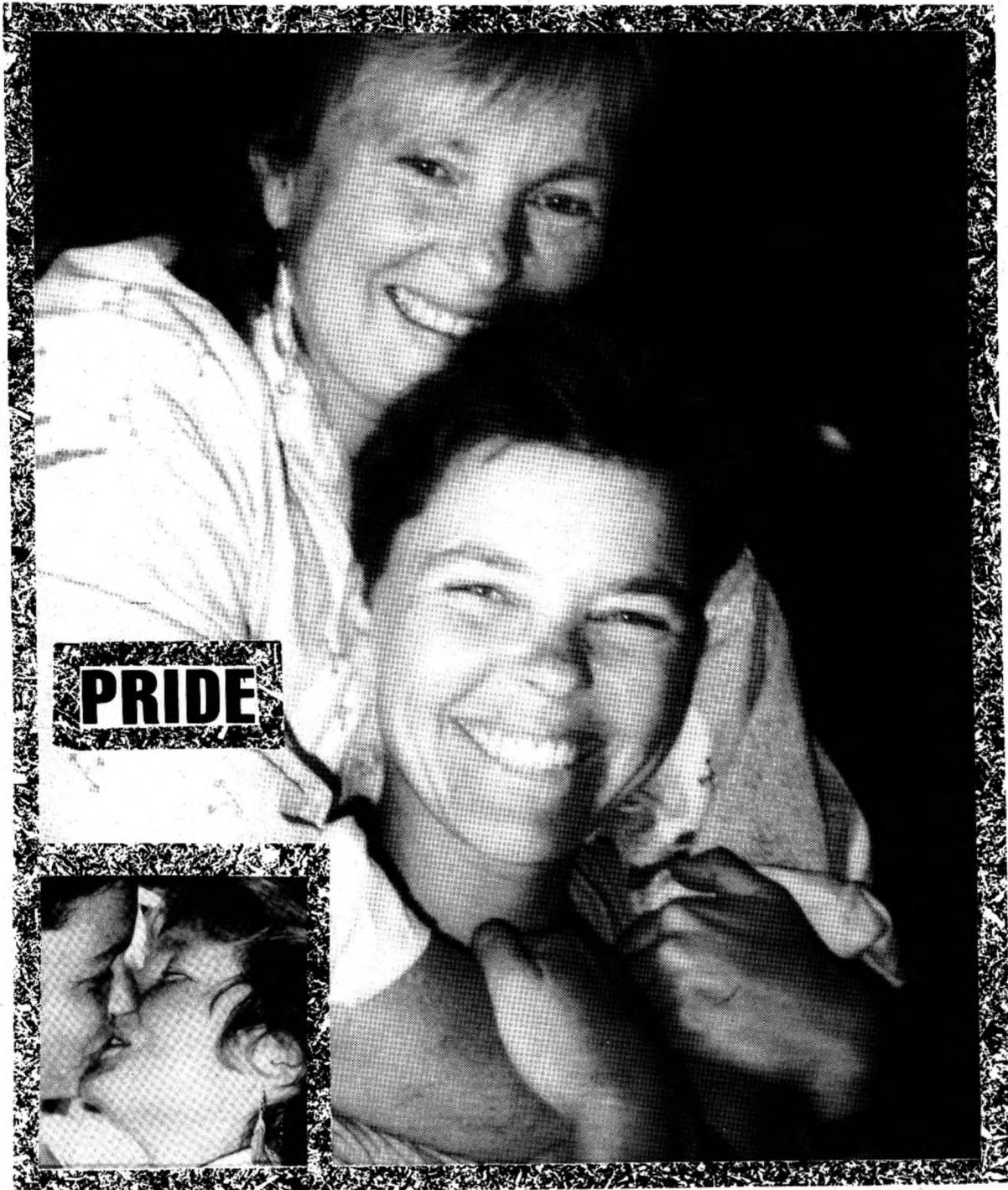


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News & Review for Santa Cruz County's Gay and Lesbian Community

Published Quarterly

Summer 1989



Inside: Pride Week Program and Summer Calendar

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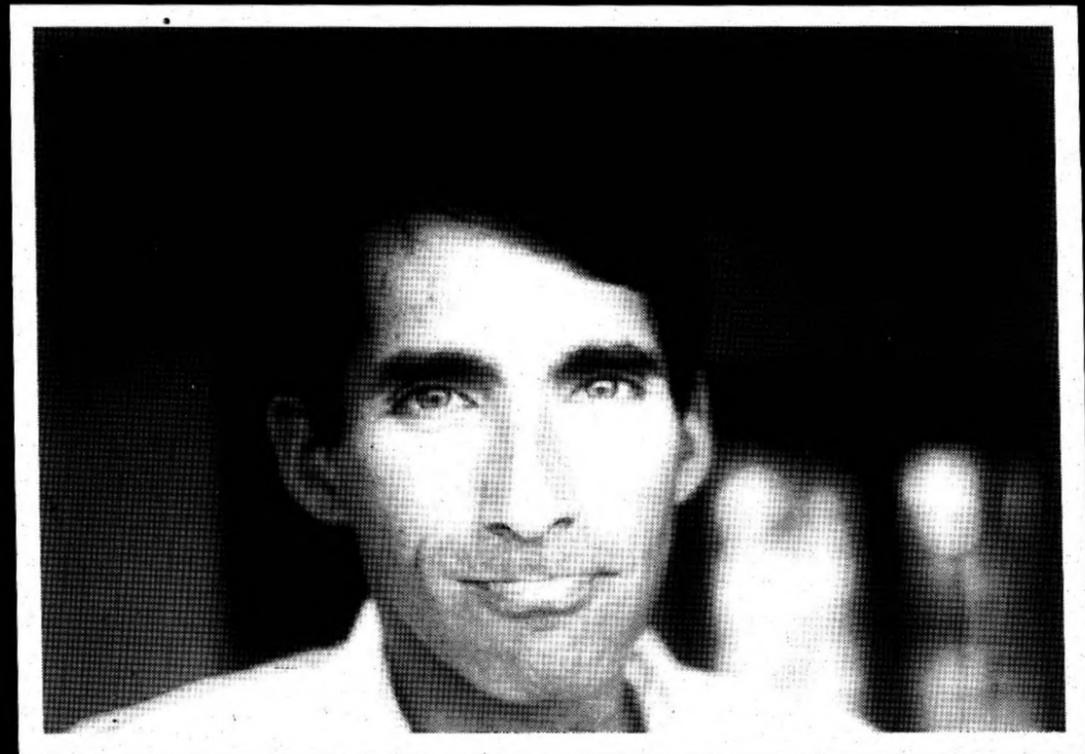
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LETTERS



Write to us! *The Lavender Reader* prefers letters that are terse, tart, typewritten, double-spaced and signed. Include a phone number where we can contact you. Send letters to *Lavender Reader*, PO Box 7293, Santa Cruz, CA 95061.

Dear Editor,

I am working on an oral history of the Stonewall riots which took place in Greenwich Village in 1969. I sent out notices about this project over a year ago and have received responses from all over the country.

I am writing this letter for three specific reasons. First, because this June is the twentieth anniversary of the Stonewall riots, people are beginning to focus on them more than ever. Therefore, I am sending out a second notice in the hopes of attracting even more people than have already answered my request.

Secondly, I feel very strongly that the book I am working on should represent the events and the people who took part in them as accurately as possible. Therefore I am putting out a special request to women and people of color who witnessed or participated in the Stonewall riots.

Finally, I am still looking for photographs of the riots.

I had originally hoped for the book to be out this June. However, because of the unexpected volume of responses to my notice last year and because of the problems I am having getting the records on the riots from the New York City Police and the FBI, it will probably be another year before it is published.

This notice is being sent to organizations, bookstores, publications, community centers and other gathering places around the country. I will be traveling to different parts of the country this year. Hopefully, this will allow me to interview in person most, if not all, of those interested. If you have any questions about the project, please contact me. Thanks you very much for your interest and assistance.

All the best,
Michael Scherker
PO Box 100391
Brooklyn, NY 11210
(718) 434-6814

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OPENING WORD

This is the first issue of the *Reader* since the death of our publisher, Michael Perlman. The creation of the *Reader* was the fulfillment of a long-time dream for Michael and over the last year its development became one of the main focuses of his time and energy.

So, here we are publishing another issue of the *Reader* that is different, yet the same. Different because other people have done the work that Michael used to do, the same because — as always — lots of heart, laughter and love went into its creation. And as the *Lavender Reader* moves on in its evolution, we welcome your continued comments and support.

We are still planning to have a *Reader* third anniversary party — stay tuned, we'll be in touch.

Lastly, the Condom Lady asked me to let you know that she held off appearing in this issue because she saw how busy we were and didn't want to be a noodge (perish the thought). However, she will be answering her mail this fall.

Have the proudest of celebrations on the 17th. Happy trails.

— Jo Kenny

The Last Late Night

It would be quite accurate to say that Michael Perlman put his life into the last issue of the *Lavender Reader*.

Michael and I stayed up late together one Sunday night not long ago, under the watchful eye of Michael's friend/buddy Tek, dreaming up headlines and haggling — as was our way — over miniscule details. Never mind that talking now meant he had to gasp for air, that — for some reason — he had to put his head between his knees to hear me, that his feet were so swollen they didn't fit in his shoes. Is this wording too sarcastic? Does this font look okay? Will this caption offend anyone? We would check in with each other periodically, then go back to our keyboards, lost in our work.

We had done it several times before. The food would wear off around 11, the late night coffee would bow out gracefully at about 3 AM. Slap-happy would set in around 4 ("We have to use that picture — he looks so *queeny!*"). On occasion, sunrise would come and go and dogged determination would set in. ("Leave it, no one will notice, it's 6 in the morning," he would declare imperiously. I wait till he leaves the room. "It doesn't match," I mumble to myself, changing it — whatever "it" was — quickly, glancing over my shoulder, so as not to incur an exasperated, withering rebuke. Later I would tell him and he would smile in spite of himself — in his heart of hearts, Michael thought that obsessive perfectionism was a fine thing.)

On that recent Sunday night, when it got to be one in the morning, I stood up. "I've got to be at work in the morning." I felt a little guilty ("He has AIDS and you're going to bed!"). Michael continued working nearly till 3 AM.

And I'm still struggling to understand this concept: I don't get to make the *Lavender Reader* with Michael anymore. None of us does. I feel like a little child reminding myself — in one year, in ten years, in fifty years, Michael Perlman will still be dead. I shake my head, confused.

On the Tuesday after the Sunday night not long ago, Michael called from the admitting office of the hospital. Thirty-four pages were already at the printers, six were not quite done, he told me. He could barely talk. Could I come get them? Yes? Okay he said, listen, check this spelling on that page, and that font on that page and make sure this fits there . . . Okay, Michael, I'll come get them. Later, I learned that Michael had refused to be admitted to the hospital until he called to make sure I would take care of the last six pages. Then and only then would he be checked in.

When I arrived at his bedside, there were still more instructions. "Be sure that this is right." Okay, Michael, I'll take care of it. Get some rest. "Okay. Oh! One more thing. Check . . ." Okay, honey, relax, I'll take care of it. "All right. Oh, one more thing . . ." Over and over. Finally, he closed his eyes to rest, and I naively thought he had let go of the spring issue of the *Reader*.

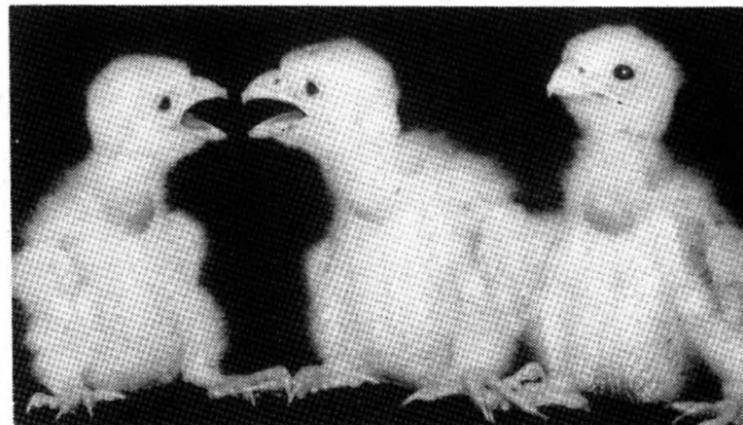
I was summoned to the hospital by an urgent phone call three days after he had handed me the last details of the spring issue. "Michael is dying," our friend had told me, "and he wants to see you."

Michael was never a particularly effusive person. As I approached his bedside for what we both knew was our last goodbye, he turned toward me. "Let's make this quick," he said.

Continued on Page 27

Scott Brookie

VERBATIM



"Discrimination against the right to love as one wishes will not be tolerated in this city."

— Harry Britt, President of the San Francisco Board of Supervisors, following a 10 to 0 vote adopting the nation's first ordinance which permits public registration of "domestic partnerships" at the County Clerks office. [SF Chronicle]

"Although the court did not reach the broader issue [of the constitutionality of the anti-gay policy], it did specifically rule that this openly gay soldier would have no harmful effect on the military mission. That ruling completely undercuts the pentagon's position that homosexuality is incompatible with military service."

— Nan Hunter, director of the Lesbian and Gay Rights Project of the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU). Responding to the May 5, 1989 ruling of the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Ninth Circuit which ordered the Army to reinstate Sgt. Perry Watkins, an openly gay man. [Gay Community News]

"The experience in Austin was amazing. We turned the corner and looked back over the bridge. I couldn't believe it, there were queers as far as the eye could see."

— Robert Bray, director of communication for the Human Rights Campaign Fund, talking about the gay/lesbian rights march on the capital of Texas last April 30. Over 20,000 people participated. [Gay Community News]

FALL 1989

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THE CENTER

Finding Our Center

At "A Gay Evening in May" on May 6, the Santa Cruz Lesbian & Gay Community Center unveiled plans for an actual site for a Center. The proposed plan is for an 800-sq.-ft. space, subdivided into a large meeting room, an ample reception area for community-wide resource information, a small library, and an office space. We have received notification of our non-profit incorporation status, and are now actively searching for the space to call "A Home of Our Own." If you have any leads, please call Ron Sampson at 423-9000.

To support our Center, we have launched our first annual membership drive, soliciting support from community individuals in the form of either annual or lifetime memberships. The Communications Committee is responsible for coordinating this effort, along with publishing our monthly newsletter and various flyers to keep you informed of our events and programs. If you'd like to be on our mailing list, please call Mindy Storch at 475-6268. Also, let her know if you'd like to help out with our monthly mailings.

