NOTES & NEWS
Have you become a Mama Bears Capital Improvement Sponsor yet? (What does she mean?) I mean have you purchased a Mama Bears discount card—which is good for 1 year, costs $20.00, and entitles you to 10% off on all purchases except food (and 50¢ off on events). Plus you get a nifty membership card. (It makes a nice gift for a friend.) And it gives us a little fund toward capital improvements...always a problem in a new business. Ask for your card at the book counter. For the possibility of time payments or scholarships, see Carol.

MAMA BEARS
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We regret that the problem with smoke is still happening—the smoke eater system we paid $600 for 1½ years ago still hasn't arrived: they went bankrupt, then reopened under court management and promised to send it by November. We waited. Then they said Feb...we're waiting, but beginning to worry that we'll have to kiss our $600 goodbye—and that's a lot of money to us—if that's what we're waiting for. Payments or scholarships, see Carol.

ART SEEN AROUND
"WATER IN COLOUR"

Presently my work is mostly in colour, with an emphasis on design and relationships of movement within the frame. Attempting to capture on film the moods, subtleties, reflections, illusions in and around the element of water, I have found it in itself, a meditation practice. Water changes and is different each time I photograph it, even when it finally comes. I've wondered about it for years; looked forward to it even. Whether it's because Menopause is a rare opportunity to experience and observe biological change which, like puberty, is built in—or because I looked forward to the changes themselves—and both are true—I still didn't realize it was happening to me. I've been somewhat crazed and had hot flashes all my life. My period's been irregular biotical years now, but the AMA kept saying it would probably happen in a couple of years. No one said I should be aware that I was in a transition period that might last 5 years that might be one solid period of life in a state resembling PMS. Did you know that Menopause is like a period you spend years getting? It's a relief when it finally comes.

Menopause wasn't real to me until I realized it was really happening to me. The operative word is real. I noticed I was waking up every night, freezing, having to retrieve the covers from the floor. This was new. It flashed me back a week or so when a friend had supposed I needed to get laid, and the question had taken me to an unfamiliar place, a place without 'yes' or 'no'.

Putting my recent life into the context of Menopause has been comforting. Detachment, for instance, is no longer necessarily a

(Continued on page 20)

SOME B.S. FROM B.S.
DESPAIR AS A RITE OF PASSAGE

"She's going through the change," they used to whisper. whenever some older woman. did something weird, to explain her behavior. Menopause meant your periods were going to stop, with hot flashes, all your life. My period's been irregular biotical years now, but the AMA kept saying it would probably happen in a couple of years. No one said I should be aware that I was in a transition period that might last 5 years that might be one solid period of life in a state resembling PMS. Did you know that Menopause is like a period you spend years getting? It's a relief when it finally comes.

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(Continued on page 17)
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Bay Area Career Women presents

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Great American Music Hall
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$10 Per Member  $14 Non-Member
Deadline for tickets is February 17, 1986.
Mail to: BACW, 17 New Montgomery St., Suite 729, San Francisco, CA 94103. Charge by phone (415) 495-5093.

A Woman Like You. Life Stories of Women Recovering from Alcohol and Addiction, by Rachel V., $15.95 (hardback).

No doubt about it, AA programs made the difference for millions trapped in alcohol addiction. “Story telling of the kind that goes on in AA meetings is like a subversive activity,” says the author. “Community is created between teller and listener and love is restored.”

The women telling their stories in this book are all recovering alcoholics or addicts. Lots of different kinds of women are included, and the author. From they told their stories, is herself a recovering alcoholic.


By revealing the archetypes and myths behind the planets and signs, they once again become invaluable tools in seeing ourselves. Jeanne d’Arc and Martin Luther King, for example, both born under Capricorn (The Goat), vividly lived out the ancient archetypal story of the sacrificial goat-king (a role whose impotence is discussed in detail in Judy Grahn’s Another Mother Tongue).

In the class coming up, technically a beginning astrology class, we’ll be learning, in depth, astrology’s basic 12-symbol alphabet (which covers the planets, signs, and houses) by looking for the deities in our own lives—better grounding in astrology than you’ll ever get from reading a book! We’ll be asking such provocative questions as, What does Mars taste like? What Jupiterian act could I perform this week? and Who was that planet I saw you with last night? (Those of you who are already familiar with astrological symbolism might add some life to it by applying this approach yourselves.

In beginning to see the symbols for who they really are, we’ll be developing a basis for further, more complex and revealing work with astrology (future classes). We’ll be stalking the goddess in her many forms and bringing her into being by bringing the planets down to earth. Why not join us?

By Elaine Blake

My thoughts this month are both a followup on last issue’s column (Neptune in Capricorn) and—I’ll admit it—an ad for my upcoming class, which begins the first week in March (call me for details)

I often hear someone remark, “Astrology is really interesting, but I don’t let it run my life or anything.” Well, I understand that feeling. We’d be fools to give that kind of power to the watered-down, ripped-off “tradition” that modern astrologers are hoping western science will validate and revitalize.

We call the signs and planets by their Roman names, pale and distorted reifications of the deities that came before us, and it’s no surprise that the author doesn’t know today is a pale and sickly child when compared with the ancient traditions that did run the lives of ancient cultures.

The truth is that, despite the veil that now exists between us and the Ancient Ones, nothing happier happens to them—they’re alive and well and busy right here in this room. Neptune in Capricorn now says it’s time for us to try to see them, hear them, touch them.

In my monthly talks I’ve been trying to make the point that each birth sign is a path, a ceremonial role that we contract to perform, a deity that we “become” during this lifetime (or several). This is one way of stalking the goddess. We can also observe our friends, family and others whose birth signs we know to see how each performs her “divine function.”
Sally had another little sip of Irish whiskey and held forth: that 5th century saint, that patriarch Patrick, he's the one that drove the snakes from the Garden once more. (And across the sea to New York, I muttered. Sally ignored me.) He's the one that did it! He's the only one that could do it, because he was a man of his time. Patrick didn't go for the old magic. He was into rational order. Today we've still got rational order and it's full of shit because it's based on greed. Here in America in the 1980's the greed that glitters gluts our lives. (Sally is fond of excessive alliteration.) Of course, the Irish are and always have been so poor, they never did get very rational after all. They went right on worshipping women. They didn't even burn witches during all those centuries when Europe roasted nine million. Oh, not that they gave the women any political or social power. What does a goddess need with power!

Sally reached for the nearly empty bottle and waved aside the ice. Women are such tools, she weeps. (Sleepwell is a regular Deirdre of the Sorrows when she's in her cups. This time of year she's always grousing.) The pagan princess became a whore in her own temple. Gave away her body Right. Profaned the rites of life. There she was, the creatrix and the matrix. She gave birth to man, looked at her creation and found him fair. She fell in love with her own creation, gave him the keys to the car and that was it. He became the measure of all things and she became his madonna or his whore.

