

Grand River Rainbow Historical Project

www.grandriver-rainbowhistory.ca/

celebrating the lives and times of rainbow folk in Grand River country

OUT!

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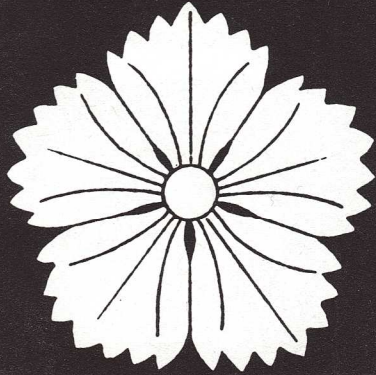
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Jim

OUT!

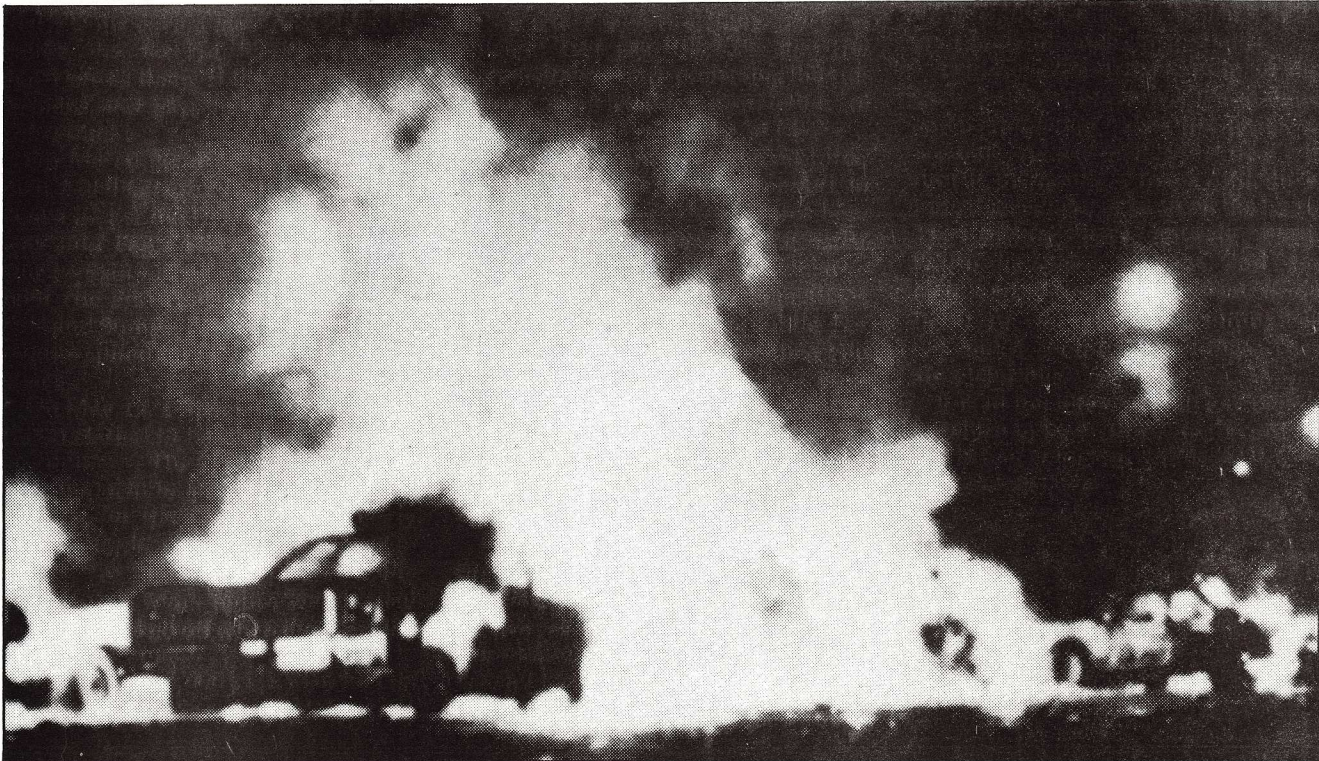


KITCHENER WATERLOG - RALPH CAMBRIDGE



JUNE '79

50¢



A fiery scene on the streets of San Francisco as gays demonstrate against the voluntary manslaughter verdict of Dan White. White killed Mayor Moscone and Harvey White last year.

It seems to be common knowledge that events take place in California before the rest of North America experiences them. If that is true, then lesbians and gays have reason to be concerned.

On March 30, a group of drunken men, 2 of them off-duty cops, shouting "Let's go get the Dykes", forced their way into **Peg's Place**, a lesbian bar. One woman was hit on her head with a pool cue and consequently received cuts and bumps. Another woman may require spinal surgery as a result of the attack.

On May 12, a Special Patrol Officer (SPO) started to hassle a gay man for poster ing . The SPO called police to take the man to jail. While they were waiting for the cops, approximately 1,000 people gathered and began to chant "Let him go" and "Don White was a cop". More police were called but they backed off when they saw the size of the crowd.

On May 21, 5,000 gays marched on the San Francisco City Hall. They

smashed glass with iron bars, set 9 police cruisers on fire, threw bricks at officers. Tear gas filled the air. The demonstrators were protesting the voluntary manslaughter conviction of Don White for the killing of Mayor Moscone and Supervisor Harvey Milk.

Some people may take comfort in believing that since these events happened in San Francisco that it really doesn't concern us here in Ontario. But it is happening here. Sometimes the forms of oppression are subtle. For instance, when was the last time you introduced your lover as your "friend"? Or, turned down a social invitation because you couldn't go with the person of your choice? Do the people you work with know that you are gay? No? Why not?

Even in a relatively "safe" haven such as Kitchener-Waterloo you may be fired or refused housing if you dare to live as openly or as blasely as heterosexuals do. Just because you haven't had a few teeth knocked loose by an over-zealous cop doesn't mean

you aren't oppressed. **Don't be fooled.** Your rights are being violated now, your body may be violated next.

There's a trend happening in our society--it's conservative, it's anxious, and its intolerant. What this means for lesbians and gay men is that they will find it increasingly more difficult to hide themselves, or to sit on the fence. The picture isn't entirely bleak. Politically-aware lesbians and gay men are fighting (and, indeed, it is a fight). As well, they are winning battles and accomplishing things. They are victorious.

