Mama Bears, Susan and Alice) went to the West Coast Women's Music and Comedy Festival, held at Yosemite Labor Day weekend and had a wonderful time, meeting old friends and making new.

We set up our book "store" right between Manuscripts of the Amazon Earthworks, who was selling her distinctive blue lamps, and Heidi Hyskiss and Elaine Blake, who were selling Liza Spie jewelry and Ellen Fishburn cards, (all available at Mama Bears, by the way) forming a chummy little family. Thanks again to Amber and Judy, who did the Lonely security patrol of the crafts tables and Judy, who did the lonely "Mad Woman in the Moon" video...we heard it's funny and has a great plot.

We also chatted with Carolyn Moran, who was selling her Feminist Forge products...watch for her show in December in her goddess statues, at Mama Bears. We met other wonderful crafts women (whose works are now on sale at Mama Bears--we brought them back with us!)...Susan of Graven Images, from Taos--New Mexico who makes endearing grandmother/goddess figures, and Charlotte, who makes Celtic goddess-inspired wall plaques. We ran into jewelers Abby Willowroot, who told us about the sobriety-symbol jewelry she's making now, and will soon be available at Mama Bears.

We were so tired each night, and so busy getting our little display ready for the next day, that we never actually got to any concerts (though we did hear them!)...On our Roar-of-the-Crowd theater, comic Linda Moakes and singer Rhiannon, came on top. Rhiannon was awesome.

The big book sellers at Yosemite were Judy Grann's Another Mother Tongue, now in paperback (come to the book-signing party Oct. 6 at MBs), Jo Ann Loulan's Lesbian Sex (she's been at MBs Oct. 11) and Nan Fuchs' The Nutrition Detective (meet her at MBs Oct. 25--this event was left out of the Plexus calendar, we're so sorry, tell your friends about it.)

These women's festivals bring together a lot of women's culture. All our craftswomen, artists, writers and performers are packaging products for us to buy, and simultaneously dedicated to the spiritual and healing properties of what they do. Spirituality, culture, creation, commerce, are our advertisers, too, who support Mama Bears News and Notes with their advertising. The networks expand, randomly, through woman-to-woman contact...forging vision contracts. The reality of matriarchal-based society is more manifested by craftswomen, and attitudes created and projected by writers and musicians. This is revolution.

The woman's movement is not
(Continued on page 6)

Some B.S. from B.S....

I haven't a clue as to how the enclosed story got into my attache case during the rally on Tuesday.

I know it will be hard for you to imagine my lettiing my attention drift off my values like that, but it happened that I was concentrating very heavily on the task of finding out whether we were for or against the issue. I chacked it up as just one of life's silly little tricks until I got this phone call last night that in itself is only worth mentioning because I've been given the right to not even be here. I'm so concerned about whether the enclosed story got into my attache case during the rally on Tuesday.

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**Mama Bears News & Notes/October-November**

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*another Gala Event:*

**Masquerade Party**

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October 26, 1985
9:00 pm - 2:00 am
At the famous
BIMBO’S
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Admission:
- $6 Members
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Admission:
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Advance tickets:
- $5 from your local Mama Bears
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**Metropolitan Indian Series**

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**Reviews**

**SOUL SNATCHER**

by Camarin Grae
Blazon Book, $8.95

Well, Camarin Grae has done it again. She has written another fast moving and captivating lesbian novel. Soul Snatcher takes you on a twisting and turning psychological journey that will leave you shaking your head until the last page. Being adopted, as are the two main characters in this novel, and being prone to wondering occasionally if I really look like someone, I was glued to the page from the moment that Sharia, newly arrived in Chicago, is mistaken twice in one day for someone named Meredith. Soul Snatcher takes you with the introverted and slightly homophobic) Sharia as she deals with the discovery of a twin sister (the extroverted and out lesbian Meredith) and her own self discovery. She deals with her own homophobia, anger, pain and self doubt. Camarin Grae weaves in lesbian culture and community, mother-daughter relationships, incarceration, the occult along with love and trust.

Read it. It’s a book you’ll enjoy. Camarin Grae is the author of two other lesbian novels, The Winged Dancer $6.95 and Paz $8.95 also available at Mama Bears.

**SINKING STEALING**, a novel by Jan Clausen, Crossing Press $8.95.

(Ericka) “Do you think someday ‘fommy’ will be in the dictionary?”

(Jan) “In a hundred years I guess it’s possible.”

After you’ve read Jan Clausen’s book these words exchanged near its end will represent all the varied aspects of this touching story.

Josie has lived with Ericka as a parent for several years. ‘Fommy’ is the word Ericka and Josie created for her role since society did not provide one. Not much else was provided for either. When Rhea, Josie’s lover, dies suddenly in car accident, Ericka’s father wants custody.

Ms. Clausen weaves a provocative story of the struggle that goes on for Josie and Ericka during the next years. She describes the internal and external turmoil of not

(Continued on page 7)
**LIFE WITH SATURN: What Next?**

**BY ELAINE BLAKE**

**Last Chance**

Those of you who have been wallowing in crisis and/or getting high on transformation (have I left anyone out?) will be interested to know that Saturn is at last leaving the sign Scorpio.

Not, however, without a final tactical maneuver: most of these final weeks find no fewer than four planets transiting that sign, as though Saturn has gathered additional forces to add impact to its exit.

Scorpio is an intense, confrontive sign, one of sacrificing our innocence (usually through involvement with others) to plumb the depths of our shadow selves and discover there the source of our own power. Saturn has spent the past three years there in the interests of restructuring power dynamics in our lives.

The opportunity in this final phase, then, is in making one last plunge into the darkness of our addictions and releasing ourselves. Frightening but effective.

If you feel you can't get it all together this month, don't worry: Pluto, who entered Scorpio two years ago, takes another 10 years to travel through its own sign, so there's still plenty of time for long-term investigations. (For you Scorpios and those with Scorpio rising, more on this as a life path will be discussed at the Scorpio talk at Mama Bears in December.)

As we travel (through books and teachers, exposure to other cultures, and being an observer on a deeper level, it is the search for truth and meaning.

We are being asked to discover and define (or redefine) what is important to us, as Sagittarius, to then follow an aim, a target which will focus our vision and our energies. (More on this in the Sagittarius talk at Mama Bears in December.)

If you are wallowing in crisis and/or getting high on transformation (have I left anyone out?) you will alter the meaning (and often the facts) of the experience itself, and therein lies the power for change—the potency of the drawn bow is the same regardless of its altitude and beliefs we choose, the perspective we take, will alter the meaning (and often the facts) of the experience itself, and therein lies the power for change—the potency of the drawn bow is the same regardless of its altitude.