Sally's right of course. Last week I had a talk with two young Irishmen—only been here two weeks—and one of them told me there were two sorts of American women, mothers and feminists. The second one told me not to use coarse language around his wife. They were both charming.

Sally was never been to the land of Old Country with a whole heart' . Who drove the Celts to the Old Country with a whole heart? Sally giggled. They say it was Morgan? Parkinson and that was it. He became the patriarch, gave him the keys to the car and that was it. He became the madonna or his whore.

Irishmen—only been here two weeks and that was it. He became the madonna or his whore.

My Irish pal, the poet Sally Sleepwell, came for a sip of whiskey last week, it being Saint Patrick's Day and all. Sally doesn't know whether to be a poet or a realist. Now in Ireland, they're the same thing. but in America there's a schism. Of course, Sleepwell is only half Irish (and the worst half at that, her grandfather was from County Kerry). She's afraid she may be only half a poet and half a realist (and the worst half of both!). I always tell her she's more an artist than an American so she can drink to the Irish whiskey and held forth: that 5th century saint, that patriarch Patrick, he's the one that drove the snakes from the Garden once more. (And across the sea to New York, I muttered. Sally ignored me.) He's the one that did it! He's the only one that could do it, because he was a man of his time. Patrick didn't go for the old magic. He was into rational order. Today we've still got rational order and it's full of shit because it's based on greed. Here in America in the 1980's the greed that glitters gluts our lives. (Sally is fond of excessive alliteration.) Of course, the Irish are and always have been so poor, they never did get very rational after all. They went right on worshipping women. They didn't even burn witches during all those centuries when Europe roasted nine million. Oh, not that they gave the women any political or social power. What does a goddess need with power!

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In March we expect to receive, from the publisher a new book by Paula Gunn Allen called "The Sacred Hoop". It is a collection of essays Paula wrote over the past few years, reflecting her research on women, including lesbians, in American-Indian Culture, and feminist theory. The result is quite an eye-opener, to put it mildly.

Both the "counterculture" of the 1960's and many Women's Movement thinkers of the past decade have realized that "the Indian way" spoke to, reflected, our growing philosophy and attitude towards ourselves, others, and the planet as a whole. But there was a link missing, which kept our perceptions vague, confused, unable to be put in action.

By centering her attention on Women Indians, as an Indian feminist lesbian and mother, Paula has supplied that missing link, and integration of what she has to tell us into our women's philosophy and vision of social change will dramatically increase our abilities to make our dreams come true.

To put it directly, this book is required reading for lesbians, feminist thinkers, visionaries and in fact, all Americans...for if there is one single thing that haunts this culture, seems irresolvable, for Indian and non-Indian alike, it is the situation of Indians. Paula's book begins the process of mutual healing.

In March the Premiere Book Party kickoff publication of The Sacred Hoop will be held at Mama Bears. For details of this event (designed by Paula herself) see Calendar.

— by Alice Molloy

Paula Gunn Allen has opened a door with her research in Sacred Hoop that gives a tangible reality to the better-world visions we've been growing, by showing that not only did Indian societies tend to be gynocratic, but that lesbians and gays were honored. None the less it must be remembered that the Indian thread is woven into the alternate social culture historically in this country; bohemen, beats, Payone-acid people... have all realized that the Indian perception of all life, and mother earth, being equally respected, is certainly a desirable reality. And many of us in pondering on the ilk of this society, have concluded "Maybe we have to give it back to the Indians." I did. Break down the monolithic state god; allow each tribe to govern (and collect taxes, etc.) the lands rightfully theirs, by their tribal customs...and so on...but how could I even say that and expect it to be taken seriously; so I stopped thinking about it, put it away. Paula, with her poem and her research, and her heart and brain, her street smarts, the lady's been around, with her poem and her research, and her heart and brain, her street smarts, the lady's been around, and her academic brilliance, and she is a real dyke, not just a lesbian, not lesbian for political reasons...by putting all these things together has brought that political concept to life again.

This is a woman who moves fluidly in her life and writings, with assurance, power and authority in both the tribal/spiritual and the Western academic world. That double vision enables her to brilliantly weave together her research with her philosophy. Her perspective unfolds in the essays in The Sacred Hoop. Through these essays, through her creation of the Gynosophic Gathering (Gyn-woman; Sophia, thought, held at Mama Bears, and through the Worrior Dyke classes she teaches/leads, Paula is evoking...not a religion, not a school, but an attitude.

Where the journey leads no one knows for sure...we are approaching entry into a thought mode that is alien to the western-trained. Already our nurses and doctors practice alternative healing methods; our engineers are turning their attention to G. Stein (see page 9). Our poets and musicians learn to-tune music to 'chakras; altered states become valued as the tools they are; and past lives, astrology, tarot, out-of-body experiences, etc., are becoming useful.

— by Alice Molloy
HAVEN'T I HEARD THAT SOMEBWHERE BEFORE...

Mary Watkins and Linda Tillery at Mama Bears.

In 1977 Pat Parker's poem, "Movement in Black," was performed for the first time by Pat, Linda Tillery, Vicki Randle, Mary Watkins and Alberta Jackson. The poem is a declaration of the existence of Black women throughout (and I mean throughout) American history. Toward the end of the poem, I consulted again, a roll call of Black women. Some of the names are easily recognizable (to me), while others are what is thought of as obscure. I read the poem last week and the name that stays with me is Fannie Lou Hamer.

In January I heard "ronni ray gun" use the words of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. to support his personal disdain for civil rights legislation. This, on the day after watching little nicki bush (or was that mousey bush) stand among veterans of the civil rights movement singing "We shall overcome." It made me feel—actually, it made me angry, which made me think. We live in a world where we feel free to use words and catchphrases with little understanding or knowledge of the original application.

All this brings me back to Fannie Lou Hamer. Fannie Lou Hamer was one of 20 children born to sharecroppers in Mississippi. She was in her 40s when she found out that Black people had the right to vote in this country. And, armed with that information she became one of the most outspoken and committed civil rights workers of her time.

Her work began with her registering to vote, which enraged the owner of the plantation where she worked. She was told that if she did not withdraw her registration she would be fired. She did not withdraw as a registered voter in the state of Mississippi and for that she was threatened and finally forced to flee from her home, leaving behind her husband and two children. In the following five years Fannie Lou Hamer worked to register other Black sharecroppers in Mississippi, and to build a power base for Black voters in Mississippi. She was harassed, threatened and beaten—and she continued her work.

In 1964 Hamer testified before a congressional hearing about the abuse suffered by those seeking to exercise their right to vote in southern states. Her testimony was aired on national television. I was eight years old then and I remember my mother insisting that I watch the evening news that night. There was this large Black woman with her hair wrapped in a sort of bun style. A congressman made a comment about how brave she was to do the work she was doing in spite of the obvious physical danger she faced. Her response was, "I GUESS I WAS JUST SICK AND TIRED OF BEING SICK AND TIRED."

