

I KNOW YOU KNOW

lesbian views & news

An International Monthly Magazine

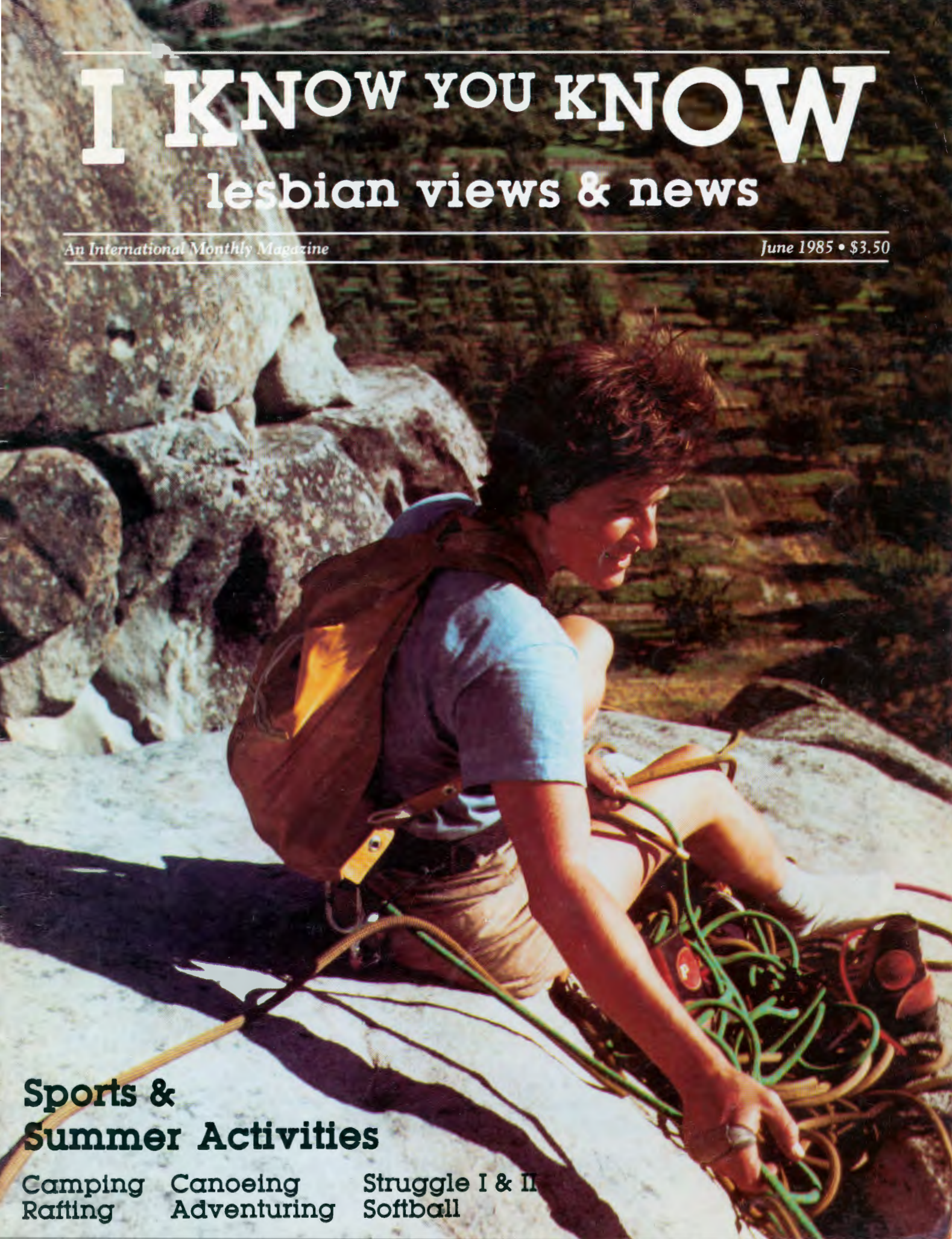
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Sports & Summer Activities

Camping
Rafting

Canoeing
Adventuring

Struggle I & II
Softball



Nancy Vogl



Photography by IRENE YOUNG

Look for this photo on Nancy's latest solo release
Something To Go On

See page 35 for interview

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Moms and Daughters Raft Trip

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Joyce at Pictured Rocks National Lakeshore

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as we travel throughout the United States

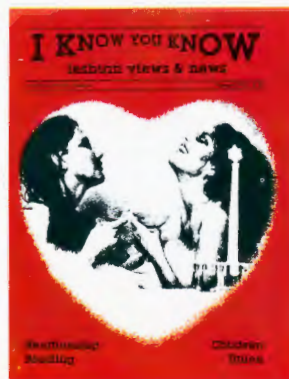
There is NO single state, city, town or county in the United States where our sisters can't be found — and now, at last, there is a magazine devoted to learning from the most interesting of them. A magazine written for lesbians by lesbians in their field. A magazine designed to meet lesbian needs not currently being filled by any one publication and to address the particular concerns of lesbians.

We called it *I KNOW YOU KNOW: lesbian views & news*. If you've been looking for good, solid newsstand-quality articles and features, I KNOW YOU KNOW is the logical magazine for you. One of the biggest parts of our job is to help you keep your career dreams and aspirations alive, to know there are those of us who share these dreams and have had them come true.

Our enthusiasm for the continuing quality of professional content, look and appeal goes well beyond that of any covert printed piece. I KNOW YOU KNOW is 'out' for you.

Many of us fashioned our grown lives in isolation without benefit of good, positive reinforcement of our beautiful lifestyle. I KNOW YOU KNOW reinforces the positive of 'youness' and alienates the offensive.

And we are networking throughout the United States to search out and present professional, high quality articles and features covering our past, present and future. I KNOW YOU KNOW (IKYK) is strictly a 'lifestyle' publication designed to help women get the most out of their lives.



I KNOW YOU KNOW

lesbian views & news

An International Monthly Magazine

June 1985

Volume 1 / Number 6



Photography by JUDITH NIEMI

Pingo Lake, Near Headwaters of Noatak River.

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• LETTERS •

Dear IKYK:

Another fine piece of work in your March issue. I particularly enjoyed the "WomanShare" — our "dream" is to build our own log home!! It's nice to hear about others with pioneer spirits!
— L&L-LA

Dear Editor:

I would like to question your choice of showing one couple in tux and gown for a ceremony. Why not several couples in gowns, tuxes, and any other combinations thereof? We are certainly more diversified, and should be depicted as such and certainly not stereotyped by ourselves.

— J.W. - NY

Dear J.W.,

The couple in the tux and gown were not placed in the magazine out of choice so much as availability. We just did not have photos of other types of ceremonies. We ran the photos of the traditional ceremony because we had them.
—ED.

Sisters:

Thank you *Women and The Land*. Tears ran down my face. What an important issue this is for me, and certainly a dream to search out.

I have written the two collectives featured about visiting. Why didn't you include more names and addresses for info? Please send me, or publish, as much info as you can. Michigan - Ohio - Maine - and all points in between and around!

Peace — Mary

Dear Mary,

In order to collate information from women who have gone through the process of obtaining and/or living on the land for the article entitle "Exodus" (Volume 1, Number 4, page 17), we sent out questionnaires. In soliciting their responses, we assured them of anonymity.

A helpful resource that we used to find women on the land was the Lesbian Connection, Directory of Land Groups, which you can obtain for \$2.00 from Ambitious Amazons, P.O. Box 811, East Lansing, MI 48823.

— ED.

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• OUR SELVES •

On Becoming

ADDICTIVE RELATIONSHIPS: RECOVERING Part 2 In this second of a two-part article on addictive relationships, we are going to explore the process of moving from an addictive process in a relationship to a place of recovery in that relationship. In other words, we'll be looking at ways in which a relationship that currently has addictive qualities can become a healthy and growthful one. Let us begin by briefly reviewing the definition as well as the characteristics of such a relationship. One way of defining an addiction is to see it as a fix, and the purpose of this fix is simply to distract us, to prevent us, from being present with ourselves and from being centered within ourselves. An addictive relationship, then, is one in which the relationship becomes more important than the two individuals within that relationship. Maintaining the relationship takes precedence over the growth of the persons involved, usually "taking on a life of its own."

Since we live in an addictive society — one in which we are taught to not feel, to not know what we know — each of us has developed many means of distracting ourselves.

The most familiar characteristics of an addictive relationship include denial, the illusion of control, dishonesty, the loss of personal integrity and morality, self-centeredness, confusion and chaos, and a lack of intimacy. Addictions are progressive, and these qualities can be seen as on a continuum.

Basic to recovery is the decision to *live!* Each of us has at least three choices: to die, to not live, and to live. Anne Wilson Schaef, author of both *Women's Reality* and an upcoming book on addictive relationships, clarifies these points by saying that ingestive addictions, e.g., alcohol, drugs, salt, sugar or caffeine, clearly are reflective of the decision to die. Addictions to work, money, sex, and relationships are "process addictions" and are a result of one's

decision to not live. Living, however, means honestly being with yourself, trusting yourself to feel all that you feel and know all that you know, without distracting yourself with any of these addictions. I'm sure you have known (or experienced?) someone who seems to come alive, to become more interesting, enthusiastic and energetic after moving out of a relationship. I'm reminded of a woman who emerged as a full human being after the death of her conservative and controlling husband. I knew her as the mother of a close friend, a quiet, shadowy, nondescript and dependent entity. As a widow, she learned to drive, became active socially, began visiting a health spa several times a week, and has become alive!

To recover, you must deal with the addiction first. In other words, you must move out of the state of denial and confront the dependency. The 12-step program of Alcoholics Anonymous is useful in this regard. Attendance at Al-Anon and/or the Adult Children of Alcoholics meetings is one way of supporting and enhancing your recovery program.

To move out of denial, it is not only imperative that your process be named, but that you begin to recognize and claim that you do have choices. That is, let yourself know what your feelings are, let yourself know what you know about yourself and your relationship. This may mean that you will probably need to begin dealing with such basic issues as your security needs, your need to be included and accepted. What often happens is that the security of the relationship becomes more important than your growth.

Recovery means making a shift, a significant change, in the system that we call the relationship. Making a system shift is not easy, but it is possible.

The first step is to recognize your need for control and then GIVE IT UP! This issue of control is a real

toughy: it is so subtle and insidious. We often don't know we're controlling since it's such a normal state for us. We are controlling, however, and the sooner we recognize it, the quicker we can get on the road to recovery.

We control ourselves by denying our feelings and thoughts, forgetting that we are, in fact, human. I heard someone say recently that we expect our cat to act like a cat, so why is it so hard for us to allow ourselves to act human?

Further, we attempt to control others in various and often very subtle ways. Under the guise of being helpful and/or reassuring, we often discount or abort the other's experience. How often have you been told or have you said, "Oh surely, you don't feel like that?" or "Don't feel that way." A seemingly reassuring gesture, such as stroking or patting someone who is experiencing her feelings deeply can be very distracting and prevent her from moving *all the way through her feelings*. Most of us are not only afraid of our own deep feelings, we are terrified of the other's. We don't know what to do in the presence of such feelings, and don't realize that it's not necessary to do anything.

It is important to remember we simply cannot *make* someone love us; love is a gift we give, and we choose to receive that gift of love or not.

You can recover only if you choose to give up this illusion of control. When you live in and trust your own process, you recognize you have no control and, more importantly, you have no need for it!

Getting honest is the second step in the recovery process. This means getting honest with yourself as well as with the other. Most of us are masters at conning ourselves so that we don't honestly know what we feel, think, or want. If we do know what we feel, we often are terrified of claiming it, for fear of how the other

Continued page 8

On Becoming (Continued)

will react. Yet the reality is that honesty demonstrates respect and love for yourself *and* others. Let's not confuse honesty with being judgmental. I've known folks who, in their effort to get honest, are quite free with their assessments of others but not of themselves. So, what we're talking about here is being clear about what you feel and think and want in the moment, and sharing that with the other.

The third step in the recovery process is reclaiming your own personal integrity. Claiming and nurturing your morality, values and sense of self is vital to this process, for without these qualities, a healthy relationship is impossible. Struggling with questions such as Who am I? What are my goals? What do I value? What is the meaning of my life? What do I believe? is part of the process of identifying your personal self. And nurturing this process requires a commitment to the self — time alone, time for meditation, and time for being with your God. In a non-addictive relationship, this greater relationship with the universe is enriched and you affirm what it is to be human and alive and growing.

Finally, risking intimacy is vital to the process of recovering from an addictive relationship. Intimacy is, of course, primary to a committed, healthy relationship and can be achieved only when the relationship is free from the distracting influence of the addictive process.

The characteristics of self-centeredness and chaos which are prevalent in addictive relationships will become unnecessary and irrelevant as the recovery process continues, for as each partner honors and respects herself and her own process, the relationship will grow and be healthy. In other words, as you respect yourself and stay with your own process, so you respect the other and have less need to control. And, *you* cannot be manipulated.

One final note: I see commitment as the same process as healing and living are. That is, the commitment to the relationship needs to be frequently evaluated and renewed. One couple I know makes choices about their relationship on a regular basis: choices to grow individually and together; choices to play together; choices to nurture and support both individual's spiritual growth. Another couple spends New Year's

Eve reviewing their year together and renewing their commitment for the coming year.

It is imperative to respect your partner's process, to really hear her, walk *with* her. Often we don't respect the other's process enough to give her the room to deal with her own issues; for some reason, we feel we can "do" her work better, which is, of course, unadulterated arrogance.

A healthy relationship is one in which each person is always letting go — letting go of trying to control or make the relationship work. And it's a process of always supporting the other person's letting go. In a society that supports addictive relationships, it is a tremendous challenge to have a healthy, non-addictive one.

—NANCY VAN ARSDALL JONES

Nancy is a feminist therapist in private practice, trained in Gestalt and process therapy and is a clinical member of the American Association for Marriage and Family Therapy. She has had over twenty years experience working with women.

Undifferentiation

C LONES; MIRROR IMAGES; paranoid; jealously possessive — terms like these are frequently used to describe what is viewed as maladjusted bonding in lesbian couples. While these terms undoubtedly express bias and homophobia, counselors Jo-Ann Krestan and Claudia S. Bepko have found fusion — undifferentiation or lack of separation between partners in a relationship — to be a common problem for the lesbian couples they see in therapy ("The problem of fusion in the lesbian relationship," *Family Process* 19:277-289, 1980). Relationship fusion, of course, is not only a homosexual issue. Maintaining individuality within the context of any intimate relationship is a balancing act. But Krestan and Bepko make the point that the societal forces which discourage fusion between partners

in a heterosexual marriage encourage it between lesbian partners.

A marriage commitment between a man and a woman establishes boundaries around their relationship. These socially accepted and recognized boundaries serve to constantly enforce the married couple's togetherness. While these boundaries can include restrictive role definitions, they do provide a reassuring security. Lesbian relationships may share the same monogamous commitments as marriages, but they rarely share the same social acceptance or recognition of boundaries. Families, coworkers, straight friends, and even lesbian friends frequently ignore, deny, or simply don't recognize the bonds between two women. The burden of holding the relationship together, therefore, becomes the lesbian couple's. Understood in the con-

text of societal forces exerting constant pressure to pull a relationship apart, fear of a partner's independence and a tendency to turn inward and become united against a hostile world can be seen as attempts to survive rather than as insecure desires to fuse.

Undifferentiation and lack of separateness cause problems in all relationships. With regard to fusion in lesbian couples, Krestan and Bepko's approach places responsibility where it belongs — on a hostile, homophobic society. Partners in fused lesbian couples do need to let each other go. Recognizing the craziness around them rather than blaming the craziness in themselves will make this possible.

— CONNIE MILLER

Spirituality

THE REBIRTH OF MATRIARCHY. There are many names for the Force we know to exist in our Universe, but the first used in every culture was Mother. The concept is basic: Women give birth; therefore the One who first gave birth to our Universe, the Creator, must be Female.

This truth was known in ancient societies by those peoples who lived in close harmony with the Earth and who were able to observe the ways of nature first hand. They saw woman as the head of the household, the creator and director of life's activities. Women were the creators of language, writing, animal husbandry, cities, and crafts such as weaving and pottery. They were held in reverence because, as the earthly representatives of the Goddess, they controlled the mysteries of birth, creation, and inventiveness. These societies, with a theological structure formulated around a Goddess and the temporal power held by women, were Matriarchal.

Matriarchal peoples viewed life differently than we of the patriarchal age have been taught to see. They saw themselves as having an intimate connection with all life, and thus sisters to the animals, plants, minerals, stars, moon and sun. As the Goddess resides in all things, thus all things become representatives of the Goddess. The women created Goddess representations (figurines and pictures) which embodied this idea — representations which depicted the virtues of all species: human; four-footed; winged; and standing. Symbolism which represented complex theological ideas was created. As the initiate became aware of one meaning of the symbol, new meanings began to unfold like the petals of a flower. These images were used for teaching, as well as the focus for worship.

All life was treated with reverence. Psychic communication channels which drew on the common force, the Goddess, were opened between the peoples. Matriarchal technologies, which drew on these psychic forces, were developed. Women

learned to heal using the Goddess power in the laying on of hands, as well as using the vibrations from plants and stones. They became skilled at divination (foreseeing the future), control of the elements (the weather, the tides and the winds), telepathy (mind talk), and telekinesis (movement of objects with the mind). These technologies enabled women to build cities, stone circles, and temples "without the use of tools" (as male historians have said), and also enabled them to replenish rather than deplete the Earth.

Life was centered around the Goddess religion, with all things dedicated to Her. Planting and harvesting were sacred ceremonies, while crafts were created with Her symbols decorating them. The Wicca, or wise women, of the village were consulted before major endeavors and their voices were a major influence in decisions.

Celebration of the seasonal cycles of Equinox and Solstice lead to a cyclic concept of life, with reincarnation seen as the ultimate cycle. Women were buried with red paint, to symbolize their rebirth into a new dimension.

Throughout history, there has been a close relationship between the sex of the Diety and the sex of those with political power. As the balance of power shifted from female to male, so did the sex of the Diety. Matriarchal societies became the victims of patriarchal invaders. The patriarchs deliberately obliterated all traces of Matriarchy and Goddess worship by raping and torturing leaders and priestesses, and destroying positive images of women, including Goddess representations. They then developed mythologies of human sacrifice to the Goddess, as women who refused to convert to new gods were killed and their bodies thrown at the feet of the Mother. Women began withholding their knowledge of the mysteries from their daughters in order to protect them, and thus began the oppression of women.

