

CLASS FOR

Thunder  
**GAY**

1983  
50¢

magazine

UNDER BAY ————— DECEMBER '82 - JANUARY '83 ISSUE



FESTIVE ISSUE

# COMMUNITY

Members of GTB were distressed and saddened to discover that Patrick has had much of the sound equipment he used at GTB socials stolen. As a result of the tragic loss, an emergency meeting was held on November 22 to arrange for a sound system for the social at the end of the month. A "quickie" system was arranged for and reports from the social indicated that it was adequate considering the haste.

Members will be discussing alternative systems during December.

GTB will be hosting its first-ever NEW YEAR'S EVE BALL at the Ukrainian Labor Temple, December 31. Organizers report that they are encouraging semi-

formal dress or masquerade but that prices will remain the same. Dancing will be held from nine to one. Organizers hope that people will have house parties afterward.

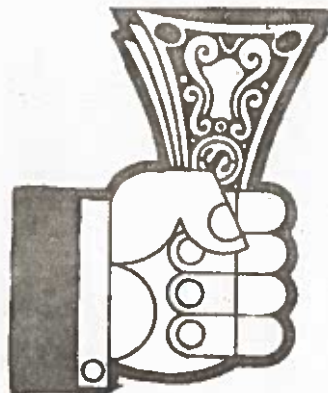
## UPCOMING EVENTS:

|             |                                                                                             |
|-------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| December 7  | General Meeting                                                                             |
| December 21 | General Meeting                                                                             |
| December 31 | NEW YEAR'S EVE BALL<br>Ukrainian Labor Temple<br>Semi-formal or masquerade. Regular prices. |
| January 4   | General Meeting                                                                             |
| January 18  | General Meeting                                                                             |
| January 29  | WINTER SOCIAL<br>location to be announced - check with our phonline.                        |

Other activities are being discussed for the holiday period including house parties, sleigh rides, organized skiing. Attend regular meetings for up to date info or call our phone line.



GTB BUILDING FUND  
GAYS OF THUNDER BAY  
BOX 2155  
THUNDER BAY, ONT.  
P7B 5E8



GAYS OF THUNDER BAY  
Magazine

December '82-January '83  
FESTIVE ISSUE

Thunder  
**GAY**  
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Thanx to the many contributors and special thanx to Zachariah, David, George, Michael, Douglas and Jim.

## MEMBERSHIPS: MORE VALUABLE NOW THAN EVER!

GTB is proud of its members. By officially taking out a paid membership in the organization, you help support our phonline, office, our magazine, and an open gay presence in the community.

Your membership means alot to group: the more members we have, the more credible and impressive is our image. Plus the basic membership fee is a significant contribution to our overall operating budget.

At a recent executive meeting, a decision was made to encourage larger membership and to show how much we appreciate those who sign up. As all memberships expire with the calender year (December 31st), a new membership policy had to be set. To attract new memberships, it was decided the fee for 1982 will not increase. A GTB membership will still cost \$12 for the whole year (\$1/per month). And as an added bonus, the door charge to our monthly Socials will be reduced for members! The regular door charge will stay at \$5 (no increase) but members will now pay only 1/2 price: \$2.50. This reduced charge will take effect

with the January, 1983 Social so we urge you to take out a membership or renew your present one right away.

We hope you'll agree membership in GTB is now more valuable than ever! For your membership you receive: an official GTB card signed and with your individual number on it, an automatic subscription to THUNDER GAY, our bi-monthly magazine (worth \$5 by itself), reduced prices for our Socials, legitimate voting rights at all our meetings, and the satisfaction of helping build a better community for gay men and women in the region.

**YOUR MEMBERSHIP IS RESPECTED!** Our membership list is never exchanged and is not kept on GTB premises. You have the option to receive mailings from the organization or none. All mailings, including our magazine, are sent in a plain envelope with only our box number as a return address. Your membership is discreet and treated with respect.

## CRYING WOLF

An appalling hush befell Toronto's media when the charges of publishing obscene written matter laid against the Body Politic were dismissed by Judge Thomas Mercer in early November. It should be noted that all manner of shrill hysterics emblazoned the pages of that city's papers when the charges were laid - nothing was said when the case was dismissed except for an article in the Globe & Mail. The other two major dailies, the radio and television stations through their negligence continue to actively oppress homosexuals.