It is in the interest of all gay people to refuse to be victims. As the protesters in San Francisco expressed it, **Civil rights or civil war.**



We welcome your letters! Please send your thoughts, ideas, poems, short stories, or what-have-you to: **OUT!** P.O. Box 2741, Station B, Kitchener, Ont. N2H 6N3

Dear **OUT!**

As I was reading Joe Szalai's 'back Alley Sex' I questioned my motives. What, if any, are the differences between his article and the tantalizing treats of *True Confessions*? What good reason was there for me to be learning the physical details of this man's first sexual experiences?

There is one, I think, and it's this. Subjects such as Joe explores in his article are, in social terms, 'private'. Made public, they become 'sordid' or 'embarrassing'. The conventions of conversation we accept keep our knowledge of our body experiences dim and mysterious. On the level where we share ideas and information, the wide range of what our bodies can feel is reduced to cliché's with concrete, honest, original talk, such as Joe Szalai and other contributors to **OUT!** succeed at times in providing.

It's not easy to talk about your body in any other than a conventional way. Try to share a personal experience in a public way, and you'll be labelled a loony, a pervert, or a boor (or maybe a genius — Huysman variety — but definitely not 'one of us'.) Nonetheless, it's worth risking some hassles to try talking about sexual experience without judging or seducing. It's worth finding out about the varieties of sexual experiences from your friends (and not only your lovers) rather than from rule books, novels, or even valuable but remote sources like the Hite report.

Joe's account of how he first learned sex prompted me to think about my own learning of hetero-sex and to feel, oddly, a bit envious. At least his first sexual experience wasn't orchestrated by the romantic conventions of the senior prom. The problem many people have (undoubtedly more sexually straight people than gays) is that we learn what we are supposed to be before we experience what we are. And later on, we try to maintain normalcy by using our minds against our bodies, ignoring any complaints from 'below'.

But bodies don't want to be normal. All

human beings are oppressed by sexual norms. And as long as people limit their talking about what their bodies have experienced to what's conventionally abstract, romantic, or impressive, we'll all be in the kind of ignorance that makes tradition strong and individual human beings miserable. The May issue of **OUT!** has opened a few channels for me, and I hope that future issues will do the same -- for me and for everyone who reads them.

in appreciation,
Shirley Tillotson
Waterloo

The four loves of my life are all dead. One killed by a car, two died of alcoholism and one committed suicide. Can I trust fate to Love another?

So you see the front cover "pic" of Goz & Steve brought a tear to my eye. No wonder I hope they will both savour their every moment together.

Kind Regards
Love Bruce
Vancouver, B.C.

Chers amis,

Le plaisir me revient de vous adresser cette lettre pour obtenir un abonnement à votre publication.

Je voudrais faire des annonces dans votre publication pour rencontrer des amis homophiles canadiens venant au Sénégal

Je vous demande donc de bien vouloir m'envoyer le dernier numero de votre publication ainsi que le montant de l'abonnement.

Je souhaite recevoir toujours le courrier par avion.

Recevez, chers amis, mes sinceres remerciements.

A. Ndoye
B.P. 2, 903
Dakar, Sénégal
Africa

**GUELPH
DANCE
JULY 6
836-4550 for info**

OUT! 

KITCHENER-WATERLOO-GUELPH-CAMBRIDGE

June 1979
Vol. 1 No. 7

The Editorial Collective
Wayne Bell, Wiz Long, Joe Szalai

Helping out with this issue were:
Steve Cressman, Catherine Edwards, Jon Livesey, John Sitrler, Peg McCuaig, Sibyl Frei, Margaret Leighton, Nicole

Cover design by John Sitrler

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We welcome advertisements: however, the publication of an advertisement in **OUT!** does not mean that the collective endorses the advertisers.

The editorial collective supports the Canadian Lesbians and Gay Rights Coalition, the Coalition for Gay Rights in Ontario, the Waterloo Universities' Gay Liberation Movement, Guelph Gay Equality, the Lesbian Organization of Kitchener, the Gay Rights Organization of Waterloo and all groups who struggle against sexual oppression.

Subscriptions: \$5.00 per year (more if you can / less if you can't).

The deadline for submissions is the fifteenth of each month.

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OUT!

**P.O. Box 2741,
Station B,
Kitchener, Ont.
N2H 6N3**

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NEWS

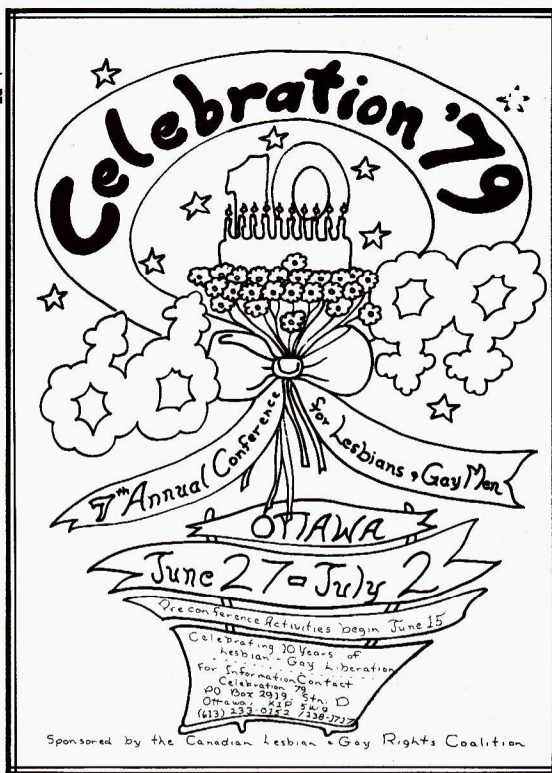
WATERLOO Leaping Lesbians made it's debut on Thursday, June 7, 1979 on CKMS-FM. The programme will feature upcoming events, music, interviews, and the herstory of womynkind. Leaping Lesbians can be heard every Thursday evening from 6:00 p.m. to 8:00 p.m. on CKMS-FM 94.5 or 105.7 on Grand River Cable. It will be a programme of interest to all womyn. Plan to listen.

WATERLOO Gay News and Views will no longer be broadcast on Sundays. Joe Szalai, one of the broadcasters, cited several reasons why the Sunday programme was dropped. "There just didn't seem to be enough energy to do the early Sunday evening show." Szalai said. Gay News and Views can still be heard on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings from 6:15 to 7:15 p.m., on CKMS-FM 94.5 or 105.7 cable.

GUELPH On Friday, July 6th, there will be a dance at the schoolhouse, 611 Silvercreek Pkwy. beginning at 9 p.m., COME ONE! COME ALL!

GUELPH Artisans/Artists. What are area gay artisans & artists doing? If you dabble in the arts or if you make your living through creating art, bring examples of your work on Wednesday, July 11 to the 9th floor lounge of the arts bldg., University of Guelph, 8 p.m.