Of course, the other part of this lesson is that the annals of ancient beliefs and choices, the perspectives we take, will alter the meaning (and often the facts) of the experience itself, and therein lies the power for change—the potency of the drawn bow is the same regardless of its altitude.

So, as Saturn, the Great Teacher of the solar system, enters Sagittarius, we're being asked to take the healing path of perspective. Sagittarius is most often associated with travel and, religion, and education; on a deeper level, it is the search for truth and meaning.

We are being asked to discover and define (or redefine) what is important to us, as Sagittarius, the Archer, chooses an aim, a target which will focus our vision and our energies. (More on this in the Sagittarius talk at Mama Bears in December.)

As we travel (through books and teachers, exposure to other cultures, and being an observer on a deeper level, it is the search for truth and meaning.

We are being asked to discover and define (or redefine) what is important to us, as Sagittarius, the Archer, chooses an aim, a target which will focus our vision and our energies. (More on this in the Sagittarius talk at Mama Bears in December.)

Seeing that an experience has meaning is a healing in itself, lending validity to the experience and to our journey. When we are truly headed we will be able to be involved in the experience and at the same time have the vision to see its meaning, understand it. Then we are La Sabia, the woman of knowledge, the wise woman.

**Altered States**

Of course, the other part of this lesson is that the annals of ancient beliefs and choices, the perspectives we take, will alter the meaning (and often the facts) of the experience itself, and therein lies the power for change—the potency of the drawn bow is the same regardless of its altitude. (How many times I have reviewed my life in the light of some new model—feminism, alcoholism, etc.—and seen it differently?) As B.S. wrote last issue (Some B.S. from B.S.), what we’re about now is commitment to the pursuit of truth. Crazy? Powerful.

This three-year transit presents the opportunity (some say the burden) of preparing a new framework in which to fit the experiences of our lives, both past and future (which in both terms are indistinguishable). Sagittarius is one of the power points on the Zodiacal wheel where we can alter our reality, after which we are on new ground (Capricorn of physical plane structure follows Sagittarius of understanding). In Gurdjieff’s terms, it is the shock before the beginning of a new octave of experience. Drawing from our trials, we reframe our lives according to our wisdom.

And speaking of wisdom, Mercury enters another of its three-week retrograde periods Nov. 18. Remember to rely more on your intuition than your intellect, concentrate on inner planning rather than outer arrangements. Observe where your knowingness comes from during this period.

Don’t miss Elaine’s talks “New Perspective” on Libra—October 22; Scorpio—November 13; see calendar for details. Mama Bears—women only.
Instructor of a dance course asks for reverence. Asks that we see ourselves with a dry eye. Capable of the turn from tenderness to rage. To learn the dancer in which the dancer connects the waste and lazy gesture. To know our own true light, of what capacité and standing firm our bodies are capable of. To know our nature to be self-taught, self-committed. To carry our dark side with us. To carry death on our backs and the green brightness of morning out from.

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In memory of a Mama Bear, Lynette Lane
NEVER BEEN BETTER

WOMAN EMBODIED
What is our relationship to our bodies? Are we consciously inside or are we just carrying it around to get what we want out of life. At war with it? Trying always to have our body be something different than what it is? Trying to change the way it looks? Are we ever at peace with our body? How do you nurture your body - feed it? Clothe it? Love it? We are living through a time when letting our bodies be loved as they are is not supported in media. We are bombarded with images of how women should look. This dis-ease with our bodies creates illness: ways to cover up feelings, Anorexia, Bulimia, Alcoholism, smoking, and caffeine are major ways we stop ourselves from having our feelings. They are the most serious self-inflicted diseases of our time.
Listening to the messages our body gives, sometimes whispers, other times shouting, screaming messages, requires patience and willingness to be quiet and listen deeply.
The experience in our lives, good and not so pleasant, remain locked in each nerve and muscle of our body. Finding the keys to unlock the painful experiences and letting them out frees the body from pain and illness. Sometimes words can be just as painful as physical abuse.
We care as needy, vulnerable babies into a world wanting love and to be held and nurtured. We grew into adults carrying with us the ideals of our parents, our religion and cultural beliefs. We have been taught what good children do and that our bodies are something to ignore or control; how to look, act and smell, to be loved. Train your mind to control your body - diet and exercise, starve, restrict. Living in a world that offers opulence and forbids it at the same time. All these lessons create a war zone of our bodies and they suffer much more than we realize. The struggle to find a middle ground between our bodies and minds, to find a place between war and peace - war being the destroyer and peace - sometimes too far into peace can lead to complacency - not caring for and nurturing ourselves; this struggle is forming a relationship with ourselves. Relating in this way can carry us through to unlock and free us to be in our worlds in a much different way. We can look at this relationship as the one we have always waited for, that lover who cares so much, whose touch and beingness brings out all the light in us.
This is the ultimate relationship we can work at, without this relationship no others can give us what we are searching for. Choosing to be in this body, not waiting for the next one to come, or for this one to become less, or more shaped differently. Maybe they will love me more if it looks like this? The 'they' we are looking for are also trapped in a body with all the same ideas about how perfection would look, if it were in a body. That is the joke and it is one we can laugh at together. Because all of us are - perfect just as we are. We come here to do whatever we are doing right here and now - IN THIS BODY! This is the work we all came to do. Not wait for some-
having an accepted or legally sanctioned relationship with sensitivity and realism. As Rhea's lover, Josie has no choice but to accept whatever terms Ericka's father provides for seeing one another. Ms. Clausen portrays Josie's sense of loss for Rhea, her powerlessness and her fear of losing Ericka with the knowledge of telling her own story.

Just as Josie has worked up the courage to ask Daniel for more time with Ericka, he announces he is going to New York. Josie feels cornered and has no weapons on her side. How they each respond and work this out is another. Josie's sense of loss for Rhea, her powerless ness with Daniel and her fear of losing Ericka with the knowledge of telling her own story is another. Ms. Clausen portrays Josie's sense of loss for Rhea, her powerless ness with Daniel and her fear of losing Ericka with the knowledge of telling her own story.

I recommend Josie has accepted a job in another state. They can write each other on occasional visits back to another, he says, and see each other.

stand in the crack between the conscious and unconscious minds—the beings who stand in the crack between the worlds. They help us get in touch with the incredible knowledge within ourselves; they help us wake up!

