Lesbira Voices

Vol. IV No. 2

Lesbian Voices is published quarterly by Jonnik Enterprises, P.O. Box 2066, San Jose, CA 95109. Phone: (408) 289-1088. Editor: Rosalie Nichols. Poetry Editor: Johnie Staggs. Circulation Manager: Johnie Staggs.

Subscriptions are \$10.00 per year (four issues); \$20.00 institutions or outside U.S.A. Sample copies or back issues \$3.00 (limited supply). All copies are mailed in plain closet-envelopes.

Discount rates: 30% on 5 copies; 40% on 6-10 copies; 50% on more than 10 copies. Payment with order, please. No returns.

Advertising rates on request. We welcome paid advertising from business and professional people offering products and services of interest to lesbians. We are happy to exchange ads and subscriptions with most other lesbian and feminist publications.

Contributors: Please specify by-line you wish used and also include a short paragraph about yourself for publication. You will receive two complimentary copies of issue in which poetry appears, or five copies for articles, stories, reviews, etc. All rights revert to the individual contributor after publication. Please always keep a copy of what you send. Please do not hesitate to write to us if you have not heard from us regarding your work. If you have moved, let us know where you are!

All views expressed in this publication are the ideas and opinions of the individual contributor. Favorable treatment of any idea, ideology, product, etc. in Lesbian Voices does not constitute an endorsement by this magazine, its editors or publisher. We welcome differing points of view on controversial issues, but request that ideas be expressed clearly and rationally and in a tone and style compatible with Lesbian Voices. We attempt to present a dignified format and a positive, constructive sense of life, in keeping with our belief that lesbianism (and indeed life itself) can be and should be good, wholesome, fulfilling and joyful. We reject the view of lesbianism as material for psychiatric study, religious censure, or pornography — all of which treat lesbianism as sick, sinful, or salacious. We reject this view of lesbianism whether promulgated by straight society, voyeuristic men, or by lesbians themselves.

Lesbian Voices was founded in December 1974 in San Jose, California. It is published quarterly in January, April, July, and October. Copyright © 1981 Jonnik Enterprises. Printed by Ms. Atlas Press, 978 Park Avenue, San Jose, CA 95126. All rights are reserved to the individual contributor, and no part of this magazine, except brief excerpts for critical analysis or review, may be reproduced without prior consent.



Table of Contents

The Lesbianist Manifesto by Barbara Stephens
Life Without Rights by Johnie Staggs & Rosalie Nichols
Lesbian Voices Survey No. 1
With Friends Like These (Story) by Sheila Ortiz Taylor 18
About the Author: Sheila Ortiz Taylor
The Poems of Lesbian Voices
Luzy Susans by Lisa Fenton; Conting Together by Carolyn
Shama; Sketches of My Face by C.1.; Our Connection by
Karrell Hickman; Love City by Laura-Koplewitz; Domestic
Agriculture by Penelope Ocha: For Future Reference, Walking
On, Two Women by Chocolate Waters; For Marie by Judy
Schavrien; A Brief Respite by Lisa Fenton; Will any of this
matter in ten years, And I thought I had to let you go by
Michele Connelly
Survival Games (A One-Act Play) by Dorothy Feola
"Hi! I'm Jill!" (A Scrial) Part I by Lee Kinard
Ads (Very important!)
Layout & Design by Johnie Staggs
Proofreading & Production Assistance by Alwin Enterprises

An error was made in the title of Diane Stein's short story in the last issue, Vol. IV No. 1. Ms. Stein's story should have been titled "Her Blue Eyes 2" to distinguish it from a similarly titled, but different story which appeared in another publication. Our application.

Loshian Voices is published quarterly by Jonnik Raterprises, P.O. Box 2066, San Jose, CA 95109, Phone: (406) 289-1088, Editor: Rosalie Schols. Poetry Editor: Johnie Stages. Circulation Manager: Johnie

riptions are \$10.00 per year (four innues); \$20.00 intitutions or outside U.S.A. Sample copies or back insues \$8.00 (limited ply). All copies are mailed in plain closet-envelopes.

munt rates 80% on 5 copies; 40% on 6-10 copies; 50% on

more than 10 copies. Payment with order, please. No returns.

Advartising rates on request. We welcome paid advertising from business and professional people offering products and services of interest to lesbians. We are happy to exchange ads and subscriptions with

host other leabtan and feminist publications.

Contributors: Please specify by-line you wish used and also includea short paragraph about yourself for publication. You will receive two complimentary copies of issue in which poetry appears, or five copies for articles, stories, reviews, etc. All rights revert to the individual contributor after publication. Please always keep a copy of what you send. Please do not healtate to write to us if you have not heard from us regar-

ding your work. If you have moved, let us know where you are!

All views expressed in this publication are the ideas and opinions of the individual contributor. Feverable treatment of any idea, ideology, product, etc. in Lesbian Voices does not constitute an endorsement by this magazine, its editors or publisher. We welcome differing points of view on controversial issues, but request that ideas be expressed clearly and rationally and in a tone and style compatible with Lasbian Voices. We attempt to present a disnifled format and a positive, constructive sense of life, in keeping with our belief that leabianism (and indeed life itself) can be and should be good, wholesome, fulfilling and joyful. We reject the view of lesbianism as material for psychiatric study, religious censure, or pornography - all of which treat lesbianism as sick, sinful, or calactons. We reject this view of leabination whether promulented by atraight society, voyeuristic men, or by leabians themselves.

Lushian Values was founded in December 1974 in San Jose, California. It is published quarterly in January, April, July, and October.

Copyright © 1981 Jeanth Enterprises. Printed by Ms. Atlas Press, 978

Park Avenue, San Jose, CA 95126. All rights are reserved to the individual contributor, and no part of this magazine, except brief excerpts for critical analysis or review, may be reproduced without prior consent.



Table of Contents

The Lesbianist Manifesto by Barbara Stephens
Life Without Rights by Johnie Staggs & Rosalie Nichols
Lesbian Voices Survey No. 1
With Friends Like These (Story) by Sheila Ortiz Taylor
About the Author: Sheila Ortiz Taylor
The Poems of Lesbian Voices
Lazy Susans by Lisa Fenton; Coming Together by Carolyn
Shama; Sketches of My Face by C.J.; Our Connection by
Karrell Hickman; Love City by Laura Koplewitz; Domestic
Agriculture by Penelope Ocha; For Future Reference, Walking
On, Two Women by Chocolate Waters; For Marie by Judy
Schavrien; A Brief Respite by Lisa Fenton; Will any of this
matter in ten years, And I thought I had to let you go by
Michele Connelly
Survival Games (A One-Act Play) by Dorothy Feola
"Hi! I'm Jill!" (A Serial) Part I by Lee Kinard51
Ads (Very important!)57
Layout & Design by Johnie Staggs
Proofreading & Production Assistance by Alwin Enterprises

An error was made in the title of Diane Stein's short story in the last issue, Vol. IV No. 1. Ms. Stein's story should have been titled "Her Blue Eyes 2" to distinguish it from a similarly titled, but different story which appeared in another publication. Our apologies.

The Lesbianist Manifesto

A spectre is haunting America—the spectre of Lesbianism. All the powers of old-fogyism have entered into a holy alliance to excorcize this spectre: Police and D.A.R., reactionaries and vice-squad.

Where is the party in opposition that has not been decried as 'strange' by its opponents in power? Where is the opposition that has not hurled back the branding reproach of 'strangeness,' against the more advanced opposition parties, as well as against its reactionary adversaries?

Two things result from this fact:

1. Lesbianism is already acknowledged by all wise women to be itself a power.

2. It is time that Lesbians should openly, in the face of the whole world, publish their views, their aims, their tendencies, and meet this nursery tale of the spectre of strangeness with a manifesto of the sisterhood isself.

The history of all hitherto existing society is the history of the war of the sexes.

Man and wife, in a word, oppressor and oppressed, stood in constant opposition to one another, carried on an interrupted, now hidden, now open fight, a fight that each time ended, either in a revolutionary reconciliation, or a common ruin to both.

Let the fuddy-duddies tremble at a daughters' revolution. The daughters have nothing to lose but (ugh) men. They have a world to win. Daughters of the world, unite! On to Lesbos!

Karla Marx

[The above parody of "The Communist Manifesto" was written many years ago by Barbara Stephens during the old Daughters of Bilitis days. I came across it recently in some old correspondence and asked the author's permission to share it with our readers.

--Rosalie Nichols, Editor]

Life Without Rights The Aftermath of A & B

By Johnie Staggs & Rosalie Nichols

Johnie: SAN JOSE — JUNE 3, 1980 Gay Rights Ordinances are defeated 3 to 1. The newspeople say it with the same tone of voice that announces the weather...the reporter asks, "What is your reaction?"...there are muffled cries throughout the campaign office where we have gathered to share our "Victory Party"...the long night is over — as is the long, long campaign...

Nikki: Losing was something I never wanted to contemplate or consider. It was unthinkable...until tonight. The early returns were sickening, but we tried to keep our (and everybody's) spirits up — until it became clear that the losing trend wasn't going to turn around. How is it going to feel to walk down the street tomorrow, I wonder. Two years ago, our opponents proclaimed, "We won't tolerate perverts on our streets and in our neighborhoods now or in the future!" We took up the challenge, unwilling to believe that the public would support that kind of bigotry...not in California...but now they have, 3 to 1. How will it feel to walk down the street?

Johnie: WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4, 1980 — Down to the campaign office, must start closing things down, cleaning up, clearing out...it's empty now for the first time in months, but not as empty as my heart. Funny how much I grew up during these few hours. I woke up yesterday morning believing, as I always had, that people are basically good, have a sense of justice/fair play...and will vote on the side of right if they know what is going on. Now I know better. "The majority" is a nonthinking mass that depends upon the teachings from an archaic book of stories, proverbs, and predictions. Three out of every four people I meet on the street, in the market, think they will "go to heaven" because they have voted away my right to work, to live, and to participate in the benefits of our government...think they will "go to heaven" if they invoke "God's Law" as stated in Leviticus 20:13. These are the people who are in power in Santa Clara County...

Nikki: Standing in line at McDonald's today, right across the street from our shop — I've been here a hundred times before — but today I feel suffocated by the straight people around me. Three out of four of them voted against my human rights — five out of six, if you subtract the

gay votes. Suddenly, I wish I were wearing a big button: "FUCK STRAIGHT BIGOTS!"

Johnie: JULY, 1980 — What do I do now? I have been told many times that no matter the outcome, these ballot box battles are good for the community — but I'm not seeing good...only frustration, anger, bitterness, futility, one massive heart break. I try to go on...I try to work within the system...I talk to people...I fight the hatred that comes welling up in my throat when I hear talk of the dangers from this "New Right"

coming from those who refused to listen to our campaign when we were pleading for help to stop the rising tide of fundamentalist conser-

vatism...I must keep trying not to be bitter.

Nikki: I've left the Democratic Party — what good does it do to have gay rights in the National Platform if your county central committee won't even pass a resolution upholding it? Re-registered "Declined to State"...not going to be taken in by political parties anymore...waiting for "Declined to State" to let me down. But there's some unfinished business — we have to stop the bigots from getting their candidates into office in November! They used the gay issue against our candidates two years ago, and I know they're going to do it again...even moreso, because now's their big chance to take over. How come the people on our committee don't want to talk about November? I'm so tired, still have campaign reports to do — but we have to put up a fight in November, can't they see that?

Johnie: SEPTEMBER, 1980 — I just want to get back to a "normal" life, get our shop open again, take a couple of night classes. I'm tired of meetings, tired of dissension, tired of never having any time for us. But I don't like what I'm hearing from former activists who are now saying, "Don't you think we should keep a low profile?"...Nobody will ever drive me back into the closet!

Nikki: It'll be good to get our printing business going again. Most of our customers went elsewhere during the campaign, and we didn't have any income at all for two solid months this summer. Ironic, isn't it, that the "Concerned Republicans" [gay] newsletter accused us of "doing very well" for ourselves...I guess their backstabbing would almost be funny if our opponents hadn't used that item against us during the campaign. And now we'll have the expenses of getting reopened at a new location. Oh, well, our gay economic base is about the only thing our community has left now — who knows, maybe we really will bring a Castro Street to San Jose...["Don't Let It Spread!" with a purple blob

photo of Castro street oozing down the page, the campaign slogan of the opposition]...

Johnie: NOVEMBER 4, 1980 — Well, the very same anti-rational fundamentalist conservatives have put *five* people onto our city council, while our community did nothing to oppose them...has the apathy got apathetic? What now? Will it even matter what I do? Bozo's going to Washington, some of our new councilpeople carry their Bibles under their arms to City Hall, our Vice Mayor has declared the fruit flies a "Biblical Plague," and a formerly pro-gay Supervisor has teamed up with Rev. Rickard to pass an ordinance banning "adult entertainment" businesses. Meanwhile, some of our straight "friends" are driving

wedges into the gay community, and the gay bars are busier than ever.

even with the increased violence in the parking lots...