GUELPH Womyn Only! To follow the tradition of celebrating the day after the event, we will be holding a 'Welcome In Summer' Party on Friday, June 22 at 7:30 p.m. It is a definite BYOB and if you don't, you'll be drinking freshie. We'll be talking about the new radio show called LEAPING LESBIANS and how you can be a STAR in one easy lesson. There is also a national news magazine going into production called LESBIAN/LESBIENNE. Brenda Starr, move over. Here come the dykes!



CELEBRATION '79

The seventh Annual Conference for Lesbians and Gay Men is now entering its final stages of planning. The FORUM (a news and views bulletin of the Canadian Lesbians and Gay Rights Coalition) has asked the delegates to consider these important questions.

- * Can a coalition of groups from all across Canada function effectively?
- * Is the civil rights approach of the **Canadian Lesbian and Gay Rights Coalition** appropriate for the gay liberation movement at this time?
- * Is our struggle on the sexual orientation issue succeeding?
- * Are we clear as to what our goals are?
- * And what is the best way of achieving those goals?

In order to come to some understanding and, hopefully, answer some of the above questions, the CLGRC has scheduled quite a number of panels and workshops. The following is a sampling:

- DO WE REALLY KNOW OURSELVES? - A free-wheeling discussion of people's attitudes, values, concerns, hang-ups, lifestyles...
- HOW ANGRY ARE WE? - Are we ready to open our windows and shout: "We're angry as hell and we're not going to take it any more!?" Militancy in the movement.

--PUBLISH OR PERISH - From newsletters to hard-cover books: a look at publishing in the movement. Resources: Joe Szalai, Kitchener-Waterloo Gay Media Collective; Ed Jackson, Pink Triangle Press.

--THE ABORTION ISSUE - What's happening? An update with Rosemary Billings, feminist, Ottawa.

--GAY BEHIND BARS - A look at the treatment of gay prisoners and what we can do about it. Leader: Brent Hawkes, MCC, Toronto. Resources: several inmates or ex-inmates.

--SOCIAL SERVICES FOR OLDER LESBIANS AND GAYS - A discussion of what kinds of services need to be developed to respond to the needs of older lesbians and gays. Everyone welcome. Leader: Elgin Blair, Gay Equality Mississauga.

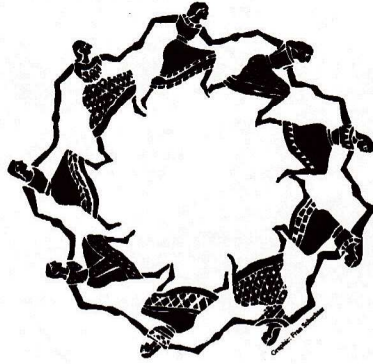
If you're interested, concerned, or even curious consider going to Ottawa on June 27. And in case you're wondering, the conference will not be all hard work. The organizers have also planned for fun 'n relaxation. In addition to some very fine films, there will be a lesbian coffeehouse on Friday night, a picnic on Saturday evening and a dance later that night.

So plan to get together and work together the weekend of June 27 to July 2.

The Bi-National Lesbian Conference was held this past weekend in Toronto, hosted by the Lesbian Organization of Toronto (LOOT). I was asked to lead a workshop on rural lesbians which took me by surprise. I hadn't realized when I saw workshops listed at past conferences that I was a rural lesbian. It was then that I realized that unless you live in one of the larger centres that have active lesbian communities, that you are indeed a rural lesbian.

I had planned on introducing the Southern Ontario Union of Lesbians at the rural lesbian workshop, which had a name change to Small Town Lesbians to avoid hurting our sensibilities. SOUL is a political organization that is open to lesbians across the province who live in small communities and are more or less out in those communities. It is a support group for these women to get together on a social basis and communicate. It was with this dream that I went into the small town lesbian workshop. Of the four hundred women in attendance at the conference, ten attended the workshop and these ten wanted answers to their questions. Questions that centred around what I view as their own personal needs.

Women from a northern community wanted to know how to meet other women without taking any of the risks of coming out of the closets themselves. They felt the lesbian movement should be making more effort to get women to come out of their closets so that they could get to know them. BUT THEN, that in itself would raise a problem because they didn't want to be seen with any of those radical women who draw attention to themselves by being an open lesbian. Heaven forbid that they should be seen with a known lesbian. Why everyone would know that they too were.....lesbians! It was one of these same women who at the final plenary said that she was ashamed of the behaviour of the other women at social functions because of the 'drug smoking' that went on. When it was pointed out that these laws serve to oppress us, she re-iterated with the statement that laws are there to protect us and we should obey them. The government knew what was good for us and we shouldn't doubt that. There was open hissing after that,



SMALL TOWN LESBIANS

Peg McCuaig

and the woman took her seat. Anyway, you can see what I was up against in the workshop.

I would like to say that by the end of the workshop, I had somehow instilled some gay pride into them but that was not to be. After forty-five minutes of regression, I felt that I was in the wrong workshop and left to attend the Communications workshop where we finalized the establishment of the first out-of-the-closet coast-to-coast lesbian magazine in the workshop.

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It is still quite scary to realise that there are women all over who see 'out' lesbians as a threat to their own security and well-being. I know

myself that I am a more complete person since I came out of the closet and that for too many years I felt like those women from the small towns. But dammit! I am from a small town and I have had the chance to move to a larger city where I could safely be out and open. However, my pace is a pace that suits me fine here in this area. And I am an open lesbian and PROUD! And I refuse to feel inferior to my heterosexual counterparts and most important to me, I refuse to feel inferior to my closeted sisters who hide behind drawn curtains and introduce their friends and lovers to no one. I am proud to be a lesbian in Small Town Canada, to be able to have a closer contact with MY community and by that I don't mean the Gay community. I'm talking about my community that I live in and have lived in for over twenty-six years. No one is going to run me out of town on a rail. I have contributed to my community and will continue to contribute to that community and I demand the respect from people that is due me. And by God, I get that respect from people that I work with in social agencies. I AM. I have fought a battle with the straight world since I came out at the age of thirteen and I am now prepared to fight that same type of battle with you, my closeted sisters, for you have gained from my openness and you will continue to gain from our openness. Take that privilege now while you may, for one day you may have to pay for your silence. We, the open sisters in the small towns, have taken the abuse until there is no more left...it is safe for you to come out of your closets. We have cleared the way for you but we will no longer be closeted in your presence. We have pride in who we are and you had best be prepared.....SMALL TOWN LESBIANS UNITE!!!! DYKES BE PROUD!!!! To all others, be prepared for we will come for you in the middle of the night when you least expect it. Lock your doors. Hide the keys. WE ARE COMING!!!! Hear the pounding of our feet against the ground. We are marching in numbers too huge to ignore. Join us now in glory and in pride but don't ever put us down for being the ones who are willing to clear the path for you. WE ARE NOT THE COWARDS THAT YOU APPEAR TO BE!!!!