Today, for both political and spiritual reasons, Goddess worship (also known as Wicca or Witchcraft) is re-

emerging. The patriarchal concept that women do not have the innate ability to rule has kept women in an oppressed state. With a female Diety this is impossible. Imagine women raised to believe that the Supreme Being is in their image — and that each woman is Her Earthly Representative. Women with a belief that the Goddess resides in her have empowerment. They do not fear to take charge, to lead or to invent, because they know they are the essence of the Goddess.

Today, the absence of a positive image of women in our society has led those champions of patriarchy, the psychiatrists, to proclaim the acceptance of the Archetypal Female (the Goddess who lives in us) in order to cure the world's ills. They have (rightfully) come to the conclusion that the exclusion of positive female images in our culture has led to mental illness. They have concluded that we carry the image of this Archetypal Female inside of us (in our Collective Unconscious), and in order to achieve wellness, we must acknowledge her.

Women are reclaiming their Female Spirituality. They have found that She exists not only in our Collective Unconsciousness, but as a tangible force to those who will open to Her. Once the door has been opened, She flows through the worshipper to perform the magic practiced by the Witch (Wise Woman), bringing all of creation into balance and harmony with one another.

The women's religion of Wicca is now in the rebirth process. It is emerging into a new incarnation, reborn from the ashes of the Burning Times which culminated in the Inquisition. Women are reclaiming the legacy left by our Matriarchal Foremothers. They are studying the images and symbols which have survived, and are coming to a new understanding of the interrelationship of all life.

Wicca has always been an individualistic religion, with an acceptance of the idea that many paths may lead to the center (the Goddess). Therefore, many women who call themselves

Continued page 43

Hygeia's Comments

A MAN ARRIVED IN THE emergency room appearing rather disheveled and complaining of a stomach ache. X-rays revealed two metal crucifixes in his abdomen, and surgery was necessary to remove them. After an uneventful recovery, the man was released only to return several days later having eaten several more crucifixes! Only then, did it occur to the technically minded surgery resident that a psychiatric consultant might be in order. I tell this story because it epitomizes modern American medicine's approach to illness — mechanically sophisticated, yet often blind to the emotional factors involved. Thus, I see the face of a beaten woman. She is sutured with the finest plastic surgeon's techniques, but not referred to counseling. Nor is alcoholism treatment recommended for her husband.

One of the factors contributing to this situation is that medicine is a profession presently controlled by physicians, the majority of whom are male. Throughout medical school, this dominant mode of thinking is drilled into students. During the preclinical years, endless lectures are given on structure and function of various organs, changes which occur in disease and the effects of various drugs, but hardly anything is taught about emotions, counseling, and the role of social factors in illness.

Later, in the clinical years, the bias is not as subtle. I remember being sent to change a diabetic patient's bandage. She was elderly and, as a

complication of her diabetes, had become blind and lost all feeling in her foot where an ulcer had developed. While I scraped the ulcer clean, she told me how miserable she was, living alone and unable to see. I was interested in her story and stayed longer than I normally would have. When I reported back to my resident, hopeful that we might get social services to see her, he complained about how slow I had been and let me know he considered this lady a bother. I got the message and lost the courage to ask for further help.

Another factor in the type of care delivered hinges on what society will pay for. Counseling an adolescent on birth control or running a support group for people who are kicking the smoking habit aren't considered to be worth much, but thousands of dollars will be paid for the delivery and care of that teenager's premature infant or the palliative treatment of the smoker's lung tumor. When a well-defined procedure is performed to treat an obvious physical illness, the public is much more willing to pay than when some ill defined future problem is averted by "nebulous" techniques such as counseling.

Another influence on the practice of medicine has been the development, over the past forty years, of many powerful drugs and complex surgical techniques with which to fight disease. The excitement over these has drawn attention away from simple things such as prevention, which ironically still offers the best results.

No matter how skillfully the beaten woman's face is repaired, the results will never match what averting the whole episode might have done. Counseling begun when she was seen in the emergency room the time before with only bruises may have prevented the more serious injuries. Similarly, the results of coronary artery bypass surgery aren't as good as simply preventing the problem in the first place — eating a prudent diet, not smoking, getting reasonable exercise. Nor does the artificial heart offer the recipients nearly the ability to pursue an active, healthy life that prevention of the

heart failure could have, by control of blood pressure, not smoking and a low-fat diet.

As the practice of medicine has become more complex, not only have physicians overlooked prevention, but they have become less able to deal with death. The ability to extend life with ventilators, dialysis for kidney failure, and assist pumps for the heart has developed without a concomitant willingness to reflect on whether such interventions are really in the patient's best interest, or whether individuals whose mind has ceased to function or whose prognosis is dismal should simply be allowed to die peacefully. Interestingly, a recent study showed physicians ranked above average in fear of death. The death of a patient is often experienced as a failure by the physician who feels pride in his power to heroically rescue critically ill people. Obviously, these attitudes limit a doctor's ability to discuss death with the patient and her family.

Some steps designed to address the emotional needs of patients, have already been taken over the past ten years. Hospices have been established for the terminally ill, which offer the patient a choice regarding where their remaining days are spent and what medical treatment they want. Biofeedback techniques to help chronic pain sufferers relax and gain control of their symptoms have been developed. The medical community has come to recognize the tremendous support that Alcoholics Anonymous and similar programs offer the recovering addict. Behavior modification weight loss programs are being started. Diet programs, such as the Pritikin, designed to prevent heart disease and other health problems are receiving more publicity. As more women enter medicine, this trend toward a more humane and integrated approach to treatment of the mind and body will continue.

— DIANA SAGE, M.D.

Diana graduated from medical school in 1978, completed a residency and is board certified in Family Practice and has worked in Emergency Medicine for three years.

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Parent's Viewpoint

NOT FOR PARENTS ONLY. Adolescence is a difficult time for many teenagers, and so our daughter's continual conflict seemed to us simply to be an excessive case of puberty's storm and stress. Jeanne's conflict was compounded by the fact that she was keeping a volatile secret, and I believe she was asking for our help without realizing it.

Unfortunately, I only had questions, not answers. She was an avid reader, but I wondered why she was reading a book called *Sappho Was a Right-On Woman*. I chalked up her interest in lesbianism to the inquiring mind of our extremely intelligent daughter. She talked about two girls at her school who were caught in a sexual relationship, but again I had only the unasked question, "What were they doing?"

Her father and I were troubled by her mood swings, and wondered about her trips to the library. How could she come home so "up" from a trip to the library, or did she really go to the library? She was keeping up with school and a job, so we ruled out drugs as an answer. All we had were questions. Now I know that a kind librarian understood what she was searching for and guided her reading.

Although she never dated, we didn't think this was so unusual. She had the combined family traits of independence and aloofness, so we knew only an extraordinary young man could ever get close to her. Extraordinary young men don't come along too often, and besides, we were in no hurry.

By this time she was holding down a full-time job, was a successful college student, and was becoming an award-winning writer, but we still knew something was wrong. We explained the difficulty to ourselves as stemming from the fact that she was a sixteen-year-old college freshman in conflict between the privileges due a college freshman and restrictions set on a sixteen-year-old. When I got up courage enough to discuss it with one of my church's leaders, I wanted human reassurance, not her advice to say The 23rd Psalm every day, inserting Jeanne's name. I wanted her to tell me that Jeanne was all right, it was just a phase, not to worry, or some *answer*.

Perhaps it did help, though, because eventually I figured out what the problem was. She didn't have to come out of the closet to us; I dragged her out. Her relationship with Hilary made things clear to me. The questions I asked her seemed almost a relief to both of us. We talked and cried as we'd never been able to before.

The only thing I was certain about at this point was that I loved Jeanne with all my heart. Once I knew, my husband had to know too. He loved his daughter. That was the starting point toward acceptance for us both.

John's only concern was his daughter's safety and well-being. He knew a life lived contrary to society's

dictates was a life lived at risk. I'm not sure he ever told her in words, but he showed her that she had all the love and security he could give her. He advised her that he felt there was some security in education. Unlike me, Jeanne's father never asked what we had done wrong.

Traditionally, mothers get the blame for all of their children's problems, and I began the soul-searching process of assigning blame. Are the sins of the mother visited upon the daughter? I had made some mistakes during my own adolescence. Was Jeanne paying for them? Was it my fault? Would she be physically hurt? Wouldn't she always be lonely? Wouldn't her life be extremely difficult? Would it begin to show?

We heard of young gays being threatened with blackmail, but we assured Jeanne this could never be a threat to her. The people who were important to her knew and this has been her strategy ever since. She neither advertises nor denies the truth.

Just as Jeanne looked to books for answers, so did I. I learned as she had by reading many of the same books. She gave me a copy of *Consenting Adult* which is a wonderful book about parents whose son tells them he is gay, and their struggle toward acceptance. It helped. Many of my questions were the same as theirs, and reading how they found answers helped.

I also read the research. This was not new or perverse, but a fact of life throughout history. Ten percent of the population has always been homosexual. People may be more open about it in some areas, but the percentage remains fairly constant. I thought "one in ten" — in a theatre, in a store, on the train, everywhere — "one in ten." I began to look and wonder. It somehow comforted me.

We all arrived at the decision that counseling might help. Later I realized Jeanne went to help us, because she had no trouble accepting herself. The counselor assured me that homosexuality is not an illness, a sin, or the mother's fault. At this time, I wanted desperately to believe, but it took some time for me to be sure she was right. Jeanne tested our love a few more times, and life smoothed out to where we almost sighed and said, "Oh that's all it was?"

One of the most difficult parts for me to work through was the religious aspect. How did God feel about Jeanne? Though she doesn't practice any religion, Jeanne has a deep faith in a higher power and concern for her fellow human beings. If she sees someone on the street without gloves, she gives away hers. That should've been answer enough, but there have been times when it helped to talk to my minister.

At the time all this was going on, we met a young professor, a warm, caring person. Getting to know her was a real pleasure for us, and when we learned that she was a lesbian, we were overjoyed that Jeanne had such a positive role model. As I became more aware, I realized that I knew and respected several other women

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• DOLLARS AND SENSE •

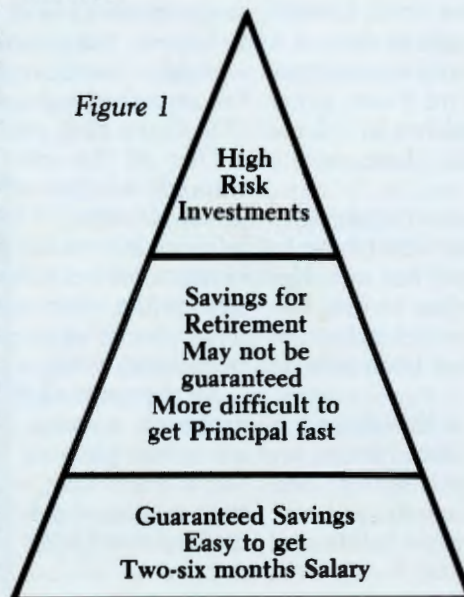
Financial

WHEN YOU HEAR the word "investments" do you automatically think \$\$\$\$\$? Does the color green flash before your eyes? Do you envision mansions, limousines and yachts? Then perhaps we had best define investments. Investments are expenditures of money that reap benefits beyond the cost of the investment. Another way to say it is that an investment is any purchase or expenditure of money for anything from which you receive cash at some later date greater than that which you invested. Therefore, education is considered an investment since you can presumably obtain a greater income from your investment than without the education. Depreciable or consumable items are normally not an investment. Thus food, clothing, magazines and cars are not considered investments *unless* you happen to be in the business of selling these items to someone else. Then these consumable items are a part of your inventory and purchased for a low price and sold for a higher price — an investment.

It is also important to understand that investments do not necessarily equate with wealth or prosperity. Investments are categorized by their risk, and the higher the risk, the greater the potential for great returns and great losses. Prosperity, on the other hand, has to do with focusing our faith on Universal Love. A Love that promises to provide every material need we may have. It is an unconditional promise with no risk that reaps enormous dividends according to our faith. No person becomes prosperous without using this fundamental principle of material completeness. It's just that it's so simple that most of us fail to use it. And although it is simple, it is not easy to do. And it cannot be done half-heartedly. Prosperity comes to those who focus their faith in Universal Love as the provider for ALL material matters of life, and then talk, think and act out of that "knowing."

Investments can best be understood by using a giant triangle as you'll see in Figure 1. The primary goal should be to have sufficient savings in an easily accessible savings account such as with a bank or credit union. This savings account should equal from 2 to 6 months of your take home salary before any other type of savings or investment program is considered. The reason for this is that almost all other types of investments are not readily accessible. And if you need some cash in a hurry, you'll not likely be able to get at your investment cash in less than a week to a month, and even then may have to take a substantial interest loss for the privilege of cashing in early. Thus, a substantial amount of savings should be placed in an institution that guarantees the cash, such as a bank. How much is "substantial" depends upon you and your lifestyle and the amount of money you feel comfortable having in savings. One client continued to place her car payment into her savings account so that all future cars were purchased with cash. Other clients maintain 4 months take-home pay plus the total of non-monthly expenses for the year, such as car insurance and Christmas gifts. The final amount should be an amount that you feel is sufficient for your individual circumstances.

Figure 1



The second section of the triangle represents long term savings for retirement. This will include insurance, pension programs, IRA accounts, Keogh plans, and Social Security payments — virtually any monetary receipts from any source that will be yours at retirement. How much money should be placed in this area? Let me show you how to make the calculation for yourself with this example. Luann started working 12 years ago in a position paying her \$9,000 per year. Today, she is making \$40,000 per year. To make a very simple estimate of what she can expect to be making at her retirement age 17 years from now, we need to add her average salary increase history onto the 17 years of the future.

\$40,000 Current salary
 - 9,000 Starting salary

 31,000 Increase in salary

If we divide \$31,000 by 12 years of working history, we find that Luann's salary has increased an average of \$2,583.33 per year. Therefore, if we increase her current salary of \$40,000 per year by \$2,583.33 per year until her age of retirement, her salary at retirement can be expected to be in the neighborhood of \$83,916.66.

\$ 2,583.33 Average annual increase in salary
 x 17 Years until retirement

 \$43,916.66 Anticipated increase in salary

\$40,000.00 Current salary
 +43,916.66 Anticipated increase in salary

 \$83,916.66 Anticipated salary at retirement

Often people don't believe that they will be making this much money at retirement and thus don't have to make such large contributions to their savings for retirement. But if you doubt a large increase in salary in the future, make the above quick and simple calculation based on *your* starting salary vs. your current salary. This simple calculation regarding your an-

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Sports & Summer Activities

Camping Canoeing Struggle I & II
Rafting Adventuring Softball



Camping

THE DAYS ARE GETTING longer, the sun is getting stronger, and it's time again for all happy campers to stop fantasizing and start realizing plans for summer. "Camping" these days can mean a twenty-day survival march across the Great Basin or sipping gin and tonics to the symphony of droning generators in a landscaped parking lot full of Winnebagos and Silver Streaks. Somewhere within this spectrum are the ways in which most of us go "camping."

Just where and how you go is a barometer of your comfort-deprivation level and how much you believe or not believe in the seeming securities offered by the modern mechanized world. With my wide-open-spaces Western chauvinism, I assume women go camping for the same reasons I do — to spend some quality time alone or with close friends without societal intrusion, rekindling and maintaining a primal relationship with our home planet

Earth, all the while having a little high adventure and some kind of fun. There is a satisfaction in the westerly drift of the sun and the articulate "silence" of the wind in the trees.

Bad roads make good wilderness; all trips can be planned based upon this premise. No matter where you go, a vehicle will be taking you there, even if it is to a trailhead or jump-off place for some back country hike or river trip. Many novice campers or those with children, bad knees, or an umbilical attachment to their car or truck have no desire to don the pack or lade the raft. Yet, they still crave the uncrowded time and space of wilderness experience. Car camping (not to be confused with Kamping, a sociological phenomenon involving retired persons living in their recreational vehicles) is a suitable compromise. The more adventurous take the bad roads, creeping along at ten miles an hour dodging rocks in the roadbed, sometimes fording streams. The worse the road, the less the traffic, a fact which must be weighed for both its positive and negative possibilities. High adventure is somehow

less appealing fifty miles down a dirt track with two flats and one spare. Always leave home with your vehicle in good repair, and be aware of its limitations, as well as yours as a driver. A broken down vehicle anywhere is an infringement of your freedom. An emergency road kit can downgrade a crisis into a meaningful learning opportunity. A shovel, two 3-ft. long 2" x 6" boards, basic tools, a can of Fix-a-Flat, pieces of water and gas hoses and clamps, and extra fuses, fuel filter, fan belt, etc., may come in handy if you are far away from help.

Of course, it is possible to take a camping trip and never leave the paved road. A tour of the major national parks can all be done on asphalt; days can be spent out day hiking in relative isolation before returning to the urbanity of a park service campground complete with telephones, showers and flush toilets. The compromise in terms of privacy and isolation is quite acceptable in light of the scenic grandeur of most of American national parks, and is more digestible to the purist when she realizes that all those folks have

basically come out of the same motivation of getting "away."

The style in which you camp determines what you take. You are not likely to be carrying along lawn chairs on a climb of Mt. McKinley, but if you're like me, a purist reformed and mellowed by encroaching infirmities, you might use them on a float down the Middle Fork of the Salmon or a truck tour of Utah's incredible canyons. Food, water, and shelter will be necessities everywhere. Backpacking food is lightweight and compact, thereby eliminating most fresh foods. A cooler can keep caviar and champagne, if you've room for it. A campstove is a necessity almost everywhere. If you're in a pinch for space and weight, there are many small gasoline stoves which weigh less than a pound. A traditional Coleman stove is easy to operate and suitable for car camping. Although fires are allowed in many areas, adequate firewood is sometimes a problem; overcamped areas are renowned for the mutilation of green trees for yards around. A small saw and/or hatchet can be useful in splitting or sawing large pieces of downfall.

