

WOMEN RALLY, MARCH ON SACRAMENTO



ALSO IN THE
READHER...
INTERVIEW W/
DIANE RAMSEY,
REIGN OF ISHTAR
...AND MORE

PRESENT PETITIONS
PROTESTING BEHAVIOR
MODIFICATION UNIT...
...SUPPORT GROUP
FORMS IN SANTA CRUZ

SUPPORT OUR SISTERS

According to statistics, 70% of the womyn in prison have been there before, and 60% of the inmate population are third world (not necessarily because they are criminals, but rather victims of our society). These are facts and the reason why, on March 19, approximately 1000 womyn (according to AP sources, closer to 200) marched on the capitol building in Sacramento. It was an incredible show of strength against the powers that continue to oppress both inmates and the public at large (the old "divide/conquer" method...keep the womyn on the inside separated from reality and they lose their strength, become easily controllable).

We need to establish our power, assert our strength, make the prison authorities aware that they are accountable for their actions.



There is documented proof that inmates are being used as human guinea pigs in medical experiments (and to hell with the victims of the experiments that DON'T WORK!) and yet the authorities still deny this. They (the prison authorities) also deny the existence of the APU (behavior modification) unit attached to CIW. According to Kathleen Anderson, warden at CIW, "...there is no such unit in existence at the prison. (APU)...there were no plan(s) to create such a unit in the foreseeable future." (As reported in the Santa Cruz Sentinel, Sunday, March 21, 1976.

The fact remains that there is a "Behavior Modification" unit at CIW--it's been in existence (off and on) approximately three years. It was reactivated approximately one year ago, coinciding with the Santa Cruz Women's Prison Project being denied access to the prison for "security reasons." (Seems like every time a good prison group gets together to benefit the inmates, by offering skills, good musicians for performances, and support, they're eventually cancelled or subject to censorship--naturally for security reasons. The truth is, the prison authorities just don't like their power being usurped, and it happens everytime!)

Basically, we must unite (for there is real Power in Unification). We must support our sisters in prison. There is a newly organized group in Santa Cruz: The Santa Cruz Women's Prisoner Support Group. Their purpose is to set up communication, help, and support for our sisters in prison, and a survival kit for womyn coming back to the community, to insure they will remain out of prison.

We in the community can...

- 1) MOBILIZE--establish a strong network with other communities
- 2) EDUCATE THE COMMUNITY--keep the information flowing, publicize the atrocities of prison
- 3) APPLY PRESSURE (against authorities)--to reopen CIW and other prisons to the public. Letters and phone calls should be directed to:

*KATHLEEN ANDERSON, Warden of CIW
Chino-Corona Road
Frontera, Cal. 91720
(714) 597-1771

*MARIO OBLEDO, Sec'y Health/Welfare
915 Capitol Mall, Room 200
Sacramento 95814
(916) 445-6951

- 4) ESTABLISH COMMUNICATIONS WITH WOMYN IN PRISONS--through letters, etc., to keep them alive and strong

...as an afterthought...

After being at the rally on Friday, March 19, (listening to the speakers, performers, ex-inmates), i came to the realization that i have no concept of what it is like to be on the inside of a prison looking out. The only thoughts and images i can conjure up are being buried alive for 5 to 10 (or however long) years. I'll probably never end up in prison (being white and middle-classed gives me certain privileges in this society). The closest i came to insighting prison life was listening to Norma Stafford commenting on some of the atrocities, the un reality/reality of living behind bars, losing contact with ourselves as people, submitting to prison pressures. We need to establish communication with these womyn, to acknowledge their existence. If we deny their existence, then we deny the facts, the realities of oppression, and eventually succumb to the pressures of society! Let's face it---the oppression of womyn, keeping womyn down, keeping womyn imprisoned, is another form of rape: A very ugly word...An even uglier reality.

THE REIGN OF ISHTAR

Praise the goddess, the most awesome of the goddesses
Let one revere the mistress of the peoples, the greatest of the Igigi
(i.e., deities)

Praise Ishtar, the most awesome of the goddesses
Let one revere the queen of women, the greatest of the Igigi.