Lynn's experiences with the Amazon women in the Yucatan are set against the backdrop of a Manifesto winter and the butterfly tree.

For someone who hasn't read Medicine Woman and Flight of the Seventh Moon, Jaguar Woman is easy to follow because Lynn Andrews introduces her characters with an explanation of each one's role and personality. For those of us who have read the first two books, Jaguar Woman is like coming home to one's friends and oneself. It's also delving into the mystery of life to learn its simplicity. It's discovering that we are everything and we are nothing, and that the flight is forever. It's remembering who we are and that we create our own reality. It's looking into the shadows despite our fear, searching for the balance of light and dark, of substance and spirit. It's discovering that we must exert our power and will in order to wake up to who we are, because, even though we are born of the void, we have "enlightened the mind" and use our addictions as props, which leads us on a spiral dance away from the center. Learning that time is born of ego, that "ego is the illusion of form," that addictions keep us in form and are a construct of ego-karma that keeps us incarnate. It's learning that fear and death can be allies, that the dark defines the light, that the more we struggle the more securely we are held, that if we understood our death we would be happy. It's coming face-to-face with death, only to discover that dying is to life waking is to sleep.

Jaguar Woman is a book you will want to read again and again, each time discovering anew bits and pieces of knowledge that you will recognize as already having been within yourself. You will want to underline paragraphs and extract phrases to hang on your walls and carry with you. Agnes Whistling Elk says that any woman can belong to the sisterhood, that the sisterhood is not a club but "exists only in terms of self-realization. 'So, women, read Jaguar Woman and get busy!'" by Tina Frisco

ANIMAL TIES...
ANIMAL RITES...

Did you know that most brand name cosmetics are made with animal products and/or are tested on animals? Try Beauty Without Cruelty. Without Cruelty was born of the void, we have "enlightened the mind" and use our addictions as props, which leads us on a spiral dance away from the center. Learning that time is born of ego, that "ego is the illusion of form," that addictions keep us in form and are a construct of ego-karma that keeps us incarnate. It's learning that fear and death can be allies, that the dark defines the light, that the more we struggle the more securely we are held, that if we understood our death we would be happy. It's coming face-to-face with death, only to discover that dying is to life waking is to sleep.

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ANIMAL TIES...
ANIMAL RITES...
THE WITCH'S QABALA
The Goddess & The Tree
Ellen Cannon Reed, $7.95

The first book of Qabala written by a Pagan for Pagans. As many of us have discovered the differences between Eastern philosophies and Western are numerous, not the least of which is the vast difference in attitudes and culture. Those of us that have found our way to the Goddess, and/or the craft of the Wise Ones (Witchcraft) know that such philosophy existed long before the Christian era. The Qabala provides a practical method for the interrelations of various systems of symbols. A framework, a step ladder for spiritual growth. The Qabala recognizes the Goddess as a vital part of the energies of the Universe, adding the tarot, and the tree. It is a tool that can be used for your personal growth.

THE GODDESS & THE TREE
Stuart R. Kaplan & Marianne's Enterprises, $12.50

We Say We Love Each Other by Women, generations, first, Irish, sitting on a little bit of land, holding on, general or an island, isolation, a closed mouth in their own kitchen, self-containment.

The opening of Mama Bears' months later began with a ceremony (conducted by Paula Gunn Allen in which the main message was that dykes, like Indians, endure, and though they die, they did not die ofc, case closed. That poem was healing, because it opened doors.

We Say We Love Each Other by Minnie Bruce Pratt, Spinsters Ink, S.F., $5.95

Occasionally, if we are very lucky, we discover a book like We Say We Love Each Other. Recognition is instant:

- I am sitting in a place made for me by women, generations, first, Irish, sitting on a little bit of land, holding on, general or an island, isolation, a closed mouth in their own kitchen, self-containment.

You are sitting in a place made for you by women, generations, first, Irish, sitting on a little bit of land, holding on, general or an island, isolation, a closed mouth in their own kitchen, self-containment.

Another book containing information we need to know (let's all offer a silent minute of thanks before you energy transfer to the authors who painstakingly piece together and communicate such information to us!) is THE MOTHER MACHINE, Reproductive Technologies from Artificial Insemination to Artificial Womb, by Gena Corea, author of The Hidden Malpractice. The

SHAMANIC VOICES
Joan Halifax, $11.95

Testimonies from Shamanic practitioners around the word. By "lecturer and researcher of culture" Joan Halifax. Themes include visionary journeys, seeing in a sacred way, magical powers, and more.

Color as you go-learn while spacing out! What more could one ask? I did the first page and loved it! Recommended especially for those of us who have to get into computers, like it or not.

WEST WITH THE NIGHT
Beryl Markham, $12.50

Beryl Markham was a pilot in 1930's Africa, and an independent and vibrant adventurer. Watch for a mini-series documentary about her life in November on KQED.

THE COMPUTER CONCEPTS COLOURING BOOK!
Barry M. Glotzer, Barnes & Noble, $8 95

Notes & News (Continued from page 1)

- moribund, as many are saying (they might be, however), what is emerging around the country is the common sense of what is to be done, and more and more that boils down to women's spirituality, culture and healing, grounded in the experience of the past 2 decades of movement activity. Paula Gunn Allen's Rainbow Warriors class is in fact a kind of leadership training for this orientation. (Next class begins October 7.)

If you look around you at the books Mama Bears carries, you will see that they mostly fall into the 3 categories of women's spirituality, women's culture, and environmental activity. One of course, includes the "pharmacrats" who are conducting experiments in vitro fertilization, sex predetermination and a host of other technologies that might be sound helpful... until you read this book. (Harper & Row, $18.95)

Mother Machine is a thorough, rigorously documented examination of the new reproductive methods: artificial insemination, embryo transfer, in vitro fertilization, sex predetermination and a host of other technologies that might be sound helpful... until you read this book. (Harper & Row, $18.95)

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It has become apparent to me that the fictional canon of Ann Allen Shockley (June 2, 1927-), Southern novelist, short storyist, scholar, critic, and librarian, has been increasingly misrepresented by contemporary lesbian feminist critics, and generally ignored by traditional twentieth-century American literary scholars. This state of affairs I hope to rectify.

Feminist critics such as Frank Lanom Phillips, indignant about the undeniable existence of, and representation of, the Black Lesbian in the lives and literature of Black people, accuse Shockley of "pro-oseltizing," and he dismisses her work as "bull shit" that "should not be encouraged." His rejection of Loving Her (1974), the first lesbian novel of Shockley's fictional canon, seems to echo the sentiments of the brother of a Black lesbian who appears in The Black and White of It (1980): I can't own no sister who's a bulldagger....It's a white trick for black genocide. Lesbians can't get babies. Black women should have black men to get black babies and build a strong black nation.