Water is usually available at Park Service and Forest Service campgrounds. However, if you are traveling off the pavement, then always carry a few extra gallons or know where there is a source of potable water. Almost all water sources in the mountainous West have been contaminated by the bacteria giardia, a nasty little critter which can cause severe dysentery in humans. The only surefire method of purification is boiling the water. Some iodine water purifiers do work, but being safe rather than sorry is a good way to approach the problem. Although those mountain streams look clean, they may be carrying the amoeba, which has even spread to some water sources for Forest Service campgrounds. Five gallon water containers can be filled periodically and carried along easily. If you are hiking, then collapsible water containers will make it easier to gather enough water to purify a gallon at a time.

Your shelter varies in importance with your environment. Tarps will suffice in the back country for shelter from the rain. A tent is desirable for privacy in camp-

grounds, as well as a refuge from insects in midsummer. Pickup campers are very popular among women who treasure good beds and the ease of packing. Good back country tents cost upwards to four hundred dollars; a car camping special can often be found for forty or fifty. A pickup with camper costs...but may be worth it.

Nothing stirs the imagination like things that go bump in the night, especially if you're sleeping under the stars in bear country. Actual encounters with wildlife are really relatively rare. Some areas, such as Glacier National Park and Yellowstone National Park, have repeated incidents of fatal encounters between grizzly bears and people. Much publicized for their ferocity, grizzly bears have been said to be unpredictable, especially those who have been exposed to the refuse piles of human civilization. It is a good idea to inquire about local bear conditions and follow guidelines for camping in such areas. However, throughout most of the United States, bear encounters are almost unheard of. More troublesome are chipmunks and ground squirrels who have acquired a taste for Oreos and potato chips. These overfed rodents lose their cuteness when they brazenly eat their way into tents, packs, and plastic bags, especially in the Southwest where they are the carriers of bubonic plague.

Most wild animals, including rattlesnakes, will run when encountering humans. Even so, it should be remembered that some large animals

such as moose, elk, and deer may charge if their territory has been threatened. Buffalo in Yellowstone National Park have accounted for more injuries than bears. Cats prowl and coyotes howl at night, but their prey does not walk on two legs.

Probably, and regrettably, a more immediate concern is other humans. Every national park is plastered with signs warning of impending thefts, and park rangers complain that they are no longer anything but police officers. Precautions for personal safety should be followed, just as at home. Most people you will meet are friendly and helpful.

In the past few years, more women have been traveling the back country, and more than a few of them argue the advisability of packing a pistol. This is a highly volatile question which should be examined closely by the lesbian community as a whole, an issue which deserves a forum that will explore all the implications. As with urban life, women have to remain aware, not threatened, while claiming wild space. Leave an itinerary of your trip with someone at home, and check in periodically.

Whether you are off to a local state park for a weekend or on a month-long journey Out West or Back East, take time to be there once you arrive. And don't forget your camera.

Happy Trails.

— MARY HUMPHREY

Mary has owned and managed Artemis Wilderness Tours in Taos, NM since 1977.



Rafting

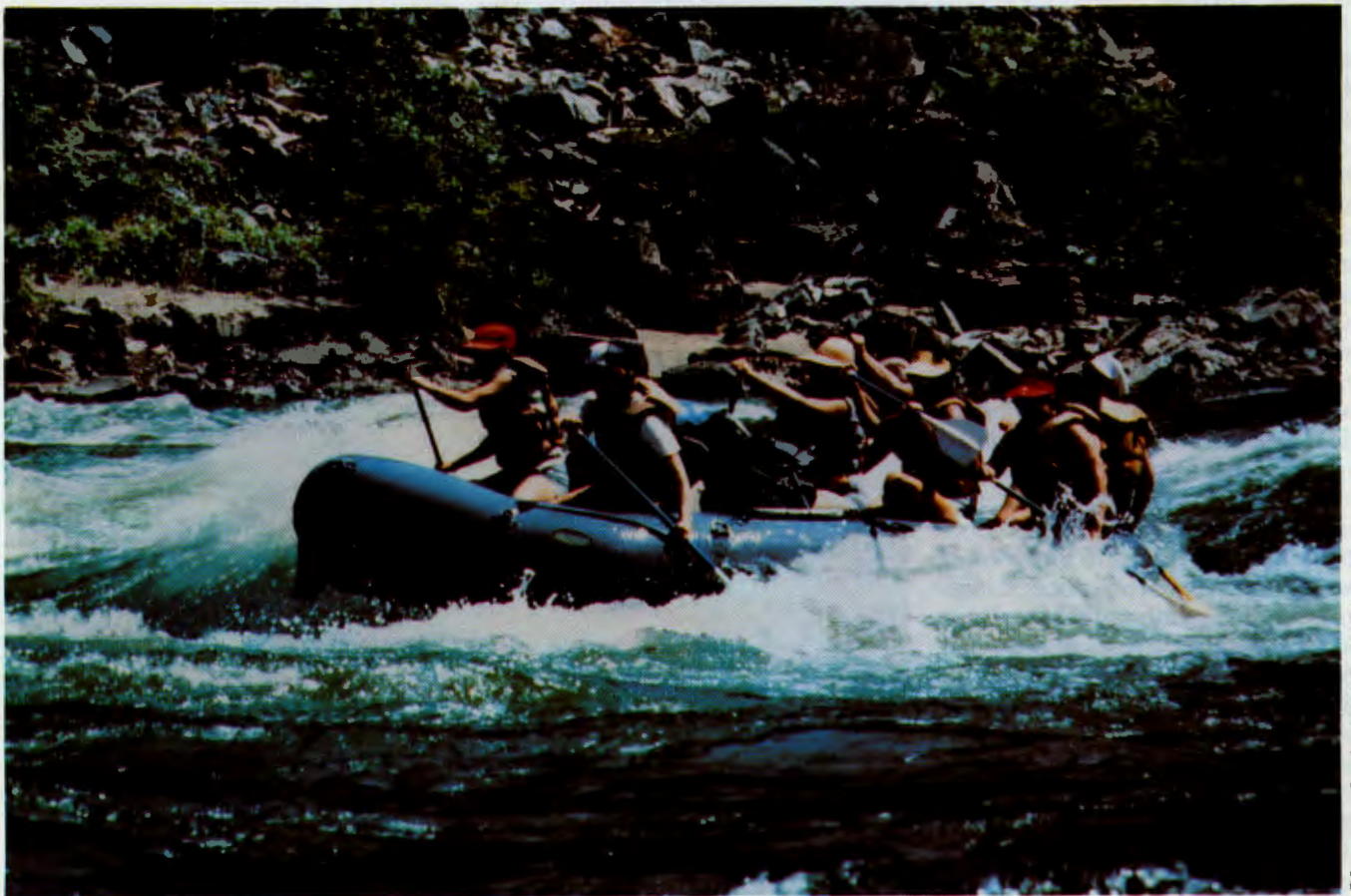
RIVER RAFTING ADVENTURES: Good Times, Good Tans, and Something More. It's been a warm, easygoing day on the river. We were lucky enough to see a river otter flashing its underside at us before disappearing into a mass of bubbles in an eddy behind a rock. Two four-foot-tall great blue herons were spotted nesting in an old grey snag near shore. Camp is just one more rapid downstream. Rene, a bank teller from San Francisco, has been in my boat all day. She has expressed interest in captaining through this rapid, House Rock Falls. It was named for the house-size rock at its bottom which the river flows into and around, and is one of the more difficult to navigate. Rene has had some previous experience calling out the commands — right turn, left turn, backpaddle, forward, and stop — that are needed to maneuver the six of us, all with paddles, through the rapids. I can see that it is important to her to try it, so we agree as

Photography by WILD WOMEN



Jean at Rainy Falls, Rogue River

*“I have discovered
several things about
people and adventure.”*



Photography by WILD WOMEN

Rafting in Rogue River

a group to let her have a go. We pull over to shore upstream of the rapid, get out of the boat, and scout it. Rene can see the rocks, waves, and holes (white frothy turbulences caused by rocks deeper below the surface) that she needs to guide us past for a smooth run. One of the crew members points out that we get a little break in the middle of the rapid before we all have to "paddle like hell" to miss House Rock at the bottom. After drawing out our run with a stick on the sandy beach, we jump back in the boat, fasten our life-jackets and grab our paddles. While we are climbing in, Rene leans over and confides in me that she's glad I'm going to take over if anything goes wrong. I lean even closer to her and confide that often by the time something has gone wrong there isn't much of an opportunity for me to do anything about it. I sense she begins to feel the responsibility of getting us through without mishap. She becomes more serious.

With excitement in the air, and adrenalin fueling us, everyone tightens their grip on their paddles. With Rene's first command "BACKPADDLE," the boat lunges away from shore into the deeper water of midstream. As we enter the top of the rapid, we drop into the deep green V-shaped tongue, and the speed picks up. Rene yells out, louder, "FORWARD!" That's great, I think to myself, she's really going to go for it. We manage to get through the top section of the rapid and take advantage of the brief break in the middle to laugh and spit the river back out of our mouths. Meanwhile, the constantly moving water has brought us closer to House Rock.

Just about the time everyone notices the hazard, Rene yells, "I can't do it! I can't do this thing!"

I flash my well-worn, I-know-you-can-do-it face, cross my fingers, and turn straight ahead with paddle at the ready for her next command. Time seems to stop as House Rock looms ahead. I wait as long as I possibly can and just as I open my mouth to take over, Rene yells, "RIGHT TURN" then "FORWARD" and we surge past House Rock, paddling like crazy to the quiet pool beyond. We are all exuberant, especially Rene, and while congratulating ourselves, bail water out

of the boat. The river is calm now, no need for paddles. We let the gurgling current take us smoothly past the shoreline grasses while we lie back on the raft's tubes, letting the hot sun calm us and dry our bodies.

That night, stuffed with a well-deserved meal and lolling about the campfire, Rene turns to me, saying, "The next time I am absolutely *positive* I can't do something, that will be my signal to try."

What is all this excitement about river adventures lately? Why would anyone deliberately put themselves in a situation that can involve hard work and uncomfortable conditions — being wet, cold, hungry and tired? Situations that always include some degree of fear, from zingy rushes of adrenalin-induced excitement to the plaintive wail, "Why did I ever want to do this?"

I have discovered several things about people and adventure. One is that you can't just sit around waiting for adventure to happen to you. It won't. Adventure has to be sought out these days.

Another discovery is that after we have been on an adventure, we don't really long for that particular experience. What we want is what we were like while experiencing it. And finally, you really can take back to your day-to-day life what you found so incredible out there in the wilderness — a better understanding of yourself.

All of us have our limits or perceived limits. Rene had felt that she had met one of them and was ready to give up. But something inside her rose to the occasion to prove herself wrong, and she gave the right command just in time to get us through the rapid. For her, the river adventure was more than just fun. She gained something that cannot be lost. By putting herself in a challenging situation and *meeting* it, her personal rewards were a renewed sense of self-confidence with a clearer understanding of what she is truly capable of in a stressful situation.

So yes, I'll admit it, you do sometimes get wet, cold, hungry and tired on a river adventure. But your chances are pretty good that if you want, you can take home something more than a good tan and wet tenies.

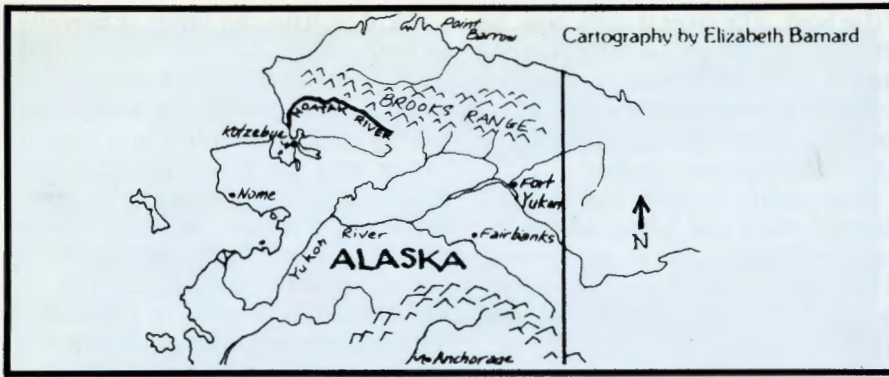
—DIANE STRACHAN/
CHRISTIANSSEN

Diane has been guiding and instructing outdoor adventures — rafting, rock climbing, backpacking and sea kayaking — for nearly 13 years. Long ago, she walked the length of California and that was her motivation for entering the adventure-guiding field. She presently works for Turtle River Rafting Company in Mt. Shasta, California, where she has led groups ranging from high-risk teenagers to U.S. Senators, from geologists to prison guards, from schoolteachers to Millionaires Under 30 clubs.



Paddle boat crew

Photography by TURTLE RIVER



Canoeing

CANOING THE NOATAK RIVER: "It's Awesome." I've always dreamed of going on a wilderness trip... off into the wilds, where my skills, endurance and common sense (remember how they used to use the word "fortitude"?) would be tested. I grew to know I would go someday, and that when I did it would be with women only. Men always take over and control.

I have lived as a city person except for several glorious summers at camp when I was young. (I'll be 50 this summer.) I only daydreamed of living on the frontier or doing adventurous things. I lived with lots of fears. My life has been spent raising four children in urban settings (mostly as a single parent) and working hard just doing day-to-day survival. As my three older children grew up and moved out on their own I began to have time to get to learn about me.

Three years ago I went to New York alone and stayed on the floor of a friend of a friend's house and wandered all over the city. I then went to Washington, D.C., did civil disobedience at the Pentagon, and was arrested, sent to jail and had to face my claustrophobia and terror I'd go "crazy."

Two years ago I filled my backpack, flew to Europe with my lover, slept on trains, walked and walked for eight weeks and learned lots — including a new sense of my limits of endurance.

Last summer I went on the Noatak River arctic wilderness trip with seven other women I didn't know. I wanted a feminist experience. I wanted an intense physical challenge. (I had been working for a year to get in shape.) I wanted real

wilderness (none of this phone or train available a few miles away). I wanted the eight of us to bond. To get so close and tight with each other that we would always be connected. I wanted nothing superficial — every thing and every interaction to be real. I wanted adventure! I've played it safe for so many years. At this juncture in my life I'm going for it — the gusto!

I got a whole new level of knowledge and understanding of me. It was the most intense confrontation with myself I've yet had. I got to know and understand on varying levels each of the women. It didn't always work out the way I wanted — we never did bond as a group, but I came to appreciate the uniqueness and strength of each woman.

I got a wonderful feminist experience. There were no rules laid out. We agreed to let our bodies, the river and the weather guide us when to rest and when to be on the water. (However, we generally managed to be on the water when the arctic wind was strongest.) Also no watch for three weeks.

We agreed to disturb the environment as little as possible. To bury and scatter all signs of a fire, to let no soap or garbage in the river. We agreed to do what needed to be done, and to try to accommodate different individual needs. We agreed to eat the best of what was available (so we didn't have to ration food) and we ate wonderfully! Our guides, Judith Niemi and Denise Mitten, led in the most unassuming, non-directive ways. They were wonderful role models and spiritual guides — wise wimmin!

I got everything I expected in the arctic and more: it was cold and overcast and rainy 19 out of 22 days. My back got stiff and ached, my fingers split from helping to haul 1,200

pounds of gear plus boats up and down the banks every time we stopped for any length of time. The awesome feeling of laying into the paddling when the headwinds were fierce. The quiet presence of animals everywhere, the delicacy of the flowers, the colors and sounds of the birds, the most incredible silence, the variety of rocks, the impossibility of running on the bumpy tundra. The intensity of feeling so alive that all my senses were fine-tuned not to miss anything. And suddenly getting a clear awareness that this was woman's land and feeling the goddess' presence. The sound of silt hitting the hull, learning to chart where we were by the sightings and map readings, the depth of the sky, the wonderful plentiful blueberries, the ever-present willow that always let us start a fire even when wet.

The terror at being "frozen" on the side of a shale mountain and unable to move up or down (it seemed forever until, with Judith's gentle help, I could take a breath and continue). The scare when the flooded river wiped out the eddies and we weren't sure if, or where, we could stop. The pure ecstasy of going through some rapids and almost losing it, but putting it all together and coming out just fine! That moment when after 370 miles of paddling and floating this river, I saw that village of Noatak and, feeling relief and sadness, knew it was all over — I did it!

It was difficult to come back to work, family and friends. Life here in Seattle didn't seem *real*, or to matter much. I spent a couple of months walking around saying, "What's the purpose — what does my life have to do with anything?" A part of me will always be there, and that's the wonder of it. I can close my eyes or read my journal and be there again...

— CARYL WEAVER

Caryl Weaver was one of six women who joined two Woodswomen guides on a Noatak River trip. The Noatak flows through the Brooks Range, entering the Arctic Ocean near Kotzebue. Its valley, largely contained within Gates of the Arctic and Noatak National Parks, is the largest unchanged-by-humans river system on the continent. This article was originally published in Woodswomen News, Spring/Summer, 1984.

Adventuring

WILD WOMEN TAKE ADVENTURE IN STRIDE. The six women hunkered in a circle beside the narrow mountain trail. They'd risen early, gulped a quick breakfast of hot corncakes, honey and herbal tea and repacked their 35-pound backpacks. A dozen miles of trail through Oregon's Strawberry Mountain Wilderness stretched ahead. After a day's layover near the mountain's 9,038-foot summit, they were eager to get moving.

They were also frightened.