And to help support the Center and its programs, LGCC has been putting on regular fundraisers, from last summer's raffle at Gay Pride Day through the fall's Halloween Dance and this spring's Wine-Tasting, along with regular monthly rummage/flea market sales. If you're interested in helping out on any of these kinds of events, please call Michael Lightstone at 462-4730.



Mindy Storch

Along with the physical space, a primary focus of the Lesbian and Gay Community Center is to provide on-going programs and services for the lavender community. To date, we have created a community Resource Directory with over 100 listings of local gay- and lesbian-owned, operated, or friendly businesses, services and professionals. We sponsor regular Game Nights on the first and third Wednesdays of every month; a Potluck and Social the second Tuesday of every month; and seasonal special events, such as our annual Thanksgiving Dinner and a "St. Patrick's Day-After Spaghetti Dinner." We've also created an LGCC Information Line: call 425-LGCC (5422) for happenings in the Santa Cruz gay and lesbian community. And, we are looking to establish rap/discussion groups in the near future. If you have any interest in working on any of these events/projects, please call Kathy McCrea at 426-6646.

We appreciate the tremendous encouragement from all of you in the community and look forward to your on-going support — whether it be kind words, ideas, time, or money. We need *your* help to make this *our* community center — please volunteer your efforts today!

Lesbian & Gay Community Center Regular Meetings & Events

COMMUNITY POTLUCK & SOCIAL*: Second Tuesday of the month: 6/13, 7/11, 8/8, 9/12. (475-6268).

GAME NIGHT*: First and third Wednesdays: 6/7 & 14; 7/5 & 7/19; 8/2 & 16; 9/6 & 20.

PROGRAMS & SERVICES MEETING*: Third Tuesday of the month: 6/20, 7/18, 8/15, 9/19. (426-6646).

FUNDRAISING MEETING: Fourth Tuesday of the month: 6/27, 7/25, 8/22, 9/26. (462-4730).

BUSINESS MEETING*: First Tuesday of the month: 6/6, 7/5, 8/1, 9/5. (475-6268).

*currently meets at Loudon Nelson Center

S.C. AIDS PROJECT REPORT

Of Travels and Troubles

The past few months have been very active for everyone at SCAP. Perhaps the most exciting event has been the hiring of SCAP's new Client Services Coordinator. Following a six week, statewide search, we hired Betty Devalcourt, a longtime Santa Cruz resident. Betty has a master's degree in social work and is very familiar with community resources, having just come from Senior Network Services where she assisted seniors to remain living in their own homes despite health or financial limitations. Betty has also worked with Shanti, the San Francisco based hospice. She is very excited to be at SCAP and the staff feels fortunate to have her ready smile and warm energy around the office.

Both Ruth Gunn Mota, SCAP's health educator and myself have been honored by being invited to make presentations at international AIDS conferences this past spring. Ruth spoke about community based organizations in Vienna, Austria, at the first International AIDS Service Organizations Conference, sponsored by the

World Health Organization.

Her great work at that conference led to an invitation for me to talk about the use of fear and humor techniques in AIDS prevention campaigns in the Netherlands, at a conference on Safer Sex, this past May.

We both had wonderful and enriching experiences at these conferences and were pleased to be able to talk about all the Santa Cruz community has been able to accomplish in the past four years.

And our travels are not over as David Beckstein, SCAP's Peer Education Coordinator, will be going to Montreal for the Fifth International Conference on AIDS in June. He will be presenting material detailing the education work SCAP is doing in the gay and bisexual community.

On the other end of the feeling spectrum, this spring has also been a difficult and sad time because a number of our friends, both new and old, have died. Although we recognize that this is still part of the nature of AIDS work, it does not diminish the actual feelings.

Continued on Page 10

Jo Kenny



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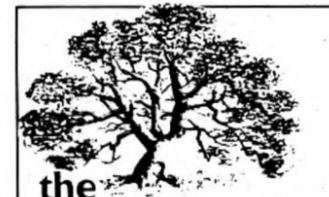
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ALLIANCE WORK

Bisexuals: Beyond Visibility

Bisexuality: what comes to mind when you hear the word? Woody Allen's one-liner about doubling your chances for a Saturday night date? An appealing vision of long-term, committed sexual relationships with both women and men? A bisexual friend who *you* really think of as "still a little bit in the closet?"

Or perhaps what comes to mind are memories of betrayal from when a lesbian lover or friend suddenly began a relationship with a man. Or secret curiosities and fantasies about what it could be like to have a sexual experience with a woman/man (whichever would be a switch for you). Or a belief that "everyone is really bisexual" or that "there's really no such thing as bisexuality."

Whatever your relationship with bisexuality, the Lesbian/Gay Action Alliance's upcoming forum presents an opportunity to be heard, and a chance to hear many others. Public dialogue on this issue is relatively undeveloped, at least compared to the discussions of specifically gay and lesbian issues that have engaged our community over the last several years.

Bisexuals face choices and opportunities, conflicts and difficulties, because of their sexuality - certainly the forum will be a chance to communicate these things. Such sharing dispels the feelings of invisibility, the sense of self-imposed partial closeting, which many bisexuals have experienced in both gay and hetero settings. It also provides the basis for clearer understanding and further dialogue between lesbians, gay



Erich Spitzenberg

men, bisexuals, and heterosexuals.

Bisexuality also often seems to raise complex and sometimes unsettling questions about sexual identity and community. On one hand, a sense of identity and of community empowers us and helps us to survive and flourish. On the other hand, our identities and communities may, for some of us, also feel like sources of limits and pressures. We can discuss these issues.

In addition, we could talk about how we define and envision our community. Are we a community because we share sexual behaviors (or desires, or fantasies) that differentiate us from heterosexuals? Or because we have shared the oppression directed toward us by society? Or because we share many interests and agendas in our struggle for and celebration of sexual

and emotional expression in an often homo- and erotophobic society?

Many other questions may arise as we share histories and insights. How have the experiences of female and male bisexuals been similar? How have they been different? What is it like to be the recipient of both homophobic attacks and heterosexual privilege? What are the continuities and dislocations of relating sexually and/or romantically with both women and men? Please come add your voice to the dialogue.

The LGAA's forum on bisexuality will be held during Lesbian/Gay Pride Week, on Wednesday June 14 at 7:00 at Loudon Nelson Center. We hope to build dialogue and connection within our community there by sharing our experiences, stories, and reactions.

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MAKING WAVES

Heartache and Community Building

Michael is gone. His death leaves a gaping hole at the center of the Santa Cruz lesbian and gay community, and in many hearts — including my own. It is a hole he would not want us to sit around and weep over, but to fill up with action, with a renewed commitment to lesbian and gay freedom. Freedom not just from the ravages of a virus, but from violence and bigotry in all their perverse forms. And so I ask myself again, for the thousandth time, what role the struggle against AIDS plays in our movement for freedom. What has knowing and loving and losing Michael meant to me as a feminist lesbian?

For a great many years, including the early years of the AIDS crisis, I had little to do with gay men. I felt quite strongly that lesbians and gay men face fundamentally different issues, and therefore have little to say to or learn from one another. This only began to change for me with rumors that reactionary loony Lyndon LaRouche was planning a quarantine initiative that seemed a transparent cover for rounding up gay men. Though I still didn't consider it "my issue," I knew I had to do something. The words of Black lesbian poet Pat Parker, from her piece about Nazis, haunted me: "Where will you be/ when they come?"

I met Michael at the first Stop LaRouche meeting, and we worked together in various campaigns, organizations and projects from that night until his death. Michael was one of the first men to win this resistant dyke's respect and trust as a political ally; Michael



Marc Mel

was one of the first men to win a place in my heart. As I said at his memorial gathering, it was AIDS that opened my heart, and now it is AIDS that is breaking my heart.

Becoming an AIDS activist and befriending gay men forced me to redefine what I meant by "my issues." I still believe that lesbians and gay men have vastly different experiences of this gendered world, and thus differing political needs and goals—but today I think these differences *require* talking to and learning from one another. We do not share an easy or automatic commonality of interest, but lesbians and gay men are, by necessity, allies. The "lesbian and gay community" is itself a coalition by definition, and, like all coalitions, involves struggle around difference and struggle over priorities.

The political and health crises of the AIDS epidemic have highlighted these struggles. I've often felt caught in the

ugly crossfire between gay men and those lesbians who reject AIDS work as "their issue, not ours." Apart for a moral distaste for such us/them distinctions where literal survival is at stake, I object because women too are exposed to HIV. There are lesbians with AIDS. I personally don't give a damn whether transmission involved a needle or a penis or another woman — these lesbians are struggling with life-threatening illness and need us as their allies. And the lives of the increasing thousands of non-lesbian-identified women with HIV infection are no less valuable than those of dykes-like-me. AIDS has made me rethink whom I mean when I say "my people."

That clear, let me also say that those feminists who have objected to the "disproportionate" funding that AIDS "causes" receive from lesbian pockets have an important point. There is a real problem for women if our money gets diverted from battered women's shelters, rape crisis centers, and other women's survival projects. This is not to suggest that AIDS groups get too much support, but that women's needs have always gotten too little. This perceived competition for a limited pool of donations has led to bitter divisions. In one California community, a mixed gay bar donated a portion of its cover charge to a local AIDS organization primarily serving men, and flatly refused to participate in fundraising for the women's community. This led to an attempted boycott of the bar by angered lesbians, and as you can imagine

Continued on Page 14

Allison Claire

ine, all hell broke loose in the community.

I've also heard the argument that AIDS work uses up "lesbian energy" in caretaking those who do not offer reciprocal support. Lesbian cynicism about gay men's willingness to give more than lip service to feminist issues has legitimate historical roots. But that too is changing. The recent San Francisco march for abortion rights and women's reproductive freedom positively bubbled with faggots. ACT-UP and the AIDS service organizations were out in full force, the lesbian/gay action groups marched, and the large contingent of pro-feminist men was proudly led by queers. This is also a product of our coalition-building around AIDS, a development that must be encouraged. Women have the right to expect this kind of support and more as we continue this struggle for our health and safety and freedom.

Arguments over the role of AIDS work within a broader political agenda are no longer just arguments between women and men, or between lesbian separatists and fag-hags. The Feb. 13 issue of *The Nation*, my favorite leftist mag, featured a now-notorious article by gay activist Darrell Yates Rist called "AIDS as Apocalypse: The Deadly Cost of An Obsession." Rist argued that the "fashionable hysteria" about AIDS is

dangerously distracting the movement from issues such as anti-gay violence and the needs of lesbian and gay youth. He then went on to accuse AIDS activists (ACT-UP in particular) of exaggerating the health threat out of a "compulsive need to partake (sic) in the drama of catastrophe," and concluded with this stunning bit of homophobic victim-blaming:

It isn't a virus that for centuries has deprived us lesbians and gaymen of our freedom, nor is it this epidemic that now most destroys our lives. Nor is it bigotry. It's our own shame, a morbid failure of self-respect and sane, self-righteous anger. If we care about nothing but AIDS now, it is because identifying with sexually transmitted death plays to some dark belief that we deserve it.

The outraged letters from lesbian and gay activists, PWAs, and AIDS organizations have sent *The Nation* reeling. Yet most of Rist's angry respondents have agreed with one point: that the lesbian and gay movement cannot afford to become single-issue.

These controversies about the relationship of AIDS issues to our over-all political agendas are based on panic over perceived scarcity of money and time. They are false conflicts representing the usual pitting of oppressed groups and progressive causes against one another. I'm not suggesting that

Prosperity Consciousness is a solution to political and economic inequity, but that the scarcity that we experience and the competition it creates are caused by political structures we need to challenge. The problem, for example, is not funding for AIDS groups versus funding for battered women's shelters; the problem is that we have to empty our own pockets to fund these socially necessary projects rather than receiving our fair share of tax revenue and public monies.

Similarly, the problem is not that all the activists are obsessed with AIDS and abandoning other issues, but that not enough of us are sharing the responsibility for the nuts-and-bolts work of our movement. There are enough of us to do all that needs to be done to ensure the lesbian and gay freedom we so optimistically celebrate each June.

The Michaels of the world did a lot more than fight AIDS: they've built community centers, supported lesbian and gay families, fought for recognition of our relationships, organized against violence and opposed discrimination in all its forms. This is the work we must take up and carry on. In honor of Michael and all the others we've lost. In honor of ourselves.

Coming next issue:

Setting a National Lesbian Agenda/Organizing a National Lesbian Conference

POLITICAL CLIMATE

Stonewall Plus Twenty

It has now been twenty years since those humid summer nights in New York when the patrons of the Stonewall bar fought back as the police tried to arrest them for the "crime" of going to a gay bar. That event serves as the great cultural divide for Americans lesbians and gay men. Little did those at Stonewall know what they were unleashing by their actions those nights.

Of course, this was not a revolution of declarations or manifestos. It was the queens out in front at this historic event. These were not doctors, lawyers, professors, or politicians. They were those few who were gay-identified — who had little to lose by standing up to those who had probably arrested them before. The historical significance came from their actions, not their words.

It is not surprising that the straight press did not report the Stonewall events. In the final pages of *In My Beautiful Room*, Edmund White describes what happened during the riots. He bought a *New York Times* the next day eagerly looking to see how these events would be described. He found no reference whatsoever to Stonewall.

And just as those rioting at Stonewall did not understand what was beginning, those who have grown up as gay men and lesbians since Stonewall do not fully understand what it was like prior to these riots.

I got my own reminder during a recent visit to Argentina and Chile — where social and governmental attitudes toward lesbians and gay men resemble US attitudes prior to Stonewall.

In Santiago, Chile, consensual gay sex is punishable by a multi-year prison term. While such terms have not been meted out during the latter years of the Pinochet military dictatorship, police are now beginning to harass patrons at the few gay establishments.

Recently, police rounded up everyone at one of the gay clubs and detained them for the weekend. Last month as I approached one of the larger discos on a weekend night, a police officer had parked his car in front, and by his presence was discouraging most customers from going in.

I was reminded of an older Santa Cruz lesbian telling me of the paddy wagons backing up to the doors of gay bars before Stonewall. It is hard for me to understand what that must

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John Laird



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THE 4TH ANNUAL SANTA CRUZ LESBIAN AND GAY FILM FESTIVAL

by Jim Schwenterley

The lushly romantic, the sharply satirical, the refreshingly off-beat and the downright sexy — these types of films and a lot more will be showcased during the 4th Annual Lesbian and Gay Film Festival, June 15 through 21, at the Sash Mill Cinema.

The festival opens June 15, 16 and 17 with the Santa Cruz premiere of *NOVEMBERMOON*, Alexandra von Grote's acclaimed lesbian romance about a woman's struggle to protect her Jewish lover during the Nazi occupation of France. Winner of the Audience Prize at the New York Lesbian and Gay Film Festival, this much-requested film will play for three days, with an opening night benefit on Thursday for the Santa Cruz Freedom Foundation.