Nikki: Well, at least I did something for the November election, even if it was just mailings to our own Ms. Atlas Press lists. But I can't keep spending all our money on political causes, how will we ever make a living?...I wonder if anyone could ever fathom how angry I am at the way the theocrats were allowed to take over, without even a struggle on the part of the gay victims...it's just like Johnie said, "We can all pretend they really are showers"...Come to think of it, that's not so funny after that Nazi flyer was put under our door last month..."CRUSH QUEERISM"...what next?...

Johnie: JANUARY, 1981 — Well, the Democratic State Convention wasn't quite what I thought it would be...Kerry Woodward of Gay Rights National Lobby says that Congressman Norm Mineta is withdrawing his sponsorship of the gay civil rights bill — not too surprising, after our defeat in June and no support given him in November...Channel 4's been down here taping for a special on the "Moral War" and the reporter tells me that the Moral Majority is launching a campaign against the S.F. ordinance next month. I don't know why I bothered to pass that information on to the Responsible Gay Leaders at the convention — after all, what does a hick from San Jose know about it? "That's a joke — it can't happen in San Francisco! Are you sure your sources are reliable?"

Nikki: Well, we tried to tell 'em last year, and they weren't concerned then either.

.

Johnie: FEBRUARY, 1981 — Santa Clara County Moral Majority leader Dean Wycoff on Channel 4 calls for the execution of gays as according to God's law. Why couldn't he have said that during the campaign last year? [MM statewide captain later retracts Wycoff's statement. Don't let the cat out of the bag so soon.]

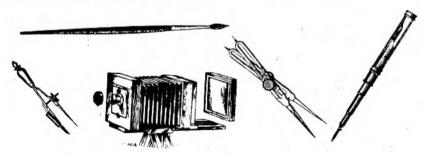
Nikki: Remember the day I read Leviticus 20:13 at the county ordinance hearings? And the fundamentalists shouted, "That's God's Law!" and "You can't rewrite The Bible!" And the media never even reported it... Nobody cared what the Moral Majority's goals were as long as it was only gay rights under fire and only San Jose.

Nikki: APRIL, 1981 — Well, that was some KKK Rally, wasn't it? Remember when we tried to get people to read "The Torch"? And when I tried to talk to that San Jose Mercury News reporter last June about Klan member Tom Metzger winning the Democratic nomination, and he couldn't see what that had to do with our losing Measures A & B...

Johnie: The San Francisco Parade Committee wants us to write something for the Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day Program: "How does it feel to live without basic human rights?" It hurts, it scares the hell out of me...it makes me so angry that I know I will continue to fight even if I have to do it alone. The really scary part is that it may well be just me and my lover, for there doesn't seem to be any gay community since the campaign. The real question should be, how does it feel to be lonely?

JOHNIE STAGGS & ROSALIE NICHOLS, publishers of Lesbian Voices and co-owners of Ms. Atlas Press, ran the "Yes on A & B" Gay Rights Campaign which lost overwhelmingly in June 1980. Johnie was subsequently elected to the Executive Committee of the California Democratic Party and is serving on the State Platform Committee. Nikki has dropped out of Democratic politics and returned to writing; in addition to Lesbian Voices, she is Executive Editor of Lambda News, San Jose's gay community newspaper.

[This article is reprinted from "Front Line of Freedom," the official program of the International Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day Parade and Celebration held in San Francisco on June 28, 1981.]



Lesbian Voices Survey No. 1

Response to the first Lesbian Voices opinion survey has been very good. We have received more than 25 completed questionnaires so far, and more are coming in every day. We hope to publish all the responses in their entirety, without editing. After all the survey forms are in, we may do a tabulation or summary. However, this is not a scientific survey from a representative sample of the Lesbian population. It is, rather, a sampling of individual opinion from those interested enough in the questions to respond. Hopefully, the answers will give some insight into what Lesbians are thinking at this time.

Names of respondents will be published only with permission. We appreciate the many readers who said that we could publish their names and cities. Survey forms are still being distributed, and we would welcome responses from anyone who hasn't sent one in yet.

Reader #1 — 26-year-old Lesbian with no children; has been gay "most of my life" and is "95%" out of the closet; lives in "suburban-mid-peninsula" area:

Do Lesbians have more in common with Gay men or straight women? "It really depends on the degree (if any) of **feminism** of either group. Consciousness counts."

What do Lesbians have in common with Gay men? "Differing degrees of societal oppression, unfortunately; breakdown of sexual stereotypes (sometimes)."

What do Lesbians have in common with straight women? "Again, societal oppression; being invisible, not being taken seriously; economic struggle."

What does "Gay Liberation" mean to you? "It means freedom from stereotypes and the decrees on our sexual identity."

Do you consider yourself a teminist? "Yes!"

What is the relationship between Lesbianism and feminism? (Are they the same? Do they conflict?) "Unfortunately, they are **not** the same, although in the purest sense I think that both involve the freedom and choice **all** women need in order to combat sexism."

Do you consider yourself political? What does "political" mean to you? "Yes! 'Political' means the conviction to fight and work for what we believe/value."

Should Lesbians try to integrate with straight society or form a separate Lesbian society? "I'm not comfortable with either alternative although I'd lean toward a Lesbian society as a viable alternative to the heterosexist power structure.

Which is more of a threat to Lesbians: Pornography or government censorship? Why? "Government censorship by far because it's subject to the whims and oppression of the particular time/group."

Have things gotten better or worse for Lesbians during the time since you came

out? How? "Better because there is more public awareness of Lesbians (e.g. media, t.v., etc.)."

Will things get better or worse for Lesbians in the next four years? How? "(Succinctly: we're going to be forced to fight.) The trend is definitely towards the ultra-conservative side. This may help to bring us together vs. a common enemy or it may wreak havoc on our recent achievements."

—submitted by Judy Krystal, Mountain View, Calif.

Reader #2 — 32-year-old "Lesbian/Celibate" with no children; has "always" been gay and is "out"; lives in "run-down, edge of ghetto" area:

Do Lesbians have more in common with Gay men or straight women? "Gay men 2nd, Feminist women 1st."

What do Lesbians have in common with Gay men? "Being gay - culture, orientation, etc."

What do Lesbians have in common with straight women? "Feminism, oppression - everything but attitude and perspective."

What does "Gay Liberation" mean to you? "No women - gay or straight."

Do you consider yourself a feminist? "Very."

What is the relationship between Lesbianism and feminism? "Feminism can't exist without the Lesbian movement, Lesbians need the feminist issues more than straight women do."

Do you consider yourself political? "Yes, for me it's the focal axis of my stories - not party politics."

Should Lesblans try to integrate with straight society or form a separate Lesbian society? "Separate - as far as is possible."

Which is more of a threat to Lesblans: Pornography or government censorship? "Government kills (as does porn) but has more power to."

Have things gotten better or worse for Lesbians during the time since you came out? "There is a strong backlash now, our idealism is gone."

Will things get better or worse for Lesbians in the next four years? "Hopefully better - it can't last forever - we can't let it (backlash)."

-submitted by Diane Stein, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Reader #3 — 47-year-old Lesblan with no children; has been gay for "life" and is "about as far (out of the closet) as possible"; lives in "deep South, very redneck":

Do Lesbians have more in common with Gay men or straight women? "Probably straight women...though God knows, that is not a simple question to answer."

What do Lesbians have in common with Gay men? "A great deal of potential political clout..."

What do Lesbians have in common with straight women? "Women in general, the commonality of many of their basic oppressions...all of the things that oppress."

What does "Gay Liberation" mean to you? "A nice catch phrase...what it should mean is the fight to win our rights."

Do you consider yourself a feminist? "Yes, most assuredly."

What is the relationship between Lesbianism and feminism? "They are not the same, though probably they will eventually be...since the inevitable end of evolution will be an all Lesbian, all Gay world."

Do you consider yourself political? "I think it is a stupid word, but as it is used, yes, I am very political."

Should Lesbians try to integrate with straight society or form a separate Lesbian society? "Both...and at the same time...we need a Lesbian nation in the same way we need ethnic group identities."

Which is more of a threat to Lesbians: Pornography or government censorship? "Government censorship, because censorship strikes first against what the patriarchy sees as a threat to their control."

Have things gotten better or worse for Lesbians during the time since you came out? "Much better,...many more Lesbians are out...and in time, when we all come out, our problems will be solved."

Will things get better or worse for Lesbians in the next four years? "Things will probably get better...oddly, and this doesn't make good sense, oppression seems to generate activity...so the more obnoxious the Moral Majority becomes, the more activism you will see in the Lesbian movement."

--submitted by Barbara Grier, Naiad Press Tallahassee, Florida

Reader #4 — 46-year-old bisexual woman with no children; has been gay 9 years and is 90% out of the closet; lives in "suburbs - university town (Palo Alto)":

Do Lesbians have more in common with Gay men or straight women? "Women."

What do Lesbians have in common with Gay men? "Targets of the Reality Enforcers."

What do Lesbians have in common with straight women? "We are all perceived as objects - Lesbians serve symbolically as the 'wild women' triggering macho fears and enforcing docility among the docile women; we are all victims until we stop."

What does "Gay Liberation" mean to you? "A fundamental shift in values away from popular death-worship and towards love and joy."

Do you consider yourself a feminist? "Yes."

What is the relationship between Lesbianism and feminism? "Lesbians can be in the forefront of feminist analysis and action, unless we get sidetracked into petty infighting."

Do you consider yourself political? "Not in the sense of participating in electoral processes, but yes in the sense that it is revolutionary to withhold sanction from government and cultural institutions that oppress women."

Should Lesbians try to integrate with straight society or form a separate Lesbian society? "Both."

Which is more of a threat to Lesbians: Pornography or government censorship? "Both aspects of the same violent institutions. The danger in pornography can not be adequately dealt with by male governments or

laws."

Have things gotten better or worse for Lesbians during the time since you came out? "Both - violence is escalating generally - but Lesbians are more visible, and in certain protected population pockets more accepted."

Will things get better or worse for Lesbians in the next four years? "Worse - we're all facing right-wing backlash plus an eroding economy - bad times ahead, sisters!"

-- submitted by Alison Harlow, Stanford, Calif.

Reader #5 — 61-year-old female (with a notation "Please don't be prejudiced as to age!"); no children; has been gay "all my life" and is "not at all" out of the closet; lives in an area that is "fair, many gay men who as a whole are **very** courteous":

Do Lesbians have more in common with Gay men or straight women? "Straight women, as gay men are very exclusive, which is OK."

What do Lesbians have in common with Gay men? "Nothing but the fact of gayness."

What do Lesblans have in common with straight women? "If straight women don't know, just friendliness."

What does "Gay Liberation" mean to you? "It means a lot for gay men but much less for gay women. For us older ones, nothing except we are glad for the young gays."

Do you consider yourself a feminist? "No."

What is the relationship between Lesbianism and feminism? "They definitely conflict politically as a 'fem'inist wants usually family than career. We all pay dearly for her family via TAXES."

Do you consider yourself political? "No, politics has become a social grab bag for other's earnings."

Should Lesbians try to integrate with straight society or form a separate Lesbian society? "Both in balance, but never flaunt gayness."

Which is more of a threat to Lesbians: Pornography or government censorship? "Lesbianism can be on a discreet level than 'porno.' Yes for the latter, but government usually attacks when the rise is faster than the public can handle."

Have things gotten better or worse for Lesbians during the time since you came out? "For the young, much better. The older, not at all. No contacts."

Will things get better or worse for Lesblans in the next four years? "I think things will become much better as the public is adjusting, but antagonism arises when gayness is flaunted. That is the **big mistake** of many gay men! I find that gay men who keep their gayness in good taste are now being respected."

"Enclosed is postcard self-addressed for your convenience if you care to write down any **older** women's gay organizations here in San Francisco who engage in other activities than go to bars. The latter is all I have encountered so far. That's all right for those who prefer that, as tastes are so different—each to her own!"

-submitted by Grace Doane, San Francisco, Calif.

Reader #6 — 35-year-old straight woman with five children ("the four

oldest are adopted, and black. I am Caucasian. Married 16 years. My mate is also a friend."); lives in "inner metropolitan Pasadena":

Do Lesbians have more in common with Gay men or straight women? "Both...tho I believe at this time Lesbians would opt more for sisterhood with feminist straight women than with feminist males, straight or gay, on the IT'S A MAN'S WORLD hatetrip yet."

What do Lesbians have in common with Gay men? "...socletal oppression as deviants...negation as 'second class' persons...with some lesbians, a gay spirit and appreciation of creativity/quality/nature...my communion as a straight female with my lesbian sisters and gay brothers is chiefly within these three 'virtues'."

What do Lesbians have in common with straight women? "We share gender identification and the sisterhood of societal influences and expectations - as well as the assumed second-classness. And we share WOMYN POWER."

What does "Gay Liberation" mean to you? "The consciousness-raising within both the straight and gay communities that embraces and accepts our differences and any person's positive lifestyle as valid, and recognizes that within our differences there is much room for good, enduring, trusting relationships.

Do you consider yourself a feminist? "Yes."

What is the relationship between Lesbianism and feminism? Are they the same? "No - they are not the same, but strongly, by virtue of all being concerned about women's ascribed roles and status within the culture, correlated and therein are roots for solidarity." Do they conflict? "They can...lesbianism conflicts with feminism when it demands sexual separatism and devalues women who continue positive relationships with males (or declares such relationships impossible), or denounces the males who are feminists - and YES - I do believe there are men who are feminists. I believe there were several in the ranks of our gay brothers who collected over 5000 signatures for the pro-choice petitions at CSW-81 in Hollywood yesterday."

