaine and Rimbaud, the play does speak for the possibility of lasting and meaningful homosexual love. □




Carrots and Tomatoes

REVIEW

Carrots and Tomatoes, an original play written and directed by Cathy Baker, was performed at Northeastern University Saturday, June 1. Its greatest virtue is that it is a play specifically by and for gays, and a real feeling of community prevailed among cast and audience. In a series of short vignettes, the nine-woman cast hit on most of the usual topics for joshing: closet cases, telling mother, straight/gay switcheroos. The emphasis was on humor and *The Light Side*, with the cast obviously having a great time haming it up. The play is probably not the kind of thing to show a straight audience: the script is too cryptic, too dependent on an inside view. However, the really fine thing is to have a theatrical event which is geared to US. It does not address itself to the straight world at all, but instead finds its purpose in creating fun and spectacle within our own. □

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Recommended Citation:

[Item description including title, author, and date if known], Daughters of Bilitis (Boston chapter) records, The History Project: Documenting LGBTQ Boston.