On Sunday and Monday, June 18 and 19, the festival continues with an entertaining and lively 90-minute package of short films from the U.S., Australia, Great Britain and New Zealand. The emphasis is on humor here, with relationships and sex as the predominant themes. On the same program is Gus van Sant's critically acclaimed feature *MALA NOCHE* (Bad Night), a charming and melancholy tale about a young Portland, Oregon, grocer's hopeless passion for an 18-year-old undocumented worker from Mexico. Off-beat, off-hand and at times off-the-wall, this sad and funny film, based on the autobiographical novella by Walt Curtis, is surprisingly far from a downer.

The festival closes on Tuesday and Wednesday, June 20 and 21, with a rare "adults only" pro-

gram of classic gay erotica.

Richard Fontaine, the spiritual father of modern gay erotica, will be on hand to present a collection of his early Physique Films made during the 40's, 50's and 60's. With titles like *The Days of Greek Gods*, *The Cyclist*, and *The Masterpiece*, these "art studies" are the fountainhead from which all else has since flowed. Although he didn't invent the idea of erotic gay films, he pioneered their commercial possibilities. His *Days of Greek Gods* (1949) is the earliest known gay erotic film to play theatrical engagements.

On the same program is the erotic classic *PINK NARCISSUS* (1971), described by film scholar Parker Tyler as a major cult film made with the "heart and will of someone devoted to prickerworship and the hermetic myth of an all-male fantasy world." Tasteful and tasteless, poetic and pornographic, dreamy and surreal—*PINK NARCISSUS* was a sell-out hit at the 1984 New York Gay Film Festival, and is being revived at this year's San Francisco festival.



NovemberMoon

VERSATILE DICK FONTAINE

C a r t e r W i l s o n

-- a moderately intimate talk with the "spiritual father of modern gay erotica" --

Actor and director Richard Fontaine never set out to become the spiritual father of anything. As he tells it, he was just the right guy at the right time with the right equipment.

Fontaine was making a living in New York directing screen tests for struggling actors and recording baseball games off the radio for rebroadcast in other cities. A young, impecunious dancer who wanted a screen test suggested Dick make a muscle film of him and peddle it

From a short film by Ron Peck, "What Can I Do With a MaleNude?", a successor in the tradition of Dick Fontaine



commercially to make back costs. The result was "Tomorrow's Man," the first of a flood of color/sound male body admiration pictures Dick premiered in little early "gay" film houses between 1949 and 1962, short boys-in-jockstrap masterpieces like "Marble Illusion," "Always Obtainable," "The Magic Pool on the Isle of Desire," "Ben Hurry," "One Too Many" and, inevitably, "The Masterpiece."

A collection of Fontaine's physique films, "The Days of Greek Gods," tops a double bill called An Evening of Classic Gay Erotica at the Nickelodeon June 20 and 21st during the 1989 Santa Cruz Lesbian-Gay film festival. Dick Fontaine will be on hand both nights at 7:30 as honored guest to introduce his work and take questions.

The "auteur" still refuses to get too excited about his codpiece classics. "When I made them," he says, "I thought they were just junk." At the 12th annual gay film festival at the Castro Theater last year, Dick told the audience, "After you see these films you may want to throw rocks at me."

Fontaine didn't get into producing posing-strap shorts for the money. "I had to enjoy doing it," he recalls. "It was a hobby that paid money and allowed me to do the things I wanted--and to be surrounded by the people I enjoyed being around. I just love people, and I love men especially. I think the male body is one of the most beautiful things on this earth."

Fontaine, once a Santa Cruz resident, keeps a replica of Michelangelo's David in the patio of his present home down in Hanford. But he wouldn't go out of his way to gaze upon statues in museums. "The marble is cold," he says. "It doesn't move. You don't see the warmth or the movement of the muscles. I don't have to be on top of them. I can be ten feet away and still get a thrill out of watching a man move."

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INTERVIEW

Marge Frantz: From Red Diapers to Pink Triangles

By Sarah - Hope

This is the second in a two part series documenting the life of local lesbian activist and UCSC lecturer Marge Frantz. Part One in our spring issue explored Marge's responses to the current political climate. In this issue we learn about Marge's early political work and her decision to identify herself as a lesbian.



Marge Frantz explains her early entry into the Communist Party with a laugh, "Well, I joined the Party when I was a kid because of my father, really. So I don't get any credit for that." Marge's father was radicalized by the depression and himself became a member of the Communist Party when she was eleven. She explains that he was excited by Roosevelt's conservation campaign and the New Deal, but then deeply disturbed by the agricultural policy Roosevelt enacted after his election. In order to drive up agricultural prices by creating artificial scarcities "they were ploughing under cotton and killing pigs and throwing oranges in California in the ditch covered with kerosene." These practices appalled Marge's father. "He just looked around and said, 'this doesn't make any sense. Capitalism just doesn't make any sense.' People weren't getting to eat these oranges. People were starving while this food was being destroyed. It was totally irrational."

So Marge's father went to the local library in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, where he found books on socialism and communism and was converted over night. It was natural that Marge, the oldest child would share his political concerns. "He took me seriously, even at eleven. He was that kind of person."

ON THE SOAP BOX IN NEW YORK

In the summer of 1935, Marge's father took his family with him to New York in hopes of converting his wife to communism. "Basically, she was a southern belle from Montgomery, Alabama. She's married someone who was going to make her economically secure, and this whole thing was pretty threatening. He thought if he introduced her to the New York intellectuals that he knew, she would get interested in this political stuff." Looking back on this, Marge can understand her mother's position, but "at the time I thought she was being totally recalcitrant. I had no sympathy for her whatsoever."

Marge enjoyed the life in New York, made friends

with other politically active young people, and eventually stayed there longer than her family did. "I made my first soap box speeches there," she recalls, "which was one of the main forms of activity in those days." Her first speech, made at Washington Irving High School concerned the Scottsboro case, in which nine young Black boys were accused of raping two white women. In a lynch-like atmosphere, the boys faced electrocution despite a lack of evidence. The International Labor Defense, the civil liberties arm of the Communist Party, was defending them and eventually saved their lives.

"It was a very lively time," says Marge. "I went to my first demonstrations and learned my first labor songs. There was a real culture of the left in those days. It wasn't exactly a counter-culture in the sense that it wasn't totally oppositional the way the sixties were. It was sort of a 'left wing' of the culture. We'd been told these wonderful things about America and suddenly we'd found out they weren't true. We wanted to reclaim America; we wanted to *claim* America. We didn't want to give it to the bastards." Marge cites singer Pete Seeger who, after years of McCarthy-era blacklisting, chose "America the Beautiful" as one of three songs to sing on a long-awaited television performance. "We considered the flag *our* flag that they were taking away. It was a struggle over the flag."

LIFE IN THE COMMUNIST PARTY

Subsequently, Marge returned south. "When I got back south, there wasn't any Young Communist League, so I joined the Communist Party. I was fourteen. I'm not saying I didn't have my own convictions. I was totally and passionately convinced, but I was really following in my dad's footsteps."

At that time the Communist Party was the radical organization trying to do something substantial about civil rights in the south. Looking back on conditions of that time, Marge explains that there "really was total apartheid in those years. One of the things that my father did when I was young was to take me to a courtroom for a day. It was very educational and very awful. Blacks were just railroaded to jail. They didn't have any defense. In response to all this, the Communist Party worked for unemployment insurance and social security, and encouraged unionization, Black voter registration, and an end to discrimination.

After a year in the south, Marge went to Radcliffe on scholarship, working a room-and-board job while attending college. This lasted only until 1940, when

Marge lost her scholarship for political reasons. Unable to pay for school herself, she returned to the south and continued working around civil rights issues. Soon after that war broke out and Marge married.

In all Marge was an active member of the Communist Party for twenty years. She and her husband both worked for the Party in the south, and continued to work for it in California where they moved after he was refused the right to take the bar exam in North Carolina for political reasons. Marge recalls her Party comrades with respect, "They had guts. There was FBI surveillance at every point. We had crosses burned in our front yards, that kind of thing. . . . I've never known a better bunch of people anywhere. They were responsible, they were smart, and they were truly devoted to social justice."

But by 1956 the Communist Party was a much less effective organization. The McCarthy era had made the Communist Party almost a self-defeating organization to be allied with. As Marge explains, "The red scare had been so powerful that everybody was afraid to touch us. We hurt the causes we were associated with, rather than helping them because we just brought red-baiting there."

DISILLUSIONMENT

Early that year the Khrushchev Report, the first public acknowledgement by the Soviet Union of the crimes of Josef Stalin, had split the American Communist Party in two. With typical optimism, Marge saw this as an opportunity to reshape the party and open it up. "We'll have an American Party, not one that's sort of limping along taking direction from the Soviet Union—a party that believes in civil liberties. That was my first reaction." But the infighting among the two new party wings added to the doubts she already had concerning the party's effectiveness.

That summer marked a turning point for her. As she recalls it, "I was sitting in my office one day—I was working at Planned Parenthood at that point—I was thinking about going to a Party meeting that night, and I thought, 'I can't stand going to this meeting.' Basically it was a sense of just unbelievable, oppressive boredom. I just couldn't stand the thought of going. We weren't accomplishing anything. And suddenly, absolutely out of the blue, this inner voice said to me, 'well, if you don't want to go, why do you go?' I suddenly realized I had a choice. It sounds nuts, but that's how it was. I had considered Part membership a lifetime commitment. It was

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hard to think otherwise.

"So I went home and talked to my husband about it and he said, 'Well, basically I agree with you, but we can't go now. It would be like rats leaving a sinking ship.' I said, 'I don't find that argument persuasive in the least. I'm going to go to the meeting and tell everybody how I feel and see if anybody can talk me out of it.' So I got there, and people were just appalled. Nobody could talk me out of it."

Looking back, Marge recognizes many of the Party's weaknesses, particularly in the area of women's and lesbian and gay rights. Although the Party encouraged Marge and other women to be leaders, it also trivialized what are now recognized as feminist concerns, acknowledging them, but not giving them priority. Marge finds the party stance toward lesbians and gay men ironic in retrospect. "In the fifties, during the McCarthy period, there was a lot of secrecy in the party. We felt that we couldn't survive without secrecy because there was so much hostility to the left. So a lot of people were 'in the closet' as communists. The Party had exactly the same rationale as the FBI about gays and lesbians, which was that they couldn't be trusted because of their vulnerability to blackmail. Therefore, they couldn't work in the State Department; therefore, they couldn't work in the Communist Party."

VALUABLE LESSONS

Despite this, Marge feels good about her years of work for the Party. Through the party she gained organizing skills and developed a strong sense of social responsibility, of 'public vocation.' She responds to things as an activist, refusing the role of pas-

"I still, in a peculiar kind of way, grieve for my time in the Party. There's something that nothing else can match—that sense of working for a better world with people you respect and love. It's the highest form of life; it really is."

sive victim. "That's what I took with me from the party," she explains, and goes on to quote Holly Near, "Don't ever put down your past. It brought you brilliantly to where you are today."

Leaving the Party, which she'd grown up in, was difficult for her, and she still finds herself occasionally mourning this loss. "I still, in a peculiar kind of way, grieve for it. It hits me in the face from time to time when I'm in a place where some political action is very moving. I catch myself crying for what I've lost. Not that I would go back. But there's something that nothing else can match—that sense of working for a better world with people you respect and love. It's the highest form of life; it really is. I've had occasional glimpses of it since, like once when I was in jail at Livermore for a couple weeks or at the Women's Music Festival with a group of very political women I'd just met."

In contrast to her early devotion to the Communist Party, Marge admits that when it came to becoming politically active as a feminist and a lesbi-

an, "I was a slow learner. My friends struggled with me for quite a while."

EARLY CRUSHES, RELUCTANT FEMINISM

Following high school crushes — "We believed that was a stage" — her first serious attraction to a woman came when she was twenty. This woman was a lesbian, but also an alcoholic, as Marge puts it, "not a good role model." She explains that rather than bringing her to identify as a lesbian, "the conclusion I drew from knowing her and watching her mess up her life was that homophobia was so intense that it was impossible to live a well-ordered life. It was so hard to survive effectively, to have a good life as a lesbian, and she was sort of a living example of how hard it was. I didn't have any reason to believe that I could overcome that if she couldn't. So my conclusion was 'this may be very interesting and it may be very enticing, but forget it.'" Marge continued to have crushes, but these were, in her own words, "exhausting and self-defeating."

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FICTION

The Theory Of The 100% Mother

[A section from a story called "Jane in Her Grief," dedicated to Michael, as an editor attentive and encouraging and loving, as he was in so many things.]

[The plot: Miguel and Jardin had two dogs, Dick and Jane, littermates. Dick took a powder one evening and got into the neighbor's Gopher Get. Jane, always an odd animal, mourned her sibling ceaselessly, sighing great un-doglike sighs.]



One fine day a little over a month after the physical departure of Dick from Elder Drive, Miguel said suddenly, "What Jane needs to cheer her up is a puppy to take care of."

"Oh, I don't think so," Jardin said as casually as he could. The notion appeared to have just popped into Miguel's head. Maybe it would pop out again just as easily.

But Miguel went ahead and put out the word, and one Saturday in September their friend Belle called. Jardin had been having his nap. A litter, he overheard, orphans... a rescue... "the cutest little things" (of course) ...German shepherd and something mix... only one still not spoken for.

Miguel was holding the receiver against his chest. Belle was waiting.

Jardin said, "I'm just not sure I'm ready to start another dog yet."

"It'd only be to look," Miguel said.

"Don't you want to see puppies?"

Jardin hadn't been aware of how much he too still missed Dick. After the first week when he had cried some—those odd, brief sudden little flurries of boo-hoo-hoo which also blew up in him concerning assassinated national leaders—he had in his usual way projected most of his own feeling off, in this case into the partly histrionic concern for Jane's

mental health.

It was a bracing afternoon, more like March than September. A varied front had hit their part of the coast. Rain would lash down for a few minutes, then the sun would come out and make sparkling little prisms in the moisture dripping off the leaves. Great gushes of wind would tear noisily through the trees, throwing the heads of the eucalyptis to and fro.

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Then there would be silence and maybe a patch of bright fog would drift across the gullies. There were whitecaps on the bay and appearing and disappearing little segments of rainbow all around. Portentious weather.

Belle lived in a redwood cabin in a pine grove a little back from the bluff above the beach. Miguel drove. Jardin felt growing in his stomach a kind of dread which might also just be pure excitement. Or simple pleasure. When Miguel glanced over at him at a stop sign, he wiped his eyes with the heel of his hand and pretended his tears came from yawning.