Now, in 1986 I hear that phrase, especially from the mouths of those who have participated in the many self help groups/organizations in Berkeley. I often want to ask the person if they've ever heard of Fannie Lou Hamer, and sometimes I want to bypass the question and launch into an "obscure" piece of American history. But I usually don't. Now I have.

©—by Joyletta Alice, 1986

See Mama Bears calendar for information on "The Fannie Lou Hamer" readers/writers group.


Consisting of 50 written pieces from the paper, and interviews with 7 former LW members, and including a chapter of historical background, and one of analysis of that period. Also, 26 of the women who'd worked on LW give little updates of their lives since 1971 through 1976 were whirlwind years for grass-roots lesbian activists, and we were all having similar experiences, all over the country. This is the first written account of that time.

Crystal Visions. Nine meditations for personal and planetary peace, by Diane Marichechild, illustrated by Lynn Alden, $6.95.

Each of these nine meditations is followed by blank pages for journal entries. Diane Marichechild, author of the highly valued Motherwit, says in her Foreword, "These meditations are a peace offering. Visualization, affirmations and right action will bring peace on Earth.
I had wanted to talk today about menopause, however, I realized that we have not yet talked much about menstruation. Both are trivialized in our society which tells us all kinds of products to help them disappear from public view. And without any understanding of the power of menstruation, menopause becomes even more meaningless than I was told as a child it was.

This is from an article that I wrote; it’s in an anthology of Charlene Spretnaks, called The Politics of Women’s Spirituality.

The oldest word for menstruation means “The Woman’s Friend”. In some cultures, the woman’s friend was originally called “Tapua”, which is a Polynesian word. It means “valuable”, “sacred”, “magical”. And the word and concept of “taboo” was derived from that. So at base, taboo means menstrual. The days of menstruation were set apart from other days, when women were in charge of their own rites. Those are the days I’m talking about. In Babylonia, these days were called “Sabau”, from which the word and the idea of “Sabbath” evolved; that is, a sacred, periodic day that was valued because she—collectively—menstruated, producing the power of the blood. At base, “Sabbath” means “period”. Repeated practices that women developed in order to teach, confirm, and make the social powers of menstruation were called by words derived from “Ritu,” meaning menstruation. So at base, rituals and rites mean “public menstrual practices.”

I think one of the most important things we do here on a Sunday morning is give out the red flowers for women on their periods. That image gets into one’s mind and alters things.

An alter—here we have an “alter.” (Points to altar.) This one has on it menstrual objects, such as the pomegranate, and the lady in red, the plant life coming out of dirt—genuine dirt, and the red and white candles. And in addition there’s a cactus on that alter.

The article that Paula was reading from, about the Thesmophoria, that was a Greek rite. It comes at the very tip of our understanding of Western culture back to the days when women were in charge of their own rites. Those were the days I’m talking about. In Babylonia, these days were called “Sabau”, from which the word and the idea of “Sabbath” evolved; that is, a sacred, periodic day that was valued because she—collectively—menstruated, producing the power of the blood. At base, “Sabbath” means “period”. Repeated practices that women developed in order to teach, confirm, and make social the powers of menstruation were called by words derived from “Ritu,” meaning menstruation. So at base, rituals and rites mean “public menstrual practices.”

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and it brings in new information to us. We can use it ordinarily drive like a bat out of hell. But as soon as I have to drive, I notice I never started out being and what it basically is. It's for. That's its essential power, that it turns us in room or in a hot tub or something, dreaming—going and see, (Continued on page 17)
NEVER GUILTY,

N.O.W. had gone its' way for some years without anything particularly interesting happening until the day we read in the mass media that one of its Los Angeles leaders, Ginny Foat, had been charged with murder and pled not guilty. That would have been a 7-day wonder only, except for the response of N.O.W. leadership, which was that Ms. Foat should resign from N.O.W. immediately so as not to reflect negatively on that organization. Once people stop wheeling and dealing in the world of politics there is a tendency to react to any potential boat-rocking by first asking: "What will this do to my career, or organization." While it is clear that the individuals who wanted to shut Ginny out did not pass this test, the events that followed—a strong grass-roots support movement that believed in Ginny—led to her being able to tell her story and be unanimously and fully acquitted by the jury.

The dramatic events that occurred are recounted by Ginny Foat in her book, Never Guilty, Never Free. She will be at Mama Bears on Feb. 26 to celebrate the publication of her book and talk about what she's doing now, book, and talk about what she's doing now.
EQUILIBRATING WITH STEIN

BY JULIE KORNFIELD ©1986

And now after that war there is no more of that in other words there is peace and something comes then and it follows coming then.

And so now one first finds oneself interesting oneself in an equilibration, that of course means in words as well as things and distribution as well as between themselves between the words and themselves and the things and their boundaries.

The time of the composition is the time of the composition. It has been at times a present thing it has been at times a future thing it has been at times an endeavor at parts or all of these things. In my beginning it was a continuous present a beginning again and again and again.

And it was a series it was a list it was a similarity and everything different it was a distribution and an equilibration. That is all of the time some of the time of the composition.

"Composition as Explanation"

"The usual sense of the word "equilibrium" is to mean a state of balance, a static state. In scientific disciplines, equilibrium has different forms in mechanics, chemistry and physics. Since Gertrude Stein studied science as an undergraduate and as a medical student, it is not surprising that when she uses the term "equilibration" she evokes all the nuances of meaning that it carries from the sciences. In "Composition as Explanation" she states that in the peace following World War I, she found herself returning to equilibration; her works after this time of the composition are used could achieve a new balance or equilibration. In language, and depending upon the skill with which they are used could achieve a new balance or equilibration. In "Composition as Explanation" Stein indicates that it was after the completion of The Making of Americans, that she became interested in equilibration; her works after this point include some of her most spontaneous and fluid writing. She uses words as words, and plays with their effects and sounds, and creates rhythm, stimulating and very beautiful writing. Judging by the impact of her language, she indeed reaches a new plateau and new associations among things, to bring them to a more balanced and harmonious state."

"Equilibration from the point of view of thermal physics relates to Stein's use of juxtaposition and her concept of knowledge and learning. In thermal physics, two objects at different temperatures are not in equilibrium with one another. If they are insulated, their temperatures will not change and they cannot ever come to be in equilibrium. If the two are placed in thermal contact with each other energy will flow between the objects so as to decrease the difference in their temperatures. Stein's equilibration is readily seen to be present in many levels in her work before and after World War I. The concepts of equilibration in chemistry, physics and mechanics have analogies in the techniques Stein uses in her writing, and so can provide a satisfying sense of unity and integrity to her various forms and styles."