In a GLA article entitled "Male Critics/Black Women Novels" (25, September 1979), Rita Dandridge points out that writers such as Ann Shockley have not enjoyed the acclaim of critics as has the novel literature written by Black American men. She observes, too, that many female novelists, such as Zora Neale Huston, Frances W. Harper, and Ann Allen Shockley, have fallen victim to "apathy, chauvinism, and paternalism," all male critical stances that "minimize the worth of the black woman's novel." But far worse than critical approaches that minimize the works of such writers as Ann Allen Shockley is the seemingly systematic exclusion—overlooking of certain types of literature produced by and about women, Blacks, and differently-oriented "minority" groups. The systematic oversight of literature not principally white, male, and heterosexual in focus has existed since the formulation of the canons of American literature in the 1920's. Clustered around figures from Cooper to James, Hemingway to Bellow, the established repertory of literary works and authors which are studied in American universities has never adequately represented the wide experience and broad literary concerns of America's ethnic populace. It is little wonder, then, that Ann Allen Shockley, a prolific Black author who has been writing and publishing for over thirty years, remains a nearly "invisible" figure in the burgeoning field of twentieth-century women writers and little known except in the relatively recent women's studies program in the academy.

Herefore, there is a demand that the literary canon of Black American literature be reconstructed to include works that were previously ignored or misunderstood. The principal purpose is to "transform the liberal arts curricula to reflect the heterogeneity and richness of American culture." Yet, all along, the literary worth of African, Asian, and Latin American literature has been attacked or ignored by the mainstream of American literature. From Stein's "Melancholy," through Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" to Heman's "The Children's Hour," the homosexual in literature has been raised issues about society's mores, the right of the individual to love whom she or he pleases, and the moral and ethical responses and responsibility the human community must make and accept to insure healthy interaction between the "different" and the "normal.

Often rigorously subject to "mainstream treatment," literature about homosexual or with homosexual themes is blanketed in "respectability" supposed to insure its artistic value against the prurient. The great fault of this schema, which has allowed some homosexual works and not others to find a place in the American literary canon, is that the obvious homosexual markings, that would be treated differently by gay critics are, are looked, inadequately discussed, ignored, treated scornfully, or handled less skillfully than a more informed insight would allow.

The search for identity, renunciation, affirmation, decadence, and perversion are all traditionally gay literary themes that one can identify in Melancholy through Baldwin's "Another Country," yet much criticism centers on the popular readings for the texts, not their relationship to the gay literary tradition. Traditional critics are simply not trained, nor disposed, to aligning these works with a feature homosexual characters or themes is an endemic problem. Ironically, existing along side the "accepted" works is a profusion of works that feature homosexual characters and themes that is an endemic problem. Further, a host of novels from the late nineteenth century until the present show the development of the character from white, privileged, and decadent or, conversely, white, privileged, and "sick."" From the internal torment of moral degeneration to self-defined, self-directed individual who is "gay and proud." In these novels, a rare Black lesbian emerges on the scene but she almost makes an entry as early as 1892 in Frances W. Harper's "Iola Leroy." There she is a "self-retired" mulatto who loves Miss Delany, her "ideal woman." Certainly during the Harlem Renaissance and after the vigorous thrust of the Civil Rights and Women's movement of the past century, the Black lesbian character appeared more and more, and even if shadowy or metaphorically. Her treatment, though, according to Jewell Gomez in "A Cultural Legacy Denied and Discovered: Black Lesbian in Fiction by Women" (Homosex, Kitchen Table, 1983), has been sketchy and uneven, sometimes "superficial," serving to "trivialize" rather than investigate and "illumine" the lines of thought of the literary tradition. It was not until the advent of Ann Allen Shockley's Loving Her, the first novel to tell the story of an inter racial couple and feature a Black heroine, that the investigation into the life of Black lesbian was given a meaningful cultural backdrop whereby she could be judged as a human being multiply oppressed as a Black, as a woman, as a sexual minority, and as an American. (Continued on page 16)
This history of stones cannot be separated from mining and lapidary work. Although some today assert the origins of lapidary skill to be obscured in the mists of time, all ancient sources agree it is a celestial gift of the gods. Hindu scriptures recount gods from Venus descending with this teaching.

The Rig Veda, written 1500-100 BC, is the core of ancient Sanskrit literature regarding precious stones. Central to that body of work is the all-pervasive belief in the influence of the Cosmos on earth. The Puranas instruct the use of gem encrusted tridents to assert evil. They speak of the gods sustaining the universe "when the clouds begin or roar," which is interesting in view of the power of electricity to pulse through the precious metals and temporarily transform precious stones. Topaz is known to become highly charged by the atmosphere under such conditions.

Both priesthood and royalty had the wherewithal and sometimes wisdom to commission rooms and even whole temples and castles of precious stones and gold. The walls themselves were faced with agate, marble, lapis lazuli, malachite, or entirely gold gilt. Precious stones and metals encrusted the ceilings, walls, and sometimes floors. The ritual power objects were likewise covered with gold and gems. The priests and later royals wore gems sewn into their clothes as border work and buttons. They wore circlets, or crowns, rings, begemmed staffs or scepters. The thrones and altars glittered as well. The impact on the ethereal body must have been incredible.

In ancient Babylon, each layer of the 7-tiered Ziggurat of the pious king was colored differently. The 5th layer was silver and the 6th, closest to the gods, gold. When Alexander came to Babylon, the sacred buildings were trimmed in silver and gold.

The oldest discovered engravings indicating level of skill are found in Egypt, Sumeria, Babylonia and Assyria. These skills were adopted by the Greeks, and the Romans until the art nearly vanished in the Middle Ages. More than 5000 years ago lapidary work as known by the gods was a guarded secret of a caste brotherhood. The Egyptians were facile in processing stones for anything from architecture to jewelry. They had both drills and saws of diamond and bronze, copper and iron by at least 2000 BC. Ur in Sumeria as well as Harappa, India were other contemporary world centers of ancient stone production. Heat treatment and dying were known of by at least 2000 BC.

Heat treatment was so simple as to be baking the stones in bread or fine sand. Damage to the stone by the process were highly charged by the atmosphere under such conditions.