Do you consider yourself political? What does "political" mean to you? "Almost everything. 'Political' is not following fashiong dictates, not 'buying' the authorities' lines (or goods)/resisting/weighing & measuring & sifting...I am office 'manager' and member of the Board of Directors of ACLU-Gay Rights Chapter, Southern California. I also am ordained, and perform both gay & straight marriages and assorted other celebrations of life. I believe we can bring it together together - but not without all sorts of coalitions and concerted effort and especially, educational thrusts necessary to erode entrenched but archaic attitudes."

Should Lesbians try to integrate with straight society or form a separate Lesbian society? "Neither. Assimilation & het imitation is not the answer, nor do I feel is separatism or alienation. To be as we are where we are & together...Gays and straights live together as neighbors and friends in my neighborhood - we attend **some** of each other's social functions...Nancy is not up for my son's birthday celebration; I am not inclined toward an evening with a small group in the bars. On the other hand, I am comfortable at a lesbian ova hunt & easter breakfast at her friend's home; she & her lover enjoy at my place a holiday open house

with mixed attendance - gay and straight. With two gay males, I am rebuilding a home in the ghetto. Sometimes I am with them socially; more often, Allan & I are invited to gatherings or concerts, plays, dinners, evenings out. We do not expect to be included in their 'all boy' parties. But we have never felt out-of-place attending the functions to which we have been invited - and many gay & lesbian siblings express enjoyment in their visits to our home. We all happen to be HUMAN..."

Which is more of a threat to Lesbians: Pornography or government censorship? Why? "I would consider any censorship the larger threat - if we are uncensored then we are free to resist other problems like PORN/RAPE/etc-with our own ENERGY."

Have things gotten better or worse for Lesbians...? I view improvement in the political & personal spheres as an ongoing process - more media coverage, more music, more 'space'."

Will things get better or worse for Lesbians in the next four years? How? "Better, because even a conservative backlash cannot curb the movement for

change & growth that has been unleashed..."

"P.S. A transperson friend of ours, presurgical, even feels comfortable enuff to come to our home as herself even tho 'he' is a professor at a local college and must be very guarded about her/his transition...and we are included socially within her circle of friends which include gays, straights, and married gays with children (male is openly gay; female is bisexual)."

-- submitted by Cleta Beffa Mundgack, Pasadena, Calif.

Reader #7 — 59-year-old Lesbian with no children; has been gay "48 years" and is out "only to Lesbian friends"; lives in metropolitan area:

Do Lesbians have more in common with Gay men or straight women? "Depends on the fight enjoined and acceptance from."

What do Lesbians have in common with Gay men? "Persecution by society."

What do Lesbians have in common with straight women? "Lack of status in patriarchal society."

What does "Gay Liberation" mean to you? "Fight to be free from harassment equal rights to employment, housing, etc."

Do you consider yourself a feminist? "Yes."

What is the relationship between Lesbianism and feminism? (Are they the same? Do they conflict?) "Shouldn't—but I'm disappointed that N.O.W. seems to be drawing back from more liberal stands on Lesbianism—all top officers now straight."

Do you consider yourself political? "Partially - but not activist - very supportive though."

Should Lesbians try to integrate with straight society or form a separate Lesbian society? "Hard to answer - so many factors: Jobs, location, discrimination quotient, etc."

Which is more of a threat to Lesbians: Pornography or government censorship? Why? "Government censorship—that affects our ability to stay in touch with our people."

Have things gotten better or worse for Lesbians during the time since you came

out? How? "Better. In old days, no one 'out' could have been in universities, publishing, or politics."

Will things get better or worse for Lesbians in the next four years? How? "Worse, I fear. 'Moral Majority' (which isn't a majority at all) will be busily stirring up homophobia. (See the fight banning book 'Our Bodies, Ourselves'."

-- submitted by Lee Kinard, Orlando, Florida

Reader #8 — 42-year-old Lesbian with no children; has been gay "as long as I can remember" and is "totally" out of the closet; lives in suburban area:

Do Lesbians have more in common with Gay men or straight women? "Gay men."

What do Lesbians have in common with Gay men? "Being Gay. Suffering fears, paranoias, anxieties, self-oppression and frequently a lousy self-image when in the closet, oppression, discrimination, occasional brutality, usually a much improved self-image and a strong sense of freedom when out of the closet."

What do Lesbians have in common with straight women? "Being oppressed

by MCP's, but little else other than biological similarities."

What does "Gay Liberation" mean to you? "At the start of the movement, a group of 'radicals' - mostly males - making lots of noise about equality for Gays - frequently also preaching separatism. Now a movement to bring Gay and Lesblan rights under the 1964 Civil Rights Act - and for local Gay rights ordinances."

Do you consider yourself a feminist? "No."

What is the relationship between Lesbianism and feminism? "Lesbianism and feminism are different. Lesbians seek independence and freedom. Feminists seek independence and freedom within the framework of male-centered relationshps."

Do you consider yourself political? What does "political" mean to you? "I am interested in political things - legislation, civil rights, economics, world affairs, etc. But I am not very active politically. To be political is to have knowledge of the workings of government in all aspects and to work in politics for persons and/or for Issues - I am not political by that definition."

Should Lesbians try to integrate with straight society or form a separate Lesbian society? "To form a totally separate society is occasionally tempting - but I do not see how it would be economically feasible. I believe we can live separate from straights but within society - peaceful coexistence."

Which is more of a threat to Lesbians: Pornography or government censorship? "Government censorship. Because if the government decides that Lesbianism and references to it are pornographic then it would be a very difficult for us to communicate with each other about some of the important things we have in common."

Have things gotten better or worse for Lesbians during the time since you came out? "While there have been some small gains for Lesbians politically and socially with the rise of conservatism in the past few years the socio-

political tone has become harsher with the 'liberals' remaining apathetic for the most part - and therefore non-supportive."

Will things get better or worse for Lesbians in the next four years? "The small gains that have been made are beginning to be in danger. The 'conservatives' are gaining in strength. It appears that the political pendulum will continue its swing to the right for some time - and that is bad for Lesbians - out of the closet and in the closet - Lesbian supporters, and those suspected of being Lesbians."

*---submitted by Winn Crannell, Cupertino, Calif.

Reader #9 — 31-year-old "S/M Lesbian" with no children; has been gay "in spirit - all my life, in actual practice - only 10 years"; lives in a "middle class, predominantly Chicano, neighborhood":

How far out of the closet are you? " 'Out of the closet' for me exists on many levels:

"1) for myself - I am completely content and happy with all affectional and sexual aspects of my being

"2) to my gay friends - I am out as an S/M dyke

"3) to my straight friends - out as gay to most

"4) work - out to several people

"5) family - out and accepted as gay."

Do Lesbians have more in common with Gay men or straight women? "With gay men - insofar as gay oppression is concerned - and with straight women - as victims of sexual oppression."

What does "Gay Liberation" mean to you? "...a sweet dream that comes to me about twice a year...i.e. total legal, social and economic equality with heterosexuals...where 'spouse' is no longer synonymous with 'opposite'..."

Do you consider yourself a feminist? "Ohgodyes."

What is the relationship between Lesbianism and feminism? "To be a Lesbian does not necessitate being a feminist. However, for one to live as a Lesbian implies a freedom of choice that is at the core of feminism."

Do you consider yourself political? "Not as much as I would like to be, I'm not really sure what being political means. Obviously campaigning and writing letters to elected officials is political - but what about trying to change people's minds on a one-to-one level? Is that political? I'm really not sure."

Should Lesbians try to integrate with straight society or form a separate Lesbian society? "Both. (Surprise!!...a short answer)"

Which is more of a threat to Lesbians: Pornography or government censorship? "Government censorship. While pornography may portray us falsely - government censorship threatens to deny our very existence."

Have things gotten better or worse for Lesbians during the time since you came out? "Much MUCH BETTER!!! More visibility, access, acceptance, everything. We've grown as a solid community."

Will things get better or worse for Lesbians in the next four years? "Worse nationally and politically - but it may unify us as a family and help dissolve petty conflicts and factions within the community."

-submitted by Gioria K. Hovde, San Jose, Calif.

Reader #10 — 36-year-old "magnificently queer" female with no children; has been gay "since memory" and is "totally" out of the closet; lives in a "middle-class suburban" area:

Do Lesbians have more in common with Gay men or straight women? "With Gay men - ego, social pressure, self-hatred; with straight women - gender oppression; therefore, Gay men."

What do Lesbians have in common with Gay men? "They're both queer, they don't seem to like themselves or each other much of the time."

What do Lesbians have in common with straight women? "Not much! Oppression by males - but respective orientations are so different that that which is 'common' isn't really."

What does "Gay Liberation" mean to you? "Bearded 'commie' pinko queers in sandals and cutoffs burning draft cards, waving placards, making impassioned speeches on stairs of government buildings. 'Radical-hippies'-male."

Do you consider yourself a feminist? "No."

What is the relationship between Lesbianism and feminism? "They are mutually exclusive. A straight 'feminist's' definition of self is usually relative to and dependent on males."

Do you consider yourself political? What does "political" mean to you? "No. Deals with governing administration, organization, management, manipulation, salesmanship."

Should Lesbians try to integrate with straight society or form a separate Lesbian society? "Peacefully coexist. To be separate is to be ghettoized-easily targetted - trapped. Ignoring those who hate you is self-destructive. Keep eyes and ears open, ass covered and gun loaded."

Which is more of a threat to Lesbians: Pornography or government censorship? "Censorship in the short-mid run. Porn properly presented (?) could be used to suggest what is acceptable and necessary treatment for Lesbians and suspected Lesbians - but even that would require selected censorship initially. Censorship paves the way for extermination."

Have things gotten better or worse for Lesbians during the time since you came out? "Better - sort of. Queers are more open and so are the people who want them all dead. Honesty is...!!"

Will things get better or worse for Lesbians in the next four years? "Probably worse. 'Queer bashing' will become the new national sport (replacing baseball). The question is who will bash the most Fairies & Dykesstraights, or queers who think they can pass and/or buy respectability by bounty hunting."

-- submitted by Al Bonvouloir, Cupertino, Calif.

Reader #11 — 37-year-old Lesbian with four children; has "always known" she was gay and is "not very" far out of the closet; lives in an "upper upper middle class section of a city (Tacoma, Washington):

Do Lesbians have more in common with Gay men or straight women? "Depends on sensibilities of both groups. Sometimes I get more support from Gay brothers than straight sisters. Sometimes the reverse is true."

What do Lesbians have in common with straight women? "Shared biology and shared oppression. But many super-straight women scare me

because of their denial mechanisms. I am too much a threat to them, I quess."

What does "Gay Liberation" mean to you? "300,000 faggots marching behind banners up Market Street in San Francisco."

Do you consider yourself a teminist? "First and foremost. It's the key to my identity, far more than any labels that refer to sexual orientation."

What is the relationship between Lesbianism and feminism? "Of course they are related, they spring from the same source. But lesbians scare some straight women who are feminists."

Do you consider yourself political? What does "political" mean to you? "Yes. Willing to give time, money and exposure to causes I believe in."

Should Lesbians try to integrate with straight society or form a separate Lesbian society? "Lesbians must integrate. But straight society must also learn to accept lesbians."

Have things gotten better or worse for Lesbians during the time since you came out? "I'm not really 'out' but I notice that I feel more and more vulnerable."

Will things get better or worse for Lesbians in the next four years? "Well, let's just wait and see what the Reverend Jerry Falwell has up his sleeve for us. I think things must get worse. We are women, and we're queer, we don't know our place, and we won't stay in the back of the bus. And, given the present economic situation, we will feel more and more pressure to stay closeted."

-submitted by Claudia Woodruff, Tacoma, Wash.

Reader #12 — 35-year-old Lesbian with no children; has been gay ten years and is "pretty far" out of the closet; lives in Oakland:

Do Lesbians have more in common with Gay men or straight women? "1/2 and 1/2"

What do Lesbians have in common with Gay men? "Being gay."

What do Lesbians have in common with straight women? "Being women."

What does "Gay Liberation" mean to you? "Freedom and equality for all."

Do you consider yourself a feminist? "Yes."

What is the relationship between Lesbianism and feminism? (Are they the same? Do they conflict?) "No, no - one is loving women sexually, one is a political outlook."

Do you consider yourself political? What does "political" mean to you? "Yes, I want to change the way the world is."

Which is more of a threat to Lesbians: Pornography or government censorship? "Government censorship."

-Name withheld

Reader #13 — 25-year-old "Lesbian S/M" with no children; has been gay "1½ years consciously" and is "pretty much" out of the closet "except to a few people"; lives in a large urban area:

Do Leablans have more in common with Gay men or straight women? "Gay men."

What do Lesbians have in common with Gay men? "An understanding of a

lifestyle differing from the 'norm' which necessitates changing one's attitudes and perceptions."

What do Lesbians have in common with straight women? "We all seem to be working out our Karma with men in different ways."

