A LESBIAN COMMUNIQUE

FEATURES INCLUDE:
OUTRAGE IN SONOMA
OPEN LETTERS
RAISING MALE CHILDREN...
& MORE
Dear Ruby Women,

Hello! I saw your July issue-I was so pleased that you are continuing. Could you put a plug in the next issue about a course I hope to be teaching at Monterey Peninsula College? It's called Women in Religion, Myth, and Ritual, co-sponsored by Women's Studies and Philosophy. The course is listed as Philosophy 195: Women in Religion. It starts Sept 22, 7-10 pm, and will be held every Wed night for 15 weeks until Dec 22. There'll be a 6 hour field trip, slide shows, and guest women speakers. It's a 3 unit class, held in room H 204.

The course is scheduled later than other MPC classes because there have been bureaucratic/administrative hassles. The course was NOT publicized in the list which is mailed out to the Monterey community. And if there are not 15 people ENROLLED in the course, I won't be able to teach it! It's the first time it's been offered at MPC and I think it's an important addition to the curriculum. I have been preparing the class all summer, so it will be a powerful course-IF 15 people enroll.

Texts for the course will be: Mothers and Amazons—Helen Diner; Not in God's Image—Julia O'Faolain; Beyond God the Father—Mary Daly. The course will be a survey, an exploration of the feminine principle, and roles of women as seen in myths, religious rituals and festivals, and religious movements from ancient Egypt through the witch hunts in the Middle Ages, into the 1800's and 1900's in America, up to now, looking at alternative spiritual lifestyles.

Please tell your friends about this. Organize a car pool—(it's only 35-40 miles to MPC from Santa Cruz)—let's make it happen—it's OUR culture we'll be exploring!!

In sisterhood,
Beth Beurkens

Dear RRReaders,

We are printing the following letter with the awareness that there may well be differing opinions on the topic. We welcome your response. We have condenscd the letter as conscientiously as possible.

Dear RRReaders,

As a Feminist Women's Health Center we feel we have an obligation to the Women's Movement to make our position concerning the Oakland FWHC understood.

The FWHC started in Los Angeles out of the concept of Self-Help. From this health center and its work evolved two other FWHCs, one in Orange County and one in Oakland. For a time those were all one FWHC with a joint board of directors. Eventually political and directional differences split these three centers into three separately incorporated FWHCs. At this same time three other FWHCs were forming in Detroit, Tallahassee and Chico.

During our (Chico FWHC) training with Oakland, we would at times have questions about different political tactics and directions. Because of our insecurity as a new FWHC and a sense of friendship we rarely voiced criticism or questioned politics we disagreed with. In the past months several events have happened to make the political differences between Oakland and the rest of the FWHCs impossible to overlook.

We have certain basic things in common that politically and structurally identify us as FWHCs. In the FWHCs, self-help has always been our base. Sharing knowledge, taking control of our bodies and breaking down professionalism is integrated into everything we do. The FWHCs have a structure in which the women who work full time in the centers are the decision makers. There is no outside board of directors or corporation that owns us or tells us how to operate. All FWHCs are non-profit corporations. The money goes back into the Health Center and the Women's Movement.

A few months ago the directors of the Oakland FWHC sold all the Health Centers assets to a profit making corporation—California Feminist Corporation or Cal-Fem Corp. The result of this is that only a few women outside the community are controlling the wealth and political direction/power of the Oakland FWHC. When this sellout happened the internal structure changed. Going from a non-profit to a profit status has
FWHCs—cont. from page

shifted the power structure from that of controlling our lives to that of making money. All full time staff were laid off and replaced by part-time workers. Staff members no longer have any decision making power.

All the actions taken by the Directors of the Oakland FWHC—gaining power through gaining capital, were done in the name of Feminism. They are trying to build a "Feminist Empire" and yet are not being responsible to the feminists they are supposedly building it for. In the present situation only a few women are strong and have control of the center. How can a revolution be carried out by only a few women? Doesn't this defeat our purpose and goals?

The Oakland FWHC/Cal-Fem Corp. have proved through their methods of organizing, their statements and actions that they are not open to input/criticism from the women they are making money from, or from the Feminist Movement. This analysis has led us to the decision to disassociate ourselves from the Oakland FWHC/Cal-Fem Corp. and to the realization that the Oakland FFWC is NOT a Feminist Women's Health Center.