It is one thing to create the headlines denouncing faggotry but quite another to tuck the masthead under the covers when the headlines prove false. In a sense the readers and listeners are being cheated from the truth - almost lied to.

Tied in with this lust for oppressiveness is the office of the Attorney General. Like the papers crying wolf, the Crown continues its unreasonable purge against the Body Politic. Twice acquitted of distributing indecent material the Crown launched its second appeal of the case in July.

Will the press learn to begin treating the gay minority with any sense of legitimacy? Will the establishment Tories learn to accept gays as a viable part of the society they were elected to represent? One can only hope.

In time perhaps this era will be looked upon as the age of hopeless witchhunts similar to the McCarthy era. In the meantime, the press must be convinced of our need for fair treatment. In the meantime mean-spirited politicians must resign.



Roy McMurtry

Doug Broman

# Adventure

REACH FOR THE TOP.....  
by Paul

Using the accomplishments of friends as a source of inspiration during difficult periods, both personal and public, is not an uncommon occurrence.

No better an example than Pat Morrow can be found to illustrate this point. Morrow reached a goal few others in the world have, or that are even willing to dream of attempting.

But first let's take a moment to fill in a couple of details: Pat Morrow, a 28 year-old photographer, grew up in Kimberley, B. C. Married and a father of one, Morrow had the respect of the community as a reporter for the local newspaper.

One day in 1975 that respect disappeared, however. Pat Morrow emerged from the closet, separated from his wife and son and lived openly as a gay man. That act in itself took a great amount of courage considering Kimberley has a population of about 9,000, mostly miners.

Once informed of Pat's decision, the Thomson owned paper that employed him decided that his services were no longer required. Which, for a variety of reasons,

The 1982 Ascent of Everest.



By Canadians. For Canada.

didn't bother Morrow.

He began freelancing in Calgary and Kimberley to help pay for his seeming addiction to skiing and rock climbing. The country around Kimberley affords ample opportunity to pursue both.

That he took almost every one of those opportunities is not surprising. He would need the experience.

You see, Pat Morrow was the second Canadian to reach the peak of Mount Everest, as part of the Canadian Everest Team, in September of 1982.



## Understanding is a key

I have always been afraid of coming out in strong, exclusive favour of any issue. Not that I don't support political and social issues with conviction because I do. I just hate to say, "This is it and shall be so forevermore."

I can think of a plethora of issues to which I muster varying degrees of outspokenness but there are few, perhaps none upon which my views are static. As an example, if I were to realize that unions in their present manifestation do not serve the needs and aspirations of their membership, and I to support them unequivocally because I am a union member? I think not, rather my stance on the status of unions should be open to alteration, amendment or modification to keep it abreast of current labour developments. Similarly, a progressive attitude like this may be transposed to many issues: to the gay movement, to education, to politics and indeed to all facets

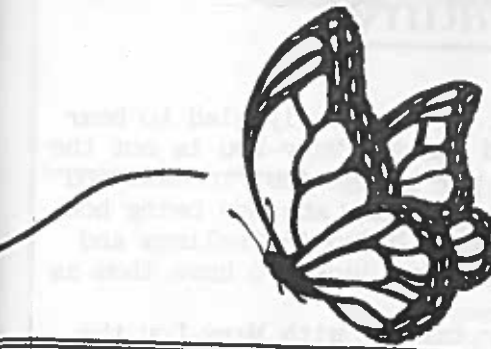
of life's continuum.

It is important, perhaps for all of us, not to be confined or restricted by static beliefs and assertions. Specifically as members of an activist movement we as gays must not confine and restrict ourselves within a narrow framework of gayness. It is essential that we be open and willing to move with the society which seeks to oppress and change us.

I do not for a moment suggest that we assimilate; perhaps we can integrate. Is this indeed not what we ask: equal rights and an equal voice as much as any other group of our size and credibility?

Perhaps I say nothing new? Perhaps objectively is more prevalent than I suggest though of this I am not yet convinced. As much as Lawrence tells us we must be open to others (straight) and their constructive suggestions.

Is it too much to ask of ourselves



and others that we be accepted and understood? I think, no, I know it is not. All understanding takes is an open mind, some conviction and a little consideration. We must not condemn nor be condemned, by ourselves or by others but we must make effort to accept and be accepted. Perhaps the most important part of our pride, gay or otherwise is its measure of humility: this we must consider.

