



the residence magazine

Laura

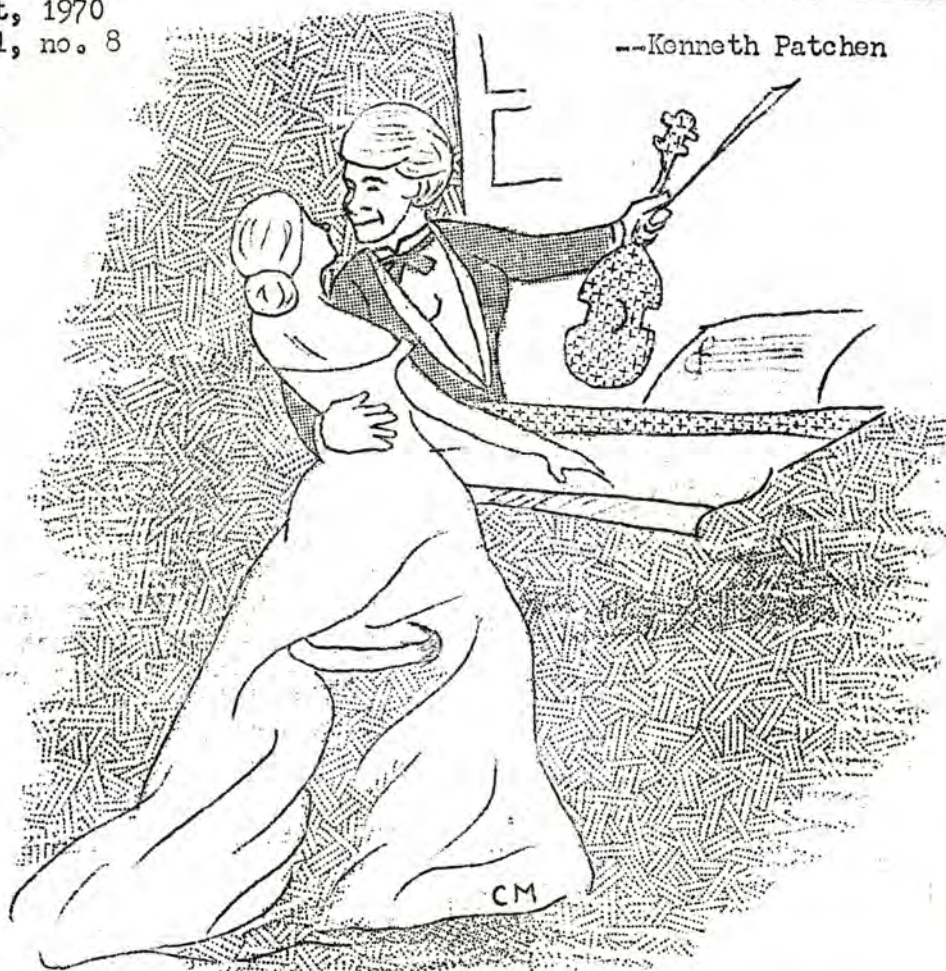


a daughters of bilitis newsletter
boston chapter
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prudential center station
boston, mass. 02199

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"I formed a shawl of the water's shining,
a clasp from a seabird's wing...
for the skirt I took the mist from over
a summer field...
and with these I clothed her...
her heart beating, beating..."

--Kenneth Patchen



THE 1970 D.O.B. NATIONAL CONVENTION AND GENERAL ASSEMBLY--WHERE ARE WE NOW???

The biennial convention of the Daughters of Bilitis was held in New York City on July 11 and 12, with six Boston members in attendance. In the absence of all our National officers the General Assembly was chaired by Ros, president of the New York chapter. The following measures were approved by the chapters present (Boston, New York, Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Melbourne represented by letter): the old system of National officers for D.O.B. was abolished. A National Governing Board will take the place of the National officers. This Governing Board is made up of the presidents of the local chapters. Each chapter is to appoint someone to assume the responsibility of communication with all other chapters. With the exception of the requirement that only women may be members,

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each chapter was given full autonomy. The Constitution and by-laws were done away with on a National level. Because THE LADDER disassociated itself with D.O.B., D.O.B. is legally separating itself from THE LADDER. This is being done under the direction of the president of the Los Angeles chapter, so that D.O.B. will not be held responsible in libel suits or for future debts of THE LADDER. It is hoped that each chapter will improve its newsletter in light of the lack of an official D.O.B. magazine. The next convention will be held in Los Angeles in 1972.