What does "Gay Liberation" mean to you? "Freeing ourselves from our own and others' stigmas."

Do you consider yourself a feminist? "Absolutely!"

What is the relationship between Lesbianism and feminism? (Are they the same? Do they conflict?) "Varied and individual, and I dislike getting caught up in labels—I am a human being; words and my experience do not always match."

Do you consider yourself political? What does "political" mean to you? "My politics are 'personal,' meaning they stem from my experience, not from something outside myself (e.g. pornography), for this is the only way in which I can affect society."

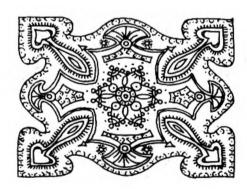
Should Lesbians try to integrate with straight society or form a separate Lesbian society? "I believe the latter is difficult and a misdirection of energy. Integrate, while maintaining safe, supportive spaces for varying lifestyles."

Which is more of a threat to Lesbians: Pornography or government censorship? "Government censorship and anti-pornography Lesbians who are using enormous amounts of energy against our own movement. (I do not mean our movement is a pornographic one—I mean we are splitting our movement with this issue), while the real 'enemy' is still out there."

Have things gotten better or worse for Lesbians during the time since you came out? "Better—time heals and educates."

Will things get better or worse for Lesbians in the next four years? "Better, especially if we realize that it is our choices, individual and collective, to give up our power to a so-called moral majority (which I don't believe exists) or to take it back!"

-- submitted by Linda T. Cohen, Venice, Calif.



With Friends Like These

by Sheila Ortiz Taylor

My name is Allison Honey and I'm a cook for Raven and Carbonara, Caterers, San Francisco. I wasn't always a cook. I used to be a graduate student. In fact, when I first met Arden Benbow I was a graduate student. I worked in the reading room for graduate students. Library work.

Before that I was a research assistant but I got fired for dropping cigarette ashes into Dr. Gridley's card files. "Flicking" ashes, Dr. Gridley said. She thought I would burn up the work of a lifetime.

They are like that, academics. They think the world is holding its breath for those index cards, and that those cards are always about to go up in smoke. Or something. I knew one professor who kept his manuscripts in the refrigerator. His wife complained, but it did no good because he said refrigerators were fireproof. (He also kept twenty dollar bills in the butter-keeper, but that is by the way.)

So I had already got fired for endangering Dr. Gridley's work of a lifetime, a point you should understand, so you won't think my troubles began and ended with Arden Benbow and her rabbits.

Actually I think I never belonged in graduate school. It's like a lot of things. I started school when I was five years old and just kept going. Besides, I liked to read. But Dr. Gridley told me I wasn't PhD material, and I guess she was right. She said I was the only person she ever knew who read Henry James for the story.

I'm not an intellectual. I would never think to put my manuscripts in the refrigerator.

If I had been that kind of person, the little accident over the paper on Henry James would never have happened. So you can see it was not Arden's fault at all.

Maybe I am not making myself clear. You see, Arden had three hundred rabbits and she tried everything in the world to cut down on them because it cost a fortune to feed them and she had six kids and was divorced. Arden is a poet.

I first met her in the reading room. Well, actually I didn't formally meet her, but I noticed her. Everybody did. You see, it's always very quiet in the reading room. Only intellectuals tend to go there, and they are quiet people, usually reading or writing their thoughts down on three-by-five cards, sometimes color coded. Suddenly somebody said (right out loud), "Of course!" Actually it was more like a shout. Everybody looked at her, and she just smiled back, then went on reading.

After that I started to say hello when she came in, and sometimes we would meet in the halls and talk about one thing and another. When she

heard my car hadn't been running for two months, nothing would do but she had to fix it. That's the kind of person Arden Benbow is.

She came over the next afternoon on a motorcycle, with a tool box lashed onto the back. Her hair was braided down her back under her white helmet, and she wore an apple green leather jacket with zippers all over it, very stylish. She looked like Amelia Earhart, I thought,

"What's her name?" she asked me, lifting the hood and peering in.

"Whose?"

"Your car's."

"Oh, the car doesn't have a name."

"No wonder she won't run."

"Well, what do you suggest?"

"You've got to name her," she said, pulling caps off things and easing wires out and then in. "Or it doesn't count."

"Dr. Gridley says I have no imagination."

"Dr. Gridley can blow it out her ear."

That one caught me off balance. I thought cars would stop on the Santa Monica Freeway and that lights would short out all over three counties. Nothing happened. In fact I felt—you might say—peaceful.

"Shall I get us a beer?" I asked.

She raised up a little, with her braid dangling just over the carburetor and a smudge of grease on one cheek. "Bless you," she said.

"I think her name is Toby," I called over my shoulder.

Well, after that I wanted to do something really nice for Arden. I asked her to dinner at my place because cooking is one thing I do very well (I think I mentioned I am a cook for Raven and Carbonara in the Mission District). It was then she explained about the six kids, the three hundred rabbits, her male live-in babysitter, and her lover, Alice. The kids and sitter I already knew about, but the rabbits and the lover named Alice came as a surprise. Otherwise I would have offered right away to cook at her house instead of mine. As it was, it took a long time for me to see that as a solution and get the hour and everything worked out o.k.

My boyfriend, Miller, told me that Arden Benbow was after my body. I was nervous enough without Miller's suspicion. I almost called in sick. Instead I put on more make-up than usual and wore a dress and earrings that hurt my ears. I loaded Toby up with bowls and pans and whisks, pints of cream, carrots, parsnips, celery, onions, and chuck roast for Pot-au-Feu. And Julia Child.

From this point on it is hard to say what happened. Looking back on it I would have to say that instead of things happening in their usual one-at-a-time way, events kept running into each other, like people in an airport. If you don't understand that, you will never understand why I agreed to take the two rabbits.

Let's start outside Arden's house. It is Sunday evening, early January, and I have just pulled up with my cargo of carrots, parsnips, etc. My ears are tiny points of pain. I get out of the car and am opening up the trunk, when a blue Mercedes full of people pulls up and I see they are children, except of course for the driver, who is late forties. Doors start popping open and the man runs around as if to get everybody in some kind of order, but they are tearing around, falling down, flinging their coats onto the grass, skinning knees, greeting the dog who runs out to meet them, and getting cotton candy stuck in their hair, which the dog tries to lick out.

The man, who I guess is Mr. Benbow, raises his hand in farewell as the last of them waves and disappears inside. He is rumpled, in his camel hair suit. From the back I can see his greying hair is combed carefully over a bald spot about the size of a silver dollar. He turns as if he can feel my eyes playing over this tender area, and flashes me a smile. Handsome. Kind of an over-the-hill William Holden.

"You a friend of Arden?" he asks, as if he can't quite believe it.

I tell him yes and babble on about school and this and that. He tells me about his kids and Disneyland and that I can call him Malthus—everybody does—and about the modern curse of split families. He sighs, looking a little like William Holden in Sabrina when he loses Audrey Hepburn to Humphrey Bogart. There is something about sad, handsome men.

"Well," I told him, trying for a lighter tone, "these things usually work out."

He sighed again, and stared off in the general direction of the puffs of clouds adrift in late afternoon smog. I patted his arm, and turned to pick up the chuck roast, carrots, parsnips, and celery. It was then that he goosed me. I dropped the chuck roast. Near an ant hill. But not in it. Luckily.

There seemed nothing to do but let him carry the roast to the door. He insisted, brushing off eucalyptus leaves from the bruised meat package. I tottered along behind in my three-inch heels, confused, gripping the carrots, celery, and parsnips for dear life. I wanted Arden to open that door; I wanted William Holden to go away.

But it was not Arden who opened the door. It was the tallest, blackest man I have ever seen, wearing peach leotards and glowering at Mr. Benbow.

"Jamie's throwing up, Malthus."

"Must be the stress," Mr. Benbow said thoughtfully. "You know, children from broken families..."

"Must be the cotton candy, Malthus," corrected the black man vehemently. "I won't have you feeding those kids junk all day. You understand me?"

"I can't see that it's any business of yours, Wilson," said Mr. Ben-

bow, looking more alert and more dangerous.

Just then the black man noticed me, balancing the carrots, onions, and parsnips. "Honey?" he asked, sounding suddenly warm and friendly. "Well, Honey. Come on in. We're expecting you." And he drew me in with one enormous hand, then took the roast from Mr. Benbow, and closed the door in his face. "Alice and Arden are busy with the kids. Come on in the kitchen."

We set everything down on the counter. "I'm the governess, Wilson Topaz, and that's old Earl, friend of the family," he said, nodding toward a gentleman with a kind face, a bow tie, and a beer belly. Earl was making drinks in the blender. Would I care to try his own special recipe? He called it Blueberry Fizz. Made with fresh blueberries. But there was just plain Scotch if I'd rather, or gin, or bourbon. What was my pleasure?

I said I'd try the Blueberry Fizz. Mr. Topaz made a face behind Earl's back and got caught. They both laughed, and then Mr. Topaz told me to stop calling him Mr. Topaz, that it made him feel portly and that his friends always just called him Topaz.

We all washed the vegetables. I opened Julia Child to Pot-au-Feu. It said to tie string around the roast and the chicken for easy removal, but I had forgotten to get any chicken.

"Oh well," said Earl, who was pretty far along in Blueberry Fizz. "Probably never notice." Then he yelled, "Anybody got some string?"

"On my kite," called a faraway voice. Then there was barking.

"Jamie," explained Earl with a satisfied expression. "That'll be Jamie."

"She got sick again on that amusement park shit Malthus feeds them," Topaz said, scraping the carrots vindictively.

Just then a girl came in wearing a flannel shirt and blue jeans, carrying a yellow kite with eyes painted on it. "Hi. I threw up. You must be Honey. You look like honey. Why you want the string?" She stuck an experimental finger into Earl's blue glass.

From that point on the recipe for Pot-au-Feu became mixed up with all those kids. One minute I was peeling and quartering turnips and the next I would be reading Winnie the Pooh. It was crazy. There were four grown-ups in the house and we weren't quite enough, I thought. Topaz said that however many there were was however many was needed. The Topaz Principle, he called it. By seven o'clock the Pot-au-Feu still had an hour and a half to go, so Alice cooked the kids hot dogs over the barbeque.

I liked Alice. She was on the small side, with feathery, short hair going grey, and she walked a little like a dancer, but not exactly. If you could put together a sailor and a ballet dancer, you might have an idea of Alice's walk. It was graceful but strong. She couldn't have been over five three in her stocking feet.

Finally the last kid was in bed and I realized when the Old English sheepdog had run through after the calico cat and knocked Julia Child on the floor that what had started off as Pot-au-Feu had most certainly ended up as Boeuf Bourginon.

"So be it," said Alice, lighting the candles.

Well, it was a pretty good meal, considering. They all thought it was a whole lot better than it really was, and kept saying so. Earl would nod every few bites and say, "My compliments to the chef." Afterwards we had coffee and Alice played the piano. It was a soft kind of tune. I thought Alice might be about to cry, but then she looked up from her music and smiled at me. Brandy makes me feel like that, like her smile did.

Next Topaz picked up a salt shaker and sprinkled salt on the floor, looking at Arden. She smiled at him and stood up on the salt and started sliding her feet around in a shush-shush kind of way that fell at last into a pattern, or it had been there all the time. I felt held and then set down.

Earl got up to do the dishes. Then the Old English sheepdog came in with another dog and they licked the salt up off the floor. I felt like if I didn't get up and go home now I never would. Arden said she wanted to show me something first. We wrapped up all the leftover carrots and the Boeuf. Then Arden led me back into the living room and over to the mantle, where there was a shoe box. Inside were two tiny bunnies with fat ears. I really do not know what came over me. I had to have those bunnies. I was not forced to take them, as Miller insists.

So it was not Arden's fault when Isabel Archer and Madame Merle ate my seminar paper on Henry James. Rabbits are smarter than you might think. I can tell you a story about mine that would convince you.

I don't know whether I mentioned this, but I used to live in the district called Little China, just off Sautelle Boulevard. In fact, the Chinese market was just opposite my duplex. So I ate fortune cookies as a habit. Every morning at the breakfast table I would set out two fortune cookies. I would break the first one in half, read the fortune aloud, give it to Isabel, and eat the cookie. Then I would break the second cookie, read Madame Merle her fortune, and hand it over. I tried at first feeding them the cookie but they preferred eating the fortunes, so it worked out fine for everybody.

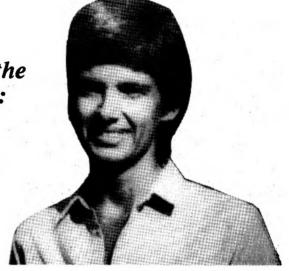
Well, one morning I broke open Isabel's cookie and read her the advice, "Beware of flatterers." She hopped off with the fortune in her mouth, saving it for later. I read Madame Merle hers. It said, "Opportunity exists for him who seizes it." She ate her fortune wiggling her nose, the two ends of the paper gradually disappearing toward the middle. Then she hopped over to Isabel, nuzzled her affectionately, whipped her fortune out of her mouth, and ate it up.

See what I mean? So it was no accident they ate my seminar paper on Henry James.