Chico Feminist Women's Health Center

---Chico Feminist Women's Health Center

with the support of:

Feminist Women's Health Center, Los Angeles
Orange County Feminist Women's Health Center
Feminist Women's Health Center, Tallahassee
Detroit Feminist Women's Health Center

Sisters Unlimited—a new women's recording company—has just released its first album. Based in Atlanta, Georgia, Sisters Unlimited is the first women's recording company in the South. The stereo album, called "Sometimes I Wish", carries 16 feminist songs by poet-singer-guitarist Carole Etzler. "The songs tell of the hopes, the dreams, the struggles of women as we journey toward freedom," Ms. Etzler said. The album is available for $5.50 plus 50¢ mailing from Sisters Unlimited, 1492-P Willow Lake Dr., Atlanta, Ga. 30329. Bulk rates are available for bookstores, women's centers and women's groups who want to use the record for fundraising.

Open Letter

"...Here I am in this bar in Palo Alto. I'm sitting in the third row, trapped between the hissers and the hissed; feeling embarrassed by my "sisters" in the audience who insist or harass the performers, and intimidated by the frustration, anger/hostility from the stage which I feel powerless to deflect. I came to listen, watch, enjoy. Instead, I feel bewildered, defensive, unjustly accused."

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The following is an open letter to Cris Williamson, Jackie Robbins, June Millington, and Lily Tomlin in the aftermath of their performances on August 13th. It is meant as feedback to them, but mostly came out of our own need to figure out what went wrong, and why. We're also writing this because as members of the audience, upon receiving a righteous anger from performers on the stage, we felt a collective guilt and an acute frustration at being caught helpless to do anything but watch the horror show.

In analyzing the dynamics taking place, it was helpful to go back and ask why women went to the show in the first place. Womyn travelling long distances for a two hour show, at relatively high expense, is indicative of our cultural starvation. But we became an audience which apparently did not come so much to see womyn perform their artistry as to get validation for being lesbians. So here we all were, en masse, and it became a ritual of womyn together, determined to see ourselves mirrored by the womyn "on stage." Of course it always felt good to be validated in our lesbianism, but we go too far when we claim a public person as a larger-than-life embodiment of who we all are.

The audience seemed too hyper to really listen to the perfor-
mers. Lily capped it when she said, "You are reducing me to being a vehicle for your propaganda." Indeed, there was a reduction process going on in the room. Instead of expanding our consciousness, we narrowed our awareness to the lowest common denominator—our shared sexuality—and dead-ended there. A constricted sense of what the audience would allow and what it would not allow from the stage was extreme. Are we as a group so threatened by a woman mentioning a boyfriend she had 15 years ago that we must interrupt and stifle the positive messages she was trying to get across?

It could've been a fine experience for audience and performers—the "psychological fix" Lily mentioned. It could've been a good night if the performers had been welcomed to do what they came to do and if the audience had shared in it and truly responded to it instead of asserting the constant dyke declaration simply that "WE ARE!" which kept eclipsing all other potential communication. Unfortunately, there was no opportunity for members of the audience to make constructive criticism of performers' material or give any evidence of thoughtful feedback. Part of this is due to the traditional passive role designated to an audience. Further communications breakdown occurred because audience reaction bounced back and forth from complete, full-on qualified support for whatever was happening on stage, to an equally unqualified criticism for whatever might not relate to lesbianism. Here were the performers, caught in the crossfire of these equally negating reactions, trapped in their commitment to perform—too bad they couldn't have just walked off the stage.

It seems we rob ourselves of valuable experience. Are we only looking for reinforcing images of ourselves, or do we want more? Can we appreciate creative work without reducing it to what is easily digested by All? Dyke pablum! Who wants it? Besides incapacitating these artists, we weaken ourselves.

We've put a heavy claim on these artists: That they speak for us, rather than with us. Cris does "cross that desert" with her work and with her energy. We do receive her support. So must we demand that she carry us across also?

Respect for a performer from whom we get support involves allowing her the space to be who she is, be it Cris, Lily, or any of the others—and letting them go. Respect for ourselves requires that we look to the strength and beauty obtainable in our own lives; not through the life of the woman in the spotlight. We owe ourselves that.