Many members of the Boston chapter have put much time and energy into debating the legality of the 1970 General Assembly. There was a question if the six Boston members who attended the convention could be called recognized delegates. However, as those Boston members who could have been called delegates decided to boycott the convention without notice to the membership, this question seems pointless. The six who did attend the General Assembly (Gail, Jo, Laura, Diane, Beth and Candi) participated in a convention which, legal or not, prevented the demise of D.O.B.

It is hoped that the Boston chapter can put aside arguments about the legality of the convention and go forward with the united aim of creating a strong Boston chapter.

A committee was appointed on August 16 to write the proposed Boston by-laws. These will be presented to the membership for consideration on Friday night, September 11. All members please attend! Your chapter needs your support, more so now than it ever has.

D.O.B.--BOSTON OFFICERS:

President--Diana Travis
Boston (277-8952)
Treasurer--Andy Cox
Weare, New Hampshire
Vice President and Secretary vacant
pending elections

NEWSLETTER STAFF:

Editor--Pam Boyd
Assistant Editors--Rose Marie Turner
Candace L. McGonagle
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Rose Marie Turner
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PERSONAL - -

Apartment wanted to share starting mid-August or September. Write:

Joël Röhmer
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TO CHRISSY by Renée

I gaze in the mirror. What do I see?
A normal girl. How can that be?
They say I've upset my entire world
Simply by loving another girl.
What real difference can I make
When it's my life to give or take?
How can I cause so much harm
By lying in a woman's arms?
Will society ever raise the ban
And accept what we are, the Lesbians?

MORE GAYS ON THE AIRWAYS by Laura Robin

Four Boston homosexuals were on the Rap '70 show on Boston's black radio station, WILD, from 1:00 to 2:00 p.m., Friday, July 17.

These guests were Gail King (D.O.B.), Steve Russo (Boston University Student Homophile League), Bruce Gordon (Gay Liberation Front) and Harry Phillips (Student Homophile League.)

The host for the program was Jim Davis. It was a talk show with a few phone calls.

DIANA, GAIL AND JEB STAR ON T.V.

Diana Travis and Gail King of Boston D.O.B., and Jeb Boswell of the Harvard Graduate Student Homophile Association, appeared for half an hour on the "O.B.W." show on WHDH-T.V. on Sunday, August 9 at 10:00 a.m. The host was Bob Sterling Smith. Some of the excellent dialogue included:

BOB--Is there a basic difference between the male and female homosexual communities? Do you think they really are very separated, very distinguished, very segregated communities?

GAIL--I don't think there's any basic difference in the communities. I think there's a difference in the way the communities are treated. There is a distinction between the way a gay woman is treated in our world and the way a gay guy is treated.

GAIL--I think it is absolutely necessary--to be a healthy gay person--to choose. I think in a certain sense black people have to choose to be black in our society, choose to claim their blackness and the beauty of it. And this is what I'm talking about in relation to gay people. "It is no longer going to be a burden on my shoulders, a defect. That I choose this way of living and this way of loving."

BOB--Do you feel that this (homosexuality) is a disease?

DIANA--No--not a disease. I think that the fact that many people choose to repress it--not to repress it, but to be so afraid, to undergo so much strain from their jobs, the possibility of losing their jobs, they always have to lead a double life. This can lead to much tension in your life and much strain on your personality. Then I do not think the cure would come from helping that person change--but the cure can come from society by helping society change. I think that's the cure for any unhappiness in homosexuality. It should be the change in society.

The usual myth that all lesbians are "truck drivers" was refuted, reason given being that these are the only ones society can recognize.

BOB--What do you feel is the greatest source of discrimination and intolerance toward and against the homosexual community in the United States today?

GAIL, DIANA, JEB--Traditional Christian morality.

GAIL--The Old Testament spoke of the Law and the New Testament continually speaks of Love. And when I find the institutional church (and I think that's an important correction) speaking in this time in my life to me of Law and not of the Love then this--to me--separates me from the Church as an institution.

BOB--Do you feel society is keeping step with these very bold declarations (on acceptance of homosexuality in some churches)?

DIANA--As far as society really doing something--no. The laws have not been changed. Legislators are scared silly to give any approval at all to the fact that these laws might be unfair. I don't think society has kept pace--but maybe as soon as education takes place--when you're floored by the myths of everything it's very easy to do nothing.

JEB--A lot of times homosexuals end up being accepted--"Well, you're a wonderful person so I'll overlook the fact that you're a homosexual." You shouldn't have to prove that you're a wonderful person, you should be accepted just as a person like everyone else. All that the average viewer has to do to understand the homosexual is to think of him as a person--a person entitled to the respect that he would give any person he didn't know.