SEPARATISM

STRATEGY OR SOLUTION?

Several years ago, I began to identify myself as a lesbian separatist. What separatism meant to me then (and still does now) was a political strategy, whereby women separate themselves from men. The purpose of this separatism is to enable us to break down centuries of conditioning: for women to learn survival skills from/with each other, to learn to work together and organize, to learn to handle independence and power. This separation will also benefit men, because when women withdraw from men, they will have to do all those things they have been socialized to depend on women for. They will have to learn to give themselves and each other emotional support, learn to look after themselves physically, learn to raise children. The result of this, hopefully, would be a society where people are capable of being responsible, working cooperatively, and where no oppression exists (which of course means an end to patriarchy, capitalism, and a number of other evils.)

What this means in terms of my own life is that I spend most of my social time with other lesbians and do my political work with women. I choose socially not to put much energy into giving emotional support to women who are struggling through personal relationships with men. Politically, I choose to work with any woman who recognizes our common oppression, whether she identifies herself as heterosexual, celibate, bisexual or lesbian.

Within the lesbian community, I am noticing what I perceive as a 'new wave' of separatism, characterized by the following type of comment: 'Males are genetically inferior, all male babies should be destroyed at birth.' 'Women who choose to raise male children aren't really lesbians.' 'Any woman who continues to associate with men is a collaborator and an enemy of the Revolution.' 'Death to all mutants!' (i.e. men). Women who make these statements seem to have as their goal a 'Lesbian Nation' which will be

achieved by the eradication of all men. I find this trend very frightening. These ideas are very similar to the ideological basis for Fascism. Hitler used the rationale of biological inferiority to kill millions of gays, Jews, and other minorities. White racists use the concept of genetic inferiority to justify their continued oppression of people of colour. All fascist regimes have very narrowly defined codes of 'politically correct' behaviour, and persons whose behaviour does not conform are exiled or executed. How many women have become 'exiles' from the women's movement because they were made to feel that their behaviour was 'Politically Incorrect'?

All fascist regimes have very narrowly defined codes of 'politically correct' behaviour, and persons whose behaviour does not conform are exiled or executed.

I feel that political education is important. I feel that women should be asked to examine the discrepancies between what they profess to believe and the way they conduct themselves. I am criticizing the all-too-common occurrence of women being told how they should behave with no option for dialogue, no attempt made to develop a political analysis of their lives. This leads to women feeling ostracized when, because of the reality of their lives, they cannot live up to someone else's concept of what is 'politically correct.' This applies to many of us: lesbian mothers raising sons, women who cannot afford to come out of the closet because of their jobs, women who continue to be amiable to men at work or in families. One friend of mine believed she was unwelcome at Jarvis Street because she ate meat and believed in monogamy!

Lesbians and feminists in Canada

and the United States are being attacked by extremely well-organized reactionary right-wing forces who seek to destroy us and our movement.* It is very frightening to see similar political forces at work within our movement, dividing us and alienating many potential feminists.

*For more information about the connections between Phyllis Schafly, Anita Bryant, the American Nazi Party, and the Toronto Police Association publication 'News and Views' see the statement put out by the Right to Privacy Committee, 29 Granby Street, Toronto, and Sasha Gregory-Lewis' article 'Phyllis Schafly and the Right-Wing Connection' in the March-April issue of Lesbian Tide.

-by Ruth Dworin

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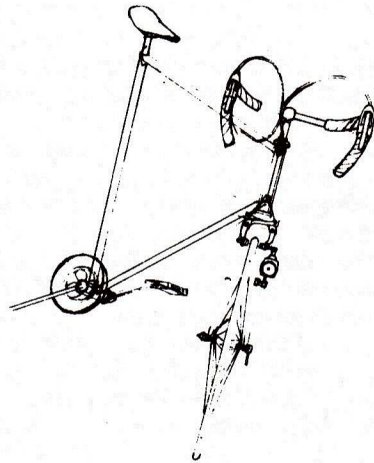
GLAD DAY BOOKS

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COME 'N PLAY

It's summer and with the accompanying warm weather and sunshine, the K-W G.M.C. have started to turn their thoughts to organizing various outdoor activities.

One marvellous idea was for a camping trip. For further details, see page 14.



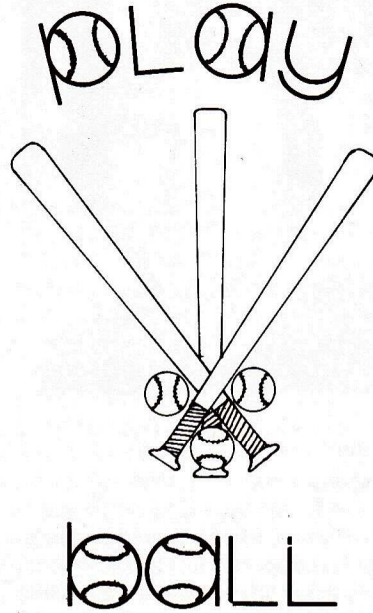
Another splendid suggestion was for a bike trip into the country. We haven't finalized the 'where' and 'when' yet but stay tuned, as they say in boob-tube land, it's coming next issue.

Another suggestion (just as popular as the other two) was to play baseball. It will be non-competitive, natch, and promises to be fun, if not hilarious. Anyone interested in playing can phone [redacted]. Whoever's there will be glad to give you any information.

Summertime is not only fun time, it's people time. A time to be with and to love one another.