Footnotes: We realize that the responsibility for a successful performance lies with the performers, as well as with the audience. Two of us from the Rubyfruit Reader had originally intended to request an interview with the producers to clear up the following questions, but this intention was over-shadowed at the time by the events that took place during the show. We would welcome any response to the following:

**Why were tickets priced at $5.50, which is more than most performances of a similar nature?**

**Why did we hear nothing about it at the performances? A benefit for whom? For what?**

**Why was no mention made at the time of ticket purchase that "under 21's" would not be admitted? Several womyn had to either find a buyer for their already-purchased ticket, or forfeit their $5.50.**

**Why was at least one performance over-sold by 60 seats?**

**Why were six performances scheduled in three days, leaving a maximum of one hour between shows for clean-up, clear-out, set-up, re-seat, get-ready-to-perform-again?**

I wonder if some of these questionable items were contributing factors to the attitudes of audience and performers alike.

---Anne Irving
Ronnie Ewoldt---

OOPS! We goofed and forgot to put Pauline's name on the Fair Tale last issue! Many apologies!!!!!!
INVITATION

Dear Sisters,

We the womyn of Herself Health Clinic and of the Westside Women's Clinic are convening a Women's Health and Healing Conference, October 8-11, in Los Angeles. As two relatively new clinics, we shared with each other our problems, solutions, and resources, and realized the need for more communication with and among all the womyn health workers in the area. We each have information, skills, and ideas which are important to share with each other and to communicate to other womyn not directly involved in feminist health care. That is why we called for the first Regional West Coast/Southwest Women's Health and Healing Conference.

The conference will begin with registration, a get together and concert on Friday, October 8th. The theme for Saturday is "The Politics of Health Care." We'll open with a panel on the politics of medical research, followed by a series of workshops on various issues in relation to the day's theme. The focus Sunday is "Alternative Methods." Following a panel on holistic medicine, there'll be workshops on various alternative healing methods. Saturday night, there'll be an all womyn's dance, and Sunday we'll eat dinner at the Feminist Saloon. Monday will be spent visiting the various womyn's projects in the community.

Write to us at the Westside Womyn's Clinic, 1711 Park Blvd, Santa Monica, 90405.

In sisterhood,
The womyn of HHC & WWC

Raising Male Children

— CLYTIA

How to start this article...beginnings are always hard for me. I want to talk about raising male children; my son; to share my growing realization that he is indeed growing up to be a boy and what that means in relation to my lifestyle and philosophies.

When he was first born I thought, Oh, no problem with sexism here. He's only a baby and I will provide him with the freedom to make his own choices, and to experience situations available to both sexes. But then I came out, and during the past two years have been becoming more and more of a separatist. I reject "male" energy from my life; I don't want to relate to men at all, even though I am forced to in my school and/or work situations. And I am becoming more and more aware of how my feelings, and friends' feelings, can be transferred to my son. I am aware of my responsibility to help him feel positive self-esteem, a good self-image.

He is a male child. He needs positive male role models to learn from. Where are these "positive male role models" to be found? And how can I provide them? How do I respond when he says to me proudly, "I'm a man now?" I want to cry out in anger, "You're NOT a man; you're only 2 and a half; you're a BOY!" (Somehow, being a boy seems more acceptable than being a man.) But I force myself to respond calmly and quietly, even positively, "You will be a man someday, when you grow up," desperately hoping that he will be different from the men I know today. He says to me, "I have a penis, my daddy has a penis. You have a penis?" "No, I have a cunt, a vagina," I reply, remembering the first time he'd said that to me and I'd replied that I only had a cunt, thinking My God! The socialization I still have to unlearn!!! Then I wonder why I've equated penes with vaginas—why have I not said anything about my clitoris? And what in the world will I be able to teach him about male sexuality?
Male Children—cont.

When he points to a bear with a dress on in a book and says, "That's the mommy," I feel that I'm already beginning to lose him. And the kid even goes to non-sexist childcare!

It's so important to me that he have a positive self-image, and that he doesn't pick up on my often overtly negative feelings toward men. It's hard to remember not to make separatist comments or degrade men when he's around. One day, walking with him on the beach, I snapped at him not to talk to strange men. He said he liked to talk to guys, and there was a tinge of puzzlement in his voice. But when he starts talking to men on the street, I end up having to talk to them too. And then they end up laying some trip on me, which I resent. (A kid is a great conversation opener.) How can his need for relating to men, and my need not to, be met at the same time?

I realize as he gets older, he will become more man-like. At what age do our sons become men? At what age are they ostracized from womyn-only events? And how will they understand this? Is it really fair to judge them by our past/present experiences with men?