At the end of the program, the address of D.O.B. was flashed on the screen and, although the name was misspelled and the address was not perfect, it is hoped that many people will write to us. This program was an example of public education at its best.

--C.L.M.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor:

Cynthia Shippee's letter in the June/July MV did it--I finally decided to speak up on one particular bit of drivel that we've been fed over the past months until I'm afraid some of us might start to believe it simply through the parrot-like recitations being implanted in the subconscious, much the same as a record being played over and over in the sleep-learning theory.

From the letter in question, urging cooperation with all within the homophile movement, I quote: "Are we not all working for the identical cause?"

NO--in capital letters and underlined, NO!

Oh, sure, if you want to look at the broad (very broad) view--as quoted from the same letter, "...the day when gay people, men and women alike, can walk openly and proudly, without guilt or fear"--in that sense we are working for the same cause, ideally at least.

But we all know that no group can work toward a broad goal as such, specifically, alone. What we do is work toward particular immediate goals which, when accomplished, will bring about the realization of the broader goals.

And what are the specific goals of the men's groups as opposed to D.O.B.? To condense into two words the driving aim of each group as evidenced by the type of efforts to which they are committing themselves and the attitudes and techniques with which they approach these efforts, the men's groups are after sexual freedom and the women are more after social acceptance.

Now, are these two specific goals the same? Are they even compatible?

Let's project in time to the point where the boys--with our help, working at their sides--have gained the sexual freedom they seek. A number of laws have been wiped from the books, gay bars are flourishing without fear of raids, police forces are concentrating their efforts in other areas and police harassment has become a thing of the past. The boys are now "safe"--safe to solicit sex at will in public places without fear of

approaching a plainclothes plant--safe to walk down the street in full drag, holding hands--safe.

At the risk of being accused of "name-calling or queer-baiting," to borrow a phrase from another letter in the June/July MV, let's stop to think about the effect this freedom may have on the fellows. Certainly not all of them--not necessarily the members of any of the male-oriented homophile groups even--but a number of them (likely a sufficient number to do the job) will flaunt this freedom. They will use it to the hilt--right under the noses of the very public from which we women are trying to gain social acceptance.

And that general public is going to be turned off--and that same general public is sure to remember that organized Lesbians worked side by side with the organized males to obtain this freedom--and that same general public, in associating all of us in the homophile movement with what they see being flaunted before them, will throw us all into the same kettle of stew as far as social acceptance goes.

I am not a man-hater--not by a long shot. I certainly do not begrudge gay males the right to be free from police harassment, to have more job security, and so on. But I do not want to go down in the public mind as fighting with the boys for their sexual freedom. I feel it is their fight, not ours--that we have enough work of our own to do, some of it in the same direction and some not. I can't see our working toward legal reform which will benefit only them, our participating in group endeavors (even in the educational line) where the male view far overshadows the female side so that the public gets a male angle with the added impression of Lesbians sitting beside them in agreement. By the same token, I feel many of our gay male friends would not begrudge us successes in the women's liberation movement--but if we asked them to work with us in this area, they would politely tell us that is our fight, not theirs.

It is highly likely that there will be special programs in which we can, as a group and under the D.O.B. banner,

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cooperate with the other homophile groups toward specific ends advantageous to us all. Such cooperation, though, should be selective, should be approached with dignity, and should be undertaken only after a majority vote of the Boston D.O.B. membership to participate. Such joint efforts should also carry some assurance that the female attitude will have equal publication rather than being expressed as a rather weak post script to the male views.

You can legislate laws. You cannot legislate public acceptance--that you must work for in a dignified manner which proves you worthy of a first-rate place in the social structure.

Is this "sphere of cooperation" for all of us "working for the same cause" going to hasten the day when Lesbians are socially acceptable--or is it going to set us back 5 years' worth of work in the public education area? Think about it. It's something we must decide--and we must decide how the majority (yes, even the silent majority) of our members feel about it before we adopt our chapter constitution and by-laws and before we elect the officers to lead us in the direction we want to go during the coming year.

--Kim Stabinski

Dear Editor:

The first purpose of D.O.B., as stated in each edition of THE LADDER thus far, is: "Education of the Lesbian, enabling her to understand herself and to make her adjustment to society in all its social, civic and economic implications...by providing the Lesbian a forum for the interchange of ideas within her own group."