Notes & News

(Continued from page 6)

Last month (September 21) we held an Autumn Equinox Benefit for Mama Bears to help generate needed cash flow. At which Paula Gunn Allen performed a ritual blessing, Linda Moalfles and Karen Riple MGd, Margaret Sloan and Joyletta Alice (who also organized the event) read poetry, and Margot Kimble, Ann MacDonald, and Fin & Flame sang. It was a wonderful evening, and so much praise was heaped on us that we (Carol & Alice) were rendered inarticulate...we thank you all, performers and audience, from the bottom of our hearts. Alice, like she claims she has a dried-up prune of a heart, but that means she is so rankly sentimental (Irish, you know) she has to control it. It was impossible to control the tears when Margaret Sloan-Hunter read the following poem (her first in several years):

A MAMA BEAR PROTECTS HER CUBS: FIERCELY

(To Carol, Alice & Natalie)

It is difficult to be out front...Aead of time
first steps, sometimes painful
Not knowing if the ground is solid
Might cave in
At an enemy's notice
Conviction, courage and dedication
Can be lonely
Out there
In front.

There is a price you pay for vision
Sometimes, you see too much

While I was healing, you held me;
Nothing required but my presence
You gave me a safety, a place to
Hang my head, a refuge den

A real Woman's Place
to hear notes
and dream words
to dream dreams
You touch us; and now our
daughters
And you are leaving your star prints
in the night.
Margaret Sloan-Hunter
Emma

My friend called her a funny little paste-up cat. When the Goddess created her She must not have had enough of the material so She used leftovers: some white hair and some black and a little reddish brown, some hair short and some long, some silky and some fuzzy like the down on the tummy of a new born pup. Then She patted it carelessly all over until it had little pear shaped body and called it a Cat. Intentionally or otherwise, the Great Cat Creator then selected a tongue too short for the long hair and the resulting effect was a singularly disreputable appearance, most un-cat-like, dis-pite Herculean efforts at good grooming.

Emma was special from the first day she crawled out of my al-mon-d tree to protest little mis-fortunes. Without so much as a casual-introduction she lamented the trials of her first eight months and explained much for some lucky adoptee, how she had canvassed the neighbor-hood and interviewed scores of eager prospects, and how I had won first prize: her. “No!” I shouted. “NO, NO, NO!” and I jumped in my car and drove away as fast as I could, pleased with my firm resolve to say noth-ing of my way with words.

She, however, was unimpressed with both my resolve and my words. My three carefully ex-jumped in my car and drove away as fast as I could, pleased with my firm resolve to say nothing of my way with words.

The kitchen floor and had placed an order for fresh broiled salmon before she had even regained her footing. Two Shepherd mouths fell open, four Shepherd eyes widened in disbelief. Then shoulders shrugged in unison. “What the hell,” they said, and went back to breakfast. Later that day I found little pieces of shred-ded Contract all over the drive-way. Emma had moved in.

You ask about my allergy? Well, Emma, having perfected the look of studied boredom, would lie on my chest at night staring at me in the dark. We were an enchant-ing symphony of sounds. She would purr and I would wheeze. But she wanted to do a solo number and she said I should damn well dance out of the gho-st. Or else. So I did. That was al-most five years ago.

This morning when I left the house for work, I found Emma dead in the street, hit by a car in the early hours before dawn. I wrapped her in a towel and sat on my front porch in the dark and I rocked her lifeless body in my arms and I waited my shock and my pain and my rage and my dis-belief and my grief to the heavens and to the empty city streets for nearly an hour.

There are scores of Emma stories that cannot be told here and now. Only those of you who have had a profound love affair with an animal will understand the loss. You alone will understand the spiritual bonding that took place; the unspoken language, the secrets we shared, the joyful game of life I was privileged to play with this whimsical little cat. You alone will understand my agony as I watch her dogs grieve their playmate and as I mourn my best friend.

I wonder where that free spirit is now. Surely the life force cannot be destroyed but only changed. Beware of almond trees and little suitcases tucked into juniper bushes. Beware of cold and rainy January days. If you are not careful—and if you are very very lucky—there may be a furry little love affair waiting to snag your dears and shed all over your clothes and your furniture. But as relationships go, it will be a love affair you will never regret having and one your heart will remember all the days of your life.

Lois Hoxie
SUNDAYS

GYNOSOPHIC GATHERING
WOMEN CENTERED WORSHIP - "Celebrating the bond of womanliness among ourselves and in connection with our sisters on every continent, island, sea and sky" - Paula Gunn Allen

Spirtuality, fasting and gazing in the marketplace,
Mama Bears, as we did in past women centered cultures.
WOMEN ONLY

THURSDAYS

WOMEN ONLY SOCIALIZING
Mama Bears is always a clean and sober environment.
7 PM - 11 PM

REGISTRATION AND 1ST. CLASS (7 WKS. MONDAYS)
"Rainbow Path Warrior Training with Paula Gunn Allen $150 - $175.55, 7 p.m.
WOMEN ONLY
Call 223-4353 for more information.

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JUDY FJELL IN CONCERT
Come and enjoy an evening of music and fun with this warm and talented entertainer.
WOMEN ONLY
$6.00-($4.00), 8 p.m.

JUDY GRAHN - Reception, Buffet and Book signing to celebrate the arrival of Another Mother Tongue now in paperback! 2 p.m. (Bring all your Judy Grahn books!)

BRAINY BODIES TOOLKIT FOR WOMEN - OPENING MINDS AND BODY TO THE NURTURE OF WOMAN.
WOMEN - Open meeting and potluck. Topic: "Women self-empowerment and business management". All interested women welcome.
WOMEN ONLY
$2.00 donation, 7 p.m. For more information call 652-6259.

SEED-EMPLOYED TRADES-WOMEN - Open meeting and potluck. Topic: "Women self-employed in the construction trades: issues pertaining to business management". All interested women welcome.
WOMEN ONLY
$2.00 donation, 7 p.m. For more information call 652-6259.

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JAM WITH THE MOTHERS - by Maria Jutasi Coleman
M.A. founder of the Gertrude Stein Opera Company. Vocal resonance aids the healing process by reaching part of the body where movement and massage cannot penetrate. Reichian approach. For more information call 841-8259.
WOMEN ONLY
$2.00 donation, 3-6 p.m.

LIBRA - A new perspective.
Elaine Blake, astrologer. For women with Sun, Moon, or Rising signs in Libra and their partners and friends.
WOMEN ONLY
$5.00 ($3.00), 7 p.m.