Thus begins a 15th century B.C. Babylonian Hymn to Ishtar. Ishtar was worshipped under many names and had temples built in her honor from Southern Arabia and Canaan, throughout Mesopotamia, and as far west as Greece and Abyssinia. Ishtar was the Mother-Goddess, par excellence, incorporating within her essence the powers of love and fertility, as well as those of death and rebirth.

Ishtar--to her greatness who can be equal?
Strong, exalted, splendid are her decrees.
She is sought after among the gods; extraordinary is her station.
Respected is her word; it is supreme over them.

The ancients who worshipped Ishtar knew that she alone gave the power of reproduction to humans, plants and animals. Several statues of Ishtar depict her as the dispenser of 'living water' from a never-failing jar. As the Great Lover, she was also the very source from which arose sexual attraction among people. Characteristically, one of her symbols was the scorpion, the zodiacal sign for sexuality. And so her ancient worshippers experienced their own individual powers of sexuality and fertility as gifts which emanated from the Great Goddess.

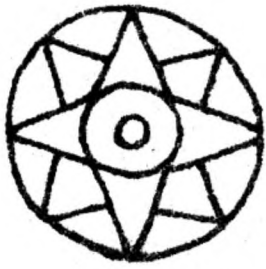
Ishtar is clothed with pleasure and love.
She is laden with vitality, charm, and voluptuousness.
In lips she is sweet; life is in her mouth.
At her appearance rejoicing becomes full.
She is glorious; veils are thrown over her head.
Her figure is beautiful; her eyes are brilliant.

Ishtar herself was imbued with this spirit of love and sexuality. Her love was all-consuming and often fatal to those who became involved with her. She took many lovers, when and where she pleased; these included Tammuz (the god of vegetation), a shepherd, a lion, and a stallion. But she could never be possessed by any male for she was a virgin in the original sense of the word---free and unattached, one-in-herself.

While both men and women revered her, Ishtar had a special relationship to women. She was the patroness of the sacred prostitutes and priestesses in her temples, and the guardian and protecting deity of all women:

She dwells in, she pays heed to compassion and friendliness.
Besides, agreeableness she truly possesses.
Be it slave, unattached girl, or mother she preserves (her).
One calls on her; among women one names her name.





ISHTAR

Originally, Ishtar was worshipped as the planet Venus; her identification with Venus is probably the source of this planet's association with the power of love. Later in her story however, she replaced the Babylonian moon god, Sinn, and became Queen of the Heavens as the Moon Goddess. Indeed, the whole zodiacal belt was known to the ancients as "the girdle of Ishtar." And as the heavenly Luminary, she was the bearer of dreams, omens and revelations.

But just as Ishtar was the creatress and governess of fertility, with all life emanating from her, so was she the destroyer, the dark moon, and patroness of battle. In this aspect, the symbol associated with her was the lion. In her yearly summer descent to the Underworld, all vegetation in the ancient Near East died, and both humans and animals lost their sexual desire and powers of fertility. All forms of life suffered from her earthly absence. As the Akkadian text puts it: "In the street the man impregnates not the maiden." I interpret this to mean that the maiden would not let the man have sexual contact with her, because sexuality for her is a function in service of the Goddess—but She in whose presence this service is performed, is absent, gone to the Underworld. Hence, she awaits Her return.

Ishtar, as the all-powerful Goddess, has power over death as well as life. She descends through the Seven Gates to the Nether World to secure the release of the vegetation god, Tammuz, from the grip of death.

To the Land of no Return, the
realm of Ereshkigal

Ishtar, the daughter of Sinn, set
her mind

To the house which none leave who
have entered it,

To the road from which there is no
way back.

Ereshkigal, Ishtar's sister, is Queen of the Nether World; she fears Ishtar's presence in her realm, for she knows

her sister has the power to liberate the dead from her Nether Queendom. After a series of events, during which time Ishtar herself is held captive, Ereshkigal, fearing reprisal from the heavenly deities, sends both Ishtar and Tammuz back to the earthly sphere.

Their return was greeted with jubilant celebration and signalled the commencement of the Annual Festival. It was at this Festival that the Babylonian King, who was ultimately a servant to Ishtar, acted as her instrument for once again bestowing her gift of fertility upon the land. The King was obliged to journey to one of Ishtar's temples, and there to ritually enact a sacred marriage with the priestess through whom Ishtar communicated her powers.