This, our supposedly primary purpose, we have failed in--no, we haven't really failed, we never started. We have provided a forum, yes--a place to meet--but not a place to interchange ideas. We have split into cliques or factions, those of us who came here fairly well adjusted and somewhat self-oriented. For the majority, the great silent majority, we have done nothing to inte-

grate them into our own society, to say nothing of better preparing them to cope with the "non-understanding" heterosexual society. Here we have all come to join in a sexual sisterhood, but too many are treated as poor relations. We have instructed them where they could find a sympathetic priest or psychiatrist, how they should make out a will--but as for a relating or working together, we have failed.

The second purpose of D.O.B. is "Education of the public, developing an understanding and acceptance of the Lesbian as an individual, leading to an eventual breakdown of erroneous taboos and prejudices..."

This we have made our primary goal. For this we have spent most of our energies and, unfortunately, most of our working members. And this, my friends, I feel is where all of our troubles lie. We have broken into separate camps and have started name calling, the names being radical, liberal and conservative. But the one thing that seems to escape the guiltiest of us is that there are radical conservatives. From the dictionary, some definitions:

Radical--an extremist, especially one who advocates complete political or social reform.

Liberal--one who is progressive in thinking or principles, broad-minded especially as to religious or political ideas.

Conservative--one who opposes sudden changes in government or policy; a believer in things as they are.

So, you see, any extremist, whether liberal or conservative, can be called radical.

I have been called a conservative many times recently, and I object. I, among others who have shared like fate, consider myself more liberal than I have been given credit for. I for one will not lend my support or my vote to a radical in either camp--both are equally deadly in any organization.

We have now coming up a most important time, elections. What we decide this year will probably make or break our chapter. We have all been too intim-

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idated by the cry "radical"--or even the cry "liberal." Too many people have been judged guilty by association, thus the misnomer of myself and others being called conservatives and some good, honest, very hard-working liberals being called radicals.

Now's the time for us to smarten up if we're ever going to. It may be our last chance. We have to start working together as a group of Lesbians with a common goal, overcoming personal prejudices and jealousies, in a selfless effort for something we believe to be worthwhile.

In looking over the membership for potential leaders, utmost in our mind should be the good of all. There will always be personal little power struggles --without this we wouldn't be human-- but it is the duty of every voting member to cast her ballot for the good of the chapter rather than for the sake of any misguided loyalty to any individual or clique.

I personally believe we have enough good people of varying viewpoints who would be able to cooperate in the leadership of this chapter if all the fuel for the petty differences was put aside and we go under one name as one group--all Lesbians of D.O.B. Boston.
--Andy Cox

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OVER THE FENCE WITH DIANE O'KEEFE
by Diane O'Keefe

I am so sick of rolling bandages for lepers in Tanzania on Wednesday mornings you don't know. In five years I haven't gotten one thank you card or a single telephone call. No one over there knows I'm alive and I'm sick of being a robot. I'm sick to death of the Ladies' Sodality, looking at pictures of other people's ugly kids and listening to crummy stories of why Johnny still can't read.

So a few months back I joined D.O.B. hoping to find a golf partner (what a sneaky way to get an ad in). Actually, I would have joined the Women's International Terrorist Conspiracy From Hell, but the wart on my nose cleared up and I

look lousy in black anyway. Besides, my voice isn't deep enough and my cauldron is cracked. Or is it my voice that is cracked and my cauldron that isn't deep enough? I don't know.

Anyway, a few weeks ago I went to my second D.O.B. meeting. As I was coming around the corner of Arlington Street, a girl pulled up on a motorcycle. Immediately I was impressed. She was very adroit as she got off and walked up the stairs. I can't imagine myself on one of those things, though. On the first try I'd probably end up in a hospital with a concussion and 25 stitches. I know, because when I was a kid I got more stitches than a baseball and twice as many as any kid on the block. I was the only kid in the neighborhood who kept driving her trike into a tree. Finally, after three tricycles and 21 stitches, the intern at the emergency ward felt sorry for me and bought me a scooter and I've been driving it ever since.

But seriously, I followed this girl up the stairs admiring her very much. I tried to walk just like her and when she sat down I sat down beside her and everything she did I did. When she put her hand in her back pocket, I put my hand in my back pocket. When she crossed her leg, I crossed my leg. Everything was fine until she pulled out a cigar and a wooden match. So I turned to the girl on my left. She was giving a humorous account of her recent nervous breakdown, her involvement in Bread and Roses and the poetry she was writing. She was impressing everybody while I sat there with a worn-out pacifier and a rubber duck that went quack. What am I doing wrong?