The woman who had been planning to take the female had finked, so it turned out to be not one cuddly little black mutt at issue, but two. The moment for them to move on had clearly come. They had just discovered that if they both threw themselves against the side of their big cardboard box at the same time they could tip it over and escape.

Belle worked in a group of professional bungalows ranged around a parking lot outside Watsonville. One morning a couple weeks before she had noticed a thin dark female dog that kept trekking up out of the bushes in the field next door to the stoop outside her door. By the time Belle heard the whimpering and went to check, there were nine little squirmy month-olds heaped on her doorstep and the mother had disappeared.

The question was how among all the stoops where she could have left her pups the mother dog had decided to choose Belle's. Had she watched from the bushes? Belle hadn't had a dog of her own for some years, so it couldn't have been by smell the mother knew. What signals would a human give out unconsciously that would tell a dog how to find a dog lover?

They discovered the mother a day later out in the field beyond the parking lot, Belle said. She had probably starved from having nursed so many without being able to feed herself.

A 100% mother?

Working with schizophrenics, Gregory Bateson had several times said, he often got the impression that his patients' great complaint was that they had wanted their mothers to be 100% mothers, and of course there are

"The moment for the two pups to move on had clearly come. They had just discovered that if they both threw themselves against the side of their big cardboard box at the same time they could tip it over and escape."

no 100% mothers. Jardin was just wondering whether this could be another human/animal distinction when distantly, as in a dream, he heard Miguel making noises as though they meant to take both puppies. As soon as Belle went in her tiny kitchen to put on water for tea, Miguel held up one of them and checked below its bloated little belly. (When she brought them the squirmers that became Dick and Jane, their usually scrupulous friend Grace had claimed they were both male, thinking that might make them more appealing to a gay couple.)

"We don't want any puppies!" Jardin whispered. "We certainly don't want two!"

"They'll be my dogs then. I'll take care of them." Miguel put the first puppy back in the box and scooped up the other one.

"Ha!" Jardin said.

The question of responsibility for dogs was an old bone of contention. At the height of a fight once Miguel had announced he was leaving and he was taking with him nothing but the clothes on his back and Dick and Jane. Jardin's response on that occasion also had been 'Ha!' (or perhaps 'Ha ha!'). No way, he had said. In any kind of custody battle Dick and Jane both would testify as to who it was who cared for them. "You," he had concluded, shaking his finger at Miguel, "wouldn't even get one Satur-

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THE 15TH ANNUAL

SANTA CRUZ LESBIAN AND GAY PRIDE FESTIVITIES, PARADE & RALLY

In Honor Of & Dedicated To:
MICHAEL STEPHEN PERLMAN
December 15, 1952 - April 23, 1989

THE BEAT GOES ON!
STONEWALL 20: A GENERATION OF PRIDE

SATURDAY, JUNE 10 - JUNE 17, 1989

WEEK OF FESTIVITIES

**SATURDAY, JUNE 10
CONCERT**

The Santa Cruz Men's Chorus, in their first full length concert, presents "WARMTH of the SUN," an evening of songs and fun. The Chorus, formed in the fall of 1988, is composed of 16 people, and directed by founder Brett Sherman, a classical pianist. The Chorus will perform works by Lou Harrison, Meg Christian, Holly Near, Ned Rorem, Benjamin Britten, and Cris Williamson.

8 PM, KUUMBWA JAZZ CENTER

320-2 Center Street Santa Cruz, tickets \$7.00. Information call: 479-3309.

**SUNDAY, JUNE 11
BARBEQUE**

Lesbian and Gay Pride Kick-off Picnic.

Co-sponsored by Freedom Foundation, Lesbian & Gay Community Center, and Great Outdoors. Bring something to barbeque and a dish to share. Lots of fun, food and games.

Frederick Street Park.

Info: 423-4734

MONITOR TRAINING

Rachel Harwood will be conducting this year's monitor training for the annual lesbian and gay pride parade and rally

2 PM • Frederick St. Park.

Info: 429-8946

(See accompanying article.)

CONCERT

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\$8.50/advance, \$10.00/door **7:30 PM • Kuumbwa Jazz Center,** (Tickets available at Cymbaline Records and STATZ Ltd.) Info: 458-3053 or 426-STAT.

MONDAY, JUNE 12

CLOSET FREE RADIO, KZSC 88.1 FM, 7:15 PM.

Toni & Ron will present spectacular interviews with participants in the 1969 Stonewall Rebellion, reflecting on the past twenty years. We will also have participants from the first Santa Cruz gathering. Info: Toni at 423-4734 or Ron at 423-9000.

TUESDAY, JUNE 13

WORKSHOP/ DISCUSSION

The Santa Cruz Lesbian & Gay Freedom Foundation and the UCSC Women's Center present "Health Care for Lesbians" with Cuca Hepburn & Bonnie Gutierrez, authors of *Alive & Well: A Lesbian Health Guide*. The evening will also include information and discussion on the durable power of attorney for health care, with Brenda Warren, Esq. **7:00 PM, UCSC Women's Center.** Info: 423-4734

POTLUCK

The Lesbian & Gay Community Center hosts a special lesbian and gay pride presentation, including slides. **7:30 PM,** bring a dish to share. Info: 475-6268.

NANCY VOGL



WEDNESDAY, JUNE 14

FORUM

Lesbian & Gay Action Alliance presents a forum on Bisexuality, **7:00 PM • Louden Nelson Center,** at the corner of Center and Laurel Streets.

FILM

The Commission for the Prevention of Violence Against Women present a special gay pride video by Heramedia Collective, "JUST BECAUSE OF WHO WE ARE".

"An eloquent, disturbing documentary...brings us up to date on the physical and psychological violence routinely practiced upon lesbians on the street, in bars, at home."

- *Gay Community News.* **8:00 - 9:30 • Louden Nelson Center.** \$1 - \$10, sliding scale, benefit for lesbian and gay pride festivities.

Info: 429-9372.

THURSDAY, JUNE 15

FILM

Freedom Foundation & UCSC Women's Center present the Santa Cruz premiere of Alexandra von Grote's, "NovemberMoon".

A film about a gentile who poses as a Nazi collaborator to save her Jewish woman lover.

Reception to follow film. Benefit for gay pride festivities. **7:30 PM • Sash Mill Cinema.**

\$5.00 - \$10.00 sliding scale. Info: 423-4734

THE COUNTRY HEARTS



FRIDAY, JUNE 16

REUNION

In 1979 Patrick Meyer and Ken Sentner began a drop-in support group for gay men in the Santa Cruz area. Now, ten years later, we would like to celebrate together during gay pride week. **5 PM - 8 PM,** Multi-purpose room Louden Nelson Center. For information call Patrick at 423-9444.

PLAY

The Lesbian & Gay Community Center presents Pat Bond in "Lorena Hickock and Eleanor Roosevelt: A Love Story." Pat Bond is an actress, comedian and monologist



PELE JUJU

who won critical acclaim for her appearance in the movie *Word Is Out*. She has performed in San Francisco for many years. **8 PM • Grace United Methodist Church,** 1024 Soquel Avenue, Santa Cruz. Tickets \$8.50/door, \$7.50/advance, Ample Annie, 717 Pacific Avenue. Info: 462-4730



PAT BOND

SATURDAY, JUNE 17

PANCAKE BREAKFAST

Matrix will start the day's festivities with a Pancake Breakfast, **9:30-11:30 AM,** multi-purpose room, Louden Nelson Center. \$5.00 a plate. Benefit for Matrix.

PARADE

We will meet at the corner of Cathcart and Cedar to start preparing for the parade. Marie Henley will coordinate contingents. Parade starts promptly at 12 noon.

RALLY

The Rally begins at 1:00 PM, featuring: MC - Steban Guevara a.k.a. Consuela Con Todo - Pat Bond Proclamations presented by Mayor Mardi Wormhoudt & Supervisor Gary Patton Ardena Shankar • The Ethnic Sisters Pele JuJu • Presentation by AGEM Interpreters: Wendy Baxter & Kendra Keller

BARBEQUE

Afternoon barbeque tea dance at the Galaxy Club, Commercial Way. Hot dogs, hamburgers \$1.00 each, non-alcoholic beverages, dancing and lots of fun. **4-6:30 PM.** \$2 - \$5 sliding scale. Info: 423-4734.

DANCE

The Santa Cruz Lesbian & Gay Freedom Foundation & The Santa Cruz Lesbian & Gay Community Center present The Country Hearts for your dancing pleasure. A perfect end to a wonderful week! **8 PM,** Vets Hall, \$5. - \$10 sliding scale. Information 423-4734.



ROBIN FLOWER LIBBY MCLAREN



MONITORS

KEY TO A SUCCESSFUL PARADE

by Rachel Harwood

WHY DO WE HAVE MONITORS, ANYWAY?

Good monitors are the key to a successful Lesbian and Gay Pride Parade & Rally. Monitors help the march look, sound, and feel good. They deal with any trouble which may come up - usually, they stop trouble before it starts. Monitors know what's going on - where the medical people are, how to find a lost child, what our legal rights and responsibilities are. Also, the City of Santa Cruz requires us to have security, and we prefer to have our own people rather than hired guards.

Here are some examples of situations monitors have dealt with in the past few years. They stopped hostile Christians with anti-gay signs from marching in the street at the end of our parade. They helped defuse a mother-daughter confrontation, with the lesbian daughter's permission. Monitors helped take care of a marcher's sprained ankle, and made sure she got to stay in the parade. They stopped boys from throwing rocks at the rally crowd from the top of a local hotel, made sure people were not harassed at the rally, and kept sound equipment safe.

MONITORS HAVE TO BE TOUGH, RIGHT?

Monitors need to be alert, they need to be sober, and they need to be able to deal with other people in a respectful way. All kinds of people can be monitors. I used to think I couldn't be a monitor because I don't have perfect vision, but it turns out that I am a very good monitor. I work together with other monitors who have good eyesight, as a team. Gentle, nonviolent people make good monitors. Tough people make good monitors, as long as they can avoid getting in arguments, and help find peaceful ways to solve problems. Monitors can learn more about how to do this at a monitor training.

WHY DO MONITORS (EVEN OLD HANDS) NEED TO BE TRAINED?

Monitors need to organize before the march so that they know who they will be working with and what they can count on each person to do. They need to have current information about this year's march and rally, and be ready to pass it on to marchers or bystanders. It is also important to learn or refresh your knowledge of how to control a crowd, self defense and ways to defend others, methods of peacefully stopping violence, first aid, and quick group decision making. Practicing these things with the people you will be working with at the parade creates a more confident, thoroughly ready feeling to take to the parade with you. Monitors who miss the training sometimes make mis-

takes because their training is not recent, or are confused because they don't know plans the rest of the monitors are familiar with.

WHY WOULD I WANT TO BE A MONITOR?

Being a monitor is a way to be really involved in the Lesbian & Gay Pride Parade/Rally, which for many of us is the most important holiday of the year. It is work that puts energy into our community, directly. Being a monitor is a way to see the job done right -- to know that we are safe, the one day of the year that we walk down our streets publicly as Lesbians and Gay Men; to ensure that we handle one another respectfully; to help make our political messages clear, and to help make the parade and rally a day of fun, freedom, pride, and celebration for everyone. Monitors are at the heart of the Gay Pride Day Parade and Rally, and feel the excitement of our public statement of pride even more intensely because of their awareness of our interactions with those lining the sidewalks -- our supporters, our critics, our friends and enemies, our families and co-workers. Monitors feel that heartbeat of the Lesbian & Gay Pride in our town in a unique way, and know they have had an important role in creating it.

New monitors are needed every year. Please come to the training on Sunday, June 11th - 2 PM at Frederick Street Park, and bring your friends. Call Rachel for more information 429-8946.

THE SANTA CRUZ LESBIAN & GAY FREEDOM FOUNDATION

Toni L. Cassista, Tom Ellison, Tina Fentiman, Steban Guevara, Rachel Harwood, Marie Henley, Vern Isakson, Richard Johnson, Allison Kelsay, Ruth King, Curt Keyer, John LaRivière, Robin Louise, Teresa Novicki, Michael Perlman....We will miss you!, Ron Sampson, Karen Schlim, Kelley Shaus, Craig A. Smith, Jill Wasserman

VERY SPECIAL THANKS TO THE FOLLOWING PEOPLE AND BUSINESSES:

Wendy Baxter, Mardi Brown, The Galaxy Club, Kendra Keller, The Blue Lagoon, Michael Lightstone, The *Lavender Reader*, The Lesbian & Gay Community Center, Great Outdoors, The Commission for the Prevention of Violence Against Women, Sash Mill Cinema, John Coxa, DMS, Harbert Insurance Agency, Santa Cruz City Council, Santa Cruz County Board of Supervisors, Mayor Mardi Wormhoudt, Supervisor Gary Patton, Ardena Shankar, Pele JuJu, The Ethnic Sisters, Consuela Con Todo.

LEGAL AFFAIRS

The Heart of the Law

A new era in AIDS services is beginning in Santa Cruz County: legal services to people affected by HIV. Of course, this is both good news and bad news. The bad news is that there are now more people needing HIV-related legal help in Santa Cruz County than one person can handle; the good news is that there are local attorneys willing to step in and offer their time and expertise.

Modeled after AIDS Legal Referral panels already in existence in San Francisco and Santa Clara County, the new Santa Cruz Legal Referral Panel (ALRP) will offer free or low-cost wills, durable powers of attorney and other legal assistance.

The Santa Cruz ALRP will operate through the County's Legal Aid offices, rather than setting up an entirely new office and having to staff it. People needing legal assistance or information relating to HIV may call Legal Aid's regular number. The person answering the call will first determine whether or not the caller meets the Legal Aid eligibility requirements (certain maximum income level or sustaining major

medical expenses). If the caller qualifies, he or she will be referred to one of the attorneys on the panel, depending on the type of legal information needed. If the caller doesn't qualify for Legal Aid, he or she will still be referred to an attorney, but may have to pay a moderate fee for services.

By the time this issue of the *Lavender Reader* comes out, the ALRP will have held its first attorney training. This training will include an "AIDS 101" presentation by Ruth Mota of SCAP, an overview of HIV legal issues by myself, and a training on how to draft simple wills and durable powers of attorney for people with HIV by Heather Hyde of the Santa Clara AIDS Legal Referral Panel. Eventually, the panel attorneys will be trained in other AIDS-related legal areas, such as public benefits assistance (Medi-cal, Social Security, SSI, etc.), insurance issues, and discrimination claims.

In the meantime, anyone needing HIV-related legal information can call SCAP at 427-3900, or me, Brenda Warren, at 475-7915.