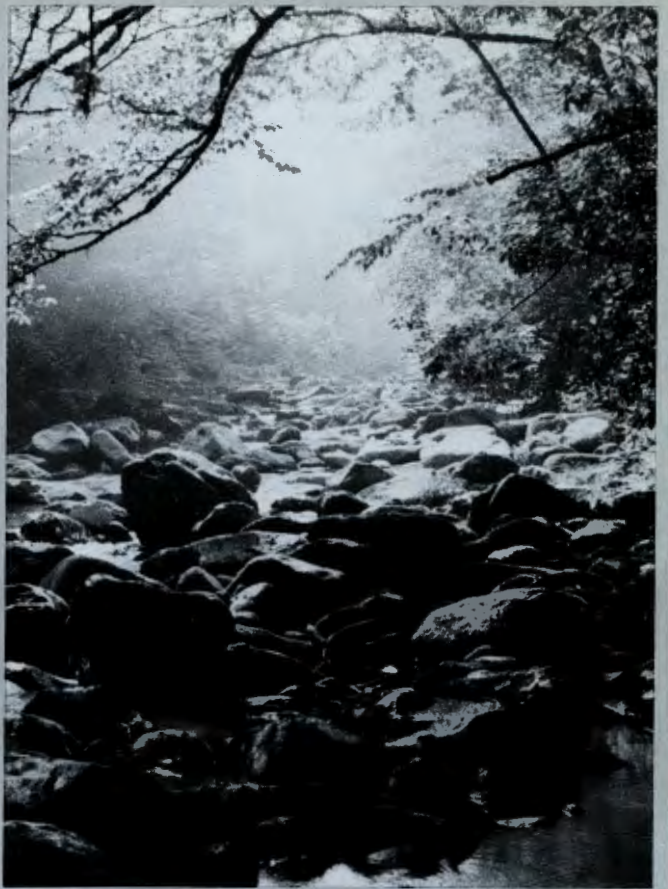
From where they crouched, the women could see the rugged trail arch over a saddle between two ridges and disappear beneath a nearly vertical field of grey crusted snow, emerging near a stand of Douglas firs a half-mile downslope. To the group's five novice hikers, the snowfield looked impassable. They were sure that one false step on its icy, granular surface would send them hurtling down the mountainside into the massive granite boulders strewn below. Their fears were not unfounded. On the first day of their hike, one of them had slipped on a much smaller ice patch and tumbled several yards downhill, pack and all. The fall had left her with a wrenched knee and an utter terror of crossing the snow that had survived the August heat and lay in slick, sporadic patches across the trail.

So the women squatted, debating: Should they try to traverse the snow? Should they do as their leader suggested — throw their packs down the hill, use their sleeping-bag pads as toboggans and slide down? Or should they turn back, retrace the scant three miles they'd covered so far and give up the whole trip?

Whatever they did, they agreed, they would do it together. Strangers when they had started the trek, with no more in common than a tentative yearning for adventure, they had already become an interdependent company of women. Some might be wishing they'd never embarked on this trip, but there was no way they were splitting up. They weren't all sure they liked each other — but they knew they needed each other.

Interdependence. It's the one thing that holds constant with outdoor group adventures, whether it's a leisurely bicycle tour through Oregon's lush wine country or a strenuous, thrilling raft trip down one of the Northwest's challenging wild rivers. Whether they're skilled outdoorswomen or rank novices who've never hiked anywhere but on the city sidewalks, the women who share these adventures come home with new knowledge about trust, self-confidence and companionship.

Wild Women Adventures, the offspring of Wilderness Women, is an outdoor education business launched four years ago by two Oregon women, Jean Ella and Jule (CQ) Wind. It concentrates on "getting women into the wilderness — and bringing out the wildness in women," as Wind puts it.



Photography by L. JAN HUNT

Among the hundreds of women who have embarked on Wild Women Adventures have been:

A 73-year-old woman who had climbed mountains for years before stopping when she reached 50 because she thought herself too old. She wanted one last climb before she died — but came back from the trip planning to help lead similar hikes for other aged women.

A young, delinquent woman whose mother talked her into coming on a mother-daughter rafting trip. Barely speaking to her mother or other rafters when the trip began, she refused to ride in the boat carrying more experienced oarswomen and insisted on going it alone in a small, one-woman craft. At every rapids, the girl fell in the water. "The river was teaching her a lesson," Wind recalls. "By the end of the trip, she and her mother were close and talking about things I don't think they'd ever discussed."

A 300-pound ex-junkie, streetwise and tough, who reluctantly joined one hike at a friend's urging. At first suspicious and tense, her anger melted under the rigors of the trail as she learned to rely on a group of strangers. By the trip's end, she didn't want to leave the mountain or her new companions — and she'd developed a powerful crush on Wind, the group's leader.

Special trips have also been organized for handicapped women. All costs are on a sliding scale based on ability to pay.

Continued page 20

Adventuring (Continued)

One of the real riches of this program is that it brings together women of different lifestyles," says Wild. "We are woman-centered. It's not our purpose to bring women 'out' — but if it happens, who am I to complain?"

Crushes aren't unusual, nor are more binding romances. Many lesbians are attracted to the women-only nature of the Wild Women trips, which are promoted heavily among women's communities in the West. Most trips wind up with a mix of gay and straight women; however unlikely the combination, each group always seems to develop the same strong bonds.

Outdoor adventures empower women and help them find the skills and confidence they need to survive and thrive in the wilderness. The intent, as Wild describes it, is not merely to broaden women's recreational opportunities. "I am totally and utterly committed to changing the world through a feminist revolution," she says matter-of-factly. "We need to find a spiritual connection with the earth and with others that enables us to do the work we have to do."

An amazing sense of trust develops among those who are adventuring together — trust that is unrelated to class, race, age or any of the other measuring points many people use in their everyday lives. One participant, an avid rock climber, puts it this way: "Would I want to be on the other end of a rope from that woman?"

The wilderness teaches women to trust themselves, too, especially if they've spent little time outdoors.

They soon discover that common sense is common sense, whether you're trying to survive a big-city office or trying to get your shelter pitched before night falls on a lonely Idaho river bank.

There's plenty of time for fun: giggling like kids around a campfire's dying embers, rubbing the knots of a hard day's climb out of another camper's shoulders, learning to yodel or spot wild birds, splashing off the trail dust in an icy mountain lake — and singing, lots of singing. Women remember girlhood camping songs they'd forgotten they ever knew, and share them on the trail or around the fire: "Be careful what you lean on/It may not hold you up,/Or lean freely/And be prepared to make an art of falling."

Oh — those five women who were hesitating by the snowfield on Strawberry Mountain? After a long debate — and some tears — they decided to grit their teeth and slide down the hill. Their excited shrieks on the way down echoed off the mountain. "I think I just had an orgasm!" one of them laughed as she slid safely to a stop, arms and legs sprawling. "Can we go back up and do it again?"

— PAT KIGHT

Pat Kight is a 35-year-old Oregon newspaper reporter and freelance writer who normally leads a pretty sedentary life, but "found" the wilderness as a member of the Fat Women's hike sponsored by Wild Women Adventures. Now she's raring to go rafting.



Photography by L. JAN HUNT

Struggle I

THE STRUGGLE OF WOMEN IN SPORTS. Women athletes are taken for granted today, as they participate in nearly every sport. But the history of women in sports is filled with the constant battle to not only participate and win, but also to overcome the prejudices and ridicule that surfaced when women sought to join athletic competition.

Women have always been interested in sports and competition, but for centuries their vim, vigor and enthusiasm was funneled into watching, not participating. There were a few women along the way who dared take a step forward, but they were queens and above reproach. In the 16th century, Mary, Queen of Scots, was perhaps the first woman to take up golf. Queen Elizabeth of England (1558-1603) was another who dared conduct herself according to her own wishes, and she devoted herself to hunting and to greyhound racing. Anne, Queen of England, (1702-1714) was a horsewoman, and her tremendous influence in the field of horseracing is felt even today.

Sports were considered "unladylike" and detrimental to a woman's beauty as well as her gracefulness. After Anne, there was a long lull in women in sports because this prejudice became overpowering in England and in the Americas. Finally, in the 1880s, a few women took up the sport of lawn tennis, although they did so with apparent shame.

Swimming is thought to be the first sport in which modern women competed, although in the Olympic Games of 1900, women also competed in lawn tennis.

Soon after, some truly pioneer women began to surface with their stubborn attempts to break down the walls of personal prejudice in the sporting world — prejudice by both men and women. Eleonora Sears, a Boston society girl, amazed everyone at the turn of the century with her sensational exploits in many sports, including tennis, golf, canoeing, swimming, yachting, distance walking, horseback riding and polo. She paved the way for women, demonstrating that a well-bred woman

could participate in sports and still retain her charm, dignity, and appeal to the opposite sex. She ignored old-fashioned ideas and shocked the onlookers with her daring adventures. She delighted in fighting alone against the odds, and in conquering all the restrictions that had held women back for generations. She was quite a woman in every respect.

Sears blazed the trail by playing "men's games." When she took up tennis, she was not ashamed to play to win. She had youth and power and she used them, and she didn't care what anyone thought. She shocked the English polo club by donning a jacket and trousers and joining the men on the field to play. She was ordered off the field, but she had made headlines and history. Of course, some women's groups also condemned her, but she ignored them and went on wearing trousers. She participated in one man's sport after another, conquering and winning. She challenged men to boat and automobile racing, but none would accept her challenge.

Eleonora Sears had no trainers or teachers. She was a natural, possessing innate ability in sports. Her spirit and enthusiasm continues to be an inspiration to women who seek to excel in sports today. It took women like Sears — leaders, path-finders, trail-blazers — to break down the barriers, to mark and show the way.

There were other such leaders, women like Annette Kellerman of Australia, and, perhaps the greatest all-round woman athlete, Mildred (Babe) Didrikson Zaharias. While in

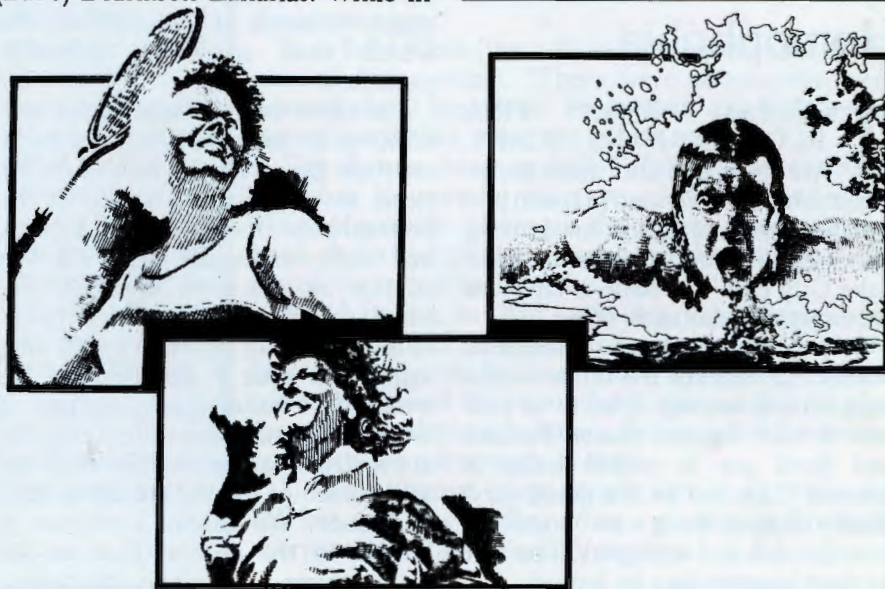
amateur athletics, she entered 634 contests and won 632. During the 1932 Olympic Games in Los Angeles, she broke the world record for high jumping, but was disqualified for using what was called the "Texas roll" and denied the record. Jean Shiley was given the award instead.

Another outstanding woman athlete was English-born May Sutton Bundy. She was the youngest woman to gain a world title at Wimbledon. The first American woman winner was Maureen Connolly in 1951.

Women in sports have come a long way from peeking through holes in the walls at the Olympic Games. Now they compete and they win. It is the individual spirit that creates the atmosphere that *is* sports — and that spirit is blind to gender. Women like Sears and Zaharias opened the trail that enables their modern sisters to take this oath: "We swear that we will take part in the Olympic Games in loyal competition, respecting the regulations which govern them and desirous of participating in them in the true spirit of sportsmanship for the honor of our country and for the glory of sport."

—LINDA PARKS

Linda is editor and publisher of Woman to Woman. She has been published widely and contributes regularly to Small Business Women's Newsletter, Ambush and Sports-world. Her first novel, Just Hold Me, will be released soon.



Struggle II

STRICTLY AN OPINION: SOME CLOSETS HAVE LOUD METAL DOORS! Homophobia is deadly for women's athletic programs. External invalidation and internal fear of ourselves thwarts our growth and robs us, and others, of our true potential. To be all that I am, I cannot hide an integral part of my being. To be my best, I cannot exclude a part of myself. I do not believe we need to preface every moment of our lives with the statement, "I am a Lesbian!" It is my belief that we need to stop denying it, that we live — instead of need to announce — our sexuality. Denial through self-deprecation, fear of ourselves, and invalidation of our sisters is self-destruction based on homophobia.

Obviously the primary motive for our self-denial in athletics is no different from why we hide in every other segment of our world — the non-acceptance and strong disapproval of the men who run the system. The impact, however, is more profound in athletics because of the large number of lesbians operating in such a male-dominated, strictly male-controlled environment. Sadly, it is not enough for women to support women; we get caught up in defining our success based on the approval, hence legitimacy, of the white male system. So entrenched are our fears of "getting caught," that homophobia has the ever-ready whistle clenched between its teeth at all times.

I believe homophobia is equally destructive to the overall potential of athletes, coaches and administrators. Operating within the confines of the homophobic arena, we have invalidation and lack of pride for our parameters. The abject disapproval from the boys acts itself out through self-disdain and disapproval of each other and we become active participants in that divisive conspiracy of silence!

For example, if a team sport program has an "image problem" (that is, they look like strong women, not like ladies) and/or the coach gets involved with a player (a

frequent occurrence, which, in my personal view, is a misuse of power — or one might say, lack of power), athletic administrators are likely to squirm and either do away with the coach and/or cancel the entire program, as has happened on both coasts the past few years. Newly-hired coaches and staff in reinstated programs of the sort I mentioned above are only too clear about the unspoken rules of the game. They gratefully accept the "pretend-there-are-no-lesbians-here" role for which they have been honorably, and very carefully, selected. The administrators, with their message silently and clearly conveyed, rest easy again, all illusions in place!

These Deny Who You Are games perpetuate the political and social homophobia. The coach, in particular, who many times is a lesbian, is a strong role model for the athlete, who again, is probably a lesbian. But what the young woman sees and absorbs is the negativeness of the lesbian lifestyle while she watches and learns how to continue the sexuality deception. All of this equals a lack of pride and self esteem, which affects her totality — her potential! Young women, often struggling through their coming out years, are denied a strong, proud support system because of cautious, game-weary, closeted, often dangerously homophobic role models. The straight athlete must view this homophobia as negative, adopt it as a value system, and never have a chance to have any understanding of lesbianism in a social or political context. The lesbian and straight athletes then have one thing in common — homophobia.

Guessing who is and who isn't a lesbian becomes a fun game for dinner parties and dorm rooms, and makes for great discussions years later when, in a more open (secure) environment, we find out who actually knew about whom and who even knew this one or that one's lover. (The conspiracy of silence gives a certain status to good guessers!)

An enormous amount of negative energy is poured into the great cover-up. The women who aren't les-

Homophobia

THE PAM PARSONS - TINA BUCK ISSUE IS SCARY.

We must face and share the indignation of two women (a coach and a player) going to prison for denying they were dancing together in a Salt Lake City bar! The issue is far more encompassing for each of us.

The punishment of these two women far exceeds the crime — the *stated* crime, anyway. I fail to be convinced that the real reason Parsons and Buck are in prison today is because they lied to the grand jury! More likely, it is an issue of homophobia and misogyny. The fact is, these women may be lesbians — a

major violation of social mores, for which they are being properly punished!

For these two women, whose sexuality is an issue, we need not focus on their discretion, or lack of it. We need, instead, to be alarmed at the homophobic mentality of society, and sadly, especially our own. We cannot be our own enemies. We must view this as more than a threat. It is a direct hit on each of us, and, again, the issue is not whether we would have handled any segment of what Parsons did any differently. We are foolish if we believe this does not affect each of us. We are being served notice. We cannot continue to believe in the illusion that we are safe because it wasn't us *this* time.

Obviously, all of the facts are not known nor presented. What is at issue here, however, is the politics of sexuality and misogyny!

So, Pam Parsons, right or wrong, files a \$75 million libel suit against *Sports Illustrated* because the magazine printed an article which contended that she was involved with one of her players. Parsons and Tina Buck (the player) end up serving four months of a three-year perjury sentence. The three-year sentence was suspended to four months on the condition "they continue psychiatric evaluation and treatment upon their release."

Psychiatric evaluation and treatment for perjury? I'll bet not!

— FLORIDA READER

biens struggle with the stigma, and the high percentage who are utilize denial. As Sonia Johnson points out, energy is energy, no matter whether positive or negative. When it's used, it's used. If we use it up on negativity, we have no more energy with which to change.

Our lives as women are governed by what we are allowed to be in this white male system. And just as we are grateful if we die not having been raped, as lesbians we are often grateful if we live our work lives not having been discovered! How well we each know the varied forms of punishment for system non-compliance. We must pay appropriate homage to the boys — the ones in control of our scholarships, facilities, pay checks and playgrounds. If we deny our own lesbianism and degrade it in our sisters, we can then live with the illusion of "passing" and be properly grateful for our miniscule piece of the athletic pie. As we stuff ourselves with this invalidation, however, we are also shoving our true potential deep inside.

As closet lesbians we are, in fact, very effective administrators, winning coaches and outstanding athletes. By freeing ourselves of society's homophobic limitations, I believe we can be excellent and empower each other with excellence. Open acceptance of ourselves and others is a powerful tool, and one that releases our totalness — our excellence.

Where does it start? It starts with each one of us — not her, not them, but you, me. As singer-songwriter Margie Adams says, "We are the ones we have been waiting for!" It is important that when one of us does risk, we support her, rather than hide hoping to remain unscathed and therefore allowed to keep our careers intact for a while longer. I call this guilt by dissociation. It is an enormous risk to be open, and it is very sad to then look around and find no one there for support. I contend it is more risky to be silent.

We must recognize ourselves. We must recognize each other. Our individual responsibility to accept ourselves and each other is essential. We must be open with ourselves and with each other. Pride in ourselves is paramount to group strength. We can GO FOR IT without cryptic fears about our sexuality robbing us of our potential and our excellence, and we can get it with great personal pride. We must eventually come to terms with ourselves to be all that we are, and we are the ones to do it. We give permission to other women to be open and honest when we grant that permission to ourselves. Through honesty *with* others we allow honest *from* others.

To paraphrase feminist theorist, Charlotte Bunch, women are not free to be anything until we are free to be lesbians.

We need to stop slamming the locker door so hard we hear it echoing down the hall for the next 20 years.

— CAROL

Carol is a 39-year-old freelance writer with a degree in journalism. She spent six years in sports information at a major university on the East Coast.

Softball

THWAP. A MARCH SUN SHINES BRIGHTLY. The sky is an aching, cloudless blue. There's a slight breeze. It's perfect softball weather.