Finally the conversation got around to bras, girdles, make-up and hairdos. Most everybody agreed they were hang-ups. I sat there with neatly coifed hair and tons of make-up on looking like Greta the Goon with a Shirley Temple haircut. I vascillated quietly between silent rage and outright indignation. Finally I mustered up enough courage to climb on top of my highchair and with my tap shoes in one hand and a lollypop in the other, I announced to

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all that without any make-up I look like something that should be walked on a leash from 7 a.m. to 10 p.m. and every tree and telephone pole should be watched closely. No one was terribly impressed, but at least they knew I had an opinion on something and that I wasn't one to give up my individuality. One woman--she was the big, masterful type--cocked her head to one side in disbelief and looked at me rather strangely like I had two heads, four arms, and my fly was open. I wasn't going to argue with her with a ten foot pole. I'd have ended up wrapped around it and a steak over both eyes. Of course I could have given her a karate punch if she came after me except I don't know any karate; so instead I took my foot out of my mouth, climbed down from my highchair, jumped into my pocketbook and wasn't heard from for the rest of the night. Why am I so easily intimidated by other women? Because I'm a coward, that's why. I tell you, though, it's no fun going through life an absolute threat to no one.

However, this woman was monumentally built. You know the type--Army boots, epaulets, and a stained sweatshirt. I'm only kidding. She was probably a delightful woman who kisses her father good morning every day and means it and takes her kid brother fishing every Sunday. You can't knock that. Seriously, though, I didn't see one stained sweatshirt there that night. Of course, there were a few torn sweaters here and there, but to each his own. You keep your apples in the cookie jar; I keep mine in the bread box where they belong.

Frankly, I give these radical feminists all the credit. She is the type that will lead tomorrow's women out of slavery while I'm still in the john with my thumb in my mouth and an enema up my posterior. There's the difference.

I would like to get more actively involved, but I am so vulnerable. Every time I think of picking up a cause or joining an activist group I get the "vapors." One tiny slight from someone or one moment of self-doubt and I start

crying for my blanket and my Raggedy Ann. That would be a little inconvenient, especially in the middle of a speech.

Also, I am very highstrung. The other day I broke a shoelace and went into a fit of hysteria. As if that weren't enough, the same day I lost my comb and my typewriter ribbon broke again. I panicked and called my psychiatrist. He told me to take a long walk, a hot bath and two aspirin. Of course, the typewriter ribbon is still broken, but I feel just great.

Also, making small decisions is a problem for me. The other day I was driving into Boston and I couldn't decide between the tunnel or the bridge. Finally, at the last minute, I chose the bridge and inadvertently "checked a guy into the boards" at Bell Circle. So, you see, I'm not quite ready for the big stuff. Until I am, I'll leave the responsibilities of the world to the hard-core feminists and stick to my Raggedy Ann Mondays through Fridays, and my rubber duck on weekends.



LA BATARDE a book review by Pam Boyd

"My mother never held my hand." So begins Violet LeDuc's journey through her sometimes sordid, sometimes happy, always gay life.

Although currently out of general circulation, Miss LeDuc's autobiography, "La Batarde," enjoyed a good literary reception in this country. It first appeared here the week of the great northeastern black-out and a couple of years later it was out in a Dell paper-

LA BATARDE, con't

back edition.

Written with a woman's sensitivity to detail, the book covers the period of the author's life from her birth, around 1907, through her days as a black marketeer during World War II.

She covers her Lesbian affairs, first with Isabelle and later with Hermaine with a clear eye. She lays blame where blame is often due--on herself. Her shortcomings as a person and as a lover are real and she knows what they are. So does the reader.

Perhaps the most intriguing section of the book is her description of her days as a black marketeer in the South of France and Paris during World War II.

Although occasionally hard to digest, "La Batarde" would make a good beach companion for summer reading.

It is interesting to note that Miss LeDuc is the authoress of the book "Therese and Isabelle" that gave us the movie. She took the incident of her first affair with Isabelle (beautifully written in "La Batarde") and expanded it into a poorly written, murky limited edition novella. Quite a success in Parisian literary circles, the book did not appear in print in this country until the movie was released.

LYRICS FROM REUBEN GAE'S COUNTRY PLACE
by Shayna Reuben

Leaving you don't come easy
Each time we say good-bye
 on Sunday morn
I've got to talk to the boy
 who drives me home
Three hours long
With a bottle of wine between my feet
And the lunch you made for me

You feed me oranges, feed me earth
I am of all I see
Your hair was chestnut in the sun
The sun is on my jeans

On Tuesday night my tired eyes
Blink quickly up and down
Catch me, love me dark and lightly

I was leaving and will always be
Letting go
Just to see you now

I slept all night, I did not reach
To find today would be
Some other kind of Sunday

SUMMER READING

The books listed below all have a gay theme. They represent fiction and non-fiction, hardcover and paperback.