Brenda Warren

Continued from Page 6

I was amused in spite of myself by this curt direction at such a solemn time.

"Keep the *Reader* going," said Michael. "I will."

"You'll need to find a new publisher."

"I know."

"Or you can be publisher, if you want." Again, no extravagant sentimentality here. Not exactly a mandate, I thought.

The rest of the conversation was more tender, if not extended. When we were finished, our eyes locked as I backed

slowly away from the bed, unwilling to turn around, knowing that when our eyes left each other's faces it would be for the last time. Then he turned to his other visitor. I stood by the sink — out of his sight — and sobbed quietly before going back out to the corridor.

Talking to friends waiting in the hall, I learned that Community Printers had hand-assembled a copy of the not-yet-ready spring *Reader* that morning, and brought it to Michael's bedside. "He lit

up like a Christmas tree," said Tek. I also learned, not surprisingly, that several other people received instructions to "keep the *Reader* going."

Several days later, Tek also told me that among Michael's very last wishes was a request that Tek apologize to a few people whose names had been misspelled in the spring issue.

After Michael's memorial party (he planned the day, time, place and music), I came home, becalmed, a little dazed. I sat down and began to sketch out the page that traditionally notes the passing of a publisher - name, picture, heavy black border. Suddenly, staring at the thick black line, a tremendous anger welled up. "Fuck!!!" I screamed, pounding my fist on the table. "This isn't right!!!" A few tears slipped out. *We shouldn't have to be drawing the heavy black lines that mean death around our friends.* Michael Perlman, only

36, energetic, creative, difficult, committed — dead of AIDS. Another anguished scream. Then settling down, back to work. There are still the thousands of details to get lost in.

Underneath, the anger simmers. Out of some kind of self-preservation instinct, I am a little afraid of it. I know that if I mix my sadness and love for Michael with my fury at eight years of malignant political neglect, and the ethics of drug patents before people with HIV, and homophobic prudishness before honest sex education — if I mix those things now, I'm not sure I could control the resulting rage.

And I worry a little for my own sanity: if I think too much about *how directly* Michael's death was caused by people's hatred for gay folks as a class — *gentle people that we are* — I might go crazy.

In time, it will come into focus, I tell myself; a course of action will become more clear. For now, keep the work going. Here, dear, I say to myself, here's a pile of details. Fuss over them, for now.

Even Michael, it seems, was still concerned with the details. Just before and for a while after his death, he appeared to folks in their dreams, including myself — still checking on the *Reader*. I woke up very startled in the middle of one night, acutely aware that I had just told the spirit of Michael Perlman, "We'll muddle through it" — the production of the magazine that is. Another friend also reported bolting wide awake after a vivid visitation where Michael expressed concern over "my pet - it's a living thing." Perhaps he was checking about loved ones, perhaps about the *Reader*, perhaps something else, but he was clearly checking up.

And I hope Michael was checking on us

at the Gay Evening in May and will be checking in with us on Lesbian/Gay Pride Day. They were the sorts of events that he was instrumental in bringing to fruition. As Robin White put it in an obituary, "He organized and understood the importance of both the rally and of the dance afterwards."

There will be more rallies and more dances, and we will no longer see Michael Perlman's face there. But so many of us — even those who didn't know him — will carry a piece of him with us. G Schulz expressed the sentiment eloquently: "The things Michael accomplished for our community made us all feel better about ourselves as gay men and lesbians."

For that and for a thousand other things, thank you, Michael.

Marc Mel

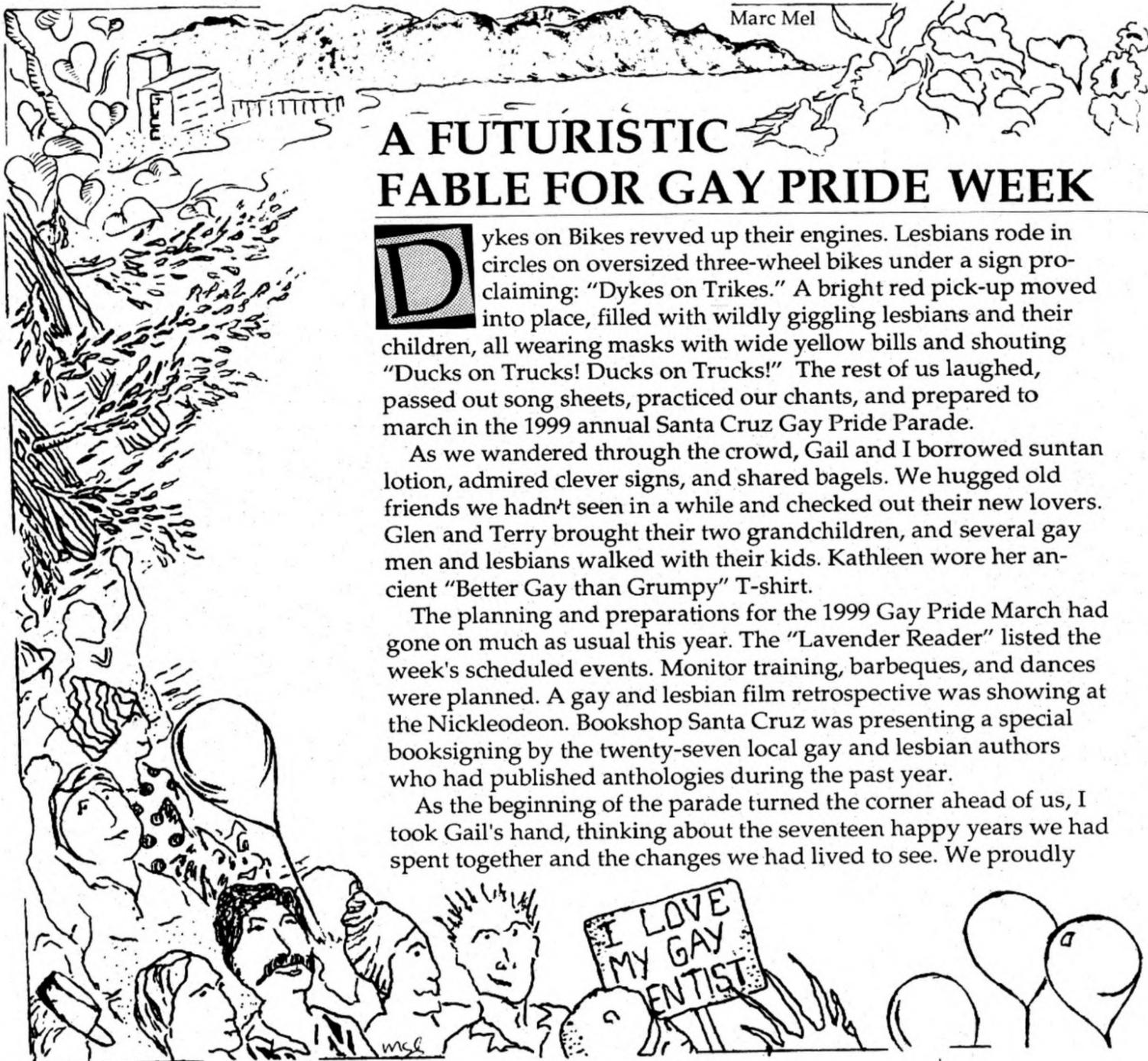
A FUTURISTIC FABLE FOR GAY PRIDE WEEK

Dykes on Bikes revved up their engines. Lesbians rode in circles on oversized three-wheel bikes under a sign proclaiming: "Dykes on Trikes." A bright red pick-up moved into place, filled with wildly giggling lesbians and their children, all wearing masks with wide yellow bills and shouting "Ducks on Trucks! Ducks on Trucks!" The rest of us laughed, passed out song sheets, practiced our chants, and prepared to march in the 1999 annual Santa Cruz Gay Pride Parade.

As we wandered through the crowd, Gail and I borrowed suntan lotion, admired clever signs, and shared bagels. We hugged old friends we hadn't seen in a while and checked out their new lovers. Glen and Terry brought their two grandchildren, and several gay men and lesbians walked with their kids. Kathleen wore her ancient "Better Gay than Grumpy" T-shirt.

The planning and preparations for the 1999 Gay Pride March had gone on much as usual this year. The "Lavender Reader" listed the week's scheduled events. Monitor training, barbecues, and dances were planned. A gay and lesbian film retrospective was showing at the Nickleodeon. Bookshop Santa Cruz was presenting a special booksigning by the twenty-seven local gay and lesbian authors who had published anthologies during the past year.

As the beginning of the parade turned the corner ahead of us, I took Gail's hand, thinking about the seventeen happy years we had spent together and the changes we had lived to see. We proudly



by Dinah Phillips

kissed each other as we moved with the marchers onto the mall.

It was a beautiful day. The downtown merchants had rolled back the mall skylight, opening up the area to the warm sun and air. The sidewalks were filled with smiling families handing purple balloons and flowers to the marchers. Signs were waving from the sidewalks, and banners had been hung from upper stories. The first one I could read simply said "Hooray for Gays!" A sign held by an eight-year-old boy standing with his father said "I love my gay teacher." We saw Gary, who must have been his teacher, walk over and introduce himself and his lover, Pete. They shook hands warmly and talked a few moments; then Gary and Pedro rejoined the march.

Gail laughingly pointed out a drama group from the university who were waving an ornate sign proclaiming "Thespians for Lesbians." They were dressed in costumes of famous gay men and lesbians. "George Washington was gay?" I asked Gail, suspiciously. "Umm, poetic license," she answered, adding, "actually, I think someone just wanted to wear the wig."

A lovely white-haired minister was surrounded by the entire congregation of her church who applauded and smiled at the pleased gays and lesbians proudly walking down the street. The minister and several members of her church moved out to individual marchers to give them the kiss of peace. The priest of Holy

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Cross parish stood on top of a station wagon across the street from a rabbi perched on a jeep, both blessing the marchers as they passed between them.

A group of children was standing together under a long banner thanking by name all the lesbians who worked in their schools through the Child Assault Prevention Program. A group of women on the sidewalk smiled and cheered, some with tears in their eyes. Many of them carried babies and small children as they stepped out into the march to thank the many lesbians who had staffed and volunteered at the local battered women's shelter, who had answered the rape crisis line year after year, and who had trained thousands of women in self-defense and martial arts. Standing with them were scores of men who had rejoined their families thanks to the help of gay men in Men's Alternatives to Violence.

PTA groups were there to honor gay and lesbian parents and teachers. Firefighters and police officers shouted affectionately as their gay and lesbian comrades marched by. The staff and administrators of local hospitals were out in force to yell thanks at gay doctors, nurses, and orderlies. Colorful trails of tickertape were raining down on us as we marched by the St. George Hotel. We felt as proud as the astronauts coming back from Mars or the victorious 49ers returning from the Superbowl.

Mixed in with all of these groups were individuals who had come just to thank special lesbians and gay men for being part of their lives. They reached out to marchers they knew, shaking hands and hugging their friends. As we crossed the bridge, cars drove by honking their horns and waving at us. Men in pick-up

trucks, older couples in motor homes, kids on their way to the beach—all of them honked and waved and gave us thumbs-up signs. We shouted back at them, laughing and talking and holding hands.

As we walked down to the Duck Pond, we could see the final group of people who were waiting there for us. Finally, we were close enough to read the sign that stretched across the pond in purple and gold letters: "We're proud of our gay sons and lesbian daughters. Welcome home." Scores of parents had traveled across the country to join their gay children on this special day. Some had marched in the parade, holding hands with their children and their children's lovers. Others had waited at the Duck Pond with picnic lunches ready to spread out over the warm grass. The marchers gradually arrived at the pond and joined their families on the grass.

The speeches were good, as usual. Senator Laird spoke about how far we had come in the last 20 years, reminding us that the Gay Pride Parades had been very different back in the 70's and 80's. "In those days, we marched to proclaim our own pride to a disapproving world. People on the sidewalk weren't cheering us; we had to cheer for ourselves." At the end of his speech, he read a congratulatory telegram from President Jackson and introduced the first of the musical acts.

We all settled down to enjoy the sun and the music and our friends and family. Gail and I stretched out on beach towels and talked about the parade. We were really happy to still be around when the world had finally started recognizing and acknowledging the lesbian and gay community.

"I wish we'd known back in 1989

"A sign held by an eight-year-old boy said, 'I love my gay teacher.'"

that all this was going to happen; you know, that everything would somehow turn out OK," Gail said.

"I know," I answered, "It would have made things a lot easier. If only we could go back and tell ourselves and all our friends back then what happens. We could tell about the AIDS vaccine and how nuclear arms have been outlawed. And how not only homophobia, but racism and sexism and all the other isms have finally just been driven out."

"Right, and how we solved the ozone problem and saved Mono Lake and most of the rain forests!" someone else chimed in.

"Well, then we'd have to tell them what we did to get enough childcare programs going, and how we found a cure for Alzheimer's. We'd have to tell them all kinds of things, and I bet they wouldn't believe us anyway."

"Maybe they wouldn't," I answered. "but I have a feeling that if they knew all this was coming, they'd feel pretty good about all the hard work they put in. A little glimpse of the future could have given them a real boost."

"Hmm," Gail said. "You know, I've been reading this science fiction book that's about something like that. The main character manages to get a story transmitted into her own past. Sort of a message to her younger self. Maybe we could try it."

As the afternoon wore on, we made plans for contacting our own past. I hope it works.

THE AIDS FILE

A Different Kind of Coming Out

It was Gay Pride '87 that I realized I'd been "out" over half my life. This fact seemed especially impressive considering I was 22 at the time. I was quite proud to be able to say at that age "I've been out a majority of my years!" Most folks I meet weren't out at 22, much less 11, although I hope the median coming-out age is getting lower and lower bit by bit.

In my case, when I hit puberty, I knew. It was December of '75 that I remember getting an erection when I saw this cute guy without a shirt. A glimmer was born, and pursuing it, I found out I was a "homosexual." Within a few months I had had my first sexual experience, and I was a "confirmed homosexual." Within a few years I was coming out to friends, and I was an "avowed homosexual."

This was the late '70s, the time of Anita Bryant and John Briggs; not only were these homophobes in the paper almost daily, but so were their opponents:

the ubiquitous "gay activists." These faceless crusaders became my role models, and by the time I had entered high school, I had decided that

I, too, wanted to become a gay activist.

I have a vivid memory of watching the late-night news in May '79 and watching in awe and excitement as angry homosexuals burned police cars and rioted in front of San Francisco's City Hall. We Fought Back, and for me, at age 15, it



was WE; I felt connected, and have ever since then.