Thwap. The ball lands in a webbed leather pocket.

"All right! All right!"

"You're looking good!"

"Great catch!"

The Naiad Press softball team is practicing for the upcoming season, its fourth. The setting is Tallahassee's Messer Field, but it could be just about anywhere. "What it boils down to," as one player puts it, "is a bunch of lesbians playing softball."

But there are subtle differences.

"If it's not a lesbian feminist team," says sponsor Barbara Grier of Naiad Press, "then I'm wasting my money. The one thing we're not going to do is allow this team to go back into the closet."

Not everyone feels totally comfortable with that, of course. But it would be difficult for the enlightened observer to mistake the appearances and behavior of these women for the typical.

"There are all sorts of famous pictures of men running across the diamond after a spectacular play and into each other's arms," points out Grier. "People on the team don't have to be lesbian, just willing to say they are."

"We don't care if people in the stands are saying, 'Those girls are lesbians,'" says "PQ," the team manager. "They don't know for sure, unless they follow Paula and me home. . . and then they'd *really* know."

"There's people I work with who wouldn't care if they knew I was gay. But there's one or two I'd worry about."

"I think my office might die," says Paula, a state worker.

Naiad Press's "out-of-closet" policy notwithstanding, its players don't all wish to be identified for this article. "Tallahassee is still," cautions one woman, "a small Southern town."

Says Julie Klein (the only remaining member of the original Naiad team), "There were people who were worried about their jobs. There were also people who weren't, and they made the others nervous."

The obvious things to do in Tallahassee are to attend school or to work for the state of Florida, and many Naiad players do. There are also typists, social workers, bank clerks and phone company workers on the team roster. Klein teaches Tai Kwon Do.

Naiad, in fact, has had some unique problems about the willingness of its players to be open about their lesbianism. Turnover, for one. Nearly the entire first-year team abandoned its out-of-closet sponsorship to play for a more traditional business. But many of those who remained see advantages in that.

"I think it's great to see people who couldn't throw a ball last year now holding down a position and helping everyone else," says Sarah Valentine.

Continued page 24

"I go out there to play ball and have fun with the women."

Softball (Continued)

Zelda Demmel, who is reluctantly leaving the team this year, thinks personal empowerment represents the real value of Naiad.

"I feel that women should understand competition, but not be engulfed by it," she says. "I think that's always been a point with the women on the team. Are you there to win at all costs, or to do your best and have a good time? Have you ever seen some of those male coaches with women players? I wouldn't let anyone talk to me like that. They call them *stupid*. . . because they're losing! That's a part of male competitiveness we can do without."

One year, says Demmel, the team played a watershed game against a local rival and learned something about the value of developing new players.

"We wanted to go out and stomp Grant's Ribs," she reports, "and Margo (the second- and third-year coach) put every second-string player out on the field. We lost. But I think everyone was proud and pleased with themselves that everyone had a chance to play.

"It would have been nice to win. But there's something about seeing women grow. . ."

"I got nervous every game in the beginning," says one woman. "I'd get sick to my stomach. Then, in mid-season, my nerves just went away. I don't know why.

"I tried it. I like it."

"You have to be aggressive to swing that stick," says Valentine. "You have to learn to take up a lot of space. It's really empowering.

"I get embarrassed if we're winning by a wide margin. I don't like it at all. I'll try to get our coach to put in the subs. I'd rather lose a close game than slaughter somebody, especially a team at the bottom of the league."

Valentine, who says she's "a paper away from my master's — but I like hanging wallpaper better," thinks she has learned a lot about herself as well as about softball.

"The only time I get frustrated is when people aren't trying," she says. "But as much as I scream and bitch, I have a good time. I'm hardest on myself. Someone once stopped me and said, 'Will you please quit cussing

at Sarah like that?"

"It's so fun to play softball. It's so fun to make a catch — and then fall down in the dirt."

The women claim that the team's image is, at best, a small problem.

"The beginning of the year, it was a little tense," says Valentine, "but not by the end of the season. I don't remember any team we had a problem with."

"A lot of us try to keep a positive attitude," adds Klein. "Some of us have hairy legs, and we'd get ragged about that."

"But those male coaches," reminds Valentine, "whatever nastiness they've shown us is minor compared to how they treat their players. I like playing for women, women coaches, women sponsors. I think Barbara and Donna (Grier's partner) have done a good thing."

As practice ends and the women head out for cold drinks and hot barbeque, political considerations are clearly secondary to their comradery.

"The people on the team cared enough about each other so that it wasn't a question of being politically correct," reminisces Demmel. "Everyone was different. But we'd put aside our differences to play softball."

"I don't go out there to beat the men," explains PQ. "I go out there to play ball and have fun with the women."

At Jim and Milt's Barbecue, Julie Klein and Sarah Valentine are deep into a post-practice meal with their teammates, relishing the food and the talk, discussing their performances at practice.

"You did really great today," Valentine says to Klein. . . as she ruffles her hair affectionately.

— MARJORIE MENZEL

Marjorie is the Community Columnist for the Tallahassee Democrat and a member of the Naiad Press Women's Softball team.

SUMMERTIME OVERACHIEVERS COMPLEX

DO YOU HAVE A FRIEND EXHIBITING THESE WINTER WARNING SIGNALS?

1. INCOGNITO VISITS TO TANNING SALONS.
 2. OBSESSION WITH STRAPPING WEIGHTS TO VARIOUS PARTS OF BODY.
 3. DEDICATION TO POPCORN AND BROCCOLI DIET.
- IF SO, YOUR FRIEND COULD BE SUFFERING

S.O.A.C.

SUMMERTIME OVERACHIEVERS COMPLEX



• THE ARENA •

Political

LESBIAN AND GAY PRIDE WEEK '85. It's that time again — time to vacation and have picnics, and time to celebrate Lesbian and Gay Pride Week. It hardly seems as if 15 years have gone by since the first Gay Pride Week in 1970, but once again lesbians and gay men will be getting out their marching clothes in cities around the country. Over the years, Pride Week has become more of a celebration, a party, than a political event in many places, and sometimes it's hard to think about it as having any political effects or origins. But they're there! There are, I think, at least three political lessons that we can learn from taking a closer look at Pride Week: history, visibility and struggle.

History

As with most holidays, Pride Week commemorates an event in the past and that event is often forgotten amid the balloons and floats and other party trimmings. Pride Week celebrates the "Stonewall Riots" that took place on June 28, 1968, at the Stonewall, a gay bar in New York City. Customers at the bar fought back against a police raid — an unusual response from a usually passive set of clients. The event made headlines and, over the course of the next year,

generated groups across the country from the Gay Liberation Front in New York to the Chicago Gay Alliance and many others. It was the start of the modern gay and lesbian movement, a movement that has resulted in the passage of laws protecting the rights of lesbians and gay men in more than 60 communities and one state in the United States, that has led to the election of an openly gay member of Congress and many other openly gay officials, and that has resulted in support for lesbian and gay rights by more than half of all Americans.

In planning for the next decade of work for lesbian and gay rights, it's important to be cognizant of that history and to understand just how far we've come in the last decade and a half. Today there are some films and books that are helping us do that. "Before Stonewall," "The Times of Harvey Milk" (which won an Oscar this year), and Allan Berube's work on gays in World War II bring back to us the changes that have occurred since Stonewall.

Visibility

Perhaps the most important of those changes is that now people know we're out there. Rev. Troy Perry of MCC often talks about how "the love that once dared not speak its name, now doesn't know when to

shut up." It's true. Today, lesbians and gay men are often in the news — sometimes not in positive ways. Pride Week, especially, is a time when the visibility of the lesbian and gay community is important. If it's hard to ignore an openly gay person on the job, it's even harder to ignore hundreds or thousands of open lesbians and gay men marching down the street.

Visibility is important in our efforts to achieve greater protection for our rights. Polls have shown that those people who *know* that they know someone who is gay are much more likely to support gay rights than those who believe they don't know any gay people. If you're invisible, you can be ignored.

Struggle

Visibility isn't enough, however. Those people at the Stonewall Bar fought back against the police, and in that fight they taught us another lesson. We won't get our rights unless we fight for them. No one is going to hand them to us on a silver platter because we're nice and well behaved. We have to be out there, working the halls of Congress and the state legislatures, lining up the votes for our rights. And we have to be out there come election day to support those who went to bat for us.

So this year at the end of June, whether you're out there marching or looking on from the sidelines, think about Stonewall. Think about those brave souls who went before us, who took a chance when there wasn't support, and think about what you can do now to help make the changes that still need to be made — for us and for those who are still to come.

—CHRISTINE R. RIDDIOUGH

Christine is Director of Lesbian Rights for the National Organization for Women and President of the Gertrude Stein Democratic Club, a lesbian and gay Democrat club in Washington, D.C. She's celebrated her birthday (June 28) each year for the last eight years by joining in lesbian and gay pride parades.

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• LEISURE •

Sports

MYSTERY TRIPS - LEISURE TIME IDEA. What is a mystery trip? The term mystery implies something of a secretive nature, something that excites wonder or curiosity.

The mystery trips in my life started as a one-time occurrence and have now grown to a nearly once-a-month event. Planning special treats for your roommate, friend, or "significant other" can keep the flame burning and stimulate your relationship. It also demonstrates that you care by your taking extra time to plan something special.

How do you start? That is entirely up to you. Use your imagination to come up with all kinds of possibilities. We have friends who have picked up on the idea and they plan mystery trips every two months. My roommate and I decided to set the following guidelines:

1. Each one of us would plan a trip, taking turns every month.
2. We excluded April because we usually take a planned vacation and December because it is so hectic.
3. Whoever plans the trip pays for everything on that trip for both people.
4. The trip absolutely is to be a secret until you get to where you are going. This means you must sometimes pack for the other, or tell her what to wear.
5. Trips are to be kept at a reasonable cost so you don't get into outdoing each other.
6. Each person can plan one trip that is not reasonable in cost.
7. A mystery trip can range from a visit to a new restaurant or a local movie, to a weekend in Atlantic City. It doesn't have to be far or expensive, just a nice surprise.
8. Keep the element of surprise. Don't try to guess or find out where the other person is taking you.
9. Since we have pretty busy schedules, we ask the other person to clear a particular date so there are no conflicts.
10. Use your imagination. We keep a mystery scrapbook with pictures and souvenirs of our little trips.

I would like to say that we've tried to obey these guidelines to the letter, but we all slip once in a while. For instance, my curiosity sometimes gets the best of me so I badger my roommate to tell me where we're going. But she stands firm. She, on the other hand, sometimes gets carried away and doesn't keep the trip to a reasonable cost. Of course, that's to my advantage.

We've been planning mystery trips for each other for almost two years so I will share some examples from ours. They are easy to recall as I can look through our scrapbook.

1. Tickets to see Lily Tomlin in person.
2. A weekend in a rustic motel, dinner, and an evening at the theater.
3. Chauffeured limousine to a downtown restaurant and cabaret performance.
4. Dinner at a special seafood restaurant and tickets to see Kenny Rogers at the State Fair.
5. Horseback riding at the local park and an X-rated adult movie at night.
6. Musical, "Ain't Misbehavin'."
7. Plane trip to Atlantic City for the weekend.
8. Movie, "Silkwood."
9. Rodeo.
10. Eight treatments at the local tan-

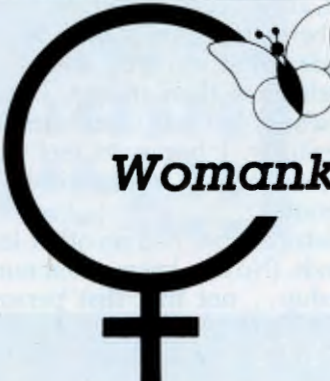
ning salon to get ready for a vacation in the sun.

11. Canoe trip with friends.
12. Dinner at a fancy restaurant and then an old-time movie.
13. Weekend at a local resort, including a surprise massage.
14. Weekend in Chicago — traveled by luxury club car on the train.
15. Dinner at specialty restaurant and movie, "Falcon and the Snowman."
16. Overnight stay at a new local luxury hotel featuring special rates.
17. Nine holes of golf at the local course and dinner at Bob Evans.

The preceding list is just an example. You probably have really great ideas for this summer. As you can surmise from the list, we like to go out to eat. Since this is true, making a mystery trip out of it encourages us to seek out new places. Many of the things we do we would probably be doing anyway, but making them mystery trips is more exciting. It is even fun to plan them with friends occasionally. We've enjoyed our M.T.'s immensely — we hope you do too!

— BETH PATRICK

Beth is an athletic administrator and volleyball coach with over twenty years experience. She is well known as a clinician, speaker, tournament director and administrator.



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• HEART TO HEART •

Her-Stories

IF YOU HAD MET VON A few years ago, you might have heard a "beep-beep" warning in your intuitive system. She would have been a gracious listener, and encouraged conversation with intelligent, well-placed questions. Her bright eyes would have sparkled when she saw you. Her body language would have signalled friendliness and openness. But your warning signal would be sounding because a glass wall was erected between the two of you. She was a first-class act, and her performing self had a well-written script to follow. The real Von was behind a glass wall, however, and had not yet "come out."

Von's arrival at such a place is not an unusual Her-Story. Her real story is the brave trip from behind the wall. Few make such a trip in their fifties, for old habits are hard to break. Von's tenacity is an important page of lesbian tradition. Those who have known glass walls will feel the struggle of her.

VON'S STORY

My career was all that mattered until I was thirty-four. As a corporate supervisor, I traveled constantly. I lived out of my suitcase. After ten years, I felt really "wiped out." Unlimited expense accounts did not compensate for the alienation from everything familiar. I felt like a nomad, as if I belonged nowhere. Daily, I struggled to meet basic survival needs. Emotionally, my life was a desert. My thirty-fourth birthday was like many others, and I was alone in a hotel. Whispering "Happy Birthday" to myself, I ordered another cocktail.

A trip to Chicago changed my life. My stay was extended from the expected six weeks into six months. While I was there, I met Tanya. She was a newly divorced mother with two small children, and we became close friends. The children began calling me "Aunt Von." I was drawn to this family, and they returned my interest with affection. The thought

of saying goodbye to them put me into a state of depression that lasted for days. Eventually, Tanya told me that she was "in love" with me. Neither of us had ever been involved with another woman, and we spent hours talking about our situation. In the end, I quit my job and stayed in Chicago. Nothing else seemed to matter.

Overnight, I was faced with family obligations that were completely alien to me. Adjustments were hard work, and life became sobering and serious. A mountain of decisions faced us. Our choices were evolved around the fear of others discovering our lesbian relationship. Tanya's ex-husband would have taken the children if he knew about us. So, our first major decision was that we could not live together. That compromise was difficult, and costly.

Our second choice was based on our first decision. We began a business. If we could not live together, we would *work together*. Our fantasies included dreams of making "a lot" of money while seeing each other every day. It was such an idealistic dream, and I did not expect what happened next. As a strong-minded *career woman*, I turned into an "office wife" to keep our lives calm. Tanya took over and I followed. The business soon created more problems than we had solved.

We pretended to be interested in men romantically, to continue hiding our relationship. We constantly *denied our emotions*, and our charades took up a lot of our life's energies. The more we hid, the more we had to pretend. The hiding was so hard, and I began to feel like I was living behind a glass wall. I began to wonder what was true, and doubted myself more than anyone. I lived in my world, but felt untouched by it. Essentially, I began to feel like an "untouchable" from within and without.

Naturally, we had no other lesbian friends. (No one knew about our relationship...not that first person.) It was so hard to remember who I was, for I had so many faces. My lesbian face was deeply hidden, and other

lesbian friends were not a possibility.

We lived this way for fifteen years. Then we met Lee, who was a lesbian. In a short time, Lee was seeing Tanya a lot. How ironic! Fifteen years of hiding disintegrated when we met our first lesbian! Our years of struggling to hide crumbled quickly. Tanya began an affair with Lee, but did not tell me. She was too afraid that I would demand that the business be dissolved. The following months were extremely painful, but I began to believe that I might be going crazy. When I attempted to discuss my perceptions about our relationship, Tanya's denial confused me. Our lives were constantly full of bitterness until the truth was acknowledged. When the break-up came, I was relieved to know the truth, but was incredibly angry about the way I had been deceived.

Finally, in desperation, I confided in the only homosexual I knew. He was kind, and directed me to a women's center where I began to find help. It was so difficult to "come out" into a brand new community scene at the age of fifty. What pain! My first trip to a lesbian bar was made alone, and I was very frightened. There were about eighty women there, and no one appeared to be over forty. I keenly felt the distance of my inexperience and my age. Watching in fascination and fear, I concluded that I would not return again. "Too many, too young," echoed within my glass prison. The local NOW chapter was not helpful for me either. Their members were intense and dedicated, but were dealing with social issues that I had never thought about. Although I really tried to depersonalize my pain in order to transfer it to a group cause, it was just too difficult, because I had too much to absorb.

My next attempt to find support was to attend a mixed group of men and women who were involved in a spiritually based meeting. The concept appealed to me, for I had a lot of questions regarding religion and my own sexuality. The fellows were friendly, but there were no other women present. I left feeling very

Continued page 29

• HEART TO HEART •

*My mind tells me
"No, No"...but
there's "Yes, Yes"
in my eyes.*

DEAR BUTCH: My lover and I have been together for two years. This is the longest relationship either of us has had. We get along very well, rarely argue, we are very loving with each other and have a good sex life. I'm told I'm attractive and I guess it's true because women often flirt with me. This has never bothered my lover, because she feels secure about my love for her and I've never done more than look at other women since we've been together. A close friend of hers has been flirting with me since the day we met. I've ignored it and felt bad that she would proposition me behind my lover's back. Now the problem: About a month ago, I was dancing with this woman and found I was suddenly very attracted to her. . . I wanted to drag her off to bed right there and then. I don't understand my feelings. I'm still very much in love with my lover, but I can't get her friend off my mind. I've been faithful so far, but I think my lover may be suspicious about my feelings for her friend. What do I do?

— Butchy II, WA

DEAR BUTCHY II: The answer to your question all depends on the relationship you have with your lover. What is your commitment to each other and the future of the relationship? If you do not want to change the relationship — then cheat! Apparently you wouldn't have written if you wanted to be dishonest. If it is an exclusive relationship, then you have to decide if you want to break up with your present lover and branch out to others.