GIOVANNI'S ROOM by James Baldwin
ANOTHER COUNTRY by James Baldwin
THE IMMORALIST by Andre Gide
CORYDON by Andre Gide
IF IT DIE... by Andre Gide
THE WELL OF LONELINESS by Radclyffe Hall
LA BATARDE by Violet LeDuc
THERESE AND ISABELLE by Violet LeDuc
A PLACE FOR US by Isabel Miller
OF LOVE FORBIDDEN (previously titled THE SCORPION) by Anna Elisabet Weirauch
THE PRICE OF SALT by Claire Morgan
SAPPHO translated by Mary Barnard
THE GAY COOKBOOK by Chef Lou Rand Hogan
UNLIKE OTHERS by Valerie Taylor
THE UNASHAMED by March Hastings
I AM A WOMAN by Ann Bannon
THE SONGS OF BILITIS by Pierre Louys
THE GAY WORLD by Martin Hoffman
LESBOS IS FOR LONNIE by Arthur Adlon
WE TWO WON'T LAST, WE TOO MUST LOVE, WE WALK ALONE, CAROL IN A THOUSAND CITIES all by Ann Aldrich
THE KILLING OF SISTER GEORGE by Frank Marcus
THE MESH by Lucie Marchal
FROM TORMENT TO RAPTURE by Sylvia Sharon
MY LOVELY ADELE by Adrian Bennett
THIS SIDE OF LOVE/THE EDGE OF TWILIGHT by Paula Christian
WOMEN'S BARRACKS by Tereska Torres
THE HEARTH AND THE STRANGENESS by N. Martin Kramer
THE PRINCESS AND THE GOBLIN by Paul Rosner
THE STORY OF MIA by Judith Piccone
STEPPEWOLF by Hermann Hesse
THE DAUGHTERS OF LONGING by Froma Sand
NIGHTWOOD by Djuna Barnes

SUMMER READING, con't.

THE FOX by D.H. Lawrence
 GIVE ME MYSELF by Susan Sherman
 OLIVIA by Olivia
 NO JOHN NO by Cressida Lindsey
 THE MICROCOSM by Maureen Duffy
 AND OTHER STORIES by John O'Hara (especially The Broken Giraffe and A Few Trips and Some Poetry)
 THE EXHIBITIONIST by Henry Sutton
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MAKE IT LAST, BABY

by Zee Paulsen reprinted with permission from the May/June 1968 issue of THE LADDER

Every Lesbian relationship is going to last forever, right? Then one morning you wake up and realize that the love affair of the century slipped down the drain when you weren't watching. There are a few who thrive on impermanence, but most of us get rather tired of playing merry-go-round from girl to girl to girl. And then what? Tonight in bars across the country, a thousand tragic tales are unfolding across the table to a friendly ear. We take to drink, if we hadn't before. Or we get a little more desperate as time goes on, a little more frantic to grab that gold ring of togetherness. Or we settle for the next thing that comes along, and close up our boxes of dreams.

The hell of it is that it is all so unnecessary. We need to adjust our thinking on several counts, and then perhaps we can find what we're after: a lifetime relationship. First of all comes that horrid question, is it love or sex? Face up to it honestly; if it's an itch, scratch it--but don't try to build a relationship out of it. Too many of us find ourselves screaming across the kitchen at someone we found physically attractive once upon a time, and made the mistake of settling down with. Now we're restless and want out, and who could blame us? It wasn't love to begin with, not really, and it wasn't destined to last.

No, you've got to choose a partner more carefully. And don't kid yourself; just because we're queer, dear, doesn't

make us that much different from the heterosexuals of the world. A relationship is a relationship; it has the same basic needs and requirements, and it functions in more or less the same way. It doesn't matter if it is two women, two men, or one of each. So you have to go back to those hayseed lists that Grandmama handed down to you on how to pick a husband. Doubtlessly you're not in the market for a husband, but don't you want that girl of your dreams to mean as much to you as a husband means to the average wife? Sure, you say, maybe even more. Then you must select her just as you would select any partner for a meaningful relationship. She should be someone you can trust and respect, someone you can work with as well as play with, someone whose basic values and standards and interests agree with your own.

The two of you can't exchange long languorous looks across a smoke-filled room one night and move in together the next day. Not if you want it to last. There are a few happy exceptions but they're rare. No, give yourselves plenty of time to get acquainted. See each other in many different moods and surroundings. Desire should be there, but companionship too--because it is companionship which will hold you two together at times when little else is left.