I believe we must exchange rather than deny ideas. I suggest we all walk softly but walk; that we speak softly yet be heard. If we go on with life in peace, we may be surprised how easily we become enveloped by life itself. Understanding is a key, it can be the pivot of our continued existence and is vital to our increased recognition.

G. W. Clarke

forum



At the last meeting of the general membership it was decided to re-activate the committee to examine the formation of a Community Centre. Idle since the disappointing search held over a year ago, the new committee has dusted off the original proposal and will be discussing the various avenues open to the group.

A proposed community centre would house GTB offices, a dance area, provide meeting space and a private area to operate the phoneline.

It is expected that the committee will report its initial report early in January. It will report its initial findings in early January. Members of the committee are David Belrose, George Clarke, Lawrence and Doug Broman.

## GEORGE, a coming out feature

My first "coming out" experience was not more than two weeks from this writing. I was talking to a very dear friend and relative from Toronto when she pressed me on why I was travelling to North Bay late in November. At first I hedged but then I thought, "it's now or never" and simply told her that I was going to a meeting of the Steering Committee of CGRO. After explaining that CGRO is the Coalition for Gay Rights in Ontario, an umbrella group of gay organizations in the province, there was a bit of a pause then; no hysterics, no abrupt "well listen, I've got to go"; just the same old Mary-Lou wanting to know, caring and listening. We talked for quite a time - about gays in general, my involvement with GTB and about her contacts with gays as friends and work mates.

Mary-Lou works with the mentally retarded and as a result has a pretty well-adjusted attitude about people who are different or unconventional. She told me of her present work mate who is gay and that her job would be near to unbearable without him around - I gather from that remark that she accepts and understands.

I was not as much worried about Mary-Lou's reaction as I was about her husband's. Doug is a very well travelled and educated person but I wasn't sure that would override the traditional fears about homosexuality. Mary-Lou called back about a week ago and said she had talked with Doug and that as far as he was concerned our relationship had not

changed. I was really glad to hear that and knowing Mary-Lou is not the type to say things just to make you feel good, I knew she was being honest about both Doug's feelings and her own. I am lucky to have them as friends.

After talking with Mary-Lou the first time I thought I'd best give my younger sister a call and let her in on what was happening with me. I felt Vanda had the right to know, not only because she is my sister but because we had planned to meet in North Bay. I also thought that she and Mary-Lou might be able to help each other come to grips with my news. I sent Vanda a Special Delivery letter in the hopes she would get it by the end of the week and maybe get back to me over the weekend. After a week of no word I began to think, "so this is the way it's going to be, no forgiving, just stay out of my life".

It turned out she tried to call me a number of times with no luck, only getting through a couple of days ago. When Vanda called we talked for a long time, not about my letter or my gayness but just about the usual family-what's happening kind of stuff. After I hung up I thought, "shit, the ball is in her court" but I realized in a little while that her volley had been the call - that took a lot of caring and courage on her part.

Vanda and I will talk things over when we see each other next, of that  
(cont'd page 9 )

## FLAUNTING IT

Michael Sobota

*Winter is a tucking in  
time;  
A time when closeness is  
both sought out  
and forced upon us.  
It is not easy to live  
in this marginal land;  
yet we live here  
by choice.  
Let us be kind to one  
another.*

Novembre has brought us -20° weather before I was ready for it. This can be a cold city (region), both weatherwise and how we see, hear, touch each other. We are rushing towards the darkest day of the year.

The cold sometimes contributes to members of the community leaving. During this annual holiday period, this is even more true: some gay men and women leave the city, going to visit families elsewhere, tugged by the invisible urges of this particular deep-winter holiday that makes us want comfort, warmth, companionship, gifting, good cheer.

Others who have families here respond to the same urging, perhaps opening up and growing closer to parents, brothers and sisters, relatives. Perhaps this above all others is a preeminently warm, 'family' holiday (...and the weather

is not an insignificant factor...)

Some members of our community neither have families present nor chose to reinforce 'nuclear units'; some are alone at this time, while all around are sharing, gifting, touching.

Many of us can open our doors right now. Open them gayly, warmly, inviting in brothers and sisters in our gay community.

Let's make this a season of parties, open houses, maybe some organized caroling, some shared quiet conversations over hot cider in a restaurant or someone's front room, a celebration of ourselves with as much loving and caring as we are capable of.

Let us be kind to one another.