Throughout our lives we are attracted to other people for one reason or another — DO NOT ACT ON IMPULSE. Before you take that giant step, weigh the attraction against what you would lose or gain if you act upon it.

— BUTCH

* * *

DEAR BUTCH: I liked your response in the first IKYK about roles. I've grappled with the role thing for years, wading in the mire of guilt for unwittingly or wittingly "imitating" patriarchal images, trying desperately to change that and never quite succeeding, and am finally settling into an "it's-ok-to-be-into-roles-if-you-want-to" attitude. As long as two wimmin have a deep mutual respect for one another, what difference does it make?

—M., MO

Dear M: My sentiment too.

—BUTCH

* * *

Her-Stories (Continued)

discouraged, but still knew that I needed women's support.

Finally, I was invited to a pitch-in dinner. I had just about given up any hope for support, but the dinner was fantastic! (I have been attending regularly since.) During these even-

ings of sharing food and conversation, I began to develop a support with sisters who shared common interests. My glass wall was still with me, but a dismantling process was beginning.

Slowly and cautiously, I began taking down my glass wall. It was hard work. Therapy became an opportunity for me to learn and grow, and was no longer an immediate crisis intervention. College beckoned and I completed my degree. Each choice was fearful, and took a lot of courage. But I began to realize that I was becoming the woman that I admired in others.

Honesty and clarity are my most important priorities now. What I feel and think are important. I am Von, and I am touching and touchable. I am happier than I have ever been.

— "THE OLD SALT"

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Your-Stories

Funny Instances? Plenty! When we were dating, one of our favorite parking spots was in a factory parking lot. Lots of cars and everyone working second shift. On one particular night, we had just become comfortable, my lover was sitting on my lap and we were kissing deeply. Suddenly, headlights came toward us. We thought it was someone returning to work after lunch break so we continued with our kiss. Before long there was a rap at the car window and we both jumped. My lover jumped clear across the car onto her own side and I rolled down the window in irritation. Outside, a state policeman stood holding a flashlight! We were questioned about why we were there and I mumbled something about family problems and we needed to talk. He was very nice about the whole thing and let us go without any hassles.

★

My lover and I were in my parents' house making love in my upstairs bedroom. No one was home and we were really enjoying each other. Then I heard the front door rattle and I knew someone in the family was trying to get in (I had locked it, of course). Well, by the time we got dressed and downstairs, my mother and my then future sister-in-law were standing outside talking. This was to be the first time my lover was to meet my brother's girlfriend. I unlocked the door and my lover tried to be casual in the living room. The conversation with Mom flowed pretty easily, but it was later when I understood why my future sister-in-law was giving my lover puzzled looks every once a while. After she left, Mom laughed and told us next time to be a bit more careful...my lover's shirt was on inside out!

★

My lover and I decided to join in Holy Union one year after our first date. My mother went as a witness and to share the moment with us. We were joined on top of a mountain at 8:30 on a Sunday morning overlooking a beautiful lake. The dew was still fresh and birds sang to us as we

recited our vows to each other. After the ceremony, I turned to see tears of happiness flowing from my mother's eyes. It was one of the most beautiful days in my life. I'll never forget it.

★

My "ex" was oh-so-romantic — on our first date, she took me to dinner, for drinks at the Grand Hyatt in New York, and then a buggy ride through Central Park.

We didn't sleep together for the first two dates, but at the conclusion of the second date she said, "if you like, you can come sleep at my house Thursday." I was so impressed by the mere offer. No one had ever "invited" me to sleep with them — it always just happened or was assumed.

Well, that Thursday was like a dream come true. I've never had (and still haven't) such an amorous lover. The night was like a fantasy — living in a dream. To this day, when I think of that night, it sends warm sensations tingling through my body.

From that night on, we never slept apart. We'd alternate between apartments. Then on New Year's Eve, she asked if I would like to live with her. That weekend she moved in with me, and each morning when I woke, there was a love note left for me on her pillow. Within a month, we got an apartment together.

Once she surprised me with a weekend away, to an Inn in Connecticut. Fresh fruit awaited us in our room. We stayed in that room all weekend making love from morning through night, over and over again.

We split after 3½ years. It's been a year now and she lives in another state, but we've been in constant contact. I love that woman to death and my heart will never be the same — but in the next month, we'll be spending our first weekend together since the split and...one never knows, does one?

★

Redefining Roles. When I "came out" initially, I was very involved emotionally and mentally, but not organizationally, in the feminist movement. The friends I made — and my first lover — were feminists and not into role-playing at all. After 5 years of equality and in a relation-

ship, it ended and I began to make new friends in a new city. These women were into the role-playing, which was out-dated (I thought) by the feminist movement. The word feminist had to be re-defined to them by me. For some reason, they thought it was a dirty word. For a while I was attempting to adapt to their standards. I had a difficult time determining if I was inherently Butch or Fem. Actually I was neither, which was confusing for them, and in turn, for me. With the help of a new lover who only wanted me to be whoever I was, I discovered that it was unimportant to take one side or the other. After all, isn't being whoever you are what coming out is all about anyway? I'm not turned off necessarily by people who are into that, but to me it feels like more rules, more constraints that I don't have to live by. With my lover and myself, the key is finding balance. When she is weak, I am strong and vice versa, but neither of us have to be anything on a full-time basis. That, to me, is impossible. Finding balance is what is important to me.

★

Spirituality is an unsettled area of my life. I was raised in a Protestant (Church of Christ) church. I was very strongly grounded in this, but slowly began to move away from the strict rigid beliefs of my upbringing after I left home and went to college.

At this point in my life, I find more questions than answers regarding religion. I do continue to believe in a Superior Being. I question the validity of concepts such as "Heaven" and "Hell."

I feel that the most important belief I hold is that it is necessary to follow the golden rule of "Do unto others..."

I have been doing some reading re Dranic and Wicci Spirituality, but unfortunately have found little reading material — unless I order it. Our library is severely deficient in several areas, including material about any religious beliefs other than Christianity. (They also have little to no reading material relevant to lesbians/gays.)

★

• HOW TO DO IT •

Build a Picnic Table

What to buy:

- 6 pcs. 2" x 6" x 12' - Seat, top, and legs
- 1 pc. 2" x 6" x 10' - Seat supports
- 2 pcs. 2" x 4" x 10' - Table supports and braces
- 12 pcs. $\frac{3}{8}$ " x 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ " - Galvanized carriage bolts with nuts
- 12 pcs. $\frac{3}{8}$ " I.D. Galvanized flat washers
- 2 lb. 16 penny Galvanized nails

Tools:

- | | |
|---------------------------|------------------------------------|
| Circular power saw | Pencil |
| Electric drill | Protractor or adjustable saw guide |
| $\frac{3}{8}$ " drill bit | Sanding block |
| Hammer | Crescent wrench |
| Tape measure | |
| Ruler | |

First, build two A-shaped end braces to provide legs and to support both the top and seats.

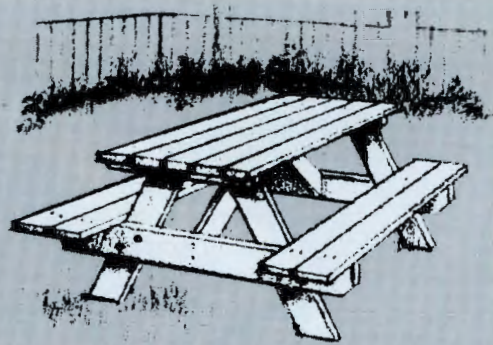
Cut (as per drawing):

- A. Table legs (4 required)
Use 2" x 6"s, 34" long, with 60° bevel at each end to accommodate slant of the legs.
- B. Seat supports (cut 2)
Use 2" x 6"s, 58 $\frac{1}{2}$ " long, with 45° bevel at each end.
- C. Table-top supports (cut 2)
Use 2" x 4"s, 29 $\frac{1}{2}$ " long, with 45° bevel at each end.

Lay out cut pieces on a flat surface, as shown in End View, with legs flush with top edge of table support, 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ " in from end of table support. Drill $\frac{3}{8}$ " holes and fasten with carriage bolts.

Lay out seat support so top edge is 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ " above bottom end of legs. Drill and fasten with carriage bolts.

Next, fasten the table-top and seats to the legs. Then add diagonal bracing for stability.



Cut (as per drawing):

- D. Diagonal braces (cut 2)
Use 2" x 4"s, 28 $\frac{1}{4}$ " long, with a 42° bevel on one end and a 52° bevel on the other end.
- E. Table support (1 required)
Use a 2" x 4" cut 29 $\frac{1}{2}$ " long, with square ends.
- F. Top and seats (9 required)
Use 2" x 6"s, cut to 6' long, with square ends.

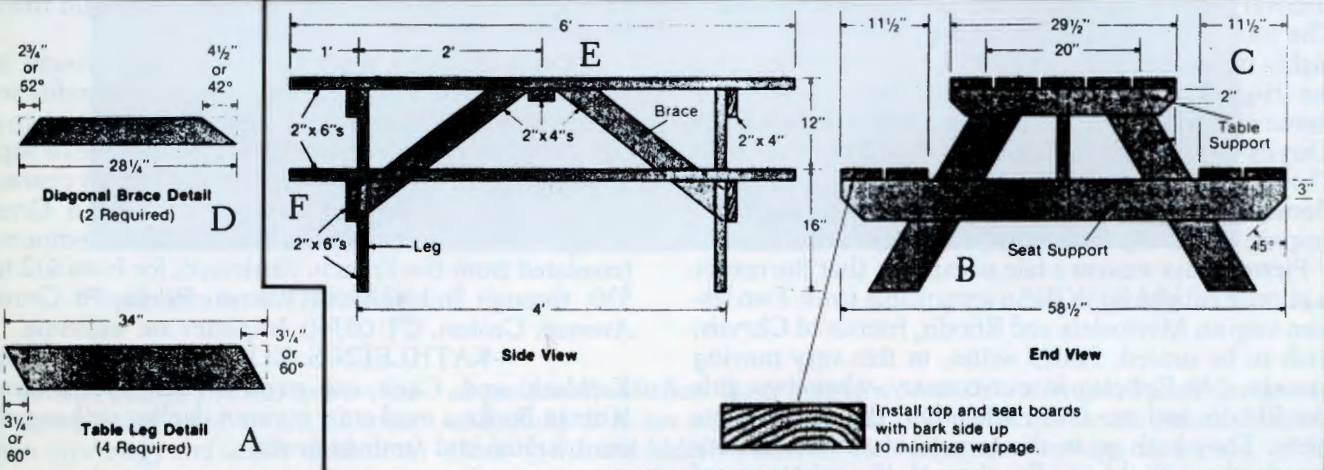
Lay out top and seat boards and mark them 12" in from each end of each board. Measure in 3' on the five table-top boards and mark location of center table support.

Hold end braces 4' apart on level surface and nail top and seat boards to supports. When nailing on top, position the two outside boards flush with outside of table support and nail. Then space remaining boards evenly to allow for water run-off. Nail center table support in place, then turn table over and nail diagonal braces securely in place.

Sand all rough edges and paint or stain as desired.

—JOY BLAIR

Joy began her career in construction at an early age working with her father and brothers. She graduated from Purdue with a degree in art education. In 1979, she began her own construction company and is currently involved with historical restoration on Victorian period houses as well as framing for residential contractors.



• BOOKS IN REVIEW •

Literally Speaking: New Titles

ANTHOLOGIES or collections of work by a variety of writers became popular in the early days of feminist publishing. Not only was the anthology format an economical way to present the work of a number of women who perhaps had not produced sufficient work for a complete book, but it also represented a symbol of women coming together to share their writing in the presence of other women. Through this, the anthology has become an integral part of lesbian/feminist publishing, and the following books exemplify the quality, variety and sense of community that has helped to keep the anthology an important part of our literary culture.

A Gathering of Spirit: Writing and Art By North American Indian Women, edited by Beth Brant (Sinister Wisdom Books, P.O. Box 1023, Rockland, ME 04841, \$7.95) was first published as a special theme

issue of the well-known lesbian literary journal "Sinister Wisdom." The tremendous success of this special issue prompted Sinister Wisdom to re-issue an expanded second edition in book form. *Gathering of Spirit* brings together the work of over sixty women representing forty Indian nations. Collected here are the poems, journals, letters, essays, short stories and artwork by lesbians and heterosexuals, old and young. Their words speak of love and creation, the preservation of customs and culture. They also speak of the terror of incarceration, the scars of alcohol and drug abuse, and the scattering of children and families by a white welfare bureaucracy. Despite these differences, all the women in *A Gathering of Spirit* share the experiences of confusion over assimilation, frustration at not fitting into a theory of feminism that seeks to either ignore or romanticize their native culture, and deep feelings of isolation, of being cut away from other Indian women. There is rage and anger and pain within

Continued page 36

Old, Rare & Out of Print

PIERRE LOUYS, in *Aphrodite* (Ancient Manners), c. 1896, transports the reader to a more sensual time, when beauty was revered and exalted. He captures the essence of the ancient Greeks' worship of the Goddess Aphrodite, their reverence for the human body and their exaltation of sexual pleasures. The language is flowing, enticing the reader to imagine what the world was like before carnal shame and guilt.

The story centers around Chrysis, a beautiful courtesan who, although exceedingly popular with the men, wreaks tragedy through selfishness and greed. Demetrios, the Queen's lover, is likewise accustomed to admiration. When these two spoiled people come together, suffering results.

For the first time in his life, Demetrios is rejected. Chrysis will relent only if first he brings her three objects: a silver mirror; an ivory comb; and a strand of pearls. Blinded by his passion, he agrees, only to discover that these vanities are not so easily obtained. The mirror Chrysis desires belongs to Bacchis and is highly treasured. The comb is the one always worn by the High Priest's wife. And the necklace is on the statue of Aphrodite in the temple. Demetrios, aghast at Chrysis' demands, nonetheless attempts this feat. Three deaths occur because of Chrysis' greed and Demetrios' desire to fulfill it. The city, thrown into despair, ultimately forces Chrysis to pay for her crimes.

Pierre Louys weaves a tale so expertly that the reader is at once caught up in these remarkable lives. Two lesbian virgins, Myrtocleia and Rhodis, friends of Chrysis, wish to be united. Louys writes, in this very moving passage, "At Ephesos in our country, when two girls like Rhodis and me love each other, the priests bless them. They both go to the temple of Athena to consecrate their double girdle; then to the sanctuary of

Iphinoe to offer a lock of their mingled hair and finally under Peristyle of Dionysos a ceremony is performed. In the evening, they go to their new dwelling, seated upon a flower-decked car, surrounded by torches and flute players. And thenceforward they have all rights. They are respected."

At Bacchis' banquet, Chrysis and Naucrates enter into a discussion on love. Chrysis expounds: "Woman is, in point of love, a finished instrument. From head to foot, she is made uniquely, marvelously, for love. Consequently, love between women is perfect; between men and woman it is not as pure; between men it is mere friendship."

Naucrates responds "... their emotion is by so much the more refined. They do not embrace as do men with women; they feel more delicately the supreme emotion. Their joy is not violent. ... Human love is distinguished from the stupid heat of animals only by two divine functions: the caress and the kiss. Now these are the only things known to the women of whom we are speaking. They have even brought them to perfection."

Louys wrote with a sensitivity not often found in male authors, the lesbian undercurrent in *Aphrodite* being sensuous and woman-identified. We can return to a culture full of passion and desire where the love of Sappho originated. *Aphrodite*, with minor lesbian characters and interest beyond the ordinary, has a Grier rating of B*. It is available in many different editions, translated from the French, illustrated, for from \$12 to \$30, through Independent Woman Books, 74 Grove Avenue, Groton, CT 06340. Inquiries are welcome.

—KATHLEEN S. KOCH/H.L. CHRISOS
Kathleen and Chris are co-owners of Independent Woman Books, a mail-order business dealing with out-of-print lesbian and feminist books.

• ENTERTAINMENT •

Art



Photography by BETH KARBE

— SUDIE RAKUSIN

"I want to change the way women are interpreted and 'used' in art. I borrow from mythology and utilize symbols to bring forth different aspects of women

as goddesses, witches, seers, warriors and sibyls. It is our ancient heritage, these myths and hidden wisdoms. We all carry them within us as well as our

collective strength, beauty and bravery . . . and it can be our future. I hope to bring this message to women, to lesbians — that these are our truths."

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Interview with Nancy Vogl

GUITARIST/SINGER/SONGWRITER Nancy Vogl has had a great deal of experience in the field of women's music. One of the pioneers of the historic Berkeley Women's Music Collective of the 1970s, she has continued to produce an admirable body of fine work, and has collaborated and toured with Holly Near, Woody Simmons, Robin Flower, and others. In addition to touring to promote her first solo album *Something to Go On* (reviewed in this issue), Nancy plans to appear at the Michigan Women's Music Festival later this summer. IKYK columnist, Linda Winningham, talks with Nancy.



Photography by IRENE YOUNG

L.W.: *When did the album come out?*

N.V.: It came out in November and I worked on it during the summer. I didn't want to do a solo album at first...but I had taken a year off from music to work full-time, and I finally wanted something to show of my music.

L.W.: *Let's talk about how the album is structured. How did you arrive at the decision to make the album as you did, with the instrumentals on Side One, and the vocals on Side Two?*

N.V.: I think that the '60s generation has emerged with new acoustic music. We have this interesting blend of our roots — people who feel that their basis is in folk music, while they still feel close to rock and roll. What I wanted to do was accommodate those two moods, so I decided that instead of mixing them up, it would be much more directive if each side could have its own life. The first side lends itself to introspection, a spiritual release, and the second side relates to the material world and to political action. And I feel

that the times demand a merging of the spiritual and the political. Another thing is that over the years, I've looked at myself more as a guitarist and a songwriter than as a singer, so I wanted to have a forum displaying my work.

L.W.: *How was it working with Suzanne Shanbaum on the first side of the album?*

N.V.: I think that the older we get, the more we appreciate the women who are around us and who know us. Suzanne and I had such a committed relationship working on the Berkeley Women's Music Collective, it was a firm foundation for a lasting musical collaboration. It's been sporadic. When I decided to do the album, I really wanted to work with Suzanne again. As a guitarist, I've always loved her melodic style.

L.W.: *The second side of the album is filled with so many active ideas. How do*

you consolidate all those ideas into songs?