CRYSTAL WORKSHOP - with Lynette Lane. An experiential workshop using a number of different techniques to move you inside your body. This will enable you to get in touch with the feelings you have about your body and what your body needs to be nurtured. All materials provided. Bring something comfortable to lay on and something to keep you warm. Limited to 20 women.
Reserve space early-524-8815.
WOMEN ONLY
$2.00 donation, 3-6 p.m.

MOTHER TONGUE READERS THEATRE - Present their new script "Body Talk" - Stories of our body images past, present, and future. Wheelchair accessible, signed for the hearing impaired. Childcare available with 24 hour notice call 923-9958.
WOMEN ONLY
$5.00-8.00, 8 p.m.
**BILLBOARD**

**NOVEMBER 1 Friday**
Masquerade Dance (clean & sober). With D.J. Sindi. **WOMEN ONLY.**
$3.00-$4.00, 9 p.m.
You can have Face Painting/Temporary Tattoos by Judith Lerner & Jacqua (of West Coast Women's Music Festival fame) starting at 5 p.m. (appointments suggested) price varies depending on how exotic you are!

**NOVEMBER 2 Saturday**
Hunter Davis in Concert.
Hunter has just returned from a "mini" national tour; and is ready to entertain us with a powerful combination of pop, folk and R&B. **WOMEN ONLY.**
$5.00-$7.00, 8 p.m.

**NOVEMBER 3 Sunday**
Mama Bears Birthday PARTY!! Come on in and spend the day with us celebrating our 2nd Birthday. An all day festival of food, fun, music and mingling. This is our birthday party for you, because without all of you Mama Bears would not be possible - Thank You.

**NOVEMBER 6 Wednesday**
Art Show - reception-Come and meet Hulieh Tainnah-jinnie, the photographer of our fabulous new photo show, "Metropolitan Indian Calendar." She will have a slide show of her work up to her current project; her 1986 "Metropolitan Indian Calendar" (available at Mama Bears).

**NOVEMBER 8 Friday**
Common Ground in Concert. There is no common ground...but the music they make...So soft rock, Pure harmony, Cathy Cashman and Vicki Saltzer with special guest - Sue Shloss.

**NOVEMBER 9 Saturday**
**NOVEMBER 13 Wednesday**
Scorpio-A new Perspective. Elaine Blake gives us an inside peek (does one ever get much more than that?) at Scorpio women. If you have Sun, Moon, or Rising in Scorpio or have someone in your life who does-Don't miss this talk.

**NOVEMBER 10 Sunday**
**NOVEMBER 15 Friday**
**NOVEMBER 16 Saturday**
**NOVEMBER 17 Sunday**
**NOVEMBER 19 Tuesday**
Oakland Lesbian Organizing Committee.
(See October 16 for details.)

**NOVEMBER 20 Wednesday**
BETTY KAPLOWITZ IS BACK!
Betty has been on the women's music scene for 13 years. After touring the U.S. and Canada and living in N.Y. she's home in S.F. working on her 2nd album. **WOMEN ONLY.**
$5.00-$7.00, 8 p.m.

**NOVEMBER 22 Friday**
**NOVEMBER 23 Saturday**
**NOVEMBER 24 Sunday**
**NOVEMBER 25 Monday**
**NOVEMBER 27 Wednesday**

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**NOVEMBER 24 Sunday**
Motherpluckers in Concert. Come and sing along, play along and have fun. The Motherpluckers perform country songs for our enjoyment.

**NOVEMBER 27 Wednesday**
Luna, Lunacy, Lunacy Ritual Poetry and Art to celebrate the Full Moon. Leah Korican, shamanic artist/poet, shares her "lunacy" and together we create a full moon circle.

**NOVEMBER 28 Thursday**
Thanksgiving.
Mama Bears will be open from 10 a.m. to 7 p.m.

**NOVEMBER 29 Friday**
**NOVEMBER 30 Saturday**
**NOVEMBER 30 Saturday**
Tarot readings by Sue Nimon 1-5 p.m.-Appointments suggested.

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**COMING IN DECEMBER**
December 1 - Sunday 7 p.m. Opening & reception for Carolyn Whitehorn and Cynthia Seab; woman Art Show. Includes ritual by Carolyn & Cynthia.
December 2 - Monday 7 p.m. Authors Michelle Cliff-Land & Susan Korican, shamanic artist/poet, share their combined comic talents and Theresa's singing ("that has them swooning in the aisles"). December 3 - Tuesday 8 p.m. Mama Bears so reservations are suggested.

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**NOVEMBER 20 Wednesday**

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**OPEN EVERY DAY**
It was Lydia who forced their eyes down and pulled back away, flushed with confusion. If Prue had let herself be aware of the ramifications in such a rush, she probably wouldn’t have admitted it. Being cool was such a habit with her and besides, even if she might someday open to Lydia, it wasn’t going to be quick and easy coming, and she wasn’t going to give it away, even as she came to have recognized the importance that procedures bear that, at some point, they had ceased to circle and were having attained wisdom, which meant being hip enough to see this strange woman before a background of life.

"Who are you?" she whispered.

"Lydia Seashell, are you beholden?" Lydia blurted out, "Who are you?"

"I don’t mind telling you. I’m Prue of the Punkbunch."

Prue, who was extraordinarily quick, beautiful, and hard working and inclined to superstitions, had had no choice but to pursue it. They were both brilliant and both respected for having attained wisdom, which meant being hip enough to have recognized the importance that procedures bear that, in the final result of any undertaking. They both happened to be representing their tribes in the trading heart of the day. "Running for the tribe," as it was known, which took them out among the crowds and tents of the many tribes asthey did the business deals for their people. They were both young to have been entrusted with such power, but neither tribe had found reason to doubt or to regret having given it.

It happened that the two of them shared other qualities not so obviously germane to their meeting. Both were handsome young women, considered a bit odd by their tribe for having a private or hidden side to their nature and, although gracious enough, being subtly resistant to the overtures of exclusive relationship as made by suitable young men of the tribe. Since early childhood each had exhibited unusual eclectic interests and curiosities for a little girl; and a remarkably adamant refusal to compromise on the most unpredictable things. Their personal lives, at the time they came together, are relevant to the dilemma that evolved between them, but with her and besides, even if she might someday open to Lydia, it wasn’t going to be quick and easy coming, and she wasn’t going to give it away, even as she came to have recognized the importance that procedures bear that, at some point, they had ceased to circle and were having attained wisdom, which meant being hip enough to see this strange woman before a background of life.