(cont'd from page 7 )

I'm sure. I now know my gayness is not a closed issue with her and I know we are still close. I'm not sure Vanda brought my letter up with her boyfriend but I suspect she did and wonder how he will react to me next time we meet.

I'm hesitant to visit Vanda and Sam now though, I mean our family scene is pretty complicated and I'm not sure that either one of us can cope with what has gone before and what my gayness means for the future. I expect Vanda, like a lot of my relations will be concerned about the family name, oh not socially but just about but just about its continuance. That is one guilt complex that goes a lot deeper than my gayness - I'll cross that bridge when I come to it.

All in all, I'm pleased with the way my "coming out" has gone with the immediate family, limited though that is right now. I'm optimistic and counting myself lucky once again.

#### TOUCHED TO THE POINT OF TEARS

The third response to my coming out has been perhaps the most moving for me. A letter arrived from old and dear friends in North Bay just yesterday, a reply to another I'd thundered off before my trip to North Bay. This was my first experience of coming out to a friend and I wondered if they would be as understanding as family - after all friendship is a matter of choice and I thought Ken and Debbie might

(cont'd page 21 )

*Opinions expressed in articles in Thunder Gay Magazine are those of the author and not necessarily the opinions of Gays of Thunder Bay.*

## Fisting NOT Felonious!!

An Ontario Provincial Court judge Thomas Mercer dismissed charges against nine members of the Body Politic's executive board and Pink Triangle Press in the first week of November. The charges were laid (with much fanfare and hooplah in the sensational Toronto press) in May following the publication of a story on Fisting - "Lust With a Very Proper Stranger".

Clayton Ruby, the BP's lawyer, successfully argued that the paper was protected by freedom-of-the-press provisions of the Charter of Rights and Freedoms.

Witnesses produced by Mr. Ruby included a Toronto doctor specializing in community medicine who testified the article served the public good by conveying useful information on how to conduct fisting safely.

Other witnesses claimed the BP to be of superb quality and that the article itself was within publication standards.

The BP still faces another appeal of charges arising from a 1977 article about sex between men and boys. Twice acquitted, the crown launched its second appeal in July.

Only one newspaper, the Globe & Mail, mentioned the acquittal in Toronto. (See Editorial - page 3).



# When You Want High Elegance Without The High Price...

Meet in High Elegance at the  
Ukrainian Labor Temple,  
203 Ogden Street on New Year's Eve.

Usual prices apply.

# Our stories

## RICHARD:

In the past year I have come out. I've won and lost at love. And I have achieved my career goal before expected. It's been a very special year.

It was one year ago at the 1981 Halloween social when I very nervously walked into the Labor Temple with my lover and college classmate Jesse. He had been out for a few months and now encouraged me to join the group.

Only able to stay a short time, I was very impressed by the large number of people at the social. More gays than I thought existed in Thunder Bay. I enjoyed myself and felt comfortable in a crowd for the first time in my life.

A lot has happened to me since then. And for some reason I remember the past year, all the good and bad, more clearly than any other year.

After the social I found I could make friends a lot easier because we had at least one thing in common. My previous feelings of being a loner fell by the wayside as I began to socialize more than ever.

This did cause conflicts, however. I still couldn't tell my family and some of my best straight friends couldn't even know. I still wonder if I really came out

if I couldn't tell them. I wanted to tell some of my friends on a few occasions but I was too scared.

Instead I had to keep quiet. Luckily I always was one for spending a night on the town by myself. It made for hassle free nights at "the bar" or at socials.

### A DEVASTATING ACCIDENT CHANGED JESSE'S LIFE

Jesse and I got closer. I guess because I was now associating with gay people. We found an apartment in which we shared Christmas and New Year's. Many good times were had there. Sharing of deep thoughts I could never share before. A true bond I never thought I'd experience. All of this was too good to be true.

The good times tragically came to an end in March. College ended and jobs sent us our separate ways. Also, a more devastating accident changed Jesse's life for good. Love lost.

I tried to carry on with other relationships since. But Jesse's hold on me must have been stronger than I realize because now I'm lost. Since he left I have not gone a day without affectionately thinking of him. But I try not to dwell on what was. I feel like

I'm one of the characters in a soap opera who after losing their spouse, swear they can never love again.

Unlike them, though, I keep saying: "I can love again."

Unfortunately, none of my relationships have lasted.