Ishtar's regathering of her powers, one by one as she passed up through each of the Seven Gates, and her return from the dead symbolize the power of life and the possibility of rebirth from death. The symbol associated with her in this regard is the eight-pointed star, representing the eight moon-months during which she dwells in the celestial-terrestrial realms, bestowing her gift of fertility upon all earthly beings. Her cycle is the cycle of the moon (waxing/waning) and of all beings—life, death, rebirth, life: The Principle of the Feminine—cyclical circles. And since the Goddess herself functions within her own cycles, perhaps her 2000 year absence from the minds of mortals is only an aspect of a larger cycle. From her 2000 year relegation to the oblivion of the patriarchal Nether World, she will, like the new moon, overcome the darkness and show herself to us once again.

O shining one, lioness of the
Igigi, subduer of angry gods,
Who art exalted and firmly fixed,
O valiant Ishtar, great is thy
might.

O brilliant one, torch of heaven
and earth, light of all peoples,
O gleaming one, Ishtar, assembler
of the host,

O deity of men, goddess of women,
whose designs no one can con-
ceive,

Where thou dost look, one who is
dead lives; one who is sick
rises up;

The erring one who sees thy face
goes aright.

See me O my lady; accept my prayers.

Dear Dee Queer...

6.

My friends and I were sitting around the other night and the subject of virginity came up. We talked and talked but never managed to reach a consensus on its qualifications (or disqualifications). What do you have to say about virginity? Do you have a definition?

Signed,

A Lesbian and Virgin

Dear LAV,

What a question! At first I thought the answer was easy; a virgin is a woman whose vagina has never been entered by anything. Then, on further reflection, I decided that the technical aspects regarding outside stimuli in a definition were irrelevant. So I came up with this: A virgin is a woman who has never been consciously aware of being sexually aroused.

Masters and Johnson say that the sexual organs of an infant spontaneously activate and begin functioning within 24 hours of birth. In the female this means that the vagina becomes sexually lubricated. And since newborns are the closest ones to total awareness that I know of, this means they are experiencing sexual arousal. Therefore, no one is a virgin beyond 24 hours of their birth!

You may question whether a baby can be 'sexual', but M and J point out that the sexual function is no more separate or less than other bodily functions--eating, breathing, digesting, eliminating, sensing, etc. All the bodily functions have their own daily rhythms, but as we grow up, we are conditioned to separate and restrict sex and so lose that early natural cycle.

My own personal definition of virgin has nothing to do with a never-to-be-repeated sexual awakening, or even sexuality. It encompasses the woman as a whole and is a woman experiencing moments, however short or long, free of past comparison or future expectation--pure moments when she is feeling and living in the absolute wow of now.

Sincerely,

Dear Dee Queer

Dear Queer,

My lover is the most beautiful woman on the face of this earth and, unfortunately, she knows it. She is always making me unhappy by flirting with other women who immediately go for her because she is irresistible. This is causing me much misery and if she weren't so beautiful I'd leave her. How can I make her love and want only me?

Heartsick

Dear Heartsick,

In one pot water put:

3 oz mugwort
a pinch of dried forget-me-nots
fresh clippings from each of your lover's toes
1 dram sex gland oil from a turkey's nose
and 20 oz of lovebirds' droppings

Boil for 3 days, then strain any remaining lumps from the liquid before drinking half of it. Your lover must drink the rest (Try slipping it into her coffee.) Do this when the moon is waxing and she will be forever faithful to you.

Sincerely,

D. Queer

P.S. You two deserve each other.

Dear Dee,

Me and my best friend have this huge problem. We've been best friends since we were 12 years old and at the moment both of us are without lovers. We've tried everything: The bar scene, the one night stand routine, the old keeping busy busy busy, and one of us has even gone so far as to try making it with some guy for a short while but soon decided anything was better than that. Neither of us has yet found a satisfactory substitute for the real thing. Lately, we've been talking about the possibility of us becoming lovers. We both know that a physical relationship has its own set of problems and we don't want to fuck up the wonderful friendship that exists between us. Although on one level we are attracted to each other, it has never been enough in the past to cause us to act on it before. Also, neither of us is sure we can make lovely love with another woman without the extra added umph being in love lends to such a passionate situation. So, we are wondering if this abstract conclusion on how to deal with forced celibacy is a good enough reason for us to try getting it on with each other now?