My college choice was predicated on being in a large city on a large campus with a large gay population, and my first action on my first day at UCLA was to march up the five floors of Kerckhoff Hall to the Gay and Lesbian Association to announce my arrival.

I plunged myself into the wonderful world of gay activism: GALA, UCLA's 10% newspaper, the UC Lesbian and Gay Intercampus Net-

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Gary Reynolds



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Network, facilitating rap groups at L.A.'s Gay and Lesbian Community Services Center. I was burned out by the time I was 19! Along the way, I learned about feminism, became disillusioned with all the sexist faggots in L.A., and moved to the Feminist Utopia of Santa Cruz.

By now I was about as out as a person could be: I used to wear a purple sweatshirt with "FAG" emblazoned in huge letters across the chest. I asserted my gay identity loudly and proudly in class, on the street, on TV, to my relatives, and to most everyone I met. My politics expanded beyond gay politics to incorporate feminism, pagan spirituality, and the "progressive politics" Santa Cruzans are (hopefully) familiar with. I was arrested yelling "Men Resist Sexism!" onstage at the 1984 Miss California Pageant, chanting "South Africa will be free!" in 1985, and spent three days in jail following the 1987 March on Washington for Lesbian and Gay Rights.

But somewhere along the way, my politics proved inadequate. I had heard about AIDS by the time it was given that name in 1983. I began volunteering with the Santa Cruz AIDS Project soon after it was formed in 1985. I worked with the Education Committee: one of our primary tasks was to do outreach to gay and bisexual men, to teach "them" about AIDS and safer sex. Yet this information wasn't reaching *me*. I knew the facts about safe sex: I knew the categories of "safe," "unsafe," and "possibly safe." I knew about condoms and bodily fluids.

And yet I was still engaging in unsafe sex. Not "still," but increasingly. Specifically, I was engaging in unprotected anal intercourse (getting fucked). The whys and wherefores of

"While you might think that you would accept a person with AIDS without prejudices, it has been my experience that almost everyone harbors some preconceived notion about what that means, and how I should be."

this fact are material for a whole other article, and unsurprisingly, by the fall of '85 I was "infected."

After a rather severe two-week illness, tests were run which ruled out measles and mononucleosis. My doctor suggested I take the AIDS antibody test; I took it in January of '86. When the results came back positive, I received an official diagnosis of ARC (AIDS Related Complex). This is what finally jolted me into practicing safe sex, and I began concentrating on taking better care of my health.

I also began telling a few close friends about my health status. This was a dilemma for me because there were no rules about whom I should tell and why. Part of me felt that my friends "should know" if for no other reason than that's what friends are for. Another part of me felt that my health was basically fine, and I didn't want too many people finding out. The primary reason for this wasn't fear of discrimination in an overt sense, but rather a fear that I would be perceived differently by those who found out. I didn't want to be perceived as "tainted" or as the "AIDS victim." So I told a few of my closest friends, emphasizing that this was confidential information, and left it at that.

Fast forward three years to January

of '89. I developed a slight cough, went to my doctor, and was informed that I had pneumocystis pneumonia. I was put on aerosolized pentamidine and the pneumonia went away. It was quick, simple, and not too "serious," yet that was all it took for me to receive an "AIDS" diagnosis.

Those four letters left me with a big "Now what?" in my life. School? Job? Future? I don't make a big Death Connection with AIDS, so I didn't have an "I'm gonna die!" reaction. But I was still faced with answering "What am I gonna do?" In answering that question (quit school, quit my job, go on disability, travel, write, take it easy...), I realized that questions would be raised in other people's minds.

And that's really what this article is about. The process I've gone through to be able to answer people's questions: "Well, I got an AIDS diagnosis in January and..." Think for a moment about the reasons people with AIDS might have for not being open about their illness. While you might think that you would accept a person with AIDS without prejudices, it has been my experience that almost everyone I tell about my AIDS diagnosis harbors some preconceived notion about what that means, and how I should be.

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BOOKSHELF

Love, Sex and Silliness in the Summer FOUND GODDESSES

As Revealed to

MORGAN GREY and JULIA PENELOPE

If you like sex, you'll love Tee Corinne's *Lovers*, a companion volume to *Dreams of the Woman Who Loved Sex*. This series, published by Banned Books in Austin, Texas, highlights Corinne's delicate and carefully crafted prose in short stories which combine love and sex in varying degrees and present a rare, insightful glimpse into lesbian life. Even if reading sexy books embarrasses you, I think you'll like these stories. This book is not about S & M.

Lesbian passion is not simple; nor can it be divorced from the context and texture of our lives. These stories recognize that complexity as they explore feelings usual and unusual about loving each other, learning to love yourself, and that particular feeling when you see a woman you know you want to love, to make love to. The words Corinne chooses are easy ones, evoking every-day life, describing rooms in every house we know, familiar outdoor spaces, our pets, our friends, the actions — both private and shared — which bring us pleasure and through which we give ourselves pleasure.

Corinne's use of familiar flowers and fruits to indicate season and time of life is artful, providing a theme throughout the book. Each story is full to the brim with sexuality and images. In "Spring Blossoms," Corinne brings forth the intensity of the season:

...then you'd come awake, helping, rolling against me, rubbing, laughing until pleasure would take us, pulling us into its own rising currents, making us move in jerky, syncopated movements, clutching and breathing hard. Springtime came that way too, bursting up with bright bobbing blossoms, then sweeping through in unusually warm days scented with heather, narcissus, plum...

"Tucson in September" is a story of ripening in late summer turning to fall, grapes ready to pick. The character reads lesbian sex stories and dreams about sex; the language describing each experience adds to the fullness and



ripeness of the story as it reaches its conclusion.

These stories deal as much with our relationship to self as with that to others - the effects of pain and sorrow on our ability to love, the changes in our

bodies and minds as we age, the reflective quality of our nervous systems as we touch ourselves.

"Ginny's Defense" is an unusual story in which one woman heals from

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Gail Groves

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abuse with the love and support of her lover. In "Touched by Light," and in another way in "Jennifer's Song," a woman learns to love herself, both emotionally and physically, after the breakup of a relationship. In "The Flowered Screen," the main character recovers after the death of her lover of ten years before her willingness to love opens again to a woman.

Love and sex are tender topics, affecting us deeply in both positive and negative ways. Corinne explores masturbation, jealousy, emotional battering, fantasies which may not be politically correct, disappointment in love, uncoupling, secrets, anger, unexpected sexual encounters, romanticism, relationships and affairs, and the power of the connection to nature which for some women is so related to sexuality. She uses what is called on television "explicit language and adult themes." For any of these stories she may be condemned by some of us. But she does not gloss over the realities of lesbian existence, and for that deserves our highest praise.

These stories should be read out loud, to yourself, while sitting in a hot tub, while driving in a van through Big Sur,

while you have a cold, over the phone at work, in a room full of dykes at a party, at home with your vibrator in hand, to your lover, or whenever you feel like indulging. Their language is exquisite, and they express truth about our lives, in all their diversity.

In addition, Corinne comments on creating a new "language in which to love" in her introductory essay (with bibliography) on sexy writing by lesbians.

An honorable mention goes to Corinne's other collection of erotica, **Dreams of the Woman Who Loved Sex**, published by Banned Books in 1987. It is much more about sex than **Lovers**, and contains delightful poetic images of lovemaking which I hope you will find inspiring. If you haven't read it yet, it's not too late to acquire one for your bedside table.

On the other hand, Karin Kallmaker's **In Every Port** (Tallahassee, FL: Naiad Press, 1989) was disappointing. Set in Harvey Milk's San Francisco of 1978, the heroine takes advantage of other women, acts macho and tough while she shuttles from city to city and lover to lover, and then drops them all to settle in with her neighbor in wedded bliss. Perhaps the author wishes to

"I'm sure many of us have had the experience of women constantly asking us out in strange cities and then getting us into bed, particularly at business conferences."

make the point that sex is just a bedroom issue unless love is involved, but unfortunately it has the effect of reinforcing stereotypes of lesbians as sex-crazed women who seduce others. Amazing how easy it is for Jessica to connect with other lesbians in every place she visits - I'm sure many of us have had the experience of women constantly asking us out in strange cities and then getting us into bed, particularly at business conferences. While there are probably some women like Jessica, the writing is not good enough to make me want to tolerate it just to follow her shallow character. I'm sorry, Naiad; I expect more of you.

Probably one of the funniest books ever written by two lesbians is **Found Goddesses: Asphalta to Viscera As Revealed to Morgan Grey and Julia**

Penelope (Norwich, VT: New Victoria Publishers, 1988). Even the illustrations by Alison Bechdel kept me chortling. **Found Goddesses** is a dictionary of improbable yet somehow inevitable twentieth-century dieties, with hilarious entries explaining all their attributes, powers, priestesses, chants, amulets, and associates.

Written tongue-in-cheek by a witch and a linguist, this book follows the format of more serious scholarly unearthing of our supposed past. The witch began her search for found goddesses with her "disillusionment about the focus among women's spirituality groups on 'lost goddesses,'" few of which were relevant to her life or lesbian-identified. The linguist, aware that "the underlying principles of language and magic are transformational," had a conversion experience as soon as she heard Asphalta's name.

My favorite found goddess is Asphalta, the Goddess all roads, streets and highways and those who travel on them. She is "best known for Her miraculous powers of finding parking places" if you call on her. None of this vague invoking by chanting to the "moon goddess" — now we have a real live modern aspect well-suited to often frustrating urban situations. A highly effective chant, to be intoned at least two blocks before the place is to appear:

Hail Asphalta, full of grace:
Help me find a parking place.

Asphalta is served by her Most Esteemed Flagwimmin; her devotees wear amulets of small crystals of asphalt and may be seen wearing vestments in her sacred color, day-glo orange.

This collection of lesbian wit and trivia includes such precious moments as the **Blessing of the Shoes Ritual**, dedicated to new tennis shoes everywhere, which includes traditions discovered by the authors after long years of research into authentic, ancient dyke sources.

In the midst of our ecstatic reveling, Pedestria revealed herself to us, with the swiftness of Nike and the sheen of patent leather.

Pedestria is the Goddess of feet and the footsore, the protector of soles, of walkers and of hitchhikers, and the full text of the Blessing with all the necessary ritual steps is included.

Another of my particular favorites is Gettuffa, Tuffa for short, also known as Our-Goddess-of-Self-Defense, whose devotees utter a variety of immediately useful chants such as the following:

Tuffa, Tuffa, chop, block, leap;
Help me decimate this creep.

I'd hate to give too much away, as this book must be read to be truly appreciated. The obviously reputable methods of its authors are a prime example of the enlightening effects of lesbian feminist scholarship on those who are truly interested in delving deeper into the spiritual sides of academic endeavor. And should you be tempted to take your own spirituality too seriously or to be offended by any passage of this momentous manifesto, remember always that "all acts of Love and Pleasure are Her rituals" and thank Euphoria or Hilarea as you laugh along.

For She will bring the buds in the Spring
And laugh among the flowers,
In Summer's heat Her kisses are sweet,
She loves in leafy bowers...

So have a sweet, hot, sticky, sexy, and loving summer, and Happy Gay Pride Day/Month/Decade to you as we enter the 1990's full with the sound of lusty lesbians laughing.

Gail Groves is the Lesbian Book Editor for the Lavender Reader. If you are interested in writing reviews, please call her at 427-0176 with ideas, or write her c/o Lavender Reader, P.O. Box 7293, Santa Cruz, CA 95061. Please get in touch if you can suggest recently released books to be reviewed or special topics you'd like to see.

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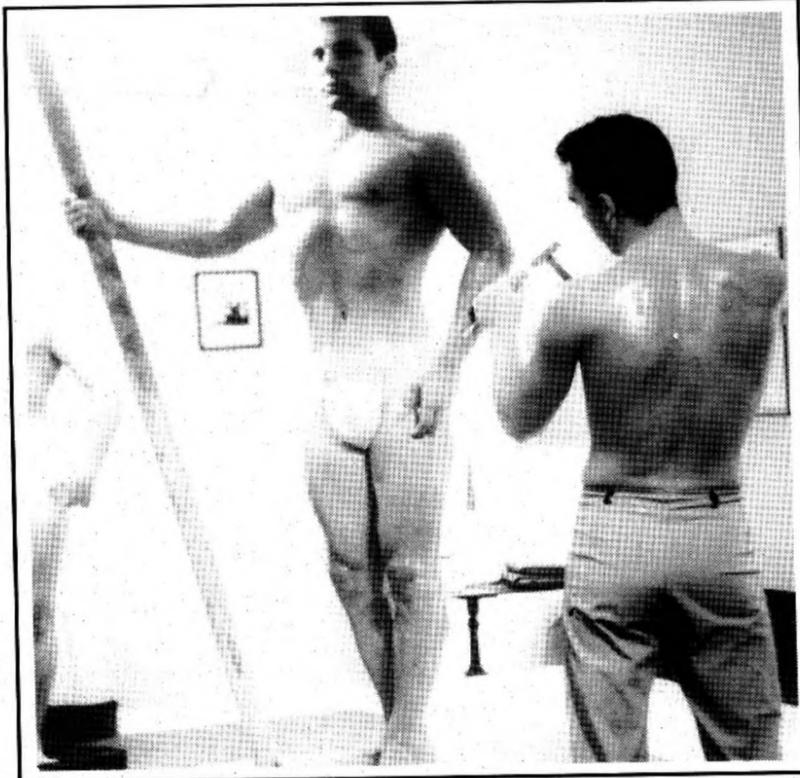
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Though himself a lover and glorifier of a nice set of pecks, in his motion picture work Dick was always ecumenical. "I saw to it there was a variety of types in my films. I got a lot of my models from guys who wrote in who wanted to fulfill



their fantasies—and perhaps didn't believe they were as good as the guys they saw up there on the screen. I created the image and the fantasy that they wanted to have. They always looked better modeling and posing than they did in real life."

Dick always refused to use "known hustlers" or anyone under age. "I'm very conscious of appearance," he says, "but appearance doesn't have to be youth. The general public didn't appreciate older men, but often I did. It didn't stop me. I'd use them. I always picked men for their sexuality, or what they projected to me—and I don't mean that in a phallic way," he laughs.

Dick Fontaine doesn't think of himself as gay or straight or even bisexual.

al. He's been married four times and has grown children, but he was in show business and "didn't know you weren't supposed to play with the chorus boys too." "Versatile" is the term he prefers. "I contend to this day there is no such thing as a gay man, and that under certain circumstances every man is potentially versatile," says the cheerful, eternally hopeful Fontaine.