"Chemical equilibrium refers to a state in which the distribution of chemical species minimizes the free energy of the system. Free energy can be decreased by either increasing the entropy (the randomness of degrees of freedom) or decreasing the enthalpy (heat content) of the system. Thus a process which produces an increase in entropy without an offsetting increase in enthalpy is "downhill" in free energy, hence a move toward equilibrium. For example, consider a molecule locked in a crystal. It has very little freedom to move. When it is taken out of the crystal it can rotate and translate in three dimensions, thus having many more degrees of freedom, greater entropy, than the molecule in the crystal. Depending upon the change of enthalpy this may or may not be a step toward equilibrium. Consider the analogies between words locked into a grammatical structure and molecules in a crystal, "a" "series" used as words and molecules free in space. Taking words out of grammatical constraints increases the "degrees of freedom" of language, and depending upon the skill with which they are used could achieve a new balance or equilibration. In "Composition as Explanation" Stein indicates that it was after the completion of The Making of Americans, that she became interested in equilibration; her works after this point include some of her most spontaneous and fluid writing. She uses words as words, and plays with their effects and sounds, and creates rhythm, stimulating and very beautiful writing. Judging by the impact of her language, she indeed reaches a new plateau and balance in language."

Mama Bears News & Notes/February-March 9

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The Premier Issue will be Judy Grahn's "Descent to the Roses of a Family"

BUNDLES FOR THEM.

A History of Giving Bundles.

We were able to notice that each one in a way carried a bundle, they were not a trouble to them nor were they all gathered in as some of the things, is required in order to learn the nature of that person or thing. Eventually if one is open to the "repeating", the vibration of the person or thing is known resonates in one. She uses repetition as the basis of knowledge. Only by repetition do people come to know anything, and the repeating in a thing is what is known. Stein uses "repeating" to give her readers a chance, if they are open to it, to know what she is telling, to know her repeating, to know her.

(Continued on page 14)
**ONGOING**

**DAILY**

**MAMA BEARS IS OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK 10AM to 7PM including all holidays, for your enjoyment. Come in to browse, buy books and crafts, relax, study, hang out, or eat a light breakfast, lunch or dinner. On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday we stay open until 11 p.m., and have women-only events and socializing between 7 and 11 p.m. (may also stay open after 7 p.m. other evenings; see calendar).**

**SUNDAYS**

**GYNOSOPHIC GATHERING**

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

Spirituality, feasting and gossiping in the marketplace. Mama Bears, as we did in past women centered cultures.

**WOMEN ONLY 10:30 AM**

**THE FANNIE LOU HAMER READERS/WRITERS GROUP**

Weekly gathering of black lesbians — reading/reviewing/discussing the works of black women. A leaderless group, however, for more information contact Joyetta Alice at Mama Bears.

**THURSDAYS**

**WOMEN-ONLY socializing plus ELIZABETH BIRD — A stage performance based on the writings and speeches of Mary Bethune (1875-1955), influential educator, civil rights and government leader and "Mother" Jones (1830-1930), fearless organizer of coal miners and foe of child labor practices. Advance tickets available. Reservations accepted.

**WOMEN ONLY $5-$7, 8:30 p.m.**

**FEBRUARY 15 Saturday**

**HER VOICE, OUR VOICES**

Diana Seagiver presents slides and a video on the Women's Solstice Camp — 1985. Proceeds go to the Women's Solstice Camp.

**WOMEN ONLY $4-$6, 7 p.m.**

**FEBRUARY 22 Saturday**

**OVER OUR HEADS — Karen Ripley, Theresa Chandler and Annie Larson are joined by Marion Damon and are at it again on the Mama Bears comedy stage!

**WOMEN ONLY $5-$7, 8:00 p.m.**

**CALL 428-9684 FOR EVENT RESERVATIONS ADVANCE TICKETS AVAILABLE**
MARCH 1  Saturday
POETRY READING
By several local lesbian poets. Featuring Joy Letta Alice with Madeline Lehrer, Karen Lattimer, Mary Ann Hewitt, and others. Discussion on self-publishing to follow reading. For more information contact Joy at Mama Bears 428-9684.
WOMEN ONLY
$3-$5, 8:00 p.m.
MARCH 4  Tuesday
GUITAR workshop with MIMI FOX
Curious about the guitar? Want to learn theory, chords, scales, and improvisation? This 2 1/2 hour workshop with musician, singer, songwriter Mimi Fox—will cover all the fundamentals—Students will be given all the necessary "tools." Emphasis on Jazz & Blues. Enrollment limited - call 528-6359 for registration.
WOMEN ONLY
$10-$15! 7:00 p.m.
MARCH 7  Friday
MARY GEMINI/PUNK MARY
Mary Gemini is a musician and composer of improvisational experimental music reverberating within the zone between electronic avant-garde and the acoustic tradition.
WOMEN ONLY
$5-$7, 8:30 p.m.
MARCH 8  Saturday
OVER OUR HEADS
See Feb. 22 for details.
MARCH 9  Sunday
MIXED DOUBLES
See Feb. 9 for details.
MARCH 12  Wednesday
AUTHOR - KATHERINE FORREST:
Book party and reading from her latest lesbian novel "Emergence of Green." Other Katherine Forrest books: Curious Wine, Amateur City and Daughters of Coral Dawn.
WOMEN ONLY
$2-$4, 7:30 p.m.
MARCH 14  Friday
ALIX DOSKIN and DEBBIE FIER—In concert together! 2 performances: 8 & 10:30 p.m. Advance tickets $7.00, $9.00 at the door. Reservations accepted.
MARCH 15  Saturday
JUNE MILLINGTON in CONCERT
Don’t miss June on this brief West Coast visit—2 shows: 8 p.m. and 10:30. Advance tickets available. Reservations accepted.
WOMEN ONLY
$5-$7, 8:30 p.m.
MARCH 16  Sunday
PAULA GUNN ALLEN
Party! Paula’s long awaited new book “The Sacred Hoop” is finally here! (Beacon Press). So come join us for the celebration (with a rock band... also of her creation!) 3 p.m.
MARCH 19  Wednesday
PISCES — A New Perspective
Elaine Blake, astrologer, will be telling us about Piscean women.
WOMEN ONLY
$5.00, 7:30 p.m.
MARCH 20  Thursday
JUDY GRAHN
Registration for Judy Grahn’s new class...Blood, Bread & Roses, Lipstick, purses, mice, science and menstruation... Six weeks of exploring women's cultural attributes. Classes will be held on Wednesdays evenings.
WOMEN ONLY
$150.00, 3 p.m.
MARCH 23  Sunday
JUDY GRAHN
Further exciting work from Judy Grahn’s on-going writing group: Nisa Donnelly, Carol Slayby, Betty Meador, Barbara San Severina, Nyla Gladden and Mary Nordseth. Erotic, spiritual, true to life lesbian adventures, and further explorations of the descent of Inanna into the underworld. Judy Grahn will also be reading an excerpt from her novel, Mundane’s World.
WOMEN ONLY
$5-$7, 8:30 p.m.
MARCH 25  Tuesday
RAINBOW PATH Part II
See page 17 for details.
Living Outside Inside. A disabled woman's experience. Towards a social and political perspective.