Signed,
Friends and ?

Dear ?,

Yes, yes, yes. Do it and shut up.

Sincerely,

Dee Q.

Questions may be sent to me, lonely Dee, care of the Rubyfruit
Reader, P.O.Box 949, Felton, Cal. 95018

this is a poem to combat the one in me who says "so what?"

you're a big woman--I like that
and the way you stand
hands stuffed into your tight front pockets
hips overbalanced by wide leather shoulders
your spirit fills out the limits of that strong woman's body--
and pushes out even further, surrounding you.

when we talk, I am explorer in this new country--
striding through high fir forest on a cool morning trail
my eyes are open, my soul is wide open
my feet are sure and strong
and when I come around this next bend--
suddenly a meadow I never suspected
gentians and shooting stars
takes my breath from me and sends my soul
on a high wordless song.

I think of you as falling water
as white granite under morning sun
as the inevitability of cold grey ocean breaking
rock down into sand
as a forest of redwood is
in fog, in rain, in sunshine--
enormous, strong, green and deep
hiding nothing but the nourishing roots of your life
and meeting me on equal terms.

Roxane
12/25/75

POETRY

self portrait

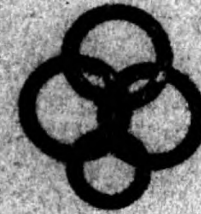
i am a woman
tied with laughter and with tears
to the borders of society.
i am struggling with fear,
i have broken out of history,
to get here.

i walk alert and cautious
singing
in the morning sun,
i've escaped the traps and trickery
tradition would have done,
looking for a faith to feed on,
looking where the women run.

Some marriages are slavery
some loves turn into shrouds
there is fantasy in loneliness
and loneliness in crowds.

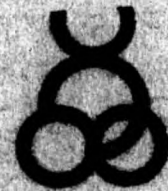
i will give my hand to freedom,
let the clerks add to their scrolls.
i reject the rigid company
where everyone's controlled.
i am a woman
tied with adventure
to my soul.

diane



ramsey

in a gray field
before the rain,
empty of sound.
waiting.
this bleak terrain
below the caves
is haunted now,
my prayers are crazy.
this is how
madness surges;
love meets indifference



classified poem - the insecurity of state security

people that come in the night
neither to seige nor defend,
the observers and recorders,
peering round the bend.

there's one now, under the staircase,
scribbling codes and trying to look
nonchalant, like a college professor
writing a prayer in his book.

sometimes i watch the watchers,
they hide microphones in my hem.
I walk in the rain and pretend
that i'm one of them.

on subways they hide behind papers,
the daily, the mirror, the news,
they don't read the obituary
or other personal views.

I went to jesus for comfort
i sank, in spite of him.
he can walk on top of the water,
the c.i.a. can swim.

thorns and bumble bees
fill the garden.
the flowers dress in their petal best
humidly awaiting death.
a bird attacks the silence
with its song.
everything can feel how you are gone.

diane ramsey

INTERVIEW: diane ramsey

9.

Diane Ramsey is a local poet; she has recently read at the Annex, the Lesbian and Gay Men's Union, and at the Swan. She was born in Lawrence, Mass., spent her adolescence as a run-away in new york city, made summer excursions to the west coast and finally settled in California some years ago. She was arrested in Santa Barbara, ostensibly for the possession of grass, and spent three years in prison. Since her release and subsequent move to the Santa Cruz area, she has focused her energies on her poetry and important people in her life, such as her 12 year old daughter. Although she has not yet published her own book, her poetry has appeared in various anthologies and quarterlies (Jailbreak, Statement 26, and Thymos, to name a few).

READHER: how long have you called yourself a poet?

RAMSEY: i can't remember when i didn't...i always wrote verses, and when i was staying in harlem i sometimes read in the village.

READHER: do you consider yourself a lesbian poet?

RAMSEY: well, i'm a lesbian and a poet...What's a lesbian poet anyway...i can't write just for lesbians if that's what you mean...i write about everything and for everyone, i'm a poet first and enjoy reading to audiences that have come for the poetry rather than for some political cause, but i do feel more comfortable around women and gay men.