N.V.: Sometimes it's hard to say what will be the particular inspiration for a song... sometimes there will be a line or two in the back of my head. Some songwriters are very strict, and they go and write a certain number of hours a day. I go ahead and live my life and after a while, things store up. Suddenly, when the time is right, I write. I think of all the good songs I've written, I average about two or three a year.

L.W.: *The songs certainly don't appear to have been written hastily.*

N.V.: In a way, it's almost like giving birth. When I sit down to write, sometimes the whole song will come together in the space of one day, but that's not to say that the idea hasn't been brewing for much longer. "Crime of the Century" is like that, "Three

Continued page 36

Interview (Continued)

Mile Run" also.
L.W.: *Do your lyrics come before the music, or after?*
N.V.: I would say I always have the lyrics first.
L.W.: *Could you explain a little about the song "Matanzas?"*
N.V.: Matanzas is a bay in northern Florida. There's an interesting story behind the song. In 1976, the Berkeley Women's Music Collective played for the opening of the Bagoda Women's Cultural Center, which is the one lesbian haven in that part of the South. I went there and absolutely fell head over heels with it. It was and is like the warm beach areas of southern California, where I grew up. So, when I got to Matanzas, I felt as though I was going back in time.

L.W.: *It's a beautiful song. The saxophone is so deep and sensual.*
N.V.: The saxophone part on that I'm really pleased with. I described to Sapphron (Obois) how I wanted it and she put down some stuff and it just sat so beautifully with the guitar track. Everyone says that it's a sexy song. That's basically what the song's about, anyway.
L.W.: *I hear that you are touring to promote the album.*
N.V.: Yes, a solo tour.
L.W.: *What will you be doing in your show?*
N.V.: I'll go through a lot of different styles of music, try to give a historical perspective on the material — weave politics into the show so that it's not rhetorical or dogmatic. Progressive politics and revolu-

tion are about social change, and it is sometimes very difficult and painful, because you have to focus on the negative in trying to change it to a positive. We have a tendency to believe that political art, therefore, has to be serious and almost brutal. I'm trying to show that there is an incredible amount of joy that can come from revolutionary art — a joy and celebration when you can create a vision and work toward making the society become that vision. Other countries are showing us that — the new song movement in Latin America, for example. I believe that you can be serious with joy. I hope that my music reflects that.

—LINDA WINNINGHAM

Literally Speaking (Cont.)

from these women, but there is also joy and celebration that can be traced to a growing awareness of the importance of re-claiming and re-validating their "Nativity" within their lives and work. Complete with a selective bibliography of work by and about Indian women, *A Gathering of Spirit* is the first collection to call attention to the many voices and stories of Native women who have been overlooked or silenced until now. Powerful and filled with skillfully crafted demanding work, *A Gathering of Spirit* is an extremely important and necessary anthology.

In *New Lesbian Writing* (Grey Fox Books, available from Subco Books, P.O. Box 10233, Eugene, OR 97740, \$7.95), editor Margaret Cruickshank poses serious questions on how to define the term "lesbian literature" and, as a result of this exploration, this anthology is blessed with a diversity uncommon in most general anthologies. *New Lesbian Writing* contrasts the ethereal fairy tale "Prince Charming" by the famed Renee Vivien with the tough butch tell-it-like-it-was narrative, "The Making of a

Deviant," by Monika Kehoe, and the formal "Graffiti from Gare Saint-Manque," by Marilyn Hacker with the down to earth "As Common as the Best of Bread," Pam Annas' essay on the working class poetry of Pat Parker and Judy Grahn. With contributions by both well-known lesbian writers and those just finding their own voices, *New Lesbian Writing* breaks down the limits of age and color, class and attitude, resulting in a collection that aptly depicts the incredible range of lesbian writing available to us. *New Lesbian Writing* is both a wonderful primer for women only beginning to discover our literary traditions and an up-to-date sampler for the already converted. It is well deserving of space on the shelves of every lesbian reader.

Gathering Ground: New Writings and Art by Northwest Women of Color, edited by Jo Cochran, J.T. Stewart and Mayumi Tsutakawa (Seal Press, 312 South Washington, Seattle, WA 98104, \$6.95) brings together writings by Black, Asian, Indian and Chicana women of the Pacific Northwest. The first section, "We Cannot Wait to Be Discovered," con-

tains writings that examine the often split identity of women of color, and looks at ways to move toward wholeness. "I Am Going to Talk With Them About Their Daughters" focuses on the family, community and the wisdom we seek from mothers and grandmothers that is often hidden or trivialized to us. The section, "In Order to Survive," contains work that attempts to define the importance of culture for women of color and how this collective self-knowledge affects the future. While the number of well-written and deeply moving entries within *Gathering Ground* is too great to mention separately, I was particularly struck by Julia Boyd's hard-hitting "Something Ain't Right," and Vickie Sears' witty "Pubescence at 39." Also important is Charlotte Watson Sherman's "These Women Only Look Crazy," which painfully portrays the tragedy of dreams that die. On the whole, *Gathering Ground* is a strong collection of writings calling attention to the work of many women of color in the northwest region whose stories have been hidden far too long.

—JOY PARKS

Film Review

CONSENTING ADULT. In 1975, Laura Z. Hobson published *Consenting Adult*, giving parents of gays a book that articulated some of their feelings, fears and guilt. Hobson chronicled one family's journey from anguish to acceptance, and she knew her subject well. Gay rights activist Christopher Z. Hobson is her son.

One in ten. Tessa, the mother in Hobson's book, calculates that if there are twenty million gays in this country, there must be sixty million parents of gays, people whose lives could change as abruptly and permanently as hers did.

In the '70s, more of those sixty million parents knew about their children than ever had before. For gays who were anxious to help their troubled parents come to terms with homosexuality, the release of Hobson's novel was an undisguised blessing.

In 1985, *Consenting Adult* was adapted for television at a time when homosexuality is a sensational topic for talk shows but still misunderstood or ignored. The gay community, as much in 1985 as ever, needs to have accurate information reaching the public, and our parents still need help.

Considering the limitations imposed on the film by the television format, the need to entertain, and a hostile or threatened public taste, *Consenting Adult* made progress in meeting those needs. Films adapted from novels rarely match the depth of the original work and *Consenting Adult* is no exception, but it's clear that the intention of this film is to inform rather than to exploit.

Tessa Lynn is an upper-middle-class housewife whose greatest concern is her husband Ken's recovery from a recent stroke. The Lynns have two children: Margie, who has recently married; and Jeff, a freshman pre-med major. The last words they expect to hear from Jeff, a bright, good-looking athlete, are that he's homosexual.

To help her son, Tessa arranges for him to begin therapy with a psychia-

trist who, despite the APA's 1970 decision to eliminate homosexuality as a diagnostic category, persists in viewing homosexuality as a mental illness and who encourages Tessa and Jeff to do so as well. He waves a twenty-five percent cure rate at them. *Consenting Adult* makes a point that many professionals don't agree with this view, but fails to clearly detail that this attitude about homosexuality is obsolete, not to mention destructive, for homosexual patients.

After a few months of therapy, Jeff terminates his sessions and tells his parents he has accepted his homosexuality. For Tessa, this means the end of the hope for a cure that has seen her through this crisis, but for Ken, it's confirmation of what he has expected from the beginning of the ordeal. His son's sexuality is unnatural, sickening. He holds Jeff responsible for his homosexuality, for not fighting it, and sees it as a curse on Ken Lynn.

Forced out of his father's house Jeff finds refuge and sympathy with Margie and her husband, Nate. Jeff supports himself by working as an orderly in the hospital where he eventually meets his lover, Stuart, and continues his education. His contact with Ken and Tessa is infrequent. Ken still views Jeff as an abomination, but Tessa has come to tolerate his homosexuality. She is careful to give Jeff plenty of "space," but she doesn't admit that she is the one who needs the distance to protect herself from any real knowledge of his life.

This uneasy state of tolerance persists until it is nearly comfortable. But, with an incredibly sudden and loosely justified change of heart, Ken writes Jeff a letter in which he explains that while Jeff isn't the son he wanted or thought he had, he is the son he does have. It's a step that is explained only by the fact that Ken and Tessa's relationship has grown closer in recent months.

Ken dies of a second stroke before he mails the letter, but Tessa gives it to Jeff at the funeral. It seems that Ken's death, coming at a time when things have never been better between them, shakes some sort of per-

sisting judgment out of Tessa and teaches her what *real* loss is. She hasn't lost Jeff, not yet. She invites Jeff and the lover he lives with, Stuart, to spend Christmas with her.

Consenting Adult doesn't reveal much about homosexuality, but at least it doesn't depict Jeff as a neurotic, a pansy, or a "mama's boy," and, more importantly, he isn't filled with the self-loathing usually associated with homosexuals in films and literature aimed at straight audiences. While we might like to know more about who Jeff is, there's some comfort in knowing who he is not. However, the film isn't long enough to treat the subject thoroughly, and character development is one of the novel's strengths that the filmmakers sacrificed, along with its gay liberation politics.

For gays and lesbians who have told their parents, or those who are contemplating this step, *Consenting Adult* still doesn't explain our parents' reservations about the lifestyle we've accepted and, in many cases, have embraced. But the film does offer the insight that the things we give up — marriage, a family, social approval — seem a high price to our parents, who are no more able to understand our compensations than we are able to understand their fear.

What *Consenting Adult* does for the public is to bring the issue of homosexuality home. Up and down every street in the nation there are parents who've faced what Ken and Tessa did, parents who have children as compelling as Jeff, and as average as he is. When these TV viewers hear a child of theirs say he or she is gay, maybe it'll help them to know that they aren't alone. And whether they're successful or not, at least they make the effort to understand what Ken and Tessa did. As all of us know, that's half the battle.

— JEANNE HENRY

Consenting Adult - Gilbert Cates, director; John McGreavy, teleplay, Marlo Thomas, Barry Tubb, Martin Sheen. 1985.

Jeanne is a Cincinnati-based freelance writer who has studied filmmaking and film as literature.

Record Review

Nancy Vogl:
Something To Go On

One of the hallmarks of a truly gifted musician is the ability to stabilize musically, to settle within a set of harmonies and melodies and from there to expand and to grow. To take one's music and to create from it a unique and diverse world in itself is the ultimate that one can hope for. A few have done this; Meg Christian and Ferron come to mind. Now one must include Nancy Vogl among these fine musicians.

Vogl is active. A co-founder of the legendary Berkeley Women's Music Collective of the 1970s, Vogl has toured the world extensively since childhood in various political and artistic endeavors. She has performed with Holly Near, Woody Simmons, and Robin Flower, among others. That she is a woman of remarkable diversity is certain. Until recently, however, there were no Nancy Vogl concerts to attend, no Nancy Vogl albums to listen to. Perhaps so much

activity had prevented this. But no matter. *Something To Go On* is here and it is reason for celebration.

Vogl has indeed settled. The music reflects an enviable stability and coherence among styles. The melodies and phrasings are among the most ex-cruciatingly beautiful to be found. An amazing yet comforting symmetry draws in the mind, the heart, and the soul. The album is perfect.

Each side is complete within itself. Side A is all instrumental music, dominated throughout by forceful yet delicate acoustic guitar work. She is aided by Suzanne Shanbaum, who wrote "Clairvoyage," the third song, and who co-arranged all of the songs with Vogl. The ensemble is completed by Carolyn Brandy on percussion and Vogl again on bass. An interesting and welcome discovery is that the first cut, "Arroyo de Vida," is a *political instrumental* song. No loud, vindictive voices cry out in this song that was inspired by a Salvadoran school teacher who was killed in Nicaragua. Instead, Vogl chooses to explore musically the idea of the

"stream or river of life," and how it always surges in times of hardship. This is not an easy task for a musician; Vogl does it well.

Side B blooms like a flower as new shades and colors present themselves. The title track features the first of five vocals by Vogl, and it is apparent that the guitarist is a singer not far behind Rhiannon in talent. Her singing can be compared to Rhiannon's; it is deep and luring.

"Three Mile Run," a song about three women who have died, presumably because of their political activities, almost tops the list of vocals in this set. There is no weeping, but instead a caution to watch along that "dangerous route." Again, the listener never senses any preachiness or self-righteousness; her phrasings and the subtle effectiveness of the lyrics make her point well. The twist at the end is particularly good — listen for yourself.

Vogl is alternately philosophical and witty in "One Hundred Bowls of the Moon" and "Crime of the Century." The accompanying band performs well in these songs. Barbara Borden, the best drummer in women's music, Linda Tillery on backing vocals, and others make the music unforgettable.

Listening to "Matanzas," which closes the album, is like taking only one sip of fine wine. It just isn't enough. This critic has seldom heard such a luring, sensuous interweaving of melody and lyrics. The song about a woman who dreams of nights of love alone in her room is intensely vivid. Four minutes is certainly not long enough to listen to this sexy tale. Listen to it again and again.

The entire album begs for repeated listenings. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to tire of the work of this wonderful guitarist and singer. Perhaps this album can best be described by a couple of lines from "Matanzas": "Her rhythm, strong and smooth/ her voice has a grace/ and such a sweet delivery."

Nancy Vogl, *Something to Go On*
Redwood Records RR 3000
1984

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SP85

Fiction

BOOTS THAT HIKE ALONE. The Adirondack Mountains of upper central New York State are beautiful in October. On the clear warm days, leaves crackle under your boots, and those still remaining on the trees shade you enough to keep you decently cool if you're hiking or climbing, reminding you that winter isn't quite here yet.

We were due to climb Owl's Head this weekend, one of the prettiest little mountains the Adirondacks have to offer. It's not a major climb and you can get to the top in about forty-five minutes or so; but once there the view is splendid, and you feel that you've really accomplished a feat if you're not prone to climbing to begin with. It's a good little mountain for the less athletically inclined and older folks who don't get out a whole lot, and for those of us who just want to take a break from the four- and five-thousand footers.

We camped at Charlie's Friday night. Earlier in the day we had driven up from Remsen and our little camp was already set up. We knew that if we didn't do it right away, we'd be fighting strings and stakes and poles and the ground-cloth and tarp in the dark. Fooling around with things like that after a long drive and an even longer conversation — and all by the light of small flashlights — could make you cranky.

We brought each other up to date on everything that had happened in our lives since last we met, as we sat on cots, warmed by Charlie's homemade, oil barrel wood stove in his small Montgomery Ward utility building. Who could resist listening to Charlie relate the bountiful tales of his past? He was twice retired — once from the Air Force, and once from a job in Rome that I never did get straight. But it doesn't really matter what the jobs were that he had held. He was chock full of endless stories about them. The most interesting and exciting ones were of when he was a boy and young man living in the Lake Placid area. I especially loved the one about his

aunt, who was occasionally left alone by her husband while he went out trapping and she stayed home — continuously watching for wolves as she moved to and from the barn each morning and evening to milk the cow.

We got into those scary, old stories this night. It seemed appropriate so late in October to be telling the spooky ones. Each of us had our own to share. Some of them raised the hairs on the back of my neck.

Checking my watch, I announced the time. We all stood at once and called it a day. Six in the morning would come early enough. Now, it was late at night — just after eleven. If you're partying in the city, that's equivalent to one in the afternoon. But if you're going to climb the next day, eleven at night means eleven at night.

Everybody stretched and scratched and bid one another goodnight as they headed for their respective camping areas. My lover and I headed for ours together, still thinking about the story of the woman who had awakened from a sound sleep, reached out in the dark and felt a dead arm, only to discover that it was her own that had gone to sleep on her. It had been a funny story, but the idea that someone could believe there was a stranger in their bedroom, lurking close enough for them to reach out and touch, still left a shade of foreboding with us. It didn't matter that the arm had been the woman's own. The story hadn't been presented that way. It had been told to create tension and fright. It had been told well. "Ha Ha," I laughed as I tried to shake off the jitters created by the story and the uneasy feelings that October and Home Box Office can drive into you anyway, during this season.

The moon shone big tonight, big as a cheese pie. The silhouette of the trees against it stood out in sharp, black relief against its bloody orange color. The muted light cast dancing shadows against the earth as a slight wind made the leaves rustle and whisper on the trees. The smaller branches clacked together like old, dried up, dead bones. Charlie's little utility cabin, made from one-eighth inch metal, seemed a formidable for-

ress indeed, as we glanced back once to see it disappear behind the small rise of land we were descending.

"Well," I said in a loud voice to let the ghosts and goblins out there know that I meant business and that they couldn't scare the pants off me. "It's sure going to be good to lie down. I'm tired."

"What're you yelling for?" my lover asked.

"Was I?"

We spread our sleeping bags on the ground-cloth and sat down to remove our boots. We placed them at the head of the ground-cloth to have handy if we needed to get up in the night. I usually do when I camp. It's like dues one has to pay to sleep outdoors. You want to spend the night on the ground? You get up at least once. Why doesn't this happen at home?

We said our brief goodnights, quickly kissed, and soon drifted into sleep. It wasn't long before we both heard it. "Rain," I said. "I'll go cover the packs."

I slipped into my boots thinking that I had placed them exactly side by side and closer to my head. But they weren't in that position now. "Huh," I said mildly curious but not alarmed. I looked over at my lover's. Her's, too, seemed further away than normal. "Bring your boots closer to you so they don't get wet," I advised.

I didn't bother to lace my boots. The packs were within twenty feet of us. I crawled out from underneath the tarp and stood. I dreaded getting wet, but what could I do? The forecast had predicted clear and warm weather, so I hadn't brought my raincoat under the tarp with me.

"Hey!" I said.

"Shhh."

"Hey!" I repeated. "It's not raining."

"You're crazy," my lover told me.

"I'm telling you, it's not raining."

"I can hear it," she insisted.

I stood and listened to the rain that didn't fall out of the cloudless night sky, filled with millions of pinpoints of bright stars.

"It isn't rain," I said in a low voice.

"What is it, then?" I could hear a slight strain in my lover's voice, as if

Continued page 40

Fiction (Continued)

she were still captured by the earlier stories of the evening.

"It's...it's..." I held out my hand. "...bark and pine needles falling on the tarp. The wind's knocking the stuff down."

"Cripes," said my lover and rolled over.