Because in her way Dr. Gridley had been right all along. I was no scholar. Even though I knew that's where they belonged, I never kept manuscripts in the refrigerator. After I had given Isabel and Madame Merle their fortunes all those months, they eventually gave me mine, which was to be a cook for Raven and Carbonara, Caterers. And thanks to Arden Benbow, who found me my job and who knows more about rabbits and fortunes than anybody.

[This story is excerpted from a new novel, Faultline by Sheila Ortiz Taylor, to be released by Naiad Press in February, 1982. --Editor]





© Photo by Sandra Taylor

I really was born in Los Angeles, and my mother before me, and her mother before her.

That city is, in an odd way, home to me—though I've lived in the northeast, the midwest, Italy, and for the last eight years in Tallahassee, Florida, where I teach creative writing, women's studies, and 18th century English literature.

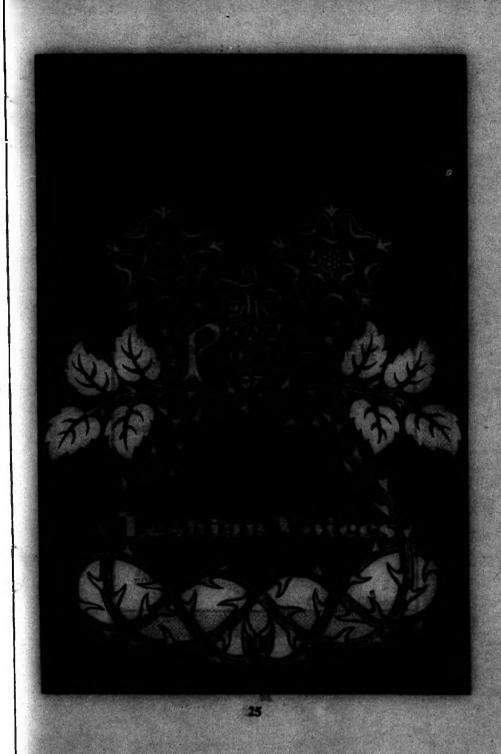
The family I knew in Los Angeles was my mother's family—thirteen children presided over by my Mexican-American grandmother, who



Photo by Sandra Taylor

made flour tortillas so thin you could read a book through them. Aunt Julie rolled her own cigarettes with one hand, and my Aunt Selma could ice a cake in three strokes. My mother was a yoyo painter, and my father a musician, voyeur, sailor and dreamer.

So, although I live happily with my lover and two teenage daughters, my literary imagination lives in Los Angeles with three hundred rabbits.

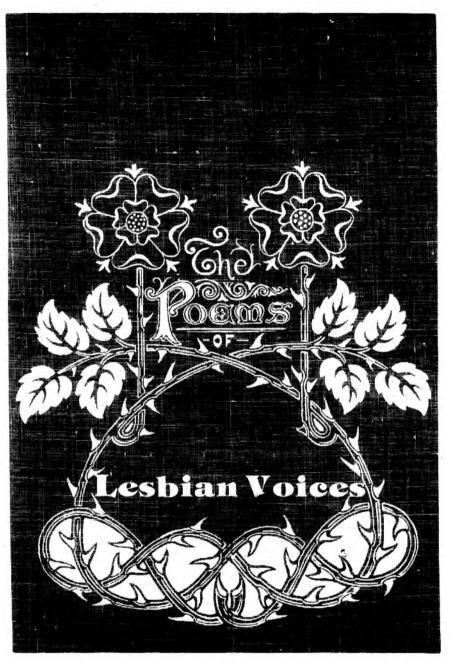




Planto by Sandra Taylor

made them i utilities of this seed and read a book intrough them. Aunt Julie collect to a war disparentes with one band, and my Aunt Selma could recordable as three strokes. My mother was a solo painter, and my father a musiciant, selectic sailor and diseaso:

So, almough the trappole aftermelence and two reenage daughters, my literary imagination has in La. Angeles with three hundred rabbits.



Lazy Susans

We're all wild flowers wild women in fields

Lazy Susans by rivers &

coming up

8

coming out

through city cement

our yellow hair & brown faces our strong stalks & golden hearts flecked with lavender

With sturdy souls

we

wave

in masses

W

live/love together

were

here

to stav

they can't uproot us from our firm ground

-Lisa Fenton

Coming Together

i looked and looked went everywhere i thought you might be i listened to the radio your voice had disappeared and information was no help

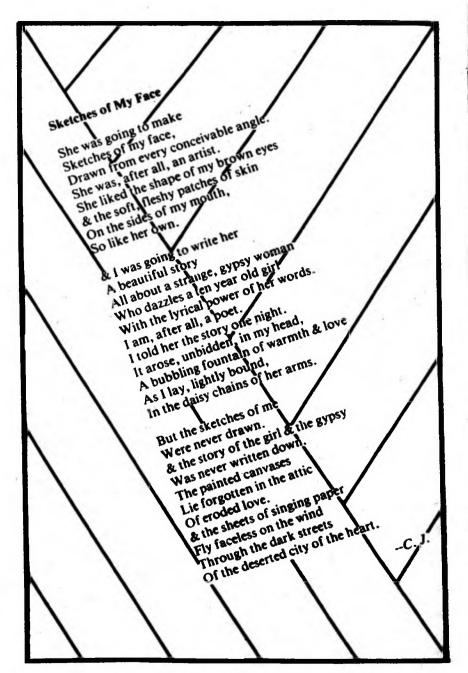
you, after a brief but
joyous interlude - had disappeared
where did you go?
why did you go?

the world went on anyway
and so did my life - with an empty place
day by day the emptiness hurt
a little less
but the memory of you - remained

and now, here you are filling the gap my memory of you was true but the you i saw was new to me and better and happier and surer than before

so we can begin again
the feelings are real
the fear dispelled by touch
by communion, by love
and by our coming together - in joy

-- Carolyn Shama





Love City

cruising the women's bars one ear alert for screeching tires arms flung over your shoulders strung up tight, artillery, rifles, you point your lives down the white-flecked streets, aimed home safety past the fences, home

the city's reference-sheet streets
are mapped by the teardrops of women
by the red-x scars of the rapes unending
when I enter this foreign land
my speech turns streetwise and worn
my boots are torn from fast-walking
beveled on edges by constant backward-turning
rounded down to suspicions
angled street-shape

the manholes, we know, conceal bones laid by hand on nights when women don't come home.

the white street lines are the skeletal signs strung quickly over the doubts of our minds see-how those streetsigns point to us 'stop,' they say, 'stop,' looking, the big red and white eyes they say 'stop' over the heads of the women who nod, wailing and the feet of the men who hurry on by day

the women's hemlines are wavering, 'if you please,' 'if you please,' they say too easily they have lost their ways down the white-flecked streets before

the manholes, we know, conceal bones laid by hand on nights when women don't come home!

out tonight cruising our women's bars carillons, the women's axed voices charge the night our armored calls pry open the wrinkled alleyways where the murderers' hands sway to and fros searching for any warm women's body, alone perpetually we wake and we dream to this fear we, women, hands at the doors, crouched, waiting, waiting

the manholes, we know, conceal bones laid by hand on nights when women don't come home

captured for their lovely souls for their souls

--Laura Koplewitz

Domestic Agriculture

The garden grew only lumpen potatoes so I till and I hoe and cultivate the tastes that I need for upward mobility.

I turn the soil
and in each hole I plant
the small of Brie on crackers,
or the later works of Rene Descartes.
There's a plot of Henry James,
a row of Cezanne pears,
and a particularly nice growth of Jean Paul Sarte.

And each day I carry water, rake away the stones, scratch in bone meal, and make things grow.

One plant grows wild, no nursery, no seed catalogue, no friendly neighbor's cuttings are its source.

And I cannot root it out nor will I try. I'll twine its leaves in my hair, bring the flowers to my table, and taste forever its bittersweet fruit.

> --Penelope Ocha © 1979

For Future Reference

I looked at you tonight
And locked the second
Close inside my head
So I could take it out
And watch it later.
Your eyes came up clasped hands
When I pulled the lever
Have I hit the jackpot
No kisses from your mouth
Fell to my outstretched arms
And I just stood there waiting
Long before you'd gone.



-- Chocolate Waters, 1973

Walking On

Walking on a memory Thin page Broken by a poem Old love poem Old love page Old love Walking Walking on

-- Chocolate Waters, 1975

Two Women

Knowing I may be killed sometime as the wind rushes through your arms as I do yours a man may come with only one gun aimed directly at our hearts to tell us we are not only not Americans

--we are not even women

--Chocolate Waters, 1976

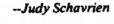
For Marie

When you are lost and gone to me and I to you, And Youth's enchanted wand has made its star-strewn arc, and Age completes the circle in the dark; when blushes sit where Love is, on the other side of Time --

Then you will seek your glass and find the loveliness I helped to form -- by being there for you to look upon, and smile upon and spend your sweetness on. All this will light your cheek in gaudy color's place.

I watch the beauty of your soul leave signatures: upon your forceful brow, attention's frown; the years with traces of a thousand smiles adorn your cheeks, and set your dancing eyes in cradles, beds of thought and tears.

From this, my early glimpse of your unfading grace, I learn to trust the years and let them touch my face.





A Brief Respite for Ruth

The time with you was like the first beach excursion of every summer

After months and months of wintering one forgets what it means to fling off a sweater or toss away shoes

After so long of bundling up folding up fighting cold one forgets how it feels to be as loose as the longest day in summer to be as easy as shells on the shore

That time with you took me back to the sea

We dove down deep through tangled ocean vines to secret places, beneath the wayes

You were like the warmest stretch of sand I've ever known

You taught me how to flow with the tides again

-Lisa Fenton

Will any of this matter in ten years?

Meanwhile, I am waiting eaten up with it cursing myself for not telling you to call early. Waiting.

Maybe you are waiting till eleven.

Maybe.

But this waiting like not eating for three days and snapping at anything that comes along How will I react if you. .

Hunger rising into anger that never digests

Waiting for you to call.

I will not be vulnerable but I am waiting

You'll call while I'm brushing my teeth watching TV You'll call while I'm waiting doing the dishes going for a walk

I am writing a story but you are between me and each line

-- Michele Connelly

And I thought I had let you go

When I think of her arching so her breasts feather mine I forget as she and I slept I dreamt I was making love with you

-- Michele Connelly

Survival Games

A One-Act Play

by Dorothy Feola

CAST OF CHARACTERS (In order of appearance)

I	4	woman in his resentles
ME	۵,	woman in her thirties
WE	. A	woman in her forties

SETTING: An empty stage/set, except for 3 large floor p lions, well spaced, across the center of the stage/set; 1-2-3 (right to left).

Empty stage/set. Five beats. Enter I from stage/set right, dressed in sweat shirt, jeans, hiking boots, wearing backpack. Stops showed pillow 1. Her obvious (outward) disposition is sunny and pleasant, as she looks around, appreciating her surroundings. (Soon) she takes off her backpack, drops it near pillow, stretches leisurely, does a few knee bends, breathing in the fresh air. Sits on pillow, retrieves backpack, takes out apple.

As she sits, enjoying apple, the lights suddenly flicker; as she tooks around, surprised, curious, there comes a rumble of thunder in the distance. She grabs backpack, dropping apple into it—the lights dim as she gets to her feet—thunder resounds continuously, sounding closer and closer—as clatter becomes deafening, she starts to sway, as if the earth beneath her feet is moving—or powerful winds are trying to toss her back and forth—until she finally loses her balance and falls to her knees.

She remains that way, protectively covering her head with her aims— (until soon) the thunder stops, the lights become normal, all is quiet and calm once more. She looks up, cautious, concerned, a bit trightened, her eyes shifting every which way.

Enter ME from stage/set left, more 'butchy' looking, in denims (pants, jacket), rushing across stage/set, moving too quickly to be stopped. I watches the departure of ME, astonished, (while) still on her knees. (Suddenly) lights start to flicker again.

Will any of this matter in ten years?

Meanwhile, I am waiting
eaten up with it
cursing myself for not telling you
to call early. Waiting.
Maybe you are waiting till eleven.
Maybe,

But this waiting like not eating for three days and snapping at anything that comes along How will I react if you. . . Hunger rising into anger that never digests

Waiting for you to call.

I will not be vulnerable but I am waiting

You'll call while I'm brushing my teeth watching TV You'll call while I'm waiting doing the dishes going for a walk

I am writing a story but you are between me and each line

-Michele Connelly

And I thought I had let you go

When I think of her arching so her breasts feather mine I forget as she and I slept I dreamt I was making love with you

-Michele Connelly

Survival Games

A One-Act Play

by Dorothy Feola

CAST OF CHARACTERS (In order of appearance)

I A woman in her twentie
ME A woman in her thirtie
WE A woman in her fortic

SETTING: An empty stage/set, except for 3 large floor pillows, well spaced, across the center of the stage/set; 1-2-3 (right to left).

Empty stage/set. Five beats. Enter I from stage/set right, dressed in sweat shirt, jeans, hiking boots, wearing backpack. Stops short of pillow 1. Her obvious (outward) disposition is sunny and pleasant, as she looks around, appreciating her surroundings. (Soon) she takes off her backpack, drops it near pillow, stretches leisurely, does a few knee bends, breathing in the fresh air. Sits on pillow, retrieves backpack, takes out apple.