READHER: how do you resolve the contradictions of art and politics?

RAMSEY: i write without illusions...my first enemy was ageism when i was a run-away, then racism, i stayed with Blacks in harlem, 'cause they knew how to take care of me and showed me how to take care of myself, sexism came when i got the larger picture of the fascist macho political machine.

READHER: what about your style?

RAMSEY: lack of exposure...i left school after 6th grade and never returned. I'm skeptical of those who never worked with the rhymed metered line and who claim the blank verse as some higher form...brevity alone doesn't make a poem...i rarely use visual word games in my expressions on people's faces...my favorites are william shakespeare, emily dickenson, robinson jeffers, omar khayyam.

READHER: do you like the new women's literature?

RAMSEY: i don't read much new stuff unless someone turns me on to it (if there was a women's bookstore in santa cruz...) but Rubyfruit Jungle, wow that was great, all right there...

READHER: what about those three years in prison?

RAMSEY: i don't like it when people glorify the pain of the prison experience...i didn't make it because of the pain; i made it in spite of the pain and am smaller than i might have been because of it...when i was in prison i got to my lowest spaces...after i tried to off myself and woke up alive (boy, was i pissed off) they put me in solitary for a month...alone, nothing...i tried to bite my wrists, i thought it so unfair that i was still alive, still feeling the pain...it was then i learned that dying doesn't end the pain, you just take it with you

when you die...when i finally got out, the absence of pain was enough to make me happy...now i only need a tiny flash of all that pain to remind me how far i've come and yet how close it is...just to wake up in the middle of the night and be able to look out on living trees...wow, i'm looking for that happy medium, still being able to feel...but you don't just feel through pain...that valley of pain is filled with pleasures and i don't need to dig any deeper in that pain to feel more pleasure...it's just going to overflow...

NOTE: the above is an artful recreation of an untaped interview with the poet, sunday, march 14, 1976.

Birdfeathers come back

the movie* said,
'when she changes her hairstyle
she wants to change lovers'.
you flew back from L.A.
having cut off all your long hair
until the last scrap of me fell
away from you -severed
and then you were safe.
as for me
all I ever change
are my socks.

it's too bad, isn't it?
that I wish to grow old with
just one woman
while you want a new world every time
new repetitions
no room for old shoes.
too bad we have to experience
you being the shit and me the angel these days.
even when we try to get us back to human
your anger or my tunnel loyalty
only succeed in frightening us both
and we become helpless
to help each other.

who believes
the way things have turned out?
I don't.
even with you gone
you are still my constant companion
sweet, careless companion.

oh hell
oh go on -before I get desperate again
and beg you again
shoving you back into the corner
you needed to create.
go fly away into those dark, solitary nights
that I grew up with
that you never met but
have been dreaming dreams about.
where your freedom won't be stolen
and every thing that's new lies in wait,
waiting for you.

*Happy New Year -Lelouch

Diane Ballou

Radical Vegetarianism

11.

So many of our actions are performed automatically, without thought or concern. The patriarchy builds in this alienation to separate us from our environment, each other, ourselves, and from our co-mammals, through the process of meat eating, which shall be the focus of this article. Lesbian women can be seen fighting alienation in their lifestyles, academics and labor, but we often neglect examining our eating habits and their implications for convenience or pleasure purposes or from ignorance. It's a question of how transcendent of our troubled times we dare to be.

It's difficult to be brief about a subject as important to me as is informing sisters on the facts about the flesh they obtain from men's hands, so I hope only to stimulate your interest to the point where you will be motivated to visit the Women's Health Collective, 250 Locust St., to read two resources on file there: One is a fascinating hystorical perspective on feminism and vegetarianism, called the "Oedible Complex", which was published in the Lesbian Reader. From a nutritional standpoint, there is a paper I did for my Chem. of Nutrition class. They are intended for your enlightenment and enrichment.