The hurt is deep and will take time to heal but I'm confident.

The past year also had many triumphs which have kept me going. My personal career goal was achieved ten years earlier than I could have expected.

A few months after Jesse's tragic departure, I lucked out and was hired as the News Director at a radio station out of town. So

here I sit, at work, writing and smiling on a year I thought I'd never recall. One in which I started out saying "here comes another boring 12 months - brace yourself."

I went to this year's Halloween social to celebrate a personal victory on a silent note. Not by indulging in alcohol. But by sitting and dancing with new acquaintances.

And today I look forward to next week when I turn 20. The start of a new year which will be better than the last. Hoping to meet someone I can love as much as Jesse.

With my enthusiasm and everyone's support I'm sure I can do it.

## HEROES:

by Jim

We honour our fellow man for so many reasons. Some are our idols and heroes, but what do they do?

War makes our heroes. We admire the people who fought and killed; we admire the people who taught them to kill; and we admire the people that started those wars so they could kill. What is the result? Our freedom. Could that

have been achieved any other way?

The little wars: wrestling, boxing, etc., are brought into our homes via television. The fighters are honoured. Dad soon buys his son a pair of boxing gloves. Does he learn to love this way?

Father beats mother in front of the children. Little Tommy

wants to be just like his daddy. He grows up to hit his wife and maybe his kids. Is this love?

That man on the T.V. programme last night killed a man. But we are told he is the hero of the story. So is he right?

People are scared of change. They are scared of love. Things have been happening the same way for so long, the wars, the killings, the beatings. This is nor-

mal. Which means love is abnormal. That must explain why gay people are not accepted. While others are fighting each other, we are hugging one another. While people worry about themselves, we are there to help each other and understand.

Perhaps we are abnormal. Wouldn't you rather hug your fellow than hit him?

I would.

## Clarence/Mike:

My name is Mike and this is a brief story of how me and my friend Clarence (Glen) feel.

Clarence and I suffer the same problem of being gay. We felt there were many other men in the world, both married and un-married, that suffer the same. We have chosen not to be pretenders any longer, that we would try to live our lives with a form of pride and dignity.

Coming out from a small town of 6,000 and moving into a city is one big step in our lives. We first heard of the GTB organization while looking in the newspaper and seeing: "Gayline - Call 345-8011". Well, anyway one day I decided to call and ask about this organization. After being told about this organization, Clarence and I became interested and happy knowing that there are men like ourselves out there.

We went to our first social which we enjoyed very much. At first, we felt nervous. We were afraid of being rejected but we weren't. The night of the social was interesting to us because we felt that certain feeling of not being stared at because of dancing with the same sex or kissing each other. We felt comfortable being with someone who understands how you feel.

We aren't ashamed of what we are or what we do with our lives. You see, it's something that means a great deal to you for what you are. Our sexual lives aren't serious when we have sex with other men; we enjoy it.

Clarence and I aren't lovers. We grew up together and we trust each other. We're just close friends. We are looking for a relationship with the right guy that would understand us, of how

we feel.

Clarence and I are looking forward to the next social and we would like to get involved in the organization, like going to

the meetings and meeting other people to discuss about gay life today.

We're glad we got this out of our chest about telling people how we feel.

## JEFF:

I think I've found a balance, a way to stay sane and still enjoy my gay sexuality. The sexual part of my life wasn't always as stable as it seems right now. I went through extremes and combinations of extremes of lovers, friends, and one-nighters, juggling all of them with the non-sexual aspects of my life.

When I came out to myself in college, I found a boyfriend. We were going to be lovers forever along the lines of the straight romances of the movies of the forties and fifties. Then I went to Chicago to work for the summer. We lasted for two weeks after I got back. Apparently he couldn't deal with the playing around he'd done while I was gone. I pretended I didn't know. I left anyway.

Having found the two gay bars in Superior (neighbour city to Duluth where I was attending university), I proceeded to join the gang and bang almost everybody who asked me. Of course, I didn't ask anyone myself for fear of rejection. I sel-

dom even asked anyone to dance. I screwed a lot even so.

Then I met my second love. Exclusivity didn't work. We talked about it. We were sophisticated and we related to each other. We shared our feelings. We tried to be open and honest and contemporary. We lied like hell. We tried an "open relationship". At 20 years old that mostly meant that I felt like shit when he was gone or had someone in his room and felt as bad or worse when I did the same. Slowly we became friends instead of lovers. Then acquaintances. Then I met #3 and left.