Reviewed by Jennifer Weston

Companeras. Women, Art and Social Change in Latin America, $12.50

Photos of the art of contemporary women artists in Latin America, which includes 14 countries. Accompanying the photos are women's personal stories of their life and work.

As a country lesbian, I've often wished to see more lesbian writing and artwork that speaks about my life. The rural segment of our global lesbian community has not always been adequately represented in lesbian literature and periodicals. However, a newly-published book, LESBIAN LAND, helps to fill in some of the missing pieces.

Edited by Joyce Cheney, this collection of stories is told by the women who live or have lived on lesbian land. Many different lesbians get a chance to speak in the book, and many different experiences emerge.

Some of the places included in LESBIAN LAND are no longer owned or even lived on by lesbians now. There are some painful stories of lost dreams. But from these seeming "failures", lessons can be gleaned.

Dykes going to the country today can use this book as a learning tool, benefiting from both the mistakes and the successes of the "pioneers" who went before.

And for the still-existing spaces, LESBIAN LAND can serve as a descriptive directory of possibilities. It offers a valuable link between country and city dykes, giving an idea of some places that are open to visitors, and some that are looking for new residents. Women on various lesbian lands, who may not have known about each other before, can now connect. This book encourages and validates our joys and struggles in the country, while it also broadens urban women's understanding of our experience.

Told primarily through personal narrative and interviews, each chapter is entertaining—sometimes humorous, sometimes tragic, but always informative. The large-format book contains many photographs and drawings, and a "related reading" list. I was impressed by the chart at the back of the book showing how most of the proceeds from sales are recycled within our lesbian economy. Altogether, LESBIAN LAND is an important documentation of our rural history.

Reviewed by Jennifer Weston

The Bone People, University of Louisiana Press, by Keri Hulme, $12.95.

I'd like to bring the book the bone people by Keri Hulme to your attention. It's the best book I've read in about 3 years. It's splendid for at least the following reasons:

1. The narrative voice is inventive, elastic, and powerful.
2. It's written by a woman, who's part Maori and gives insight into Maori values.
3. It deals with child abuse. I was drawn into this issue before I knew what was coming and didn't put it down. By the end I knew more about abuse.

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strange thing that was coming, one of them had seen it when she had been out praying in the hills, the low, leafy mountains of eastern Oklahoma and Arkansas. There were long pauses between the sentences they exchanged.

"I'm not sure what it was," one was saying. "It looked like the ground opened up and the thunders emerged. The sky cracked open as well. There was light, oh, the light, climbing and climbing toward the heavens. It had been dark, as I was just walking around and singing, you know." The other nodded. Allie nodded too, though she wasn't sure if she knew what the woman meant.

"There was so much light," she repeated, gesturing sharply with her right hand as though poking the darkness in front of her with a stick. She was silent for a long time. As she waited, Allie did not wonder if she would say more. She knew the woman might not. Women as old as these had the old ways, and did not say so much aloud as younger ones did.

But she was content to sit, to listen to the insects’ song counterpoint the turtle-shell music of the dancers and their singing. She was comfortable there in the warm, welcoming dark, watching the flickers cast into the night by the fires that ringed the dance ground.

After a long silence, the old woman spoke again, "I think they have opened the earth. Earth woman is being made to bring something forth. I think they do not know this, but my vision tells me it's so. Maybe they are preparing her for our new life. But man will try and stop the birth. We must watch, and wait. Maybe there will be some way to make sure her time comes as it should.

They said no more and after an hour or more Allie felt herself drifting off to sleep. She rose quietly and returned to her blanket, rolled herself up in it, and slept.

But when the dirty little justice of the peace said he would sign the papers saying she was old enough to enlist in the army, she remembered the woman’s words. Something in her leaped with joy as he spoke; something said, "Go to the white man’s war! You will learn what is needed there!"

And so she went. And by another odd twist of circumstance, she was in New Mexico on leave the summer of 1943, had driven down to the southern mountains with her friend after her discharge and free. She knew that no one got discharged and free.

She had been out praying in the hills, the low, leafy mountains of eastern Oklahoma and Arkansas. There were long pauses between the sentences they exchanged. Then they went back to their conversation. She couldn’t say, laughing with sardonic humor at the absurdity of the situation, as her mind, her spirit, flew ahead of her, darting and dipping through the cottonwoods along the twisting curves of the west valley roads she drove steadily toward home. "Eagle am I," she chanted quietly, her voice deep and rumbling in her chest. "An eagle I fly."

It was her own song, one she had gotten from an eagle, an eagle that had spread it out and lain down, prepared to sleep. But she wanted to be near some trees, away from the dance grounds. She had been at a stomp dance in some Choctaw village, and late in the night she had taken her blanket to a place near some trees, away from the dance grounds. She had spread it out and lain down, prepared to sleep. But she could hear some women talking, low, somewhere near, so she got up to investigate. They heard her coming, and called out to her to join them, and she did. Then they went back to their conversation. She couldn’t see their features clearly in the dark, but she knew they were pretty old from their voices-and the way they held themselves, so still, so quiet. They were talking about a

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**Chapter 2**

In the deepening light of late afternoon, Allie turned her car west on the freeway signing with relief. She had dropped her friend off uptown, now she was alone, on her way home. She loved the light as it was now, transforming the bleak mesas and the dusty city into a blazing effulgence of radiance. The shadows on the west mesa were long and deep, and the trees that filled the valley and lined the river at the lower point of it threw gold into the air, a gold that was met by the gold of the dying sun. There were thunderheads piled tall and brooding on the edges of the world, mummiling their incarnations deep in their rippling bellies. An occasional flash of lightning darted from their purple sides, testing its power along the clay and sandstone of the ground. She was filled with the fierce exaltation that always came over her when she swooped down from the heights of the east or west mesa, speeding toward the valley floor; from light into shadow she plummeted, falling into the purple and green of the bosque’s welcoming embrace. At the Rio Grande exit she left the freeway and turned north, the sky over the peaks shone white. She always felt at this turn, the anticipation, as her mind, her spirit, flew ahead of her, darting and dipping through the cottonwoods along the twisting curves of the west valley roads she drove steadily toward home. "Eagle am I," she chanted quietly, her voice deep and rumbling in her chest. "An eagle I fly."

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WHY DO YOU FEEL DIFFERENTLY

Why do you feel differently about a very little snail
and a big one.
Why do you feel differently about a medium sized
turkey and a very large one.
Why do you feel differently about a small herd of
sheep and several sheeps that are riding.
Why do you feel differently about a fair orange
tree and one that has blossoms as well.

so very well.
All nice wives are like that.
To Be.
No please.
To Be.
They can please.
Not to be.
Do they please.
No to be.
Do they not please.
Yes please.
Do they please.
No please.
Do they not please.
Please.
If you please.
And if you please.
And if they please.
And they please.
To be pleased.
To be pleased.
Not to be displeased.
To be pleased and to please.

they will not learn from each one even through each one
always repeats the whole of them they will not learn the
completed history of them they will not know the
being really in them.