Eventually there will come a time, if she is the right girl for you, when you cannot bear to live apart from her. It's not just an urge or a nice idea or being able to spend all night in the same bed. There is an ache inside you that won't disappear. This is the girl you want to laugh with and nurse through the flu and share your life with. Then is the time to move in together, because you're ready for it. You've seen her at her best and her worst, and you still like her as well as love her.

Don't wait too long, though. Separate establishments seldom contribute to the development of a life time love.

So you move in. Amid all those tumultuous first joys at joint living, try to find time for the most important thing of all: a definite honest com-

MAKE IT LAST, BABY, con't.

mitment by both parties to the relationship. Decide, then and there, that both of you will work like hell to make it last. Decide that staying together is the most important thing in the world for you both, and that it deserves all the effort possible. You must be totally devoted to the relationship from this time on, or odds are that eventually you will part.

It's not a one-sentence decision. This is the kind of oath of allegiance you pledge daily. Love must be nurtured and labored over, or it will die. When you're madder than hops at that idiot, you must still feel deep inside you that you will always live with her and love her--not because it proves something, but simply because she is someone too special to live without.

From here on out, honesty is the key word. As soon as possible, face up to the problems that await you in the future. It doesn't do much good to hide from problems or the possibility of them; no one in this world has ever led a trouble-free existence, and you're no exception. You'll get a giant step ahead by planning for the future.

You're bound to meet other attractive women. So is she. So talk about it; discuss how you'll handle it when it comes. Talk about boredom and arguments and the aging process and friends and the importance of sex in your lives. When problems do arise, you'll have an idea how to face them together.

Then keep on being honest. Develop the ability to sit down together and discuss how each of you feels, frankly and openly. Sure, sometimes it will be a mighty heated discussion, but that doesn't mean you can't be honest as well. If you're going to live with her, you might as well know what she's really like and how she really feels. And she deserves to know the real you.

Martyrs and saints are lovely, but they'd be difficult to share a lifetime with. Better to come out with a gripe or an opinion as soon as you feel it, talking about it then, instead of hugging it secretly to your bosom while you pride

yourself on your ability to lead a trouble-free life. If you see a problem developing, discuss it--don't let it become so huge that not much can be done with it when you eventually allow yourselves to notice it.

We could talk about joint bank accounts and other such mechanics of a Lesbian household, but the only other vital things here are to begin thinking "us" instead of "I", and to watch for the moment when that rosy glow of first love fades. The rosy glow is part of the Vine-Covered-Cottage Syndrome, when love is idyllic, she is perfect, and you are both deliriously happy. One day you realize that she has so damn many faults that you don't know if you can spend another minute with her--and that's when the rosy glow fades out. Far too many Lesbian relationships end at that point. But what a pity--for now that the rosy glow is gone, the two of you can begin to live together in the real world, the here and now, with things as they really are. Your relationship is just beginning, and all the real joy of it is yet ahead of you. So don't panic just because she's human; be glad you've got her, faults and all. Those faults that irritate you so much help make her the uniquely fascinating individual that she is. Learn to smile at yourselves; the let-down will pass sooner than you think.

And as for that "I" feeling; toss it out somewhere. By moving in with her and committing yourself to the permanence of the relationship, you lost your independence. Now you have another human being to consider besides yourself. Learn to place as much importance--if not more--in how she feels as well as how you feel; her happiness and contentment, her gripes and problems, should be of as much concern to you as your own are. You can't take off on your own now, not really; she is a part of you and you're a part of her. Now and forever, wasn't that what you promised each other? So this is it, kid. Sharing and compromise. One day after a ghastly quarrel, you'll kiss her goodnight, and smile to yourself, thinking, "Boy, that one was a lulu!"

MAKE IT LAST, BABY, con't.

When that happens, you'll know you made it.

Come around sometime and see if I'm following my own advice. It's a long hard road, but I wouldn't trade it for the world--even if I do forget, all too often, just how to travel it.

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Artists may be gay,
And we can accept that,
Provided that they don't write about it,
And provided that they don't mention that
We too may be gay,
And provided that they don't try to make
it look

Normal

Or like an ancient and universal act,
And provided that they don't admit that
they're happy,

Or even content,

Or even HUMAN.

If it must be discussed

(As all obscene issues are),

Let's use miserably, unhappy examples,

And let's catagorize people we dislike as
"One of them,"

And let's show our children

How temporary and insincere this perverted
life is

And how sadistic, masochistic and animal-
istic

These horrid people are.