By this time I was getting tired of spending all my time either at work or at school. I was receptive to the demanding nature of an exclusive relationship, again, but this time with home-ownership thrown in to the deal. I gave and gave to the "us" that we developed. After 3½ years I succeeded in losing the "me". I had dropped out of school, dropped my friends, and almost dropped my family (who have been quietly su-

portive of my orientation and are important to me). I decided enough was enough, that it was time to get on with something more positive like getting a job or finishing my degree.

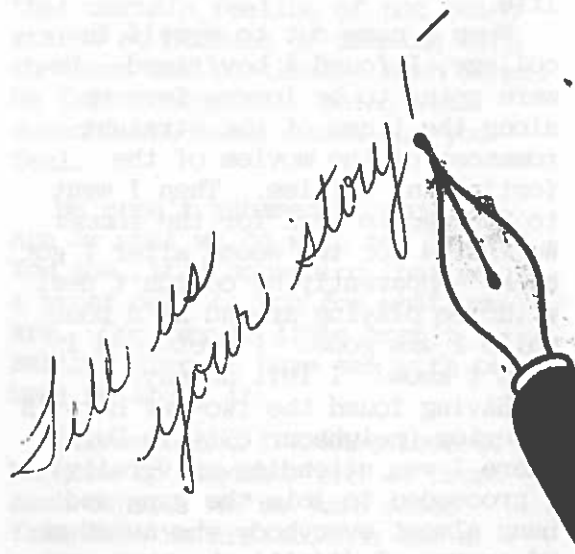
I left, again. I got the job. Then I met this guy. No pressure, no head trips, no sly manipulating. No games. Just simple affection, acceptance and space. And enough freedom for me to begin rebuilding myself, my interests, goals and friends. My friends were still there, waiting for me to re-surface. I'm making more friends in Minnesota and at GTB.

Besides my friends and my one special person, there is a third category of relationships with people that I call, "Friends Who Fuck." That is, a few special people with whom I'm intimate. I don't fuck everybody who asks me like I did when I was 19. My time is more precious and intimacy is more precious. There are other things that I can do and enjoy more than a good-to-mediocre fuck which I'll be thinking about the statistics concerning among short, 24 year old males with red beards.

So anyway, I have: one special person, friends and friends who fuck. My guy operates similarly with his relationships. We enjoy each other and still enjoy the occasional contrast of being intimate with other people. And neither one of us loses the important support of our groups of friends. When there is jealousy or fear we talk about it and trust enough to be honest. If one of us feels uncomfortable with the other going away for

a weekend with someone else, we work it out. When the power games aren't there it's amazingly easy to compromise and feel good about it. And when the tension and pressure are off, sex isn't such a big monster. It becomes ordinary and usual, and thus finds its place among the other areas of my life. It's still important, good, sometimes wonderful, but it doesn't consume me.

I hope this hasn't sounded preachy. I once heard that every gray hair represents one earned bit of wisdom. I know that's a bunch of crap but with only two gray hairs in my beard, my vanity lets me play with the idea. By the way, the second gray hair is for knowing that what I've said here is just my story and as "wisdom" it might only apply to myself and perhaps a few others. I hope that's what it's for.



Our stories

## Phoneline:



GTB's phoneline is both a link for the outside world into Thunder Bay's gay community, and an information service within our community. Arguably, our phoneline is perhaps the most important ongoing service GTB offers.

We are currently in need of more volunteers to fill the two evenings of 'live' service, and to share the workload with those regular dedicated people who have been working the line for a long time. Training is simple and straightforward. Only a few hours of your time are asked for, and time committed is only as much as you want to commit.

Your rewards are deeply personal ones: being able to give support to someone in real need, passing on information to someone new in town, helping expand positive awareness of our community.

## WHAT ABOUT THUNDER BAY?

In a number of communities there are Church Denominational &/or Non-Denominational Gay Groups.

### WHAT ABOUT THUNDER BAY!!!!

I'm sure there are those of the gay community here in Thunder Bay (and Northwestern Ontario, etc.) who may have an interest in the things of God. Perhaps you may be one of these interested people.

Or, you may not have as much interest in Spiritual matters as some may have, yet you have questions you'd like to have answered.