"Days of Greek Gods" June 20 and 21 7:30 PM, Nickelodeon Theater, Santa Cruz, with Director Richard Fontaine. Followed at 9 by "Pink Narcissus" (US, 1971) a free-form, surrealistic drama about an "extremely handsome street guy" who escapes from the visits of his johns into a world of lavish color fantasies.]

day afternoon a month to take them to the zoo!" (The particular quarrel had fizzled and died minutes later. Subsequently Jardin made a little drawing called "Jane Takes the Stand" where Jane in a pillbox hat with a little veil weeps into a frilly handkerchief as she retails to the court the wrongs done her by Miguel.)

But the desire to prove to his lover that he was an irresponsible oaf was not the whole reason Jardin suddenly found himself with three dogs on his hands where there had been first two and then only the one. For his own part, Jardin felt taking the last of her litter connected him somehow to the mother's act of heroism and self-sacrifice. And although technically it was only their fathers he and Miguel had missed out on, both of them had extremely squishy spots in their hearts for orphans. (Jardin, for example, had a collection of over 30 extremely ugly salt-and-pepper shaker holders made by abandoned native American kids at a Catholic mission in northern South Dakota, and through annual giving had become a life-time honorary citizen of Father Flanagan's Boys Town.)

Some years later, rooting around in his desk drawer for an old art gum he'd stashed there, Jardin came across a Polaroid he had taken on the deck the afternoon they had brought the new puppies home. To get them together he had corralled them inside the legs of a chair. They could just get their noses over the stretcher, barely five inches off the ground. Jardin had forgotten the electric, fritzed quality of their soft fur and how in the beginning the tan and white on their little chests had looked like big bows and the blobs of yellow above their eyes like circumflex eyebrows.

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LESBIAN HEALTH

Our Health: A National Perspective

I was overwhelmed simply by the program guide — 8 1/2 x 11 and nearly 3/4 of an inch thick — at the 11th National Lesbian and Gay Health Conference, which took place in April in San Francisco. It was the first time I had ever attended a conference of such magnitude, with at least 200 workshops, and over 1700 participants filling a large hotel.

A haunting non-presence for much of the conference was Hans Paul Verhoef, a Dutch delegate to the conference who was detained by the US Immigration and Naturalization Service in Missouri, after he honestly identified medication in his possession as AZT (an AIDS medication) to customs officials.

INS staff maintained that Verhoef should not be allowed to enter the United States because of a provision in immigration law which excludes people with contagious diseases. Due to pressure from California politicians and others, Verhoef was eventually released. During his incarceration he was kept in an isolation cell in a maximum security prison. There were many international delegates who are PWAs or are HIV positive and the level of fear, disgust, and anger about the situation was profound.

Males clearly were the majority of participants. The NLGHC Conference was abundant in activities and presentations relating to AIDS. The contribution lesbians are making to AIDS work was acknowledged in the opening plenary session and several work-

shops devoted to the topic.

At the plenary session Bea Roman, Executive Director of the National Lesbian and Gay Health Foundation (which sponsors the conference annually with the George Washington University Medical School), posed the question, "If the situation had been reversed and AIDS had hit the lesbian communities first, would gay males have come to our aid as we are doing for them?"

Roman answered her own question. Her reply was chilling and stayed with me for the remainder of the conference. She said, in essence, "I have searched my heart and mind, and while I love my gay brothers, I honestly have to say that, no they would not."

In a couple of workshops I attended that were exclusively dealing with women's health issues, I overheard women comment that there was a glaring absence of men. On the other hand, these women noted, women were attending sessions about the health concerns of men to educate themselves. I do not have the space in here to give my analysis of the current state of lesbian and gay coalition work. There is clearly work that still has to be done, and conversations — rather than accusations — that need to take place.

I was disappointed in the small number of workshops offered on purely medical topics as they relate to lesbians. There were two excellent workshops, one on chronic fatigue

syndrome and one on breast cancer, but I had to pose specific questions to find out current sources available on research utilizing lesbian subjects; they did not have a specifically lesbian focus.

The three most thought provoking sessions I attended included a plenary session "The Invisible Closet — Gay and Lesbian Homeless in America," presented by a panel of five youth and homeless advocates; "Lesbian Risk and AIDS," a presentation by Denise Ribble, and RN who works with the Community Health Project in Manhattan; and "The Pharmacology and Politics of Peptide T: a rationally designed nontoxic therapy for AIDS," a talk given by Candace B. Pert, a pharmacologist.

The session on homelessness was poorly attended and, as it was held in a large hall, the lack of interest in the subject was all too evident. The focus of the presentation was youth, and the statistics presented were shocking. In New York City, it is estimated that one-third or more of all the young adult homeless population are lesbians and gays, many of whom are on the street because they have been kicked out of their home due to their sexual orientation. The lesbian and gay youth face discrimination and violence in the streets and in homeless shelters.

Denise Ribble's lesbian risk workshop challenged the myth that "real or pure" lesbians are at low risk for

Continued on Page 38

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Continued from Page 37

contracting HIV. She talked about the denial that we are in about periodic sexual relationships with men, use and abuse of drugs and alcohol in our communities and other risky behaviors. Ribble presented the controversial view that health workers should educate lesbians about contraceptives, as well as about safer sex practices. She is a proponent of ongoing use of safer sex practices (the rubber dam, gloves, etc) among lesbians.

Candace Pert's talk on Peptide T was the most optimistic view of current drug research I have heard to date. She is a brilliant, compassionate woman who is up against the old-boy network which currently has control over AIDS pharmaceutical research grants. Pert is at the forefront of a new medical field called psychoneuroimmunology (the study of the effect of the mind on disease).

I am still sorting through my notes and my memories to attempt to assimilate all I heard during four and a half days. Of course, after such experiences we are left with wish lists. . . wish there had been greater participation of women and people of color, wish that the cost wasn't so prohibitive for many people (I got a substantial scholarship, as did many others, and didn't have to pay for lodging), wish there hadn't been so many workshops happening at one time, that there had been more lesbian medical topics presented, etc. However, I am tremendously impressed by and grateful for the work that the men and women who organized this conference did on our behalf. Worth

the price of admission alone was learning that there is a nationwide contest to rename the dental dam.

This piece is the first in a series of articles I will be writing for the Lavender Reader. In future articles, I hope to cover a range of topics, including chronic fatigue syndrome, breast health, confidentiality and medical records, insemination and sexually transmittable conditions (AIDS and others). I welcome suggestions for topics to be researched and am especially interested in receiving copies of papers published on lesbian health and lesbian medical research. Such material is still scarce.

This article is dedicated to Michael Perlman. It was Michael, along with Jo Kenny, who invited me to write a health column for the Reader.

Continued from Page 20

She came to UC Santa Cruz in 1972 to study political theory, trying to find an alternative world view to Marxism and liberalism. At Santa Cruz, she read her first feminist writings, but found them whiney. "Someone would complain about how we never get the floor at meetings, and my response would be, 'Well, for God's sake, if you want the floor at meetings, you take the floor'." In fact, she laughingly admits that her son was sensitized to feminist concerns well before she was and often found her intolerance exasperating. Marge explains this now by citing the ways in which she wasn't raised to fill a typical female role.

She'd known she was expected to marry, knew intelligence was considered a dubious asset in a woman, but had also played an active and assertive role in Communist Party politics for years. Because she'd managed to escape some of the social conditioning, her first response to other women was to blame them for not having succeeded as she did. Marge gradually came to change her perspective after being "tutored" by fellow graduate students.

COMING OUT

Marge credits Adrienne Rich's work with furthering her enlightenment. *On Lies, Secrets and Silence* "was an absolute, total eyeopener on lots of things." She also recalls Marilyn Patton leading TAs from a women's history class through a reading of the first poem from Rich's *A Wild Patience Has Taken Me This Far*. "Marilyn was going over this poem, and suddenly I saw it. This poem is so plain. It's talking about patriarchal visions and says something like 'patterns of power so powerful and pure — we continually forget to ask, "are they true for us?"' And suddenly I realized I'd been spending ten years in the academy on these 'patterns of power,' and I really hadn't asked, 'are they true for me?'"

The transition to lesbianism, particularly political lesbianism was also difficult for Marge because, by her own admission, she was reluctant to give up heterosexual privileges. "I wasn't ready to do that for a while," she explains. Growing up in the south, "It was practically like the Vic-

torian era. You *had* to be married or you just weren't a person. I didn't believe it. I knew better than that, but I just totally internalized it." Even though she was no longer married, having kids meant she still found herself protected by heterosexual privilege.

Marge likens this to another privilege she feels she has access to now, which she terms 'ageist privilege.' "There's a kind of privilege somebody my age has because people assume people my age don't have any sex life. They don't think of people my age as sexual beings; therefore, you can live with a woman and they don't think of you as lesbians."

These days, the very political lesbian Marge uses lesbian materials regularly in her university classes, integrating the history of lesbianism in this country into a larger historical perspective. For her it's particularly important that these issues not be relegated to token lectures, but that they be included all quarter long. Her course "The New Woman from 1890 to 1920" includes material on lesbian support networks from the period, changing sexual attitudes, and Native American lesbians. In her course on McCarthyism, she includes the particular repression faced by lesbians and gay men.

Marge ended the interview on a hopeful note. "I'm extremely grateful to the younger lesbians and gay men since Stonewall. After all," she concluded, "it's their courage that makes it possible for us to talk about these things in the university, and for me to lead the life I do now."

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My greatest fear is that friends I have known and people I meet will begin to treat me "differently" once my diagnosis is known. Specifically I am afraid I will be seen as, and treated as, "diseased." The implications of this, to me, are rather ugly. I begin to question. "Is this person relating to me as Gary, or as The PWA?" Having been in situations where I am treated as the helpless AIDS victim, this fear is not unreasonable. I do not want to be patronized any more than I want to be shunned.

But should this fear keep me "in the closet" about my AIDS diagnosis? Should I make up lies and stories to explain the circumstances of my life? I have never done such a thing with regard to being gay. And part of me wants to apply the same standards of coming out as a gay man to coming out as a PWA. Yet the two are really not analogous.

I do not expect anyone to feel "proud" about having AIDS in the same way that I am proud about being gay. But no one should feel ashamed for having AIDS, either. I can reel off dozens of reasons why being vocal about being gay is important, but then I question: "Is being vo-

cal about being a PWA important? Why? To raise the awareness of the disease?" I think people are already aware that this disease exists. But beyond that basic awareness are serious misconceptions about AIDS and the people who have it.

What it comes down to is that there are some very compelling reasons for PWA's to "keep mum." But, as with being gay, the discrimination and the prejudice aren't going to cease until people step forward and say "I am living with AIDS. This is who I am. Look at me. Know me. As a whole person." I am multi-faceted, and AIDS is just one of those "facets." And because I live with AIDS every day, I have a special knowledge to share about this disease, a knowledge that won't be communicated unless I speak out.

I know that Tony Shearer has been inspiring to me with his forthrightness about his disease. His willingness to speak out clearly and openly has made a difference. I have watched other PWA's shrink back into a shell, afraid or unwilling to be seen or heard. Still others I will never see or hear, because they carried their "secret" to their graves.

Well, it is clear what my choice is.

Instead of worrying about confidentiality, or who knows, or what they think, I am being as public as possible (at the moment), to let people know, "Yes, it is true that I have AIDS" and "Yes, it is okay."

I have joined a PWA speaker's program at SCAP, and will be "spreading the gospel" to high school students and various others. Just what the "gospel" is, I'm not sure. For now I'll be relating my experiences and perspective. If I can think of a profound message to share, I might throw that in too.

But I'm pretty matter-of-fact about having AIDS. Not fatalistic or depressed or philosophical. Just accepting. Maybe that's something to share.

I'm prouder than ever to be gay. I'll be spending Gay Pride Day in New York, celebrating the 20th Anniversary of Stonewall at its source. And then I'll be flying to Germany — where I was living when I came out at 11—for a two-month vacation.

After that, who knows? I feel like I have unlimited options at this point in my life, that I can do anything I want to do. And I plan on doing it — loudly and proudly, as I always have and as I always will.

have been like but it gives me some understanding when lesbians and gay men in their 50's or 60's still have trouble being open about their sexuality.

When I visited the office of the gay organization in Argentina, I was told that the largest lesbian and gay demonstration ever held in Argentina was attended by fifty people. It reminded me of the demonstration against Secretary of State Dean Rusk and the State Department led by Frank Kameny in Washington during the early 60's. There could not have been more than twenty people at the demonstration, yet the reason for the demonstration was discrimination against lesbians and gay men in Foreign Service employment.

Older gay men and lesbians have lived through an incredibly repressive era, and have fought so that younger gay men and lesbians might have better lives. Yet many younger gay men and lesbians do not understand the era that molded their older counterparts, and take for granted many of the gains that have been made.

And the changes in twenty years have been astounding:

- A national march with 600,000 in attendance;
- Civil rights protections in two states and many cities;
- The election of many openly gay and lesbian public officials;
- The repeal of sodomy laws in half of the nation's states
- Major changes in how lesbians and gay men live their lives and are viewed culturally.

Yet the very cultural revolution that we celebrate has presented some unique challenges. How do we build a sense of community in a community that has only begun to develop openly in the last twenty years?

Lesbians and gay men have worked side-by-side during the last twenty years for civil rights. Yet there is always an extra tension from the fact that women bear the brunt of economic discrimination, and lesbians must struggle against both forms of discrimination.

During the AIDS crisis, lesbians have worked hard in AIDS organizations. Now that women's right to reproductive choice is being threatened by the Supreme Court, gay men must

"I was reminded of an older Santa Cruz lesbian telling me of the paddy wagons backing up to the doors of gay bars before Stonewall."

rise to the challenge of defending that right. Furthermore, as a cultural group reflecting our own country's religious, political, ethnic, racial, gender and age balance, we have to struggle with the development of a diverse community as we develop a diverse culture.

This Lesbian and Gay Pride Celebration should make us stand back and truly understand the monumental changes in the last twenty years. If we continue to be out, to work toward greater community by understanding our diversity, and if we remember not to lose sight of the goals of civil rights, we'll have a lot to celebrate in the coming years.