We must be pleasant with them

And accept their cheques

And their advice

(On certain issues),

And even their existence.

But their actions?

We must think of our children

And our children's children

And ourselves,

All leaders of one generation

Or another.

And it is our duty to teach them--

To straighten their crooked lives

And accept their apology,

As one must if he wishes

To understand

The issue

At hand.

--Shelley Swartz

With this poem I thee cherish.

Written with my need,

Its words are the words

Of faithfulness and pain,

Punctuated with wonder.

And although other eyes will glance
over it,

Thoughtless and uncomprehending,

Yet it remains your poem,

Never to become worthless

Or an unpleasured thing.

With this poem I bid thee remember

How it feels

To be whole!--

Pressing your head hard against
my shoulder

With a savage joy,

Ruffling your hair;

Saddened by the shadow

Of parting, inevitable leave-taking.

We have so little.

We have nothing.

It is enough.

With this poem I thee wake.

Watch the gray October come

Smiling.

--Candi McGonagle

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A SPY IN THE FAMILY

A Book Review by Diane O'Keefe

If you like a gripping tale of smuggling, international intrigue mixed with sadism and blackmail, then Alec Waugh's "A Spy in the Family" is for you. It is a fast moving, loosely written novel, 248 pp., \$5.95 in hard-cover published by Farrar, Straus and Giroux. It is brand new, so not yet out in paperback. But your local library may have purchased it.

Myra Trail, the lovely wife of a Treasury official in London finds herself in Malta on vacation and in the middle of a narcotics ring. She is surreptitiously seduced and "brought out" by Naomi, a German Lesbian. They have a three-day affair and because of her husband's job in the Treasury, Myra is vulnerable and ultimately blackmailed. The tape of her affair is presented to her back in London by a shady character from the underground. In order to obtain the tape, she must

A SPY IN THE FAMILY, cont.

act as a courier and smuggle half a million dollars worth of heroin disguised as a box of chocolates out of Beirut. Tension mounts as she goes through customs and the plot thickens when she discovers that her blackmailer, Mr. Frank, wants one more favor--she must procure another courier. With her husband's job in mind and the fact that Lesbianism has given her life a new-found savory dimension, she consents to continue this dual life.

Myra's next adventure finds her at the Royal Sandwich, a luxury hotel in Kent where she meets the lithesome Heather who is competing in an Amateur Mixed Doubles match with a male friend. She is graceful and supple and Myra is captivated by her athletic charisma and quiet masculinity. Her sexual innocence heightens Myra's interest, and as luck would have it, Heather is a perfect target because of her job as an English school teacher. The scheme of blackmail continues as Heather becomes another pawn and the chain of events goes on. But an interesting twist changes the course of fate as a member of the C. I. D. intercepts the tape from Mr. Frank. Heather is spared humiliation, Mr. Frank gets his, and Myra does an about-face and joins the C. I. D. to help smash the narcotics ring. It is hoped that Heather and Myra meet in the future and there is forgiveness and understanding, and maybe a second chance at love.

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IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT SECTION

Will Helen Baker please send her address to the staff of the Maiden Voyage so that we can forward all the letters we have received. The MV address is:
MAIDEN VOYAGE c/o Candi McGonagle
P. O. Box 55 No. Quincy Mass. 02171

ANOTHER IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

On Friday night, September 11, 1970, at 8:00 in the Clarke Room of the Arlington Street Church, there will be a members' meeting of Boston D.O.B. At this time, the proposed by-laws and constitution for Boston D.O.B. will be presented to the membership for approval. Corrections and final changes will be made at this time and final acceptance will be voted upon.

This meeting is extremely important and should be placed at the top of everyone's calendar of events for the month of September. Please--all members--be sure to attend this meeting. ALL members (and only members) should be present Sept. 11!!!

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NOTICE: THE CHURCH OF D.O.B. will be holding services every Sunday starting September 13, at 10:00 A.M. and every Sunday here after at the home of:

Rev. Marjora E. Kennedy
61 Clarkwood Street
Mattapan, Massachusetts 02126
For further information, call
226-2573

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Come swimming with D.O.B. every Monday and Thursday from 7 - 9 P.M. For further information or transportation call 226-2573 or 442-0650.

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THE D.O.B. DEEP-SEA FISHING TRIP has been cancelled. Treasurer, Andy Cox reports that only 9 people had sent in paid reservations by the deadline date. Andy reports that the fishing trip has been cancelled due to lack of support.

The deadline date for the September issue of the Maiden Voyage is September 15. All copy should be sent before this date to the Maiden Voyage address given elsewhere in the newsletter.



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