Clearly she sees living and being as repeating the
only way to understand or to think any one or any thing is
to sense “all the slightest variations in repeating.” As a
scientist she sees knowledge as the expectation that an
‘event always will occur given the same conditions that
always have led to that event in the past. Stein is
constantly conscious that all that we come to know is
what we see, hear, feel repeated sufficiently that we
establish a casual relationship in our minds. Our
knowledge of the “being” of other beings is similar in
that it is based on observing repetition, “the repeating
that is always coming out from each one.” Most people
are not aware of this process of coming to know being;
the knowledge is not cause-and-effect knowledge.
The knowledge of the being of another being is not easily
found away. Stein describes, “completed understanding” as
each one coming to be a whole one in itself. It
repetition[s] to sound through [her] ears and eyes
and feelings.” Knowledge “sounds”, resonates in her,
all of her senses. Such knowledge is achieved by contact with
the one being known, and then only if one is open to the
repeating or internal vibration of that one. Her description
gives a feeling of a transfer of internal vibration from
the one she is knowing to her until it excites a resonance in
her. This is remarkably similar to the process of heat
conduction (thermal equilibration) when two objects at
different temperatures are brought into thermal contact.
This analogy suggests the importance of the
physical contact of the reader with Stein’s writing as well. Stein
captures in the language of The Making of Americans the “re-
peating” that comes to be known to her; although the
reader cannot extract Stein’s experience from her
writing, their contact with the resonances present in it can,
excite a new knowledge in them.

A VALENTINE TO SHERWOOD ANDERSON
IDEM THE SAME

I knew too that through them I knew too that he was
through, I knew too that he threw them. I knew too that
they were through. I knew too I knew too, I knew I knew them.
I knew to them.
If they tear a hunter through, if they tear through a
hunter, it they tear through a hunt and a hunter, if they
tear through the different sizes of the six, the different
sizes of the six which are these, a woman with a white
package under one arm and a black package under the
other, dressed in brown with a white blouse, the second
Saint Joseph the third a hunter in a blue coat
and black garters and a plaid cap, a fourth a knife
grinder who is full faced and very little woman with
black hair and a yellow hat and an excellently smiling
appropriate soldier. All these as you please.

In the meantime examples of the same lily. In this
way please have you rung.

In “A Valentine To Sherwood Anderson” Gertrude Stein
uses repeating, vibrating language; juxtaposition; and
repetition of juxtaposition. The various analogies
between equilibration in a physical sense and “equilibra-
tion” in her work make it easier to see some of the many
levels on which she operates in the poem. Certainly the
poem includes a leveling of disparate elements by
juxtaposition. For instance when writing in “KNEELING”
that “two is giving away an animal”, Stein brings
numbers and animals to the same level. Of course she
does not do this just once: in the first section of the poem
she writes “the different sizes of the six”, and in
“KNEELING” she also writes “three is changed as to dis-
position”, and “she offers to the three.” Repeatedly she
connects numbers (abstract quantities) with physical
elements (weights, sizes, people). This forces-abstract and
physical thought to be brought to, the same level in the
reader’s mind. Each time it is a shock, but less of a shock
as it is repeated. It comes to feel more natural, thus
exciting an equilibration of two usually separated kinds
of thinking.

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BARBARA KAIMOWITZ, M.A.
Feminist Therapist

\[FNECC 18946\]
It and continues the sentence with:

...phrases which bring to mind images of phrases which stimulate abstract thought, and juxtapose

If they tear a hunter through, if they tear through a hunter, if they tear through a hunt and a hunter, if they tear through the different sizes of the six,

and continues the sentence with:

the different sizes of the six which are these, a woman with a white package under one arm and a black package under the other arm and dressed in brown with a white blouse, the second Saint Joseph the third a hunter in a blue coat and black garters and a plaid cap, a fourth a knife grinder who is full faced and very little

She arouses the reader's anticipation and questioning with "if...if...if...", and draws them in by placing the conditions on them: "if you can...". The sentence pivots and "need we question", which catches the reader in the act of questioning, feeling and need to do so. By virtue of the timing the reader is set up to think, "yes I do need to question, but question what?" Stein provides a response to the immediate question by telling what is in question: "that there is no doubt that by this time if they had intended to come they would have sent some notice of such-intention." It is interesting that this second part of the sentence contains nine hard t's and five hard consonants (three hard c's and four t's). The language is open, soft. Thus in each part of the sentence there is a harmony of sound and thought adding to the contrast between the two parts of the sentence. Yet it holds together. In part this is achieved by the presence of i, s, and sh sounds throughout. The effect is wonderful. It is virtually impossible to read this stanza without experiencing a start, usually sparking laughter.

Of all the kinds of equilibration Stein uses and brings about, the most magical is the meeting of usually separated, insulated ways of thinking. In "A Valentine To Shewolf Anderson" Stein deftly delivers such shocks. The outcome is not a clash, but a dance, as images and modes of thinking which one usually keeps apart are brought together by reading her. What she does is fascinating land it is virtually impossible to read this stanza without experiencing a start, usually sparking laughter.

The repeated sounds are oo, ah, ee, n; there are few hard consonants (three hard c's and four t's). The language is open, soft. Thus in each part of the sentence there is a harmony of sound and thought adding to the contrast between the two parts of the sentence. Yet it holds together. In part this is achieved by the presence of i, s, and sh sounds throughout. The effect is wonderful. It is virtually impossible to read this stanza without experiencing a start, usually sparking laughter.

See Pat Bond as Gertrude Stein at Mama Bears March '21—See calendar for details
The Family Secret: A Personal Account of Incest, by Eleanor Hill, Capra Press, $15.95. Until she was nearly 24, Eleanor Hill was a victim of incest, and this shocking and meaningful testimony describes her struggle to be free of the negative bond between her and her father, and to finally experience her own identity.

A Primer on Adult Children of Alcoholics, by Timmen Cermak M.D. $2.50

DO YOU HAVE
- A fear of abandonment
- A fear of criticism
- A need for perfection
- A need to constantly seek approval
- A fear of conflict
- Difficulty in touch with and expressing your feelings
- Problems with compulsive behavior patterns
- Overdeveloped sense of responsibility
- Trouble over-extending yourself
- A self coupied with guilt feelings when you're unable to live up to unrealistic expectations
For anyone who has begun to explore the multi-dimensional issues surrounding "Adult Children of Alcoholics" (A.C.A.), this little booklet is a must. It presents in a clear, concise manner the basic character development and life style patterns common to children who grow up in homes where alcohol or drugs were abused.