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They met that night in a vacant tent Prue knew about. They talked most of the night, Prue's terror allowing but a brief and not-altogether satisfying coupling between them somewhere in the middle. Lydia had no fear of opening herself to Prue and found she rather longed to lie in Prue's arms, but being so hungry for conversation, she came away satisfied enough. Prue was more worried about what her One would think and her image in her tribe than she was about the relationship between the two of them.

They met several more times in the course of the gathering and, while the meetings themselves were of varied success and pleasure, they knew somehow that they were going to continue to pursue what was between them in the future, as well.

What was between them, however, was very different from the stuff of popular myth, which characterizes them as star-crossed lovers whose great passion for each other would have it, but they were, in fact, far greater women than romance would let them be.

When the gathering drew to a close, Lydia and Prue knew several things about their situation and did their best to puzzle out a procedure that would be optimum for them. Their tribes were, in fact, geographically close enough to each other to allow them to see each other without undue difficulty between gatherings. What problems they foresaw were not in the arrangements.

At the beginning, both women were, as of any, of their deep and comforting spiritual/philosophical agreement, but for each of them it made maintaining respect for each other, which you would think of as ‘within the tribe’ or ‘tribal,’ hard to do.

The truth may not be quite so romantic as some of the experts have implied. The story of Lydia and Prue is a true translation and real-life case history of a relationship that has lasted for at least two years, and is still going strong as of this writing. That the women have survived an amazing number of threats to their relationship is quite possible, that the women resisted interference in their selfdestruction is quite possible, that the women who remained behind wrote the history is fact.

The story of Lydia and Prue is a true translation and paraphrasing from the psychic archives, the rest is supposition.
You've seen the San Francisco and Los Angeles...
In language easily comprehensible to us non-professionals, the authors explain the disease of alcoholism, its physical symptoms, progression, and treatment, the means necessary for its arrest and treatment (there is no known cure), and the most urgent direction for further research into its early identification and control. If this book was widely read and understood, and its message put into action, in the opinion of this recovering alcoholic, alcoholics would be more frequently identified in the early stages of their disease, their initial treatment would be more thorough, their relapse would be less likely, public policies would be more effective, and private monies would be more wisely spent. Needless to say, the agony and damage suffered by alcoholics and those around them would be greatly mitigated and the alcohol-related violence, injury, and death suffered throughout society would be greatly lessened as well. As things stand, however, pub­

lic and private confusion about alcoholism now frequently re­

sults in miseducation, misdia­

gnoses, misdiagnoses, inade­

quate treatment, not to mention waste of time, money, energy, emotion, health, and ultimately, life. Two important impediments to progress by the authors are: 1) the failure to recognize and accept the results of scientific re­

search that clearly reveals the cause of alcoholism to be phys­i­

ical in nature and not the result of a personal or social problem or a personality or character flaw that precipitates excessive drinking. Such factors may or may not precede any use of alco­

hol and may or may not be pre­

sent after arrest of the disease and recovery by any given alcoholic.) and 2) the failure to recognize the crucial role of corrective and pro­

tective nutritional practices, both immediate and long-term, follow­ing abstinence from alcohol. If not stopped, the symptoms and cravings of the disease and may prompt a re­

lapse into drinking or a reliance upon sedatives. (For more exten­


gist Bronislaw Malanowski, “ful­

fills an indispensable function; it expresses, enhances, upholds a belief; it safeguards and enforces morality; it vouches for the ef­

iciency of ritual and contains practical rules for the conduct of man...it is not an intellectual explanation...but a pragmatic charter of primitivism, greater and more reliable than present life, fates, and activities of mankind are determined. (Myth in Primitive Psychology, 1926.) Myths about alcoholism are believed and promoted on various levels, in various degrees, for various reasons, throughout history, and the battle against the prejudices of ignorance and interest will eventually be won—the facts themselves will lift the veil but it will not happen overnight. It may take years for society to slough off the myths and misconceptions con­

nected with alcoholism that have been governed thought for centuries. But it will happen. Every recovered alcoholic adds fuel to the fire of this movement forward. Doctors who are trained and educat­

ed in early diagnosis and treat­

ment, employers who offer the al­

coholic the choice of treatment instead of automatically firing him, family members who wit­

ness the recovery process, and police officers and social workers who come in contact with recovered alcoholics and effective treatment programs all help to advance the new understanding of alcoholism. As researchers contribute to the al­

ready substantial body of evi­

dence, as effective treatment pro­

grams replace ineffective ones and as the number of recovered alcoholics enjoying lasting sobriety continues to grow, this move­

ment will gain a momentum which cannot be stopped.

1. for one, they hope it is.

Eating Right to Live Sober

Mama Bears News & Notes/October-November '55

Myth in Primitive Psychology

Alcoholics Anonymous

Tattoos, Puritans & Perverts. Feminist Essays by Joanna Russ. (Crossing, 5)

Essays on pornography, roles, and tracing in the woman’s movement, Dr. Spock and Cap­

tain Kirk’s lover relationship, coming out, and the down-pressures of sexuality for women, Joanna Russ’s Magic Mommms, Trem­

bling Sisters, Puritans & Perverts is a family novel with four noble pieces. Since it’s our family we must go. But I think Magic Momm’s points out the necessity of feminism in the present. I’m happy to see good editors to work with all our writers. Editors who are as talent­

eed as Russ is a writer—e.g. Indiana’s Gnome (Pamela Dunleavy Our Own String). An editor can (and should) be the writer’s first and best reader, working in tandem with the writer until the work on the page is the very best they can make.

Russ knows there is a problem with this collection. “Life and theory have both historically slipped, and, since the author

doesn’t live her life according to feminist theory, but draws her feminism from, her belief in, her theory...there’s much about the following essays I’d now like to change. “I’ve been haunted throughout the writing of these diverse pieces (especially the ones about porno­

ography and the one entitled “Not for Years but for Decades”) by a feeling that somehow I have not come enough to the rock-bottom of the sub­
"
ject.” Russ says in her introduction. When one hasn’t come to grips with this aspect of our society, Russ’s generosity in sharing her processes, but pieces which are still in process belong more properly, I think, read or pub­

lished in periodicals as pub­

lished as books.

In fact, her caveat describing all the essays as “Women If Power: Helplessness in the Women’s Movement” as not being offer­

ings of ‘accurate feminist theory’ (just as broad and as analyti­

cally sharp and accurate as we can get it”) should have sent Magic Mommms back to the drawing board, and, at any event, it disqual­

ifies a proper ‘review’ per se.

There is no question Russ can do better. On Strike Against God. The Female Knees We’re About To Die. The word got out.

There was another beacon of in­

telligence, wit and passion shining from the Northwest, a lesbian feminist thinker named Joanna Russ! Great!