***Would we not be immediately enraged at the practice of injecting people with pesticides, dangerous hormones and antibiotics, and cancer causing agents? And yet, this is tolerated and even encouraged in the form of meat consumption. Sprayed crops grow faster, are fed to livestock who store these pesticides in their adipose tissue. Slow-releasing hormone implants cause the animal to overeat and fatten faster. One of the hormones used is DES, a powerful estrogenic compound, given to expectant mothers in the 50's to prevent miscarriages. The daughters of these women were later found to develop endocrine tumors. It took two decades for this to surface. Why not let the patriarchs and their followers be their own guinea pigs (flash! the very term "guinea pig" is an example of animal abuse by people). Every time one of them "brings home the bacon," they're bringing powerful cancer-causing agents (carcinogens) in the form of dyes to make it look fresh and red and as preservatives; sodium nitrate and nitrite combine with stomach acid and enzymes to form nitrosamines, some of the most powerful carcinogens known.

***For purely economic reasons, you may not be eating tremendous amounts of meat, and may ask "what's the problem, anyway?" Meat is a luxury and a symbol of American prosperity and waste; it takes 16 lbs. of quality soy and grains to obtain one pound of beef from a steer.

***Evolutionarily, we're losing our carnivorous characteristics, such as sharp canine teeth and a functioning appendix. Cooking and refrigeration allow us to continue a practice nature is telling us is defunct.

***Poorly handled or cooked meat is a health hazard: Tapeworm, trichonosis and other microbial diseases can result from the natural decomposition processes of decaying flesh.

***Cannibalism and human sacrifice were precursors of the more practical transfer of oppression to animals. The past reveals trends: Male life was more valuable than female, white than black, and human than animal.

***Think of where meat comes from. It was once part of a functioning body which someone--men--slaughtered for you, and which workers in cold, dangerous packing houses wrapped prettily and rendered it unrecognizable as body parts. The pastoral scene of cows grazing around UCSC dims the realities of the feedlot and slaughterhouse.

***Plant protein doesn't just mean soybeans. There is great variety available to you, as well as freedom from the kitchen, as one needn't go to elaborate means to render plant foods harmless. Your food budget will go a lot farther as well. Diet for a Small Planet is a fine resource.

***Think of the sexist analogies to meat or food, and women: Hunting, capturing, taming, raping, slaughtering--all are male trips. Spiritual women were at one with nature and their co-creatures. Home remedies (with the possible exceptions of chicken soup or cod liver oil) were made from plants, not animals. Those who state that "Plants are living things, too" seem pitifully defensive of a practice they know to be brutal. Plants can be replanted; a cow cannot live without its muscles. When an animal is killed, its fear can release adrenalin, which, when we ingest it, can cause violent, irritable, tense behavior.

***Finally, a change in lifestyle takes awhile. A gradual start could be avoiding pigs, then other red meats, then poultry. In the meantime, cook meats well, thaw them in the refrigerator to inhibit microbial action, wash poultry meticulously to remove at least the external traces of the anti-biotic bath it receives, and most importantly, appreciate the sacrifice some creature made for your sustenance. As you realize that this is unnecessary, or seriously consider the karma involved, you may move closer to a harmony with the universe by not consuming your co-creatures.

****Suzanne****

opening april 2
a new &
restaurant:
India Joze
featuring
the old solarium
cooks
indian/indonesian
cuisine
japanese
on tue/wed
(a lesbian cook)
after hours
10-3 hot bakery
at the stuffs
summyside
cafe
location
415 Seabright

house to sublet in ben lomond
for summer \$195 inc. utilities
call lisa or leslie at 336-8584
for details

3 swell dykes and 3 groovy kids
(ages 8,6,&2) have an empty room
in our spacious sunny house with
large backyard and garden. We
live collectively and are non-
smokers and mainly vegetarians.
call Clytia, Kater or DeAnna@
426-DYKE available immediately

April fools we are-
laughing with the wind,
Singing our songs
with the wind's song-
Singing, laughing fools!

Sharon Hoyenga

Q CONCERT: WOODY SIMMONS
+ Sunday, April 11, 8pm
Kresge Town Hall
\$2.00

APRIL EVENTS

17.

Q LESBIAN COMMUNITY MEETING/DISCUSSION

+ April's Topic: SEXUALITY

Questions to ponder: how do you feel about talking about sex?
how do you feel about masturbation? your
own genitals? tribadism? S & M? oral
sex? group sex? your sexual fantasies?
role playing? vibrators? dildos? anal
stimulation?