What Cermak addresses is the underlying emotional and spiritual imbalances that create such a powerful need to anesthetize in people who abuse alcohol, or drugs, or their equivalents, are absorbed by their children. This legacy may or may not include substance abuse. An alcoholic initiation is life can take its toll in ways not always easily identifiable.

For instance, A.C.A.'s are often extremely competent, independent, accomplished people. Characteristically, they may be over-achievers who are able to handle enormous amounts of responsibilities. They are often workaholics primed to get things done or able to work well under pressure. They look good! They don't ask for help.

Cermak offers great hope for recovery—beyond abstinence and into transforming from a life of reactions to a life of positive choices.
- choices based on realizing that true self-esteem comes with the freedom of expressing yourself honestly and openly without censorship.
- choices based on allowing the inherent creativity and viability that is truly your heritage to emerge by freeing it from the need to manipulate and manage and allowing the path of self-discovery to unfold, and weave itself.

As Cermak so beautifully puts it, "life cannot be managed—it is far too rich, too spontaneous, too rambunctious to be fully understood by thinking controlling minds. Emotional freedom comes only when we’re willing to trust that our lives will turn out better when they are no longer managed, controlled or constantly bullied by our willpower."

Books

The Uninvited Dilemma: A Question of Gender, by Kim Eliz. Stuart, Metamorphous Press, $10.00. This is a book about transsexuals. "This is a serious book, and readers looking for salacious material will have to turn elsewhere... Readers should keep in mind that this is not a book of advocacy concerning transsexualism... The issues surrounding transsexualism are terribly complex and I have tried to unravel those complexities..." (the author.)

A Simple Mistake, a novel by Dorothy Gray. $6.95.

Dorothy Gray is an English left-wing and feminist activist now in her 70's; this is a novel about family life, focusing on the strengths and resources that all women have had to call on to survive as individuals. It is not a 2-dimensional political novel, but rather, a satisfyingly told tale.

Women in War, First-Hand Accounts from World War II to El Salvador, By Shelley Saywell, $17.95, (hardback).

Even though women as a class are identified with peace, as men as a class are identified with war, it is well known that when fierce ness is necessary, women summon it from within. This book tells the story of 25 such women, and their reflections on the effects of war on their lives.

It’s a Good Thing I’m Not Macho, a cycle of poems by Susan Eisenberg

Susan Eisenberg is a poet and playwright, and one of the first women to enter the traditionally male trade of electrician, and her poems are about her work as an electrician. A fine example of how part of our "woman's way" revolution is restoring psychic content to daily activities. Tradeswomen in particular may find this book quite valuable.
DESPAIR AS A RITE OF PASSAGE
(Continued from page 1)

symptom of fugue, or loss of feeling effect. "Losing it" to irrational raving does not necessarily point the onset of lurking madness. Despair is not neces-
sarily either a flaw of character or will, nor is the attention of faith the mortal sin religions and the like would paint it. It is a part of being a system of beliefs and opening to what is not yet known. It is the death of dreams and motivations. It’s hard duty.

It’s the ordeal part of some rite of passage, the wrong passage, suggests Beanie, whom you don’t likely know.

Aje the women who’ve endured the ordeal unique, or are they forerunners for the rest of the world? The ones I know are intelligent, creative, and powerful women who’ve always known they were firmed by karma—neces-
sity, a notion best kept locked away with the other ma-
dness. The ordeal is such that one only just barely has a grip back from the pits. Why bother living at all? Certainly not because this world feels good to be in. There is no dream or relationship to be lose in. And, what it boils down to, eventually, is that the only thing you know is that some pur-
pose exists in which you have a part to play and you can’t leave until you’ve done your/you’re.

(continued from page 9)

Women’s Rites

subdue it. But then I might miss what it could teach me.

I could be ashamed of not being the boss around my body by these hot flashes over which I have no control—they simply sweep me over and warmth goes everywhere. It’s uncomfortable, it’s irritating, it’s prickling. It’s like being pricked in fact. But inside—
that’s the womb knowledge—let’s call it that—we might as well—the womb is a mind and it’s always been used as a mind—women developed it as a mind) —the womb knowledge is now going to be every-
where. It’s not going to be so localized, and I’m going to be able to have access to it all over my body now.

Let’s say that’s what’s happening. Let’s say that another thing that’s happening, the vulnerability that I feel when I menstruate is now going to be able to have access to it all over my body now. From now on we are heading toward death very actively and we are vulnerable to that. That vulnerability is also a friend, that mortality is also a guide because it sharpens one’s senses. You become more appreciative of the information that you get and the breath you take and the impressions you have, more focused. It’s also preparation for the leadership because in the 2nd half of one’s life, one is leading. The 1st half one is learning, the 2nd half we’re in charge, and if we’re going to be in charge as the wounded ones we’re going to have a wounded society, especially for women, if we’re going to be in charge as the ‘tahou’ ones, the sacred-blood-power-
helowered ones—then we’re going to have an entirely different society, especially for women—and personally I’m advocating the 2nd one so that’s some food for thought for the day.

Some who’ve tried to leave, tried to die, have even been refused exit.

Something goes out of us and something else begins. We mop the time of dreams, the time of saying vision. We come through knowing purpose, power, protec-
tion, sorrow and pain. The rite is incomplete, the ordeal should be followed by a celebration, a connecting up for the one who has been separate and alone.

Our knowledge separated from each other is such an ancient sorrow.

I’ve been writing this column for three weeks now and it’s a bitch. I’m determined to do it because when I wonder what to do for the sorrow and pain that still stupidly afflicts us, something tells me we need to start making purpose known. It grieves us to be so alone and recognizing that there is some purpose in which you have a part is the first step to bonding with common purpose. So, the column is an earnest at-
tempt to help promulgate the realization and acceptance of common purpose among us. Does it help to talk about it?

"O.K. BS," you might say, "if we’re a part of some grand pur-
pose, what is it?" (I always imagine rude readers). Well, it isn’t ours to know for two reasons:

-well, that’s just my movie and it doesn’t make a hill of beans what our movies are. Common purpose isn’t made up of movies. It’s something you just know and trust, something that makes all movies the same. It’s shot from a different angle. Is there light at the end of the passage? Don’t you think it’s a little warm in here?

Barbara S. Bull 1986
MASSAGE AND BODYWORK

At Body Electric School (across from Mama Bears), Deep Tissue Massage, 50 & 60 min with Nina Maynard, Certified Rolfer, $50-$60, 8-9, 3621 Ellsworth Ave. Call for class schedule and class schedule. 654-1591.

Self healing through posture, breathing and meditation. A small class allows adequate time for individual work. Tuesday 6:30-8 pm. $6 single class/dinner for energy work. Also, classes for women on location. 