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GLOSSARY	
CFR	Closet Free Radio
CRAA	Campaign for Responsible AIDS Action
GLBN	Gay, Lesbian & Bisexual Network
GLV	Gay & Lesbian Vegetarians
GO	Great Outdoors
LGAA	Lesbian & Gay Action Alliance
LGCC	Lesbian & Gay Community Center
LOCA	Lesbians of Color Alliance
MCAP	Monterey County AIDS Project
SCAP	Santa Cruz AIDS Project
SC	Santa Cruz
SOL	Slightly Older Lesbians
UCSC	University of California at Santa Cruz

CALENDAR

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WED ▽ JUN 7

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SAT ▽ JUN 10

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SUN ▽ JUN 11

KICKOFF PICNIC! LGCC and GO sponsor a potluck BBQ with food, frisbee, volleyball and fun. Frederick St. Park, 12noon to 4pm, bring something to share. Call: 429-2060

SUN ▽ JUN 11

Lea Lawson presents Robin Flower, Nancy Vogl and Libby McLaren at Kuumbwa 7:30pm Call: 458-3053



MON ▽ JUN 12

Closet Free Radio: Stonewall revived, a dramatic broadcast evening of interviews and analysis. Call: 429-4036

TUE ▽ JUN 13

"Healthcare for Lesbians" will be the topic for an evening at UCSC Women's Center, 7pm Call: 423-4734

TUE ▽ JUN 13

LGCC Social and Potluck with special pride week program. Louden Nelson 7:30p, Free

WED ▽ JUN 14

Gay & Lesbian Educators meet for parade preparations. Call: 423-2258

CALENDAR



WED ▽ JUN 14

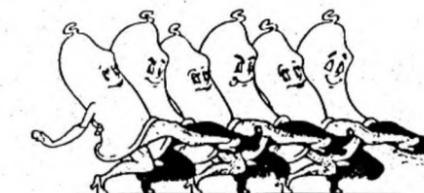
LGAA presents a look at the issues surrounding bi-sexuality. Louden Nelson 7:30p Free

THU ▽ JUN 15

"November Moon" a film at the Sash Mill about a woman who poses as a Nazi to protect her jewish lover. Reception Follows. 7:30p

WED ▽ JUN 14-16

SCAP holds a massage practitioners training. Call for details: 427-3900



JUNE

FRI ▽ JUN 2

Celebration Dance! UCSC groups Stonewall & Sapho sponsor this dance at Kresge Town Hall from 9pm -1am. \$1 before 10p \$2 after 426-5044

SAT ▽ JUN 3

Chris Hobbs will speak on HIV treatment alternatives with herbs at the "Living Room" 10:30am 427-3900

SAT ▽ JUN 3

SCAP holds a volunteer orientation. Call for details: 427-3900

N.O.W!

SUN ▽ JUN 4

SCAP begins a six session buddy training Sundays and Wednesdays which lasts through June 18th 427-3900

mo,co.

Consulting for Non-Profit Organizations And Small Businesses

Mo Reich □ (408) 425-8602
P.O. Box 1240 □ Santa Cruz, CA 95061-1240

WAY OF LIFE



2724-A Soquel Avenue
Santa Cruz, CA 95062
(408) 476-6485

herbs, books, vitamins, body products, natural fiber clothing, housewares, toys, cards, and gifts.

GALAXY CLUB



PARTY! PARTY! PARTY!

NOW OPEN EVERY DAY!
Mon-Fri•5pm-2pm
Sat•4pm-2am Sun2pm-2am
Free Hot Dogs Wed & Thurs
Free Pool Thurs

Join us June 17th after the rally
SUNDAY TEA DANCE 4pm-6pm
Proceeds go to The Freedom Foundation

WIN! WIN! WIN!

Trip for 2 to Hawaii
call for details

Sunday BBQ's 2pm - 9pm
Steak • Chicken • Burgers • 75¢ Draft

Sunday Country Western
Dance Lessons 7-9pm

Monthly
Pool Tournaments

1535 COMMERCIAL WAY • SANTA CRUZ, CA • 462-1611

CALENDAR

FRI ▽ JUN 16
Pat Bond presents:
"Lorena Hickock and Eleanor Roosevelt: A Love Story", part of Pride Week celebrations.
Grace United Methodist Church, 1024 Soquel Ave. 8:30p \$7/\$8 462-4730

FRI ▽ JUN 16
GAY MEN'S SUPPORT a 10 year re-union. Patrick Meyer will be our host. 5 to 7pm at Loudon Nelson Call: 423-2819

SAT ▽ JUN 17
Matrix Pancake Breakfast at Loudon Nelson! 9:30am (parade after)

SAT ▽ JUN 17
Gay Pride Day! parade and rally in the 20th year after Stonewall. Assemble at Cedar & Cathcart 10:30am for noon parade.

SAT ▽ JUN 17
Country Hearts provide live music at the Vet's Hall 842 Front St. 8:00p \$6-\$10



WED ▽ JUN 21
LGCC game night Enjoy these regular events at Loudon Nelson with your games or ours. 7:00p 462-2610

TUE ▽ JUN 27
SOL in SJ hosts an evening of ballroom dancing 293-4525

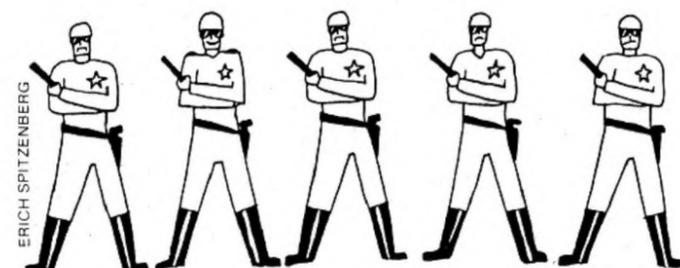


ORIGINAL HEIDELBERG

COMMUNITY PRINTERS & GRAPHICS

"Free speech has too long been proved a valuable custom to be upset by a bureaucracy. If the Bill of Rights is suspended or repealed, the feat will be accomplished under the drive of some great public impulse such as fear."

W.L.M. CHENERY
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1827 Soquel Avenue Santa Cruz, CA 95062



CALENDAR

JUN 30 ▽ JUL 4
Great Outdoors statewide jamboree at Sequoia/Kings Canyon Park Dean: 427-1675



JULY

SUN ▽ JUL 2
GO hosts their monthly potluck and meeting TBA

SUN ▽ JUL 2-8
National Association of Black & White Men Together hold their 9th annual convention in Florida. (904) 222-0684

FRI ▽ JUL 7-9
GO hosts a Big Sur camp outing. Call Bob 462-4432

SUN ▽ JUL 16
Country Western Dancing - lessons and fun every Sunday at the Galaxy Club on Commercial Way

SAT ▽ JUL 22
Sisterspirit hosts their annual lavender dance, celebrating their 5th anniv. Call: 293-9372



SUN ▽ JUL 23-29
GO will hold their annual summer camp trip at Mineral King/Sequoia National Park. Dean: 427-1675

AUGUST

SUN ▽ AUG 6
Lesbian Lace a sexy lingerie party for all shapes and sizes Call Gina: 425-1526



NOV

FRI ▽ NOV 3-18
GO plans a trip to New Zealand. Call Larry: 427-1936

AFTER DARK

DANCING NIGHTLY

FROM 10 PM

BACK LOT PATIO BAR

FRI. & SAT. 2:30 PM-1:00 AM
SUNDAY 2:30 PM-11:00 PM
MON., TUES., WED. 8:00 PM-11:00 PM
THURS. 5:30 PM-11:00 PM

408-373-7828

214 LIGHTHOUSE AVENUE
MONTEREY, CA

ART & DESIGN FLIPSIDE GRAPHIC DESIGN

4TH ANNUAL GAY & LESBIAN FILM FESTIVAL

JUNE 15-21

Thurs, Fri, Sat - June 15, 16, 17
Alexander Von Grote's
"NOVEMBER MOON"
Opening night benefit Thurs., June 15th for Santa Cruz Freedom Foundation

Sun & Mon - June 18 & 19
"GAY SHORTS" 7:30
A 90 minute collection of recent short films
"MALA NOCHE" 9:10

Tues & Wed - June 20 & 21 • An evening of classic gay erotica
"DAYS OF GREEK GODS"
The physique films of Richard Fontaine.
Filmmaker Richard Fontaine will be present both evenings. 7:30 & 9:00
PINK NARCISSUS The legendary erotic cult classic.

SASH MILK CINEMA 303 Potrero Street, Santa Cruz 427-1711

General Admission: \$4.25
Students with ID: \$3.50

COMING SOON
"An ecological Gay Adventure Thriller... Engaging and often moving." -Village Voice
"WONDERLAND"

COMMUNITY RESOURCE DIRECTORY



AL-ANON
Tuesdays: 7pm
Gateway School
462-1818

**ALCOHOLICS
ANONYMOUS**
Lesbian Women's
Group
Sundays: 7pm
Garfield Park
Church

Gay Men's Group
Mondays: 8pm
DMV, 4200 Capitola
Rd. Capitola

Men & Women
Thursdays: 8pm
532 Center St.
(Church School)

**BALANCE FOR
HEALTH**
Discount
supplements
for immune
health.
PO Box 395
Soquel, 95073
425-4996

**BATTERED
LESBIAN'S
SUPPORT**
Wednesdays: 7:30pm
Call: 336-2317

**BOOKSHOP
SANTA CRUZ**
1547 Pacific Ave. SC
423-0900

BLUE LAGOON
923 Pacific Ave. SC
423-7117

**CLOSET FREE
RADIO**
KZSC FM 88.1
Mondays: 7:00-8:30pm
UCSC, 95064
On Air: 429-4036
Info: 423-4734

**CABRILLO
LESBIANS
TOGETHER**
CLT:
Second Mondays
8:00pm
Cabrillo Women's
Center
Fridays 1:30-3:30
drop in.
All women welcome.
479-6249

**FAMILY SERVICE
ASSOCIATION**
Individual and
Family Counseling
1521 1/2 Pacific Ave.
423-9444

**FEMINIST
LESBIAN
SOCIAL GROUP**
Meets monthly
in the south
bay for potluck.
To receive
ENTRE NOUS
write:
PO Box 70933
Sunnyvale 94086

**FREEDOM
FOUNDATION**
PO Box 2968
Santa Cruz, 95063
Toni Cassista
423-4734

**GAY & LESBIAN
EDUCATORS**
Meet monthly
423-2258

**GAY & LESBIAN
VEGETARIANS**
c/o Rick Haze
PO Box 7971, SC
95061
336-3255

**GAY, LESBIAN &
BISEXUAL
NETWORK**
UCSC
429-2468

**GAYS AND
LESBIANS OVER
FORTY**
Second Friday of
each month.
Gene 462-2746
Lou 688-1683

GREAT OUTDOORS
PO Box 2143, SC
95063
Brett
427-2722

HEALING CIRCLE
Group for lesbian
survivors of
childhood sexual
abuse.
Sliding fee,
Mondays, 7:30PM
M. Barash MSW
423-6435
M. Bracciale MA
335-2716

HEARTWOOD SPA
3150-A Mission St.
SC
462-2192

**LAVENDER
READER**
PO Box 7293 SC
95061

**LESBIAN & GAY
ACTION
ALLIANCE**
PO Box 7293,
SC 95061
Will Russell
429-2060

**LESBIAN & GAY
COMMUNITY
CENTER**
PO Box 7293
SC 95061
Meets 2nd Tuesdays
at Loudon Nelson
7:30pm
475-6268

**LESBIAN/GAY
IMPROV THEATER**
We have fun.
Join us.
Warm-ups
facilitated.
Every other Friday
7:30PM
Call Val
426-2063.

**LESBIANS OF
COLOR ALLIANCE**
Twice monthly
starting Jan 25th
Wednesdays, 6pm
at UCSC Women's
Center
423-7785

**LESBIAN
NEWS**
PO Box 2968
Santa Cruz, 95063
Editor:
Toni Cassista
423-4734

**LESBIAN
THEATRE
PROJECT**
401 Altivo Ave.
LSB, 95076
Artistic Director
Kate McDermott:
684-1280

**LESBIAN
MOTHERS
SUPPORT GROUP**
Wednesdays: 6:30pm
UCSC Women's
Center
429-2072

**LESBIAN
GATHERING**
Thursdays: 7:30pm
538 Seabright Ave.
SC

**MATRIX
WOMEN'S NEWS
MAGAZINE**
PO Box 3138
SC, CA 95063
429-1238

**MONTEREY
COUNTY
AIDS PROJECT**
PO Box 221785,
Carmel, CA 93922
424-5550

**MEN'S SELF
DISCOVERY**
A gathering of
men to explore
magic, music and
more.
Fridays, 7:30pm
\$5 fee
338-3025

**METROPOLITAN
COMMUNITY
CHURCH**
Services at
10am each Sunday
303 Walnut Ave.
SC, PO Box 1764
95061
Rev. Jean Hart
479-4242

**NARCOTICS
ANONYMOUS**
662-4664

**OLDER
WISER
LESBIANS**
A social group
for lesbians
over fifty.
Meet each
Friday at 7pm
Call Barbara:
458-9374
or Pat:
662-8674

**PENINSULA
PROFESSIONAL
NETWORK**
2nd Wednesdays
PO Box 4714,
Carmel, CA 93921
659-2446

**RAINBOW
ENSEMBLE FOR
THE PERFORMING
ARTS**
PO Box 7527, SC
95063
Gilbert Moreno,
426-5044

**SANTA CRUZ
WOMEN'S HEALTH
CENTER**
250 Locust St.
SC 95060
427-3500

**SANTA CRUZ AIDS
PROJECT**
PO Box 5142, SC
95063
427-3900

**SANTA CRUZ
MEN'S CHORUS**
Monday's
7:15-9:45
1st United
Methodist Church
427-2722

**STONEWALL
ALLIANCE**
meets each
Tuesday at
Charles E Merrill
Lounge, UCSC
7:00 to 8:30p
from Jan 10th
for discussion,
or movies
in a spontaneous
setting.
426-5044

SC NOW
PO Box 1119
Felton, 95018

**SLIGHTLY OLDER
LESBIANS**
(lesbians 30+)
Friday's at UCSC's
Cardiff House
Info: 462-6927

Tuesday's at
DeFrank Center
1040 Park Ave.
San Jose
293-4525

**WOMEN'S CRISIS
SUPPORT**
Individual and group
counseling for
lesbians dealing with
issues of chemical
dependency, domestic
violence and sexual
assault.
1025 Center St.
SC, 95060
425-5525

**UCSC WOMEN'S
CENTER**
Cardiff House
on the UCSC
campus.
429-2072

**WOMEN ON MOUNTAIN
BIKES AND TEA
SOCIETY**
214 River St. #B
425-8574



pick up the phone
give the reader a call

PLEASE

JOIN

US.

**The Santa Cruz
AIDS Project**
is able to exist because
the people of
Santa Cruz County
care about each other.

Please join us:

**Become a volunteer
AIDS Educator or a
Community Health
Outreach Worker
providing peer education.**

Help with fundraising.

**Make a donation -
monthly, quarterly or
annually.**

Help run our office.

**Donate goods
or services to people
with AIDS.**

s.c.a.p.

**1606 Soquel Avenue
Santa Cruz, CA 95062**

Hope to hear from you!

4 2 7 - 3 9 0 0