Unfortunately, Russ in now at, the delicate stage of her career (and could not alone in facing its problems) when a talented writer’s inferior work is published simply because it will sell. I can imagine someone thinking like this. “Do you think you’ve got a book of essays if we tossed in everything from Sinister Wisdom?” “Well, maybe if we have the Moon stuff too...” I say so because I know Crossin can do better (and has done).

Just how good is Russ? Well, discussina George Eliot, Dale
On page 5 of the last issue of News & Notes we accidentally scrambled some paragraphs in Baba Copper's review of Winter's Edge/The Diaries of Jane Somers. It should be read in the following sequence:

**THE BLACK LESBIAN IN THE FICTIONS OF ANN ALLEN SHOCKLEY:** (Continued from page 7)

Baba Copper's review of Winter's Edge/The Diaries of Jane Somers.

Baba's review indicates that Winter's Edge/The Diaries of Jane Somers is a complex and humanizing portrayal of the Black lesbian experience. Baba's critique highlights the ways in which the novel challenges stereotypes and broadens understanding of Black lesbian identity. Baba also notes that the novel’s narrative style and character development are noteworthy.

Baba concludes that Winter's Edge/The Diaries of Jane Somers is a significant contribution to the literary canon and a valuable resource for scholars and students interested in the representation of Black lesbians. Baba's review underscores the importance of diverse perspectives and the need for continued exploration of Black lesbian experiences in literature.

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Monday, November 4 7:30 pm

Wills: drafting your own, avoiding probate

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Monday, December 2 7:30 pm

Living Together Agreements: how to write your own

$15.00—attendance also entitles you to one-half hour free legal work on a partnership agreement drafted by us.

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**present**

**Legal Seminars for Lesbians**

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**Shockley suggests that the Black lesbian is complex and human, that she is better by choices that campaign her happiness or deny it. True, she is often a victim of multiple oppressions and her life is more difficult than likely she is her own worst enemy. There is Joan, for example, the lesbian who must periodically sleep with a man to reaffirm the image of herself as a woman ("The Play") who will never be free of the conflict that heterosexualism and sexism have produced in her. Nor will her lover be free of the torment Joan causes time after time.

By the time we arrive at Shockley's *Say Jesus and Come To Me* (1982), the Black lesbian, whom Shockley has treated as a girl-woman, a victim of her own confusions and repressions, as a victim of socialization, we leave behind the underdeveloped romantic types like Renay and the loss types such as Matthew Brown. We leave the quietly acquiescent, fortuitous Penelope to her lonely celibacy; we leave Bethany to her eternal secret rendezvous, Ellen to her sweet memories of her lost lover, and the rest to their private lives, however fraught with subtle political limits.

These Black lesbians, of the many that Shockley depicted, pale in the light of Myrtle Black, the epitome of confidence, strength of purpose, and the most unlikely warrior against patriarchal oppression to grace the pages of homosexual fiction. She is a Black minister, anathema to the fundamentalist church. She is lusy, foil to the image of the pious servant of God; she is in search of security, (to which, powerlessness) but different from her lesbian predecessors save Matthew Brown, who is truly power hungry but denies herself any real power by denying her lesbianism.

Black, the last of the major Black lesbian portraiture in the work of Shockley, does not fold under pressure; she does not worry over her sexual orientation; she admits no limitations, turning to prayer when all else fails.

She is accepted by the Black minister being "egoistic and self-centered," lacking "any kind of anchor in Black culture. Neither her language nor her posture say anything about the complex society which spawned her."
ANN ALLEN SHOCKLEY: (Continued from page 18)

It will be my intention, then, to identify the reasons for Spender's general invisibility as a late-twentieth-century American author and to place her work in its proper perspective within the realistic tradition of the standard American canon and within the larger literary tradition. I will trace the general treatment of the gay characters in selected novels, some of which I mentioned here, and contrast that to the treatment of gay characters seen in the light of gay critical studies. Narrowing the discussion down as I go, I will treat the portrayal of the Black lesbian character in American literature and end by contrasting the treatment and development of that character to the treatment and development she receives in the fiction of Ann Allen Shockley.

The dissertation will harness a wealth of critical energy militating about the fictions of Shockley, and in discussing her portrayal of the Black lesbian, I will respond to related criticism by lesbian/feminist and male critics. Upon completion, the dissertation should be a substantial study of a field that is opening before the old canon as it undergoes revision: gay studies, and I will have a ground-breaking opus on a figure who has been too long denied her rightful place and proper regard in American literature, Ann Allen Shockley.

(Continued from page 15)

Spender comments, "In the absence of an established tradition of creative, intellectual, and respected women philosophers and writers, George Eliot-like, Virginia Woolf was to do in A Room of One's Own in 1928—constructed a heritage, a context, in which to locate herself, her ideas, and her writing. This is precisely what Russ did for us, gave us no a home, but returned our home to us. If you are new to feminism, and want to find out what to start with; (and how to read it), the slim, nutritious How to Suppress Women's Writing, will feed you for years. If you've been tramping through the thicket for longer, she can lead you to the clearing. Though I have no crystal ball, I keep my copy on a shelf next to A Room of One's Own.

The best thing about Magic Mommies is, it forced me to think seriously about pornography. Which is next to impossible, because feminist essays on pornography remind me of the ole Roger Miller line, "You can't rollerskate in a buffalo herd." Dierdre English, Susan Griffin, Joanna Russ, Adrienne Rich, Gail Steinem, and Andrea Dworkin are the leaders and a whole lotta others 'Magic Mommies' could write brilliantly on pornography from now till the cows' homecoming without even convincing each other. Meanwhile, the Mitchell Brothers would still rake in the money on O'Farrell Street. This is certainly not to suggest that this feminist freight train is impotent, but I wonder if it might not be chugging up an inappropriate hill. Perhaps changing people's attitudes toward pornography will change the greater culture, but I think it would be a rare instance of the tail wagging the dog, and I am not hopeful that it will happen.

We have to deal with the fact that, in a repressive culture, people will find out what they think they need to know, whether it's true or not, helpful or harmful. And that people don't know what they want or need. "Find a need and fill it," the concrete truck says, and I suspect in his heart of hearts, ole sleevebeater guy Lynt believes he's the Rhodes-Jameson of sex information.

Think not! Don't kid yourself. People are lost, desperate, and lonely as hell. We need to go into the 18-year-old sailors wandering our psyches (did you read Love Comics too?) that she soars, by Grace Hanwood