I covered the packs anyway, just to be on the safe side and was nearly lifted out of my boots as a loud "Whoooo, whoooo," came unexpectedly from directly over my head. "Lord, Don't do that!" I said to the owl whose silhouette against the moon made him look enormous. Convinced he was going to fly down and bury his talons in my face, I scurried back to the tarp and sat down. Again, I placed my boots just above my head.

I lay down and tried to relax. Thankfully, the long day was finally taking its toll on me and I began to doze. But, something disturbed me and I opened my eyes. I allowed nothing else on my body to move, which wasn't saying much since I was frozen into place. From my rigid position, I tried to see what was causing the disturbance by rolling my eyeballs from corner to corner and as far up as I could to as far down as I could. But I was determined not to move any other muscles. It didn't work. I *had* to move to see.

Again, I heard something. "Pssst," I called softly to my sleeping lover.

"What is it?" came her tired voice.

"Something's wrong," I said in a whisper.

"Go to sleep," she scolded. "It's just the stories you heard tonight."

I reached for my boots. They weren't there! "No sir. There's something wrong. My boots are gone."

My lover sat up. "How can they be?" There was a pause, then the sound of a hand searching in the dark followed by a trembling voice. "So are mine."

Together in the night, we reached upward to feel for our boots, each using only a single cautious hand and placing it very carefully down where the boots should have been — but weren't. Pat, pat, pat came the gentle

sounds of our palms against the ground-cloth.

"Here they are," came my lover's relieved voice. "Right where they should be. I could hear them being picked up and plunked down next to her sleeping bag."

I reached up further and felt leather. "Mine, too. Boy, I could have sworn I put them closer to me than that."

"Go to sleep," came the command.

"Right," I said, and placed my boots by my left side where I could keep an eye on them. Soon I was dozing again only to awaken to the same sound that had disturbed me before. I lay unmoving, listening to the strange noise. Kicking my lover in the back of the legs, I said, "I'm telling you, something weird is going on. Look!" Sure enough, my boots were separated now.

"What's going on?" she asked. I knew it wasn't too many stories we'd listened to. There was something happening — and it was happening to us!

"Why are these boots moving?" I asked, a nearly babbling idiot by now.

"I don't know," came the helpless answer. We sat listening to the bones of the trees clacking together and felt the wind whisper across our faces and gently ripple the tarp in the moonlit night.

"I'm leaving," I announced. I wasn't going to stay here any longer. I was going to stay with Charlie — if I could get there. The utility building only *seemed* two thousand miles away. But I could make it in a mad dash if I really wanted to. And I really wanted to.

"Hey!" came a happy voice. "Look at me." The relief I heard was similar to being back home in our own bed.

"What?" I asked already halfway into my boots and ready to bolt.

"Look at me," my lover said again.

I looked without much enthusiasm. I wanted to get to Charlie's.

"I'm halfway down the ground-cloth."

Now, whole bodies were moving!

"I'm gone," I said, and headed out.

"No!" shouted my lover, and grabbed me by a sock.

"Yes!" I said, and pulled hard.

"It's the ground-cloth!"

"The ground-cloth?" I took the briefest of seconds to look.

"We're sliding down the doggone ground-cloth. Look at us. We're on enough of an incline to slide right off the darned thing."

The ground-cloth was plastic. Very slick. I'd found that out the first night we'd ever used it when I nearly slipped on it in socks.

"Wait," I said. I would test the theory. I took off my boots setting one on the ground-cloth and the other next to it but just off the ground-cloth, and sat down to watch. A minute hadn't gone by before I noticed a difference. Sure enough the boot on the ground-cloth was sliding. So was I. And by now, my lover was two-thirds the way down the thing.

"Listen to the plastic crinkle as we move," my lover said.

"Crinkly plastic," I said, stupid with relief.

"And, it is slick, so we would slide."

"Slick," I repeated dumbly.

"That's your strange noise and that's your walking hiking boots. They weren't moving because we'd placed them on the ground. We were the ones doing all the moving — down this stupid piece of plastic. That's why the boots kept getting away from us."

In a squatting position, I bent my head to my knees for a moment to compose myself and then said, "Well...well...that's a big, big relief." I slipped into my boots and picked up my bag.

"Where're you going?" my lover asked.

"You gotta be kiddin'," I said. "I'm headed for level ground."

My lover threw back her head and laughed the owl right out of the tree.

— PENNY HAYES

Penny is a fifteen-year teacher of Special Education, and has taught in New York State and West Virginia. She started hiking and climbing in November of 1975, and has had many experiences in the forests of the Adirondack Mountains and in the southern mountains of West Virginia.

Recipe of the Month

TAKE A WOK ON THE WILD SIDE. If you enjoy dining in garishly decorated Chinese restaurants with your love of loves, but find the arrival of the check turns your romantic heartbeats into myocardial spasms — cheer up. There is an alternative.

For a small investment and with some practice you and your love of loves can soon dine on sumptuous Chinese creations in your own garishly decorated apartment, earth-covered house, or communal home.

The first step toward accomplishing this task is selecting a wok and accessories — the investment.

A wok is one of the most useful pans you will ever own. Its unique shape makes it perfect for stir-frying, deep-fat frying, simmering and steaming nearly any kind of food imaginable.

All woks are not created the same; they vary in size, shape, material and accessories. You should purchase a wok that is best suited to your needs.

The most common material used in wok manufacturing is a carbon or tempered steel. This type of steel requires a thorough initial seasoning and additional seasoning each time the wok is used. It will soon acquire a dark, well-used patina. It has good heat-transfer characteristics which make it excellent for stir-fry and deep-fat frying. If you plan to simmer or steam often, a carbon steel wok is not for you. The prolonged moist heat can easily cause rust formation that will discolor the wok and food. Carbon steel wok sets are available from about \$10.

Stainless steel is also used in many woks. It does not discolor or rust but it transfers heat less quickly than a carbon steel wok. Some manufacturers wrap the exterior heating surface with aluminum or copper to improve heat transfer. Stainless steel woks are very attractive and require less care than carbon steel woks. They are also more expensive. Expect to spend \$35-\$40.

Aluminum and aluminum alloy woks are increasing in popularity. They have good heating properties and need little care. A disadvantage is that you cannot season aluminum woks. They are inexpensive — about \$10.

Woks work best on a gas stove. If you have an electric stove, buy a wok that has a flat bottom to sit right on the burner or a wok that has a tapered ring stand so you can adjust the wok's distance from the burner.

An electric wok is a fourth choice. A big advantage of an electric wok is that it gives you an opportunity to get away from the stove. You can stir-fry or deep-fat fry at the dining table or on a counter top. Newer electric woks have a non-stick coating that makes for easy cleaning.

It is obvious that there are many types of woks to choose from; there are also many different kinds of accessories. Fortunately, only a few are essential. You will need a long-handled spatula or spoon, a long-handled wire strainer, and, for steaming, some type of rack is needed. Many times these accessories will be included with your wok purchase.

Now that you are all ready to begin, let's start with those ever-popular appetizers — egg rolls. I usually prepare enough filling to use the entire package of egg roll wraps (20-24). The rolled, uncooked egg rolls may be frozen, thawed and deep fried later.

Pork and Shrimp Filling

- 3 Tablespoons soy sauce
- 3 Tablespoons cornstarch
- 3 Tablespoons cold water
- 1 teaspoon bead molasses
- 1 Tablespoon light corn syrup
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 2 cups chopped pork
- 1 med. cabbage, chopped medium fine
- 1 4-ounce can shrimp, rinsed, drained well, coarsely chopped

- 1 cup bean sprouts
- 4 Tablespoons cooking oil
- 1 pinch of ground ginger

Blend soy sauce into the cornstarch. Stir in water, molasses and syrup. Set aside. Heat wok over high heat until oil smokes. Stir-fry garlic and ginger 15-30 seconds. Add half of the pork. Stir-fry about 3 minutes. Spoon out this mixture and repeat sequence with the rest of the ingredients. Stir in shrimp. Join the previously cooked mixture into the wok's contents. Stir the soy sauce and pour into wok. Cook and stir one minute. Remove and you are ready to roll.

As you roll the egg rolls, heat 3 inches of oil with 2 pinches of ginger. In a bowl, beat an egg until mixed.

Place a separated egg roll wrap with a point toward you. Spoon filling diagonally across just below the center toward you. Fold up the bottom of the wrap, tucking the corner under filling. Bring both side corners in, like an envelope. Roll egg roll towards the remaining point. Moisten the corner with a little egg and press to seal. Roll up the rest in the same manner.

Deep fry one or two egg rolls at a time until golden brown. Drain and serve warm with your choice of sauce for dipping.

Next month's article will feature a meatless main dish.

— PENNIE J. BRECHBIEL

Pennie is an enterostomal therapy nurse with an avid enjoyment of Chinese cooking. This is the first of her articles on the cuisine of China.



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anticipated future salary is vital to understanding how much money should be placed in retirement savings. People do NOT like to retire on less than what they were making in their jobs. Secondly, as females, we should expect to live longer than our male counterparts and thus, need retirement monies even more than men. Thirdly, ALL people are living longer and longer.

To calculate the amount you should have in retirement savings, first calculate your anticipated retirement income. Then make a list of your "known" retirement income, such as Social Security, the annual amount you can expect from your retirement program at work, and any other resources you wish to consider as retirement funds. If you are making close to \$20,000 per year now, the current social security rate would be around \$700 per month income or \$8,400 per year. And let's say that your employer's retirement program will provide you with \$6,000 per year. Then you need only to provide the missing \$5,600 to maintain a retirement income of \$20,000 per year,

assuming that you never have a salary increase.

\$20,000	Current income
- 8,400	Retirement income from SS
- 6,000	Retirement income from Employer
<u>\$ 5,600</u>	Retirement income missing to maintain an annual salary of \$20,000 per year.

The key, obviously, is to determine how much you will be making at retirement and then determine the amount of missing retirement income. Let's assume that your calculation of annual salary at retirement age reveals that you will be making \$50,000 just prior to retirement. Then, if we use the above situation and assume that you have no other savings resources, there is \$35,600 missing that must be provided.

\$50,000	Anticipated retirement income
- 8,400	Retirement income from SS
- 6,000	Retirement income from Employer
<u>\$35,600</u>	Missing retirement income

Let's also assume that you have 25 years in which to make up this missing portion, and that you can invest your money at close to 10% per year. If we divide the missing \$35,600 by the number of years left to accumulate the money, or 25, we find that you must save \$1,424 each year at 10%. You might assume that you can get by with saving less per year since the interest will contribute to the total amount saved at your retirement age. However, if you have only the \$35,600 in savings at your retirement age, you will consume that entire amount in living expenses the very first year after you have retired. Thus, we are after a final savings at retirement age of \$356,000, so that you can live on the interest of your savings without devouring your principal. The last thing you want to do is to outlive your savings. Therefore the savings must be such that the *interest income* from the savings is sufficient to meet your retirement needs. And this is just the start. If you plan to live to be a ripe old age, and you should, your savings program should take into consideration

that inflation will continue even after you have retired. It will cost you more to exist at age 75 than it will at age 65. And for those of you who doubt that you will be around at age 75 or who doubt that you will want the same standard of living that you now enjoy, may I suggest that you take a good hard look at the statistics. More people are living longer, in good health than ever before and the trend is continuing with each passing year.

We have now saved \$1,424 per year and we're ready to invest — invest in what? An IRA will not only accumulate interest income tax-free during your working years, but is also income tax-deductible to you. An annuity accumulates interest or dividends at around 11% per year at this time. Mutual funds have varying growth rates and loading charges, but some have been very solid in their growth records.

The keys to investing for retirement are twofold. You should strive for true interest of around 10% per year and you should be aware that most of the investment vehicles that are paying 10% per year do not provide guarantees on your money, such as banks or credit unions. Thus it becomes far more important at this stage of investing that you thoroughly check the background of the institution with which you are placing your money. Who are they? How long have they been in business and what is their track record for return on the savings dollars placed with them? You will find that your local banker is an excellent source of information about other financial institutions; don't hesitate to chat with your local bank manager before making any long-term investment.

The final tip of the investment triangle has to do with high risk investments. There is so much to say about that final piece of the investment puzzle that we'll devote our total attention to it in next month's issue.

— ESTHER FULLER

Esther has an M.A. in Business Administration and has been a financial consultant to women and small businesses for over ten years.



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Parents Viewpoint (Continued)

who were lesbians. I will always be grateful to these women for they helped dispel some fears that we had for Jeanne's future.

Jeanne has become closer and dearer to us. She showed me the ropes as I began college during her last undergraduate semester and now, at twenty-four, she is an instructor at the university I attend. We discuss, we share, we learn from each other. I don't mean to mislead you with the happy ending. This has not been a simple process, and we haven't put aside all our fears. It's probably only within the last year that her brother has had any desire to understand. Her job will always be at risk, and in many parts of the country, it's dangerous to be gay. On one occasion, Jeanne was attacked coming out of a gathering place for gays.

Some experts believe homosexuals have a choice, but others do not. We share the second view. Jeanne's way of life is the only way that's ever seemed natural to her. Because we've known about Jeanne, we've had a chance to get to know many other young people in their early twenties who have always known they were different and discovered that difference early in life, as Jeanne did. The ones who accept themselves and who maintain warm relationships with their friends and families make it.

Forget the labels! Jeanne is an intelligent, loving and socially concerned person, and anyone who gets to know her before labeling her will respect and admire her. A part of the reason she has these qualities may be her progression to self-knowledge and self-affirmation. She, and so many other lesbians and gays, have much to contribute to our world. The only immediate answer is love. The rest takes time — time for sharing, questioning, answering, and observing. It's worth it — we still have our daughter!

— JUANITA HENRY

Juanita Henry lives in the Cincinnati area. She is a wife, the mother of a daughter and son who are teachers, and is about to graduate from college with a degree in English/Education.

Spirituality (Continued)

Wicca may have different ways of practicing that religion. However, there are certain beliefs that all Wicca hold in common:

The three-fold law — harm none, do what ye will, and the Karma of your actions will return to you three times over.

A belief in reincarnation, a rebirth into a new life, where your actions may enable you to grow to a higher spiritual understanding.

A belief that all life is part of a greater whole, and the actions of one affects the whole.

Many Wicca practice the seasonal holidays, because it helps them to achieve a balance with the Earth. The Solstices (December 21 and June 21) mark the longest and shortest nights of the year, and the Equinoxes (September 22 or 23 and March 21) mark the times when day and night are of equal length. The other four holidays are known as cross quarter days, as they fall between the celebrations of the Sun. Lammas (August 1) is a harvest festival, which celebrates the bounty of the Earth and ushers in the Autumn. Hallos (October 31) is the Feast of the Dead, symbolizing the death of the crops and the beginning of the Earth's withdrawal of her bounty. Candlemas (February 2) is the Festival of Lights, and ushers in warmer days and the return of Spring. Beltane, or May Day (May 1), is a celebration of birth and the renewal of life.

These holidays have a practical application for agricultural peoples, as they mark times of planting and reaping. However, even those of us who do not make our living by agriculture come to a greater understanding of the cyclic nature of life as we celebrate the turning of the wheel of the year. Celebration of the seasons puts us in harmony with the Earth's rhythms, as well as bringing our own seasonal rhythms to our consciousness. We are able to mark our own spiritual growth as the seasons change, and thus we are better able to follow our individual path toward becoming one with the Infinite: the Goddess.

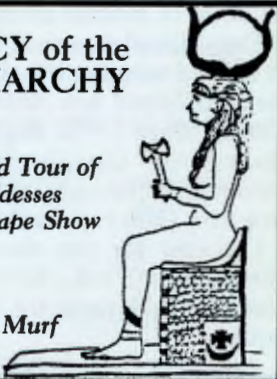
—MURF MOOREFIELD

Murf has been active in lesbian politics since 1970, and was selected in 1984 as one of *The Advocate* 400. She has been leading workshops on Wicca and Matriarchy since 1979, and together with Kathleen Valentine, has developed a lecture/slide presentation (now available on tape) called "Legacy of the Matriarchy." She has had numerous works published in periodicals and anthologies including *Sisterhood Surveyed*, *Of A Like Mind*, *The Palm of Your Hand*, and *For Lesbians Only*. For more information on the slide show, contact Murf at 915 Montpelier St., Baltimore, MD 21218.

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The Directory may be ordered from: Directory-T. Mehlman; Box E-94; Earlham College; Richmond, IN 47374.

LESBIAN PHYSICIANS NETWORK. There is now a national organization which addresses the needs of lesbian physicians. AAPHR (American Association of Physicians for Human Rights) has a women's issues committee which sponsors a yearly national lesbian physicians conference, coordinates a mailing list of approximately 300 lesbian physicians, osteopaths and students, and facilitates regional networking. Anyone interested in more information, please contact: Women's Issues Committee, c/o AAPHR; Box 14366; San Francisco, CA 94114.

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Ellie's Nest

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<u>MONTH</u>	<u>WRITERS DEADLINE</u>	<u>TOPICS AND ARTICLES</u>
JULY	April 15	WOMEN AND THE LEGAL SYSTEM/GAY PRIDE WEEK Custody battles in different states; Sex discrimination cases; Women in the legal profession; Laws concerning, discriminating against, or affecting lesbians; Tax; Marriage; Co-buying; Inheritance.
AUGUST	May 1	WOMEN AND PEACE Greenham Common; Women involved in Nicaragua; Lesbians and the military; Surviving a military "witch hunt"; Historical perspective of women and peace.
SEPTEMBER	June 1	WOMEN IN EMPLOYMENT & BUSINESS Getting ahead in the "good-old-boys" network; Women and computers; Two careers in the house; Women breaking into the skilled trades; Lesbian-owned businesses; Options for financing your own business; Fashion for upward mobility.
OCTOBER	July 1	WOMEN'S CULTURE Lesbian photographers - the need to capture and document our existence; Women authors and poets; The effects of women's music on lesbians; The growth/diversity of women's literature; Lesbian/women's fine arts, dance, and theatre.
NOVEMBER	August 1	LESBIAN POLITICS Coping with the political system; 1 year after Reagan's re-election; P.C. vs P.I.
DECEMBER	September 1	LESBIAN LITERATURE Character development; The rise and fall of lesbian publishers; Expansion and diversity of titles; Reviews of books; Author interviews.

PHOTOS needed for Topics and Articles. Good color or black/white. Send negative, photo or slide. Use 64 or 100 ASA low speed film. Prefer vertical format for front and back cover.

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