As she sits, enjoying apple, the lights suddenly flicker; as she looks around, surprised, curious, there comes a rumble of thunder in the distance. She grabs backpack, dropping apple into it---the lights dim as she gets to her feet---thunder resounds continuously, sounding closer and closer---as clatter becomes deafening, she starts to sway, as if the earth beneath her feet is moving---or powerful winds are trying to toss her back and forth---until she finally loses her balance and falls to her knees.

She remains that way, protectively covering her head with her arms--- (until soon) the thunder stops, the lights become normal, all is quiet and calm once more. She looks up, cautious, concerned, a bit frightened, her eyes shifting every which way.

Enter ME from stage/set left, more 'butchy' looking, in denims (pants, jacket), rushing across stage/set, moving too quickly to be stopped. I watches the departure of ME, astonished, (while) still on her knees. (Suddenly) lights start to flicker again.

I: [Almost pleading] Not again---!

The thunder rumbles in the distance once again--as it gets louder, the lights get lower---I lies down, grabbing the pillow, putting it over her head. The action is the same as before, lasting just as long. When it's over, I peeks out from under the pillow---slowly comes to a sitting position---(now) appearing more bewildered than anything else. Enter ME from stage/set right, going at a fast pace.

I: [Hailing her without getting to her feet] Hey-! [ME stops, halfway across stage/set, turns to face her] What's going on all of a sudden-? Is it an earthquake or something?

ME: [Annoyed] Must you always try to deter me in my rage?

1: [Getting up] But surely you must be aware of---

ME: [Interrupting] Don't get up.

I: [Standing] Too late, I'm already up.

ME: [A bit more forcefully] I said to sit down.

They watch each other, not moving. (It is/will be the first sign of a tenseness that will bind them throughout the play.)

ME: [Commanding] Sit!

I sits obediently, without question; ME shakes her head, a bit disgustedly.

ME: [Almost to herself] Still always doing whatever you're told---no mind of your own---

I: [Curious, but not really bothered] Why must I remain sitting?

ME: Because you're safer there. And so am I. I---I just don't want you near me, that's all.

I: But you have nothing to fear from me; I won't bother you.

ME: Just being aware of you bothers me, let alone having to face you. It's like I can always feel you there, never far from me. ---And, Christ, that's bad enough. Now I have to look at you too.

I: You talk as if we should know each other---but I've never set eyes on you before.

ME: Oh, I know you all right. Always just behind me, following me, never off my tail. Is it any wonder that my anger has gotten so out of hand lately-? I can't seem to control it anymore. My rage is tearing up the entire countryside---playing havoc with the balance of nature---[Takes a few restless steps, indicating the surrounding area] Sometimes I think I won't be able to stop until I destroy it all. [To herself, looking at her hands] ---I can't touch anything anymore. ---How long has it been since I've been able to reach out without destroying? [Slight pause; then to I, quietly] Yet I can't get rid of you. Can't or won't, I wonder.

I: Wait a minute, let me gt this straight--- You mean to say that you're the one responsible for what has been happening here---?

ME: And you.

I: Me-? What the hell did I do?

ME: People like you---especially women---are always responsible for those like me--- Everything we do, everything that happens to us, is half your fault.

I: I'm afraid I'm not following you.

ME: Because you're much too soft. And sensitive. You're never on guard---so you don't even know enough to be afraid, let alone wary. You'll just turn the other cheek---or maybe run away---but you keep letting the advantages be taken, none the less, without ever being ready for them---without being ready to nip them in the bud when they drop up. I had to take over. Now I have to do all the work. While you reap the benefits, such as they are. You're the one everyone likes. And I'm the villainess, of course.

I: Surely you have me mixed up with someone else---

ME: [Shaking head] No way.

I: Yes, I'm sure you do. Be assured that I would have remembered if we had ever met before now. For one thing, you're a fine looking woman; I wouldn't have forgotten you. You just have the wrong person, that's all. It's simply a case of mistaken identity.

Silence. Five beats.

ME: [Suddenly, without warning, shouting] GET THE HELL ON YOUR FEET!

Automatically, I scrambles to her feet.

ME: [Sadly mocking] Oh, yes, I do so know you. You're nothing. Nothing at all. Just there for someone, anyone, to step on, push around-just taking up space. A likeable enough piece of dust, shifting and swirling with the mere vibration of other people's footsteps.

I: Where'd you say you escaped from?

ME: [Humorless] From you, of course.

I: Look, I better just hit the road before I start losing my temper---

ME: Now you're talkin'. I'd really like to see that happen. At least you'd be showing some backbone for a change. Come on, hit me---I dare you---just come up to me and land me a good one. And I won't even hit you back. The first time.

I: [Backing up] What are you, an S&M freak or something-? Just relax, willya.

ME: Just as I suspected---all talk. I should have known for sure, of course---but just for a few moments there I thought you were about to come alive. For a little while at least. But, no, you're still dead. Always will be. You just don't know enough to roll over and close your eyes. Why can't you do that-? Do that and make things easier for the both of us.

I: [Humoring her] Look---I'm sorry I don't know what this is all about---it's probably all my own fault that I can't make any sense out of it---since I'm sure you must know what you're talking about---so I'll just grab my belongings and get going---

I reaches for her backpack; ME starts screaming at the top of her lungs; the lights start flickering. I is startled---becomes quickly aware---hesitates only briefly---(then) drops backpack, rushes to/at

I: [Covering ME's mouth with her hand, getting her into some kind of hold] All right, now just calm down---no more insanity today, okay? Don't start that kind of carrying on---or I'm afraid I'll have to be forced to try my best to render you unconscious. I don't want to hurt you---but I know a little karate---and I'll do what I have to do--- [Suddenly pulls her hand away, yelling with pain] ---You bit me!

ME: [Shaking fist at her menacingly] You just try to 'render me unconscious.' It'll be the last 'rendering' you'll ever try on anyone. I gave you permission to hit me, once, I never said anything about 'rendering me unconscious.' And what makes you think I don't know any karate-? If you know it, where the shit do you think I learned it?

I: [Looking at her hand] --- I'm bleeding. Was it necessary for you to bite me so hard? I wasn't really going to hurt you. Only if there wasn't any other alternative.

ME: [Frustrated, disgusted] For chrissake-! [Takes a few restless steps] You'll just never get beyond hitting with a velvet glove, will you? [Turns to face her] How much more can I take from you, I?

I: [Surprised] How did you know my name?

ME: [Shaking her head] You really are innocent, aren't you? Or maybe just plain dense. Okay, so let's just say I guessed it, and leave it at that.

I: [Shaking her head] No, I don't believe you, since it's not the kind of name that's just picked out of the air.

ME: No, I dare say, it certainly isn't; it's more like the kind of name that gets tossed in the wind---carried away---and forgotten evermore. I imagine you're very easy to forget---since you hardly make any impression at all to begin with. Some people pass through life unnoticed---and it's not all that easy, believe me--- But I feel sure that you will be one of the ones that will manage it quite easily.

I: You're kind of losing me again---but I have this nagging feeling that I should be getting insulted or offended or some such thing.

ME: But you won't; you'll just get hurt. And that's why you're a loser, pal, and always will be. You might as well be invisible. When the hell are you gonna grow up and become someone-? I need some relief, Goddamit! I'm tired---I don't want to have to spend the rest of my life fighting both our battles. When the hell are you going to help me fight back? Either that or---or leave me alone---die---anything---

I: [Confused] I just don't understand all this---I've obviously missed something important here. To you, at any rate. But I just can't stand here, defending myself, when you very obviously have the wrong person to begin with.

ME: [Almost pleading] Can't you at least tell me to drop dead or go to

hell or something. That would be a pretty good start.

I: What for? I don't even know you. So you're pissed off at someone---it happens to all of us at one time or another. You just got hold of the wrong person, that's all. Look---I gotta go now, it's getting late--- If it's all the same to you, we'll just forget we ran into each other, okay? That way it's like it never happened. You'll find the person you're looking for eventually, and you'll deal with it accordingly. In the meantime, I won't say it's been nice 'cause we never met, right? And good luck to you.

I retrieves backpack, checking it, her back carelessly to ME. ME looks around, restless to grab something, anything---grabs pillow 3 and advances, unseen, toward 1---whacks her across the back of the head, from behind, with the pillow. I falls to the floor, unconscious (face up). ME stands, looking down at her, a bit regretful, the pillow slipping from her hand(s).

ME: You'll never learn, will you---? You'll just never learn when to turn your back and when not to. Either you're too trusting or you run, with your tail between your legs, and hide, waiting for whatever it is to blow over. Confrontation is out of the question. You're too damn weak to do anything but think about confrontation. [Kicks the pillow out of frustration] You stupid, trusting bitch---! Confront and eliminate! Shoot from the hip! It's the only way to exist! Get them! Or they'll get you. Sooner or later. Given half the chance, you'll get bled over and over again, by the best of them, until there's nothing left. Only me. [Shouting] LISTEN TO ME! YOU CREATED ME! NOW I HAVE TO KEEP FIGHTING, KEEP DESTROYING, JUST TO EXIST! YOU MADE ME A KILLER-! JUST BECAUSE YOU HAVE NO GUTS! I HATE YOU! I CAN'T HELP IT-! I COULD KILL YOU!

ME stalks off stage/set right. Ten beats. Enter WE from stage/set left, older, more mature in a number of ways (appearance, behavior, etc.), by far the most in control of herself. Stops almost halfway across stage/set, soberly looking down at I. Starts toward her, concerned---suddenly stops, looking off stage/set right---then steps back, out of the way. Enter ME from stage/set right---stops, hesitates, unaware of WE, obviously struggling with herself (emotions). we takes it all in, obviously very interested, staying still, out of the way. ME sighs, giving in, going to bend over I.

ME: [On her knees] Come on, wake up, you're okay. Hey--- [Reaches for pillow I, sets it gently under the head of I] You'll be all right, kid--- I didn't really mean to hurt you. I guess I don't really hate you either. Most of the time, anyway. I even feel sorry for you---at times. [Reaches

out hesitantly, touches cheek of I] I'd almost forgotten how hard you take the blows. [Slight pause; then thoughtful] All my scars---wounds that only heal physically--- Why has this happened---? How could someone like you cause it---? Why-? Why do I have these? [Calmly unbuttons shirt, holds it open] These scars are yours, not mine---but my body carries them--- And the ones I can't see--- You're weak from them; I'm callous from them. But where is my respect-? Where is the respect I command from the fear and anger I instill? Surely what I am is more worthy of respect than your weakness. Where is my respect, I? Surely you can't have it.

WE: [During which ME looks up, startled] Respect has to be properly earned, ME; it can never be forced, commanded. Do you think you will ever be capable of earning it the proper way, without the help of I and myself?

ME: [Buttoning shirt, just slightly self-conscious] Oh, so it's you, WE. You gave me a start for a moment there. But, then, I should have kown you would turn up sooner or later. You and things like disgust and aggravation always go together.

WE: It must be true love, ME.

ME: Yeah, true love.

WE: What's with 1? Is she dead? Have you finally destroyed her?

ME: Nah, she's only out cold. [Checks I's eyes] I only hit her with a pillow. [Slaps I's cheek] Come on, Kid, willya---wake up already---

WE walks over and picks up the pillow (weapon).

WE: [Examining pillow] Is this the pillow you hit her with?

ME: [Glancing up] Yeah, that's the one.

WE: [Annoyed] This is my pillow. You hit her with my pillow.

ME: [Unconcerned] --- I just grabbed any one of them.

WE: And it just happened to be my pillow. How convenient.

ME: Oh, stop whimpering, WE. Sometimes you're more troublesome than she is. And it's even less becoming at your age.

WE: Just who the hell do you think you're fooling, ME-? You did this deliberately, just to incriminate me. This has always been one situation that you never wanted to tackle alone.

ME: Why don't you stop being so damn logical all the time, WE, dissecting every Goddamn little thing I do and say. I've told you before and I'm telling you again that I have neither the time nor the inclination to go out of my way, planning all these ideas and tricks you're constantly imagining. You simply have an overactive imagination, compounded by something like a persecution complex. It's not all that uncommon; mental institutions are full of your type.

WE: Who says you plan them? -Or are aware of it, at any rate.

ME: Listen, can we stow our armchair psychology for now and do something to help this poor, unfortunate creature at my knees. [Looks down at I] She looks so damn---helpless.

WE: Well, isn't that just what you want, what you like, what you need to help you keep that superior feeling? I wonder why you are not taking advantage of the situation instead.

ME: Listen, WE, I don't have to 'take advantage' of any situation and you damn well better learn that, if you don't know it already. I create my own situations and make my own advantages. Now cut the gab, willya, and give me a hand with this lost soul.

WE: A little warmth and gentle loving care on your part would do it a hell of a lot better than anything I could do, ME. You know that, don't you?

ME: Who, me? With her? Are you kiddin'?

WE: You can love her or destroy her. It's your choice. You have to make up your mind sooner or later. You can't keep on like this indefinitely. It's mainly because of you that we're all in limbo---your indecisiveness on this one issue---

ME: [Annoyed] Just get her the fuck on her feet and stop trying to run the world, willya, WE!