Do you believe it is time for people from the Thunder Bay gay community to begin a time of Christian Fellowship? I would like to see such a Fellowship begin here in the Thunder Bay Gay Community.

Therefore, I would be delighted to hear from you with your comments and questions, etc. I may be reached through the GTB office or by mail at P.O. Box 3294, Thunder Bay, Ontario P7B 5J8

Let's get involved now!!!!

Ray Barker

**THE  
BODY POLITIC  
FREE THE PRESS  
FUND**

Send donations to  
The Body Politic Free the Press Fund  
c/o Box 7288, Station A, Toronto, Ontario  
Canada M5W 1X9

Cheques payable to: Lynn King in Trust for TBP  
Information: (416) 577-4320

345-8011

## 2 poems by ggorji clayye

### THE WALL IS BUILDED OF YOUR IMAGES

The wall is builded of Your images

You make Your disguise of stone,  
each piece carved of some indomitable monolith,  
the pieces interwoven,  
not even the sweat of my prayers penetrates.  
Your mask is too great, my spirit too weak.

You, so all powering,  
retreat in this guise,  
hide while I am most in need.  
Must I seek you in images,  
resort to symbols for solace?

Oh God, would yet forsake me,  
when last I detect your presence?  
Ominous Mist, Dark Stranger,  
illusion or elusive allusion?  
What great shophar will defeat the walls around You?

### THE EBB BEGINS FROM DREAM

We are all like child in our minds,  
bound to some rock or fragrant petal,  
caressed by the misted spray of waterfall,  
drenched in youthful dreams.

The ebb begins from dream,  
we write at length the tales of youth  
as seen through the eyes of age,  
dream becomes a facade to reality.

I am stripped, torn from my garb,  
washed and pelted, drawn out to sea  
sucked in by the void,  
dream has vanished, reality now ebbs in the tide of mind.

### AN OPEN LETTER TO DONALD

My dear friend Donald  
Does anyone know who you are  
Does anyone know what you really think  
Does anyone know what you really want  
Will they ever find out

Dear Donald  
Do your friends know who you are  
Do they know what your daydreams are  
Do they know why you stand so close  
Will they ever find out

Dear Donald  
Does your mother know who you are  
Does she know who her son really is  
Did she know about those magazines in your closet  
Will she ever find out

Tell me Donald  
Do you know who you are  
Will you ever find out

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(cont'd from page 9 )

change their minds.

I was really moved by Ken's words, touched to the point of tears when I realized that my gayness was pretty difficult for them as well as for me. They had been confused, worried and caught up in the hypocrisies of modern openness opposed to traditional narrowness but they cared enough to write. Ken said they didn't know how I wanted them to react so they reacted the only way they could - with questions. There was no ridicule or hatred, just questions. Underlying everything Ken said, was his wondering. But his understanding was offered, and thankfully too, his respect.

What more could I ask, what better could they offer? With some strange irony the North Bay group (CHANB) is no more and the trip to North Bay is cancelled - but I remain "OUT".

I've been thrice lucky I guess. So far there have been no red-faced tantrums, no ravings and predictably no accolades. These though are only three tenuous steps in which I imagine is a long struggle uphill. My battle will never cease perhaps; perhaps by coming out of my self-imposed oppression I create an even larger oppression - but I still continue my trek.

#### FEWER LIES, LESS HIDING

What I've learned from my three initial steps and from my involvement with GTB is that there now exists a lot of understanding and support for

my expedition. Now, there are fewer lies and less hiding - there are friends and allies to give me comfort. The battle is no longer singular, it is collective. There those special few from GTB who have helped me, perhaps I can help others. What I've realized in my beginnings to come out, is that "being out" will always be a battle - victory may only mean the battle moves to new fronts.