See ya there

SUBSCRIBE TO OUT!



yo ho ho and a bottle of rum
we're off to the beach to have some fun

baseballs and frizbees
they fly through the sky
running and shouting
laughter making us high

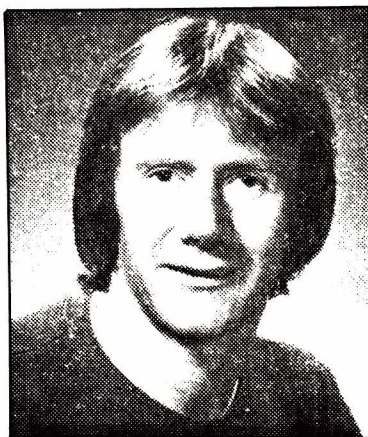
one strips, two strip
we all strip as one
into the water
for rest from the Sun

the Sun goes down
in a blanket of red
quick, make a bonfire
from which we fed

climbing and sliding
upon the dune sides
chasing the light
of mysterious fireflies

yo ho ho and a bottle of rum
went off to the beach and had some fun

Sibyl Frei,



COMING OUT MORE EXPERIENCES

In the last issue of OUT! we featured several personal accounts of 'coming out'. In this issue we feature two more personal accounts of 'coming out', one by Jon Livesey (left) and Sybil Frei. If you feel that you want to share your experiences of coming out with a larger community then get your thoughts and ideas down on paper and send it along to us.

Dear Jim,

It's been a very long time since I sat down to write to you (I know, you noticed!), and I have been becoming uncomfortably aware that I have been putting it off. The reason for that is that several things have changed in the last year or so, and I have been reluctant to write letters to anyone which tell an old truth, or only half the truth. I have been promising myself that I would come over to Britain to talk to all my friends and put things back on a truthful footing, but it looks now as though that won't happen until next year, and so I am faced with writing stilted, avoiding letters, or no letters at all. My solution is to tell you my news by letter now, and then talk about it with you next year face-to-face, if you still want to.

The significant change that has taken place in my life in the last year is that I have "come out". You may already know what that means, with-it person that you are, but just in case, it means that I am a once private, quiet and discreet homosexual who has become a public, noisy and happy gay.

As long as you and I knew one another my sexual "orientation" was primarily directed towards my fellow men, some slight adventures with women notwithstanding. I was aware of this all my life, but I was also aware, being a child of our society, that I was, perhaps, the only one in the world, and then later, that even if I was not the only one, the others were very much looked down on, and that I should keep quiet if I had any sense.

As a teenager I did nothing but wonder if it was me that was crazy, or the rest of the world. In my early twenties I met a few other homosexuals (for I still used that word) but all that I ever did was to talk about our common predicament, shake my head, and go

back into the world looking for the normal relationship that was going to cure me. Cure, I like that.

Once I began to travel, my whole style of life began to loosen up, and I became progressively less concerned with the concepts of sin and punishment, so that in the fullness of time I met my first lover (we can talk about that someday), went to my first gay bar (I have many funny stories about that!) and decided that, even though I didn't feel fully gay, I could at least stop trying to be an ersatz straight.

Then I came to Canada. I never did fully explain to you why Canada in particular, but it was, of course, in order to live with someone that I had met in Europe, and liked very much. We lived together for three years. He was a student, and that is one thing that inspired me to go back to school here. Eventually he graduated and moved down to the States, while I stayed to finish off what I am doing. In any case, our lives are now separate again.

Perhaps you already knew some, or all, of the story above. If so, it's still good to get it down on one sheet of paper. If not, then it may help to explain things I did or said which had no apparent explanation. This is one reason, of course, why private homosexuals often seem mysterious (and why mysterious people are often suspected of homosexuality). Since part of their life is hidden, they take decisions and make radical changes for quite sensible reasons that they happen not to be able to explain.

When I started to live alone again for the first time in three years, I quickly realised that I didn't want to go backwards. Our life together had been very close and inward-looking, and we

had not been very active in the gay community. Most of our friends here had been straight, and while I liked them, and still do, I felt that I could not ever again live as a straight "bachelor", with straight married friends. They bored me with their incessant stories of romance, children, money, divorce, separation, time payments, second colour TVs and cars. For the first time I began to judge my friends. I realised that none of them seemed happy, few seemed content, one was partly enlightened, but then I found out that he was also partly gay. On the other hand, they all seemed self-satisfied, not least with being heterosexual, married, and so, safe. In a word, they bored me, and I found that I could only put up with them in party situations, or in short conversations. That makes for a solitary life, or a lifetime of solitary.

I already knew of the existence of gay lib. on campus, and after a few weeks of living alone, I went along to one of their meetings. I suppose I expected banners, handbags and eye shadow, but in fact I found a group of calm and humorous people sitting round a coffee pot and talking about everything under the sun. They were certainly concerned about gay issues, but also about the price of cheese. They discussed Canada's immigration policy, which at that time discriminated against gays, but they also discussed love, peace, unemployment, yesterday's baseball scores and one another.

Even more striking, I noticed a change, even on that first evening, in myself. For perhaps the first time I felt myself relaxing and being drawn into a group of people, or, more properly, souls. For my whole life, whenever I talked to more than one person at a time, I had felt a restraint that was born

of reserve; the reserve that one must have to keep a secret. I often felt more at ease talking to a class of a hundred sharp students than I did sitting round the fire chatting to a few straight friends. After all, I couldn't slip up and reveal anything to a class of a hundred, but I could profoundly shock my friends in one moment of forgetfulness.

Now I found myself in a roomful of strangers, each of whom had the same secret as I, and each of whom had long ago decided that it wasn't a secret any more. Now that there was literally nothing that I could say about myself that would surprise, anger, or even sadden anyone else, I felt totally at ease. I also realised, for the first time, that I had been living my life with great skill, but to what end?

Here were a group of people, all solid citizens, students, professors and shop assistants and hairdressers, who totally approved of what I was. Not of what I did, or said, or owned, but of what I was. That may not sound very earth-shaking, but it left me physically weak to find that people could meet me for the first time, might not know all my "worthier" aspects and achievements, could know exactly who I was in my innermost thoughts, and could still nod immediately and accept. I felt the way I used to feel when I came home.

That was over a year ago, and things have only become better. My first impulse had been to replace my departed roommate as quickly as possible, and resume concubinal bliss, but that didn't fall into place, and after a few weeks I decided consciously to suspend judgement and to live a little. I began deliberately to cultivate relationships on all three levels; social, intimate, and sexual. I visited gay bars, baths, and dances. I made acquaintances, friends, intimates, confessors and partners. I became relaxed, happy, promiscuous and content. Let me explain.

I had had very much a straight person's view of gays as being superficial, insubstantial people who either fluttered from lover to lover, or imitated heterosexual marriage, with varying degrees of success. I saw them as trying to be straight, but as man-man rather than man-woman. However, I now gradually became aware that there were serious and thoughtful gays who were exploring

the possibility of gay sex being, not a variant of straight sex, but a separate strain. Gays that I personally respected believed that they did not have to have a lover and a colour TV, but could live a valid and fulfilling life as free people. It took me a long time to get used to that idea.