WE: Oh, all right---might as well or I'll never hear the end of it. — Especially since it was my pillow that did the job. [Snaps her fingers] Now, be nice for a change, will you---she's going to have one hell of a headache.

I starts to moan, reviving.

ME: [To WE] Someday I'll have all your powers, as well as my own.

WE: You could have them right now---if you'll only join forces with me.

ME: No way. I don't share my powers with anyone. I don't have to, since I usually get what I want anyway. And I'll find a way to get yours too, without any kind of compromise on my part. You'll see.

WE: I guess we'll both see.

I: ---What happened?---

WE: [Casually] You were hit from behind.

ME: [Glancing at WE] A pure technicality.

I sits up slowly, holding her head with one hand, holding onto ME with the other (hand).

I: [Groggily] --- Did anyone get the number of the license plate?

WE: It wasn't a car, my friend. It was more like---a pillow.

I: Thank God.

ME: Who?

I: [Feeling for broken bones] Am I all right? I feel sort of out of it.

ME: You'll be okay.

I: [Looking up, curious] What did you say hit me from behind? Sounded like you said a---

ME: [Interrupting, getting to her feet] What the hell difference does it make-? It's over, there's no real harm done, and you're safe now.

WE: And she's among friends. Isn't that so, ME?

ME: If you say so, WE.

WE: Then perhaps you can do our friend here a good turn by seeing that she gets safely home. Just to make sure that she doesn't get hit by any

more mysterious flying objects.

ME: [Pointedly, looking at WE] I'm afraid I'm going to be busy, WE. [Slight pause] Here's an idea: why don't you see that she gets safely home. You never seem to have anything worthwhile doing anyway. And, besides, she would probably feel more comfortable, more secure, with a mother figure to care for her. Someone like yourself would be ideal. Wouldn't you say?

WE: You always did have a way with words, ME. I sure as hell hope you're careful and don't choke on them someday. Here- [In a sudden, but not hostile, movement, she tosses the pillow, which she has been holding all the while, to ME, who fends it off] Try not to turn it loose on the unsuspecting countryside while I'm gone.

ME: [Muttering] Smart ass.

I: [Getting to her feet] Thank you both, but I don't think I really need any help---

Unnoticed, WE slips one hand behind her back and snaps her fingers. I groans, holding her head, swaying a bit. Automatically, ME reaches out to help her---I leans against her---it becomes a natural embrace. Both seem comfortable with the action---until ME becomes consciously aware of WE watching them---with interest. (Then) she becomes obviously restless and uncomfortable in the embrace.

ME: ---You could help, you know---

WE: [Trying to keep it light] You're doing fine, ME. For now. Just don't think about it, let yourself go for once. You can do anything, remember? You might even find that you like her.

ME: I can't take the chance of becoming involved. In any respect. If I'm even nice to her---she might fall in love with me or something. You know how vulnerable and softhearted she is---

WE: Yeah, but no one ever accused her of being softheaded.

ME: I'm not in the mood for this now, WE---

WE: Well, that's just too damn bad. And when do you think you will be in the mood? In the meantime, you might just try to care about all of us. You can start with her; she is by far the easiest one of us to love. [Slight pause] Wouldn't you say?

ME: [Warning] Don't hassle me, man.

WE: All right, I won't; that's not what I really had in mind anyway. But--ycu're holding her---don't you feel anything, anything at all?

ME: No.

WE: Too quick. I think you do.

ME: [Quiet, but desperate] --- It's no good--- I can't--- Take her from me.

WE: Drop her. Crush her skull. Eventually you will have to destroy her anyway.

ME: I can't do that. I'm not ready yet.

WE: Then love her. That way you can save us all. It's something that must be done. And only by you.

ME: Are you out of your cybernetic head-? Surely even you can see what a love like this would do to me. She's like dead weight---she'll keep me back---hold me down--- It's out of the question.

WE: She's a part of you.

ME: I'm a part of her. There's a difference.

WE: That doesn't matter; it's not important.

ME: It matters to me. And it's important to me. I never asked to be created, but I'm not about to give it up now. Not any part of me. Not for her or you or anyone.

WE: You could make her a part of you by just caring about her.

ME: [Threatened] No, Goddamnit! That would just be the beginning, the first step. Then we would be a part of you. And before you knew it, it would be 'us.' We would have to share everything—and you would be the stronger. Eventually you would win. And we would both become nonexistent, just fade away, like we had never been there in the first place. I would have to be crazy to get into anything like that.

WE: There is such a thing as co-existing in harmony, you know. It doesn't have to be dog eat dog, all the power to the strongest.

ME: The hell it doesn't. I won't swallow that bullshit. I don't even hear

WE: You are doing what you always do: oversimplifying strength and power. Which isn't necessarily the same thing, you might learn. Sometimes you are quite intelligent and perceptive---if only you would stop thinking in terms of 'self' all the time. And it isn't even doing a damn thing for you. You're not the least bit happy or contented---you can't cope with a damn thing in the state of mind you're usually in---and you're becoming more and more frustrated as time goes on. The two of us can help you if you would only give us a chance. You certainly can't keep on like this. You---

ME: [Interrupting, shouting] SHUT UP! SHUT UP FOR ONCE IN YOUR GODDAMN FUCKIN' LIFE! Don't you dare tell me how to lead my life. If you didn't waste so damn much time keeping track of me--especially when I feel her around me the strongest---maybe you would settle down to a decent life of your own. God knows, you're old enough. Just stay the hell out of my life-! And take her with you. You deserve each other.

WE: [Exasperated] You fool. You vicious, selfish bitch of a fool. I give up on you. I really do. If you are bound and determined to destroy all three of us, then let's have at it, once and for all. [Retrieves her pillow] I'll kill her myself, since you don't seem to have the heart for it. Or the stomach. We'll get it over all at one time now. First I'll take care of her; then we can destroy each other. A fight to the finish, matching power and strength; we'll just perish together, for no earthly reason---except your own stupid, senseless stubbornness.

WE raises pillow menacingly, as if to strike a blow, from behind I, facing ME.

ME: [Raising her hand, still clinging to I] Stop! Are you out of your mind-? You can't just kill her in cold blood, without giving her a chance. She isn't even conscious.

WE: [Pillow still raised] I'll do as I please--- and you can't stop me.

WE moves her body around to shield I, one arm still around her, holding her, the other arm raised threateningly at WE, her hand in a fist.

ME: You're sick, WE, I always knew there was something wrong with you. But I'll fight you with one hand if I have to---and you know I can do it. Come on, just try to hurt either of us---I dare you to make one threatening move toward her---just one slight gesture---

ME: Well, if she doesn't need protection---especially from a cold machine like you---then I'd like to know who does. Talk about not turning your back on people--- She's in a helpless state right now---and even I never hit anyone when they were unconscious. Yeah, I'd say she needs protection. Even from a coward like you.

WE: And since she's always in a helpless state, more or less, what exactly do you propose to do---?--protect her for the rest of her days.

ME: Never you mind what I'm gonna do---it's just none of your damn business. [Shaking her fist] Stand away now---go ahead, stand aside---give us room to move---

WE steps aside; still on guard, MElifts I into her arms, backing toward exit right.

WE: ---Suppose I follow you?

ME: [Stopping] Suppose I break you into little pieces and feed you to the birds.

WE: Charming. As usual. But let's get back to our friend here. She'll only mess you up. You said it yourself.

ME: Persons got a right to change their mind. Anyway, I don't know what's what yet about any of this. And, anyway, I don't have to give an account to you about anything I feel like doing. Or anyone, for that matter. But I know for sure that I won't let you get your hands on her. Just keep the hell away from her. And you can count on that as a real live warning. Need I explain what happens to those who don't pay heed to my warnings?

WE: You may spare me that pleasure, thank you. But, okay, fine, have it your way. For now. I can wait. You'll soon get tired of her.

ME: [Backing away again] You're gonna have an awful long wait, pal, 'cause I'm gonna be around to always make sure that you don't bother her. Just keep that in mind---while you're waiting.

WE: I'll try.

ME: [Last words before exit] Your ass.

ME exits stage/set right, with WE watching after them. (Then) she suddenly throws the pillow joyously into the air, whooping. She stretches, her arms open wide---to life?

WE: Damned if I don't feel stronger already. [Slight pause] And what good deed have you done this fine day, myself? Today I have saved a life. No. Three lives. Three in one. [Directly to audience) Someone you know perhaps?

Grinning, WE turns and exits stage/set right. Lights.

Copyright Dorothy Feola 1977



"Hi! I'm Jill!"

A Serial

By Lee Kinard

Part I

April stopped the motorhome outside the campground office. As she gave her name and license number, she asked about the length of stay allowed.

She was given a mimeographed map of the grounds and directed to a site next to the woods at the end of a sandy road, quite removed from the center of camp. The area pleased her.

After getting her rig plugged in and hooked up, she sat down at the table and made notations on her calendar, planning the allotment of time for the deadlines she faced. Today is Thursday. The first article would have to be mailed on Monday morning. She settled down to work.

April had decided on the Blue Ridge Parkway area after taking some interesting side trips farther to the South. She had made her notes and taken a few pictures for what could be the bones of several smaller pieces that might sell to some of her regular publishers. Perhaps she would try a few other magazines with one or two. Some of the articles she had taken notes for would not be wanted by most of the magazines to which she had been selling.

"Don't stay with one set of subjects too long, even though you have done well with them," John had cautioned her after the third article in as many months had been sold to national magazines. "You're going to need wider experience, in both observing and writing, if you are in earnest about that book." She valued John's advice. He was a good friend, and so was Ginger. They had surely helped her to clarify her thoughts and make the proper decisions after her parents had been killed in an automobile accident three years ago. Yes, good friends.

The accident had meant a dramatic change in her life. With the loss of both parents, which hurt so deeply, came the realization that she who had always considered herself so *independent* now faced the sweepingaway of the underpinnings that she hadn't realized she had been counting on. Why didn't I know that I had been counting on them? Strange, your little games of self-analysis didn't turn that up, isn't it? She smiled wryly and shrugged.

Her parent's converted duplex and the small inheritance she received had made a turn-around in her life. Tired of the cold winters, the greyness of skies that brought a greyness to her apartment, a shut-in feeling, all meshed to form the decision to move to Florida and seek a new way of living.

John and Ginger had a home only a block away. They had been friendly with her parents, although a good bit younger, and the two couples had played bridge and found pleasant company for their varied interests. She had met and enjoyed them on several trips to visit her parents, and it seemed very natural to be included in their circle of friends when she moved.

Since she did not feel at ease with dark heavy furniture, which seemed more appropriate to the cold winters of the northern states, she sold most of hers, discarded some of the pieces remaining in the duplex, and bought some lighter-looking rattan with bright washable covers. Repainting and decorating had taken several months and put her well into fall when she came to a time of rest, thankful for all the business that had helped to blot up her grief. Which direction shall I go now?

John then made a suggestion that struck an immediate interest. Would she like to apply for the winter crew of helpers at the city library? Extra people had to be hired when the flock of 'snow birds' came down each year. It would pay far less than the salary she had been getting as assistant librarian in the big city, but she would have duties very much the same, and would not be merely putting books away. Why not try it and see if you like it. She had.

It worked out well. She enjoyed the winter and found time to take a few writing courses at nearby colleges, something she had been wanting to do for some years. The class discussions helped to break the pattern of solitary reading that had become her chief pleasure. There seemed to be time for it all in the unhurried pace of the area. The sunshine was a balm to her.

With reduced living expenses, the modest dividend income, and the other half of the duplex rented, the smaller salary seemed more than adequate. Everything became more simple, easy, and relaxed.

She was sitting outside late the following afternoon, when a camper van pulled into the space across from her, bordering on the woods. The side door slid back and two children tumbled out, shattering the silence with the shrill, delighted cries of childhood. They chased each other, did some cartwheels and somersaults, laughing with exuberance. April sighed. It wasn't that she didn't like children; if all that work weren't staring her in the face, she would have been amused. But now she felt only a weary resignation.

If I can get these three deadlines met, she thought, I shall give a solemn promise to myself that I will never, never get in such a squeeze again. A-Men.

She watched the adults go about unloading their gear. The tall well-muscled man, in his early thirties she guessed, looked over at the children indulgently. The woman moved serenely, setting boxes from the van on-

to the picnic table. A young man was untying and unrolling a tent. The chairs were brought down from the luggage rack atop the van. Bedrolls were pitched out. Within a few minutes the site looked like a disaster area.

April shook her head, got up, went into the motorhome, and shut the door. She made a light supper and re-read what she had typed that afternoon.

It was dusk when she stepped outside to enjoy the evening breeze and sip her coffee. Glancing at the site across from her, she laughed with amazement at the order that had been created from all the confusion. The tent had been pitched at the motor end of the van, and the five of them were eating by the light of a pole lamp. They spoke so quietly she heard only a murmur.

Their low conversation was punctuated with laughter and gestures. April chided herself for the moment of irritation she had felt earlier. Old maid, are you getting crotchety? No, and quit calling yourself names. No labels, please.