OIL MASSAGE CLASS for women with Nina Maynard, Rolfer. Feb. 23, 6-10, $40. Body Electric School, 653-1591.

HEALING THE EARTH BODYWORK TRAINING-a 150 hour state approved counseling certification program in Swedish-Esalen massage, acupressure, shiatsu, rebirthing and Reichian bodywork, specifically focused for Lesbians and Gay men. Training begins anytime. Call for class schedule. 150 hour program. Call and Barb. 50-75 sc, 1 update $45, 841-6259. Contact Ms. Styx, 465-8298.

GROUPS

COMING OUT FOR GROUP women (men and women) who are interested in learning about coming out techniques. A facilitated group. Call with questions. February, 7 pm, 465-8181.

ACCOMPRESSURE inner healing workshop to bring deep relaxation. Using Jin Shin Do or Shiatsu, and Lessing to help you move and release to achieve these states. In my practice I have worked with many women with personal healing and growth issues with your questions. All Hammar, 654-5111.

TIME OUT. Take it for yourself-yourself. $50 for four-hours of instruct. Call for details. 654-5111.

COUNSELING

Lesbian therapist offers individual, couples/family/group therapy. Lesbians for addiction (support 12 step recovery), loss, and coming out issues. $50. Also psychic healing and meridian energy balance. 841-6259.

COUNSELING/Psychotherapy

I welcome clients dealing with depression, self-esteem, trauma, chemical recovery, co-dependency, ACA, working class issues. Individuals, couples, families. Sliding scale. Cathel Kirchgasser, MCCFI 876 to P. Morfin, LCSW, 841-6250.

FEMINIST THERAPY: Through a down-to-earth approach in a supportive atmosphere, I work with individuals and couples in crisis and for long-term counseling. Sliding scale. Barbara Kaimowitz, MCCFI 525-6118.

LESBIANS IN CRISIS


COUNSELING/Theraphy-


MASSEAGE

Sneering down those balls and sinking that hard shot contact Ms. Styx, 465-8298.

Virgin Pool Players who have always fantasized 'loving' over that table, sneering down those balls and sinking that hard shot contact Ms. Styx, 465-8298.

WEIGHT LOSS CLASSES

For writers and non-writers training. Upgrade your clerical skills to se* into the lives of your characters. $40 for four-hours of instruct. Call for details. 654-5111.

VOICE CLASSES

For singers and non-singers. $40-$75 per update. 1 hour, $40-$65 per update. Call Ali Hammer 1594.

VOICE LESSONS

For singers and non-singers. Also, classes for children from 3 years. Free trial class for Mama Bears customers. For directions, contact Ms. Styx, 465-8298.

ASTROLOGY CLASSES

Learn word processing or combined with European vocal techniques. Part 1 - Tues. Feb. 4, 7:30 pm, $40-$60. Part 2 - Tues. Feb. 11, 7:30 pm, $40-$60. Contact: Leigh Hessel 654-1591.

BODY WORKSHOP

A 150 hour state approved counseling certification program in Swedish-Esalen massage, acupressure, shiatsu, rebirthing and Reichian bodywork, specifically focused for Lesbians and Gay men. Training begins anytime. Call for class schedule. 150 hour program. Call and Barb. 50-75 sc, 1 update $45, 841-6259. Contact Ms. Styx, 465-8298.

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WATERFRONT JOIN ME: "LARGE WOMEN" and "PRIESTesses"
6:30-9:30 p.m. 4/6, 11 
Mama Bears New* & Notes/February-March 1986

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PHOTOGRAPHY
Valentines Day special. 2 for the price of 1. Get a photo and
your sweetheart, family, or friend. Earth Light Photography. Fran Racco-
foot 530-3205.

EMPLOYMENT
EXPERIENCED BOOKSTORE MANAGER
For Women's Section opening soon in Santa Rosa. Call Claire 707-833-
6643. Send resume to 1355 Lawndale Rd, Kenwood, CA 95452.

HOUSING
SEEKING A SAFE DRIVEWAY or lot to park my home, a small UPS van I'd like
and parking space on the street and maybe sharing a phone, otherwise I'm self-sufficient. Can
and share my skills. I'm a full-time worker, can have a car, Sun thru. Thurs, 5 pm to midnite at
at 872-2376. Mariah Breeding

LESEBAN CARPENTER with dog & 2
cats seeks room in lesbian house or studio. East Bay/O.K. Call Claire:
921-2408.

LESEBAN wanted to share beautiful
home near Ave and Ave. Prefer pagan,
non-smoker, respectful, re-

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Volunteer counselors needed to give emotional support to life with people
threatening illness or grief. Call
547-7702.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS
LESEBAN FRIENDSHIP CLUB

WARDER—POSTERS
Archipelago political posters seeks posters from the women's movement, and
contact with other collectors are sought. Michelle Ross, 849-4073

POSTS, WRITERS, HUMORISTS,

ANNOUNCEMENTS
LESEBAN FRIENDSHIP CLUB

RAINBOW PATH PAGE II
Color and Healing presentation by Gail Golaptian (chair), Kay Gar-

BROOKING COMMON GROUND

BAYCOURT MENTORSHIP
Joan Huddlestone, 840-8165

COLOR AND HEALING
Presentation by Debbie Fier and the Phoenix

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May's is Black History Month, March 17 is St. Patrick's Day, and in March Paula Gunn Allen's book of essays, The Sacred Hoop, hits the bookstores. These events caused me to realize that Blacks, Indians and Irish have more in common than we know. And a lot of it, to be frank, is the pleasure of oral communication.

We are peoples who value arfiful communication and personal interchange, and the art that we work, and while community and blood ties are the strongest influence in our lives, we are too individualistic to successfully organize militarily. If this seems contradictory, keep mulling it over as you read Paula's book, and the books of black, women novelists and poets, and women's spirituality books.

And how pathetic we all are! None of us has ever devised or carried out a strategy of unified militamar that would result in disarming the minority that controls us.

We can only conclude that this, our greatest handicap in Western European culture is a major doorway into the other culture we aspire to. What makes us weak in this culture, makes us strong in ours.

I don't want any one of us to feel iced out because we can't all do it. Everyone here came from somewhere that had roots in "that other" perspective, and while there may be some magic involved in being able to wave tickets around...and they make nice gifts.

On Women's Blood

I used to think that the Women's Revolution would be a bloodless revolution. But, unlike the wars of men where blood shed on battlefields means matrimony and Death, the menstrual blood of Woman sings of Life...Death. That is a fundamentalist hymn which has been very powerful. Civilization and artificial light changed all that.

During anti-war and women's rights demonstrations and protests, what do you suppose the 'unidentified substance' found smeared on public buildings' doorknobs and walls is? This sanguine stickiness stirs even more fear and nausea in the patriarchs than does excrement. Ah, such a simple, powerful thing.

Women's blood

Kay Gardner, 1985

reprinted from "Woman of Power"—Issue #3

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