Monday/April 12/7pm/160 Belvedere Terrace

Q DYKES UNLIMITED: BENEFIT BREAKFAST

+ Sunday morning/April 18

Place to be announced

These womyn raise money for such projects such as the this news-
letter and a future dyke hot-line. The RUBYFRUIT READER recently
received a \$25.00 donation from them!!!! (Hey, thanks!)

OOOANTI-VICTIMIZATION RESOURCES:

+++

Q W.A.R. Free SELF-DEFENSE CLASSES begin mid-April
+ Call 426-RAPE for more details

Q UCSC: WOMYN'S JUDO Taught by Kathy Quinn
+ Mon & Wed/8-9pm/martial arts building
First class April 5th OPEN TO ALL WOMYN

Q AIKIDO Class & Club/Special Womyn's section
+ Taught by Kathy Bates
Class times to be announced

Q WOMEN'S PRISONER SUPPORT GROUP meets every wed. night
+ Contact Lorraine Goodman or Tarey Dunn 423-9108, or write
419 Locust St. Santa Cruz 95060
BENEFIT: May 1st/Saturday/8pm/Mission Hill Jr. High
Norma Stafford, poet and ex-inmate of CIW, and friends

Q PARENTAL STRESS SERVICES/Gay counselor now on staff (Lauren)
+ 532 Soquel Dr/Santa Cruz/426-7322/24 hour crisis line
FREE services for both parents and kids

Q PEOPLE INTO DOING CHILDCARE FOR WOMYN'S EVENTS, CONTACT RANDI at
+ 427-1228



Therapy group for Lesbians is
forming. Limited to 10. \$3.00
per session. Probably held on
Thursday nights. Facilitated
by an experienced therapist.
Call LIZ for more details.
427-0269.

TWO SISTERS

Restaurant

vegetarian food open 8-3pm
everyday but Thursday

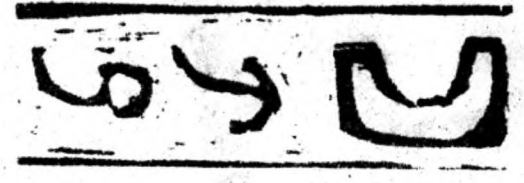
dinner 6-10 pm. Thurs.-Sun. MUSIC


TUES. night women's coffee house

4111 S. PORTOLA Claudine Carot, owner



APRIL Calendar



SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT
KZSC 88.1 P's RADIO COLLECTIVE 11 am-1	" 9-11 pm	"2 SISTERS" P's coffee house 41 SE & PORTOLA entertainment 7:30 - 10:30	♀'s PRISONER SUPPORT GROUP 423-9108 call for info.	DYKES GO BOWLING- SURF BOWL 10:15 p.m. L.A.G.M.U. calrillo 7:30	100¢ ! OPENING! INDIA JOZE Restaurant 415 Seabright Moon sign 8 2	MARTIAL ARTS DEMONSTRATION 2pm KRESGE TOWN HALL SE WOMEN'S HEALTH COLL. BENEFIT 8 3
EACH AND EVERY						
		COFFEE- HOUSE: Nancy Schlessinger POET		11 am POTLUCK beach Party meet at 311 ALMAR 426-4318		
II 4	II 5	III 6	III 7	III 8	III 9	III 10
CONCERT Woody Simmons 8pm KRESGE TOWN HALL 2 11	"SEXUALITY" discussion 160 Belvedere 426-9547 LESBIAN CO-EXPLORATION COMMUNITY SPONSOR 7 pm 12	COFFEE- HOUSE: Clytia & Brenda Full Moon Libra		Passover ML 15	x 16	x 17
II 11	II 12	III 13	III 14	III 15	III 16	III 17
BREAKFAST BENEFIT dykes unlimited place T.B.A., morning EASTER 18		COFFEE- HOUSE: Surprise Guest		♀'s INTERCOLLEGIATE SOFTBALL CALWILL Sun JOZE city 3:30 pm 22		
	VI 19	VI 20	VI 21	VI 22	VI 23	VI 24
		COFFEE- HOUSE: Open Jam		ANNULAR SOLAR ECLIPSE 		MAY 1ST 8 pm SAT. MISSION HILL JR. HIGH ♀'s PRISONER SUPPORT GROUP BENEFIT 423-9108 speakers / poetry
II 25	II 26	II 27	II 28	II 29	II 30	