In the meantime, my moral degeneration began to have some side effects in my life. I became able to work without looking over my shoulder. For reasons best known to themselves, my gay friends accepted me as an organiser, and now I help to run the group's finances, such as they are. From time to time I am asked to go and talk about the gay lifestyle in colleges, and the reaction has been uniformly favourable. The most frequent comment I get is that I seem very normal for a gay. That makes me smile. I have helped supervise the work of some junior graduates, and next term I will be teaching a computer science course. In all of this my own professor has been consistently supportive.

Eventually I decided that I still wasn't good enough at relating to my fellow human beings, and so I spent a couple of terms in a therapeutic group organised by student counselling, and learned a lot about myself that I had not known before. I learned about taking the risks in living, rather than living in order to avoid taking risks. Later the group leader commented that I had seemed normal for a gay — I was already getting used to that — and added that I was unlike the two or three that he had already met. What a characteristic trap he had fallen into. A person in his thirties must have met hundreds of homosexuals, but of course most of them were "normal", and so even our group leader, with his psychiatric training, only remembered the outrageous or the effeminate ones. That's how prejudice is perpetuated among otherwise sensible people.

I received a great deal of knowledge and insight from taking part in the group, and I see the results daily, though I often slip back. I realised that I hadn't just been uncomfortable with people in the past; I really hadn't liked them very much, and so then I began to like them a little more, and now I often feel a general warmth and protectiveness towards the people around me. I interfere in their lives less, too. In my own life, I began to use chemical stimulants much less, and I

stopped using alcohol entirely. Finally, people whose opinions I trust have begun to tell me that, although I am not all better yet, the cure is proceeding, and I may become a human being sooner than expected. When I ask them to explain, they simply say that I am less of a bastard than I used to be.

One very concrete change in me is that I have become much more able to explain myself to those around me. My friends, my colleagues and our professors all know who I am now, and I suspect that even those who don't feel very close to me at least feel that they know who they are dealing with. One of the conscious decisions that I made early on was that since being gay was part of who I am, anyone who wanted to know me probably wanted to know all of me. If me telling them that I was gay upset them, then it said more about them than about me, and it showed that they had a problem; one that I could possibly help them come to terms with. Being gay is something I was born with, like fair hair, or being white, having a big nose, or a certain accent. If someone finds it difficult to deal with, then they have a problem, and it doesn't help either them or me to pretend that I am straight, or that the sun rises in the west. As a matter of fact, realising that I belong slap in the middle of a minority has made me more aware of my own prejudices, so that now I have recognised my own feelings towards blacks, Indians, women, Americans, effeminate and tax-gatherers, and have begun to train myself to see people as people, as people, period.

Ironically, I am on much better terms with my straight friends, now that I have put this small distance between us. I don't feel a fake when I talk to them or listen, and so being with them is not the strain it used to be. This year I have had a straight roommate, and things have been going just fine.

And sex? I hear you asking. Well, yes, there is sex. One of the great ideas of our society is that sex is only valid as part of something else. Straights call that marriage, and urge gays, if they can't marry, then at least to act out something like it. They even argue for and against marriage for gays. Dolphins tell stories, but do they play the piano? They don't? How outrageous.

I know gay couples that have been together for years. I know one couple

that was together for three, and then fell apart permanently. I know couples who part, and then find each other again, shake their heads over the inevitability of it all, and reconcile themselves to life together. I also know couples who live apart, and come together every six months or so for what looks like a joyful reunion and renewal. The one thing that I don't see, look though I may, is the hypocritical couple who, hating one another, stay together for appearances, for the children, for the mortgage, or for their own egos. Untruthful gay relationships seem not to survive very long. When people ask me when I am going to set up my own stable relationship, I have two answers for them, depending on how I feel. "You don't appreciate it till you haven't had it", and "Stick around. I may surprise you."

I don't know if you can tell from this letter, but I know that I am happier now than I ever have been. It's not a false, frivolous kind of happiness; it's the kind of deeper contentment that arises from coming to terms with yourself, and agreeing to live in the same world as myself without struggling. I tell people that I have always been like this, only now I am more like myself than I used to be. One of the few things that could make me happier would be the feeling that I had the same kind of open relationship with the friends that I left behind in Britain as I do here. I don't like a feeling of unfinished business, and I do like to know what people think.

Of course, I would never presume to tell you what is right and what is wrong; I am not that kind of activist. If, having read this letter, you feel the kind of bad emotional reaction that would make you uncomfortable seeing me again, then say so, or just don't answer. I know how strongly I feel about some issues, and I can respect other people's feelings, too. I hope, though, that what you will say is that you can respect me too, and that you want to meet, perhaps in the Spring, and talk it over some more. That would make my happy.

Best love

Jon Livesey

Mother's Warm Approval

Well, there it was, the moment I had been nervously anticipating for several months. Yes, my hands were sweaty, my mouth dry and everytime I spoke my voice started out as if it was warming my engines. All shakes with short hesitations.

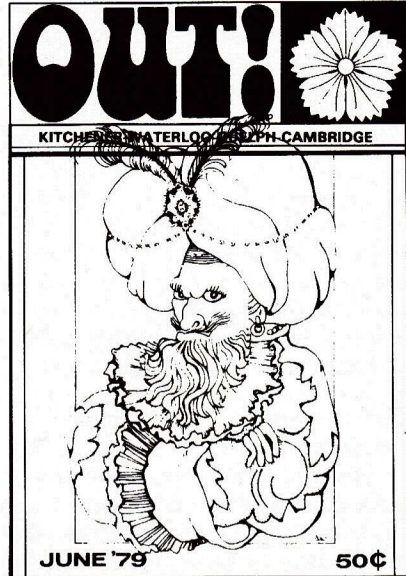
But what could have prompted such nerves. Possibly my next, often rehearsed lines will give you some idea. "Mom, perhaps you have noticed that I haven't been speaking about men any more. And if I spoke about friends at all any more, they were women. You see, these women are my lovers as well as my friends." Immediately, I burst into tears, relieved of a burden that did naught but grow heavier in the previous year. Through my tears I felt my mother's embrace; warm, sincere, and the most loving gesture she could have made to ease my heart.

Somehow her approval was extremely important to me. For my parents had taught me to be an individual, to think and to trust in my own decisions. Throughout my life they were greatly involved in my conflicts and crises. Thus, to know they were still behind me was tremendous for my soul.

In retrospect, that coming out was the most traumatic, yet significant time in my movement through the closet door. Many steps had I made before and many miles have I gone since, but those feelings shared with my mother gave me the affirmation to stand as a person in our society.