She put off getting back to work by the simple ruse of getting another cup of coffee. As she sat drinking it, she saw the family finish their meal. The young man went off whistling towards the center of camp. The woman gathered up the dishes and started washing them at the table. The man, stepping behind her, enveloped her in a bear hug, nuzzling her neck. She tipped her head back against his shoulder a moment. Something about the scene reminded April of her parents. She smiled. The man scooped up the two children and started readying them for bed. April gave up and went inside to work.

Later she lay in the cab-over bunk and thought of her new life. After the first summer of traveling by car and staying in motels, she decided to get a mini-motorhome. Her primary desire was to eat her own cooking, but there were other aspects that appealed to her: not having to carry suitcases in and out, and file cards or boxes of notes.

She knew that people in campgrounds were friendly and outgoing, often giving her ideas about places they had visited or enjoyed, and helped to furnish new material for future articles. It added another dimension to her writing to be able to sell articles about motorhome traveling and campgrounds and trails. Then there were always the humorous anecdotes about small accidents, bunglings, and funny situations that motorhome travelers and campers could be counted upon to relay with much goodhumored laughter.

She felt comfortable in the motorhome this second summer, having learned much by trial and error--or rather a comedy of errors during the first summer. She would never forget the time she had to slam on the brakes to miss a dog crossing the road: the grocery cabinet door had flown open, and the glass jar of peanuts had crashed to the floor, scat-

tering glass and peanuts everywhere. She had learned to avoid glass containers, and to use the spongee cords to keep objects and contents from traveling about the van as if on journeys of their own.

After the trial runs had gotten the bugs out of her system of storage and placement, she found that the rig was very homey. It continued the simplicity of living she experienced in the winter months, for one sure lesson she had learned the first summer: You can't take it with you...that is, every little thing you think you'd like to take. There simply was not enough room. The van became too cluttered; the extra weight cut down on gas mileage, so why have something along that you really didn't need and even might not use?

Beautiful! Beautiful! thought April to the morning. She liked to rise early. The best part of the day--the stillness, the freshness. She took her kit and walked over to the shower room. The woman was there with the little girl. They smiled at each other and said, "Good morning." April judged her to be in her late twenties, with soft eyes, soft brown wavy

hair, and a soft smile.

"I'm sorry the children made so much racket when we pulled in yesterday, but they have to let off steam after riding for any length of time. We didn't mean to run you inside."

"Oh, no," April white-lied, "I had some typing that I simply had to get done. I've been working rather steadily for two days. I was just taking a breather."

The little girl, waiting impatiently on the sidelines, seized the pause, "My name is Barbie. What's yours?"

"April Fairling."

"I'm Martha Colletto, mother of this hoyden," she smiled wryly. A few pleasantries were exchanged, and they agreed about the beauty of the area. April learned that the family came here often and were partial to the sites near the end of the camp where they were now parked.

Barbie volunteered the information that her daddy and Evan were going on an overnight hike on the Appalachian Trail, leaving immediately after breakfast. "Maybe you can come over and keep my mother company tonight," she said, her voice all solicitude.

Martha and April both laughed, and after Martha stated that she didn't think she would fade away from being without Joe one night, April said, "Well, perhaps I'll do so!"

In the late afternoon April quit typing and walked over to the Colletto's site. Martha put down the book she was reading and asked, "What would you like to drink? Beer, wine, bourbon?" April accepted a glass of wine, and they chatted amiably for awhile.

After sharing a supper, they sat, having a spot of brandy with their coffee, and exchanged anecdotes about their lives, childhood escapades, and philosophical conclusions drawn from adult experiences. April found herself staying much longer than she had planned, and leaving

reluctantly at last. She could not remember when she had been so relaxed in conversation. Martha seemed to understand her so well--even to anticipating some of her reacitons before she had sorted them out herself.

Walking back to her site, she pondered on how superficial conversations with others had become through the years. Why was that? A lack of trust, perhaps? A strained hesitation at revealing deep inner feelings? She supposed she had not talked like this to another person since her high school or college days. Does adulthood encapsulate you? Ah, encapsulate to insulate.

It was both flattering and strangely comforting to have someone give such attention to the expression of your thoughts and feelings. Perhaps that's what the first stages of falling in love did for you...the only time another person really listened to you. She recalled the long hours walking and talking that she and Jim had done in their beginning. But then her mind raced along to the ending, and she felt again that wave of embarrassment that flooded her whenever she allowed herself to think of it. Forget that. Go over the early, nice part of the evening. Yes.

Martha walked to the campground office and asked for some change. Then she went to the pay phone and dialed.

"Hello."

"Hello, Jill, this is Martha. How are you, dear?"

"Just fine. Friday was my last day at the office. I'm going through the apartment now, throwing away junk, and deciding what I want to keep."

"Well, I have one word to say to you--Eureka!"

Jill laughed, "What have you found?"

"I won't say I have found IT, but I have found a situation you might be interested in, since you're toying with the idea of going to photography school. We've met a woman here at the campground who writes articles on a variety of subjects, which she sells to newspapers, magazines, camping and RV journals, and historical societies. She's single, and is traveling alone in a mini-motorhome. She's going to be working on some articles about the Blue Ridge Parkway and its hiking trails.

"I thought you might like to come up camping, now that you have the time. If you're interested, you could take some photographs of the different trails she's writing about. It might give you a chance to get something published, if she liked your work. She's taken a few pictures, but they don't have your flair, and I know she's honest enough that she would admit it.

"Trying this would give you the chance to see if you'd enjoy it. Are you interested?"

"I'll say! If she writes in a number of fields, at least I would get an idea of what type photos fit in. It would be good experience."

"Well, Joe and Evan will be back from their overnight about noon; then we're driving home. But we'll leave the tent up, so you may use it. I'll lock the zipper and leave the key with her. She's across from us at our usual place. I'll leave a note for you at the campground office, to let you know of any further conversation I have with her. Would that be all right?"

"Yes, that'll be fine. I'm tired of cleaning out junk, anyway. This will

give me a good break."

"All right, dear. I'll tell her you'll probably be in on Friday. Then even if you decide to come earlier, we won't have put her under any obligation to stay around waiting for you. That might cause some irritation, as she really is busy right now. I think you'll like her; she's a little shy and reticent, but charming when she feels at ease. I hope this works out for you."

"I do, too. How're the kids?"

"Same as always. They're having a marvelous time. We'll be back up late Friday evening or early Saturday morning."

"Okay. Thanks for calling, Martha. It sounds great. By the way, how old is she, and what's her name?"

"I would guess between thirty-six and forty. Her name is April Fairling. Well, goodbye, dear, take care."

"Sure thing, 'Bye now,"

Jill hung up the phone thoughtfully. She felt a sense of excitement. This might be her chance! Since telling everyone at the office goodbye on Friday, she had felt a little lonely. She snapped her fingers. Why not go now? She began opening drawers and getting out the things she would need.

No, she thought, it would be better to get this junk carried out of the apartment and not face it when she returned. Then make an early start in the morning.

April saw Martha starting to pack up. She walked over to thank her for the previous evening.

"Is there anything I can do to help you?" she asked.

"No, thanks. I have everything about ready. Joe and Evan should be coming in anytime now. Would you like a cold beer? We can chat until they come."

They talked for awhile, then Martha explained about their friend Jill coming up and asked if they could move the tent next to her site and leave the packlock key with her.

"Oh, yes, that'll be fine. It'll be easier for me to keep an eye on it next to my van."

"I'll leave a note for Jill at the campground office."

Joe and Evan arrived, full of stories about their overnight. The women listened, enjoying their obvious exhilaration from the outing. Then the

tent was moved and set up next to April's motorhome; they broke camp and waved goodbye to April, the children calling out their farewells.

April returned to her typewriter. Just a few more pages, and the first article could be put in the mail in the morning. She finished, then went outside to enjoy the evening.

April was surprised by the fondness she had developed for the Collettos during the short time they had been there. She did not make rapid friendships, as a rule. But she had felt completely at home with this little family. Could it be the obvious affection they all felt for each other? Perhaps.

(To be continued in the next issue.)





Typesetting ★ Design ★ Layout
Offset Printing ★ Photocopies
PMT Veloxes ★ Rubber Stamps

973 Park Avenue San Jose, CA 95126

(408) 289-1088

Johnie Staggs Rosalie Nichols

THE GAY WEEKLY

Please enter my subscription to Gay Community News (50 issues per year, 50¢ per issue)

_____ 6 wks/\$2.00 _____ 1 yr/\$17.50 (add 20% for foreign)

Name:

Address:

City: ______ State: ___ Zip: _____

Gay Community News, Suite 60 , 22 Bromfield St., Boston, MA 02108

All subscriptions sent in sealed envelopes. Make check or money order payable to "GCN". Do not send cash through the mail. Our subscriber list is confidential, and is never sold or used except for mailing GCN.

Gay women are writing and meeting—EVERYWHERE!—with tender loving care, supportiveness, confidentiality and dignity, through The Wishing Well Magazine & Services. A healthy alternative approach to being a Gay Woman, this Service enjoys an eight year reputation of complete reliability. Singles and couples welcome! A Family feeling. Hundreds of self-descriptions (identified by Code Numbers), members' letters, poetry, controversial opinions, resources, book reviews; new features in each edition. Introductory copy \$5.00 (mailed discreetly, first class). Free information: The Wishing Well, P.O. Box 117, Novato, CA 94948.

THE NATIONAL GAY TASK FORCE

Enclosed is my contribution of Charge it on my Mastercharge: 17 \$30 Basic membership ☐ \$50 Sustaining member Card No. □ \$100 Supporting member ☐ \$35 Foreign member Interbank No. £1 \$500 Sponsoring member (outside of Continental U.S.) **Expiration Date** ☐ \$40 Contributing member □ \$1000 Lifetime member □ \$45 Household membership (2) Signature. Name (blease brint) Address City State

NGTF

80 Fifth Avenue * New York, New York 10011 * (212) 741-5800



Women's Network

c/o Dorothy Feola 2137 Quimby Avenue Bronx, NY 10473

★ Newsletter of female self-expression for lesbian/feminists ★

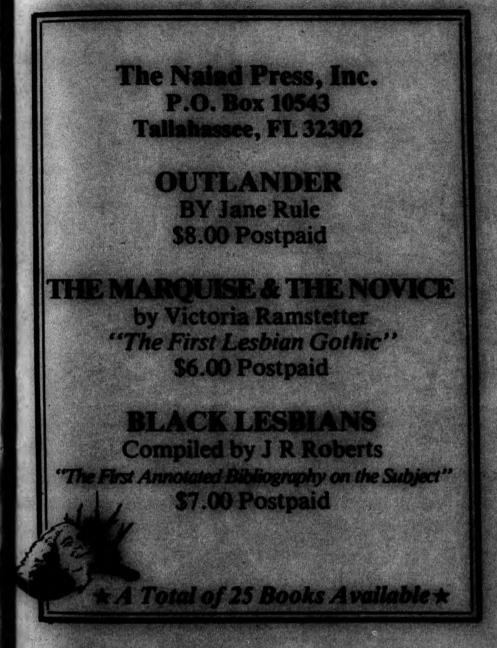
(212) 597-7091

NATIONAL EDITION of GAYELLOW PAGES PUBLISHED

Renaissance House announces publication of GAYELLOW PAGES for USA and CANADA Eleventh Edition, 1981

This 288-page directory, for lesbians and gay men, of businesses, services, publications, organizations, etc., is the most up-to-date and comprehensive guide of its kind. It is available in bookstores in almost every state and province for only \$6.95 (\$8.50 Canada); or by mail \$8 US funds. (outside North America \$9 US funds) from Renaissance House. Box 292 Village Station, New York, NY 10014.

☐ \$ 5.00 Supportive Sister	☐ \$10.00 Appreciative Amazon
Mail To:	



Women's Network

c/o Dorothy Feola 2137 Quimby Avenue Bronx, NY 10473

★ Newsletter of female self-expression for lesbian/feminists ★

(212) 597-7091

NATIONAL EDITION of GAYELLOW PAGES PUBLISHED

Renaissance House announces publication of GAYELLOW PAGES for USA and CANADA Eleventh Edition, 1981

This 288-page directory, for lesbians and gay men, of businesses, services, publications, organizations, etc., is the most up-to-date and comprehensive guide of its kind. It is available in bookstores in almost every state and province for only \$6.95 (\$8.50 Canada), or by mail \$8.US funds. (outside North America \$9.US funds) from Renaissance House. Box 292 Village Station, New York, NY 10014.

donation for a renewal □ or I'r □ \$ 5.00 Supportive Sister	a new subscriber ☐ \$10.00 Appreciative Amazon
Mail To:	
Make Checks Payable to DINA Lesbian Activist Bureau P.O	

The Naiad Press, Inc. P.O. Box 10543 Tallahassee, FL 32302

OUTLANDER
BY Jane Rule
\$8.00 Postpaid

THE MARQUISE & THE NOVICE

by Victoria Ramstetter
"The First Lesbian Gothic"
\$6.00 Postpaid

BLACK LESBIANS

Compiled by J R Roberts

"The First Annotated Bibliography on the Subject" \$7.00 Postpaid

★ A Total of 25 Books Available ★