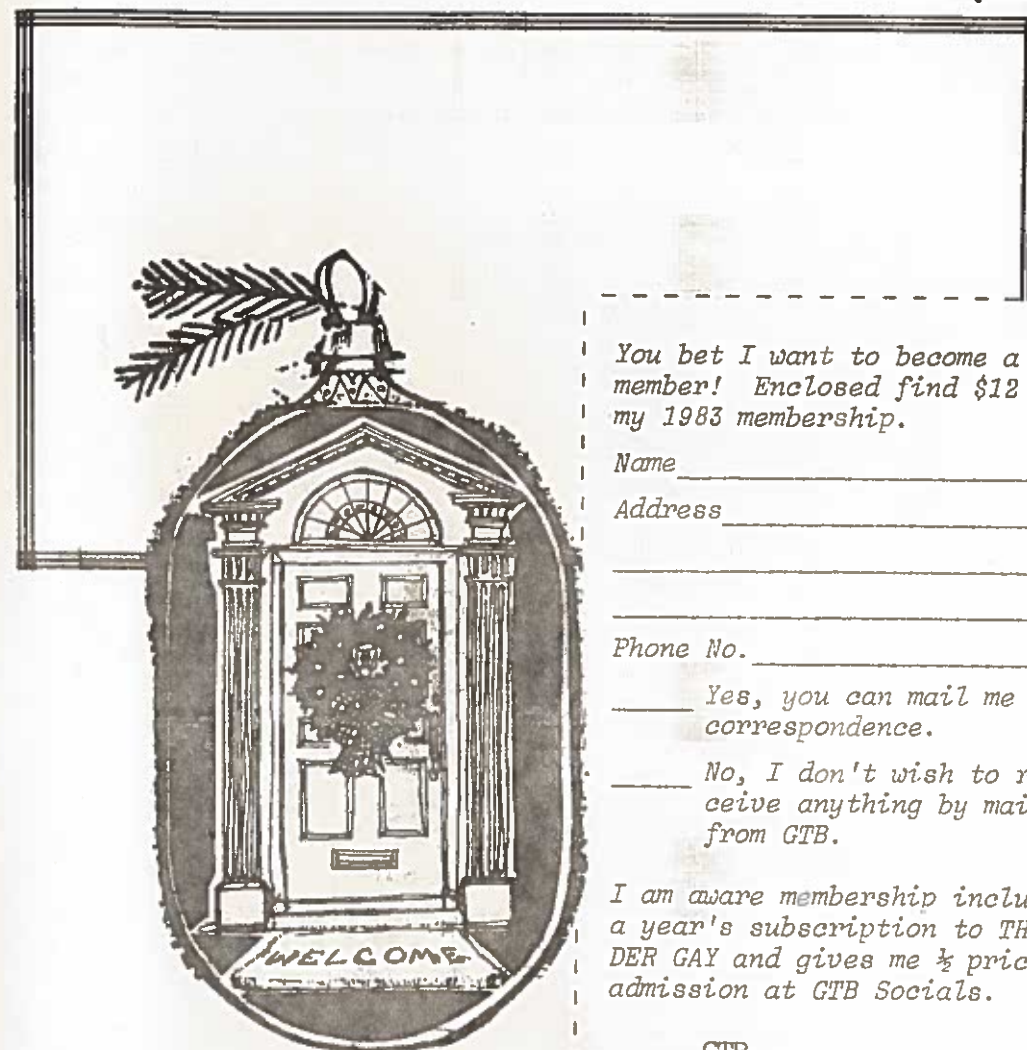
The greatest realization in all I have experienced to date as a gay man is that I am not alone - Michael, Doug, Ken and all of GTB are proof of that. Thanks for the helping hand guys!



#### CLASS TALKS INVIGORATING

Group spokespersons, Michael Sobota and David Belrose visited three classes at Confederation College the first week of November. The classes dealt with human sexuality, sociology and other related topics where homosexuality is discussed. Both Michael and David found the sessions invigorating. They reported that the students asked important and relevant questions.

Members wishing to attend a future talk are reminded to keep in touch with the group.



You bet I want to become a GTB member! Enclosed find \$12 for my 1983 membership.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Phone No. \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_ Yes, you can mail me GTB correspondence.

\_\_\_\_ No, I don't wish to receive anything by mail from GTB.

I am aware membership includes a year's subscription to THUNDER GAY and gives me ½ price admission at GTB Socials.

GTB  
P.O. Box 2155  
THUNDER BAY P, Ontario  
P9A 5E8

## **Gays of Thunder Bay**

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GAYS OF THUNDER BAY is an organization of lesbians and gay men from the Thunder Bay region.

OUR MAILING ADDRESS is: G.T.B.  
P.O. Box 2155  
Thunder Bay P, Ontario

OUR PHONELINE is open every Wednesday and Friday evenings from 7:30 to 9:30 pm. At other times a recording advises callers of activities. Reach the phoneline by dialing:

(807) 345.8011

All persons interested in the gay movement in this area are welcome to contact us with offers of help, donations and so on!

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**GTB**