I do hope some day all of us will have the strength to allow others their decisions. For who is to say what the other does is wrong, if no one is hurt by their ways.

Sibyl Frei



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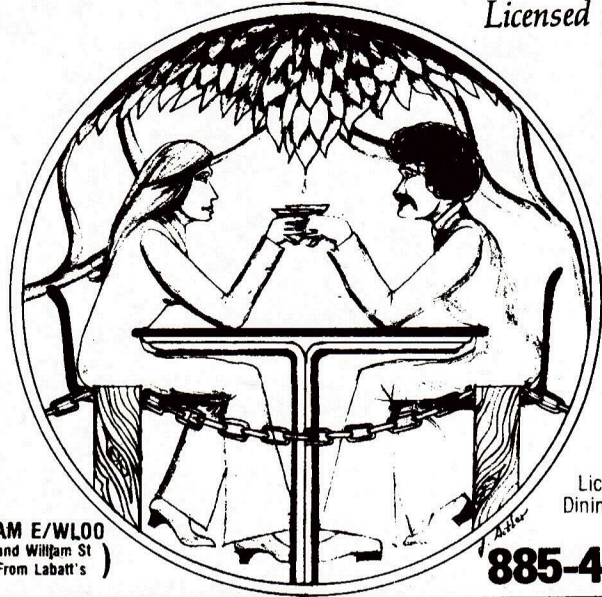
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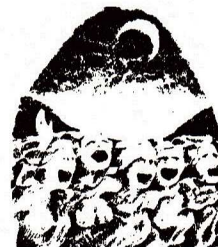
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HYSTERIA

Readers can look forward this fall to a new womyn's magazine, Hysteria. Hysteria will be by womyn for everyone who enjoys reading and who wants to keep informed about what is happening to the womyn in our community.

Look for it, expect it, it promises to be a fine journal.

OUT! is going bi-monthly, so look for the next issue in August. It will be different. We hope to bring you not only the latest social happenings, but researched articles, in-depth analysis of news events, plus a host of other things of interest to lesbians and gay men. We

would also like you to participate, so please submit any ideas, opinions, articles, artwork, or whatever to OUT!, P.O. Box 2741, Station B, Kitchener, N2H 6N3.

Have a fun summer and see you in August!



A seed fell from a tree.
 In the fall I met you
 and the seed was nourished by the
 rain
 and the friendship grew
 Covered by a blanket of snow, the
 seed slept.

A tiny sprout came from the seed
 Our friendship changed to love
 and the seed forced itself through the
 ground
 and I came out.
 Warmed by the sun, the plant grew

The sapling became a tree
 Our love swelled encircling others
 and the tree began to spread its
 limbs
 and my love for women grew.
 Fed by mother nature, the tree was
 enriched

Seeds fell from a tree
 In the fall we met others
 and some seeds would find ripe
 ground
 and the friendships would grow -
 The cycle had begun.

Jayne

her eyes look away from mine
 thoughts rush through my head
 of a time gone by. of 'our' time
 together
 Now i wish i had never felt
 her caresses, or her calming touch
 Indifference replaces gentleness.
 out of kindness she lets me
 believe that we are still "one".
 Oh, once we were wrapped in perfect
 silence i remember nights filled by a
 gentle
 stillness.
DAMN - i wish i had never shown
 myself to her. i became blind
 because of my own vulnerability
 it hurts to think i could have been
 so open
 So i leave her, as empty and alone
 as i came.

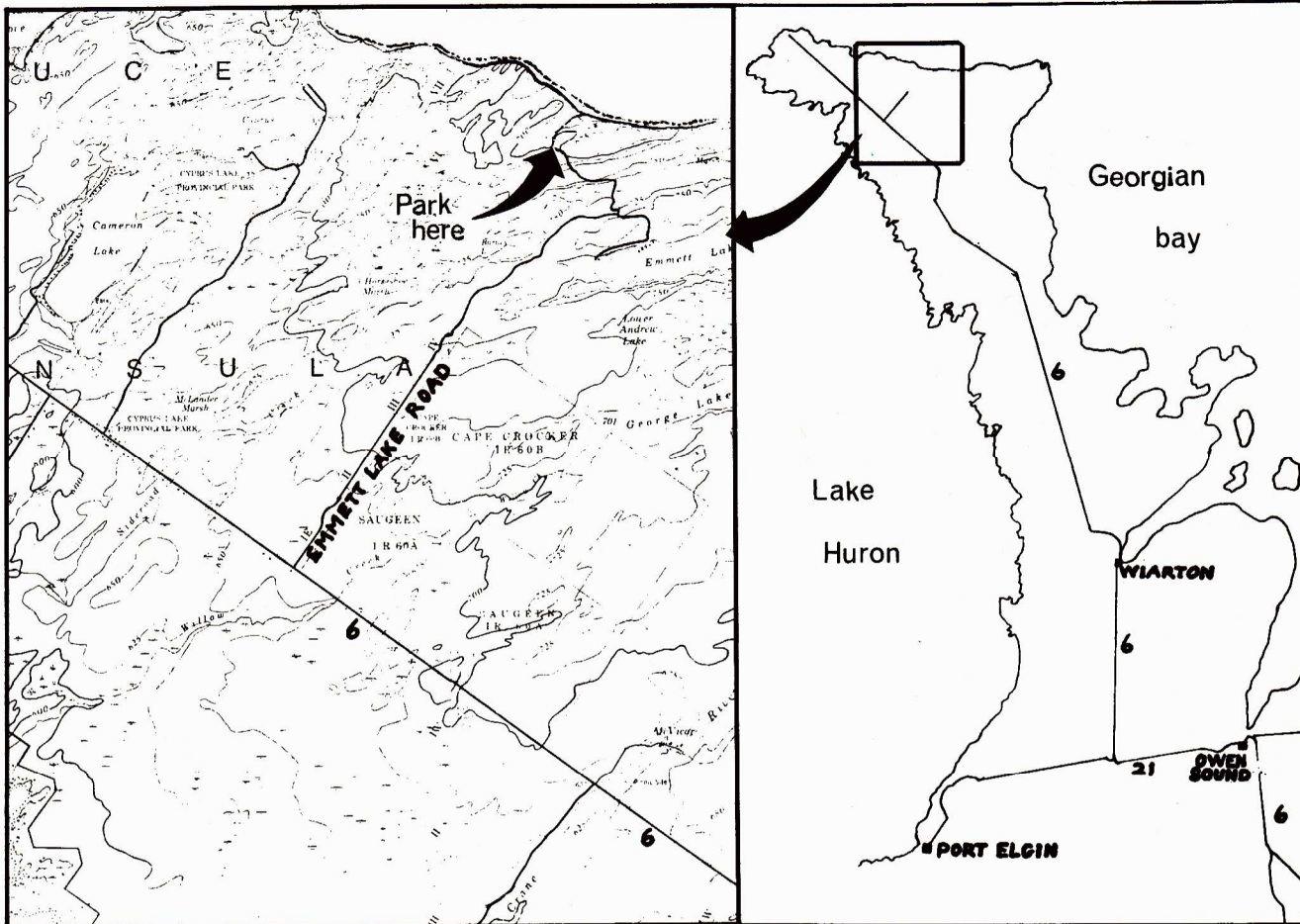
M. Leighton

The northern delights

singing a saga of long winter nights

a thin band of white light
 stretching and expanding
 pulsing across the sky
 thin shivers and flickers
 wandering through its mass
 forever bending and swirling
 with no limits on its reach
 spent with the trees, snow and stars

Sibyl Frei



August 3 - 6 (Long Weekend)

COME CAMP WITH US

If you like to rough it then come with us to Half Way Dump on beautiful Georgian Bay. It's easy to get to. Just take highway 6 north toward Tobermory. Go approximately 50 kilometers north on Wiarton and turn right on Emmett Lake Road (see map). Go approximately 5 miles down Emmett Lake Road and you'll arrive at a clearing. Park your car and backpack down to Georgian Bay (1/2 mile). When you arrive at the beautiful pebbled beach turn right and walk down the beach till you find a suitable campsite. If you want privacy or lots of firewood it might be wise to walk quite a ways along the beach (approximately 1 mile). There'll be people there who you'll recognize and they'll help you

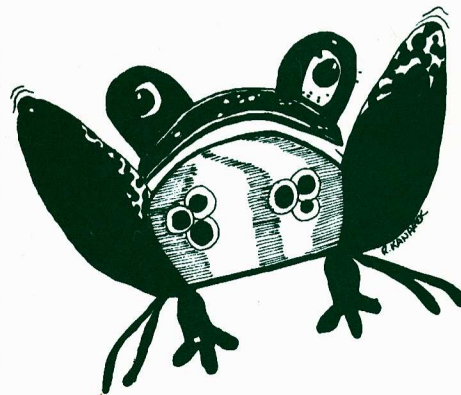
out if you can't decide on a campsite.

Half Way Dump is anything but a dump (it's just called that). You'll be on Crown Land. That means that you can camp for free. By the way, there are no facilities of any kind so be prepared. It might be a good idea to pack lightly as the hike in is long. Also, take everything you'll need for as long as you plan to stay. A tent, sleeping bag, and food are essential. Anything else is up to you. Matches, a flashlight (or lantern), toilet paper, hiking boots, and a small axe will be useful.

The water in Georgian Bay around HWD is so clean that you can drink it without boiling. While you're there you may want to swim (the water is usually cold), hike on the Bruce Trail,

explore the area, sit by a campfire at night and chat, or just relax. Whatever you do you're bound to enjoy this area as it is one of the most scenic nature areas in Canada.

So come with us...naturally!



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Lesbians /lesbiennes

SOUL sisters. Inspired by women from the Southern Ontario Union of Lesbians a series of communication workshops launched a nation-wide lesbian newsmagazine to supplement the work local newsletters are already doing. Fifteen women from different cities have committed themselves in various capacities to the project. They hope to have the first issue of **Lesbians/lesbiennes** out by July 15.

Peg McQuaig (front and centre) told TBP that "this is the first out-of-the-closet lesbian magazine in the country." It will be co-ordinated from the Kitchener-Waterloo area and printed at Dumont Press, but it will have input from across Canada and Quebec. Peg emphasised that it will have political analysis and coverage of cultural events as well as news.

The deadline for the first issue is June 15, and anyone interested can write to PO Box 2531, Station B, Kitchener, Ontario with ideas or submissions.

The first issue will be mailed free to women who registered at the conference or at the 1978 Ontario conference (held in Ottawa). Subscriptions will cost \$5 for one year (four issues).

The final plenary of the conference gave its unanimous support to the women involved in this project, and a collection towards covering the costs of the first issue brought in over \$200.

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Photo by Lynn Johnston

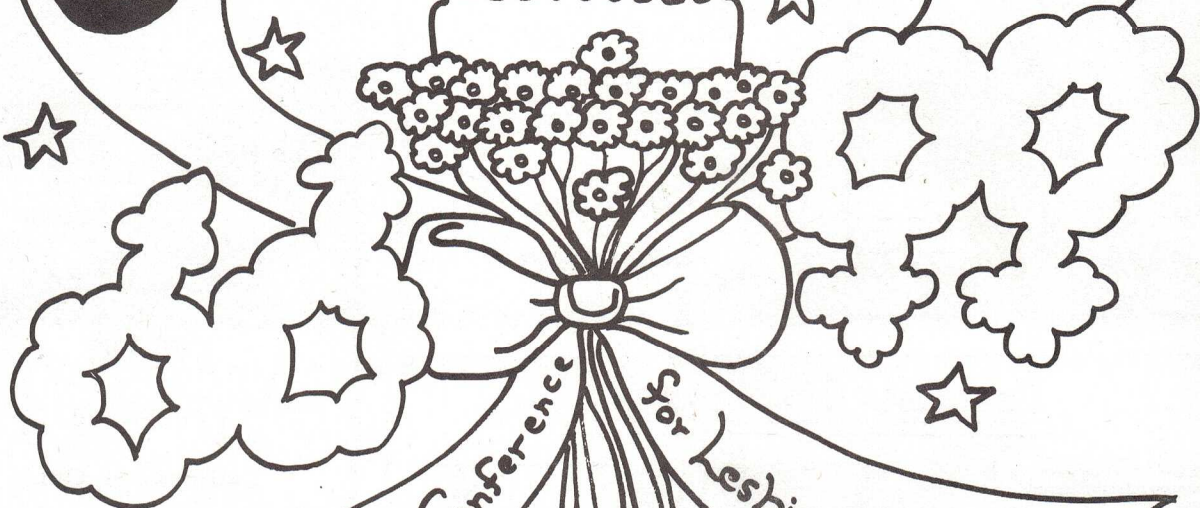
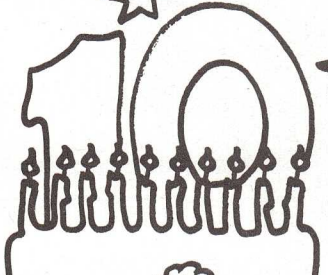
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