I often think, "But Poco will be different, he won't be like other males. Is this realistic? Do I have more control over him than does the rest of society? But what will he be like? He'll grow up loving womyn because many of his best friends are womyn. Will this teach him to have relationships with them which are non-oppressive? Would I be able to support a hetero relationship of his when I basically don't believe they work? But on the other hand, How can I teach him to love other men when my attitude toward them is negative?

So many questions/problems, with no complete answers/solutions. Only partial, possible solutions, and these are not available to all mothers. Poco spends half his time with his father, thereby receiving some male energy. But some of us don't have men around who we'd WANT our child to be influenced by. So we have to choose compromise between what's available, or choose nothing at all. If we choose to have them be with oppressive men, the result is obvious. And if we choose to raise them surrounded only by womon-energy, they can become reactionary, becoming more typically male-like in the process. The old double-bind once again.

Is there anyone out there who has found good ways of dealing with any of these problems? Please respond to these thoughts if you have any ideas to share.

Virginia Tierce, a 36 year old San Diego mother has been found guilty of voluntary manslaughter, for killing Louis Shark, after he attempted to sexually assault her on Dec. 22, 1975. Shark, a registered sex offender in San Diego County had spent 13 years in prison for brutal sexual crimes. Tierce shot him in the act of self-defense, and is now in the process of appealing what she and the feminist community hope to prove was an unfair trial. She needs as much support as possible. If you are interested in contributing to her defense fund or in helping out in any way, please contact: Virginia Tierce Defense Fund P.O.Box 468, El Cajon, Ca. 92022 or Rape Emergency Assistance League, 5236 Wood Street, La Mesa, Ca. 92041. 466-7273. (Feminist Bulletin May/Ju 76)

"When there are a boy and a girl of school age in the audience, focus on stories boys prefer—which usually are those that don't involve girls. (The girl won't mind; she also is intrigued by boys.)"—Alvin Schwartz, The Rainy Day Book
Response: see page 18
One block down on the corner
an old woman lives
in a house that time has not been kind to.
She wears a sweater that might have matched rosy cheeks
thirty years ago, and I meant it as the insult it is in this culture.
I wrote you a poem.
It was one of those days last summer,
Angry, I called you an old woman
and I meant it
the kind of insult that made
this old woman
lock her gate, her ears,
herself.

Walking to the beach
with friends in the afternoon,
I see her often,
Not once has she returned
my greeting, turned her head
to receive my smile,
stooped and shaky, she
spends her time
trimming her hedge,
picking the leaves
by hand
one at a time.

Karen Jeanne

HOW TO PLAY: All the words listed appear in the puzzle—horizontally, vertically, diagonally, backwards, and one right angle. Find them and circle their letters. The leftover letters spell the Womynword. Answer at Two Srs. and the S.C. Womyn's Health Collective.

womyn & books solution: 12 letters

clues

Anais Nin
Baroness Orczy
Colette
Diana Press
George Elliott
George Sand
Helen Diner
Joanna Russ
Margaret Mead
Marge Piercy
Monique Wittig
Robin Morgan
Tillie Olsen
Trudy Isley
Una Tolbridge
Ursula LeGuin

JOB: Ever wish you could: Find a part-time job? Working with lesbians? Set your own hours? Enjoy political dialogue within the framework of the job? Well darlin' your time has come!! Olivia Records needs a new distributor for the San Jose area. And yes, this would be difficult without a car. If you'd like to hear more about this, please call Ronnie at 426-3953—SOON! I'm leaving Oct. 1, and would like to set this up ASAP!
Women Against Rape has received the following descriptions of men who have been hassling/assaulting/raping women. These descriptions are published at the request of the women who call us. We see them as one of the ways that can help us take care of ourselves. We want to have a realistic idea of some of the men who hassle women so that we can better watch out for them. We can all help the situation by not being embarrassed to involve ourselves when women around us seem to be hassled by men, by picking up hitchhiking sisters whenever possible, and by refusing to tolerate the hassles men lay on us every day.

If you have any feedback or questions, or if you have been raped or hassled and would like to talk to a sister, call us. We are a collective of nine women who define ourselves as socialist feminists who see rape as an outgrowth of a sick society, rather than something inherent in human nature. We are open to new members, so call us if you’re thinking of joining. Until September 15, our line operates between 1-8 pm and after 8 pm for emergencies. Our phone is 426-RAPE (Rape-line). If you are interested in taking our free self defense classes or joining some members of Women Against Rape talk to your group or meeting, call us.

HASSLE-RAPE-SET-UP (last week of July)—the man hired a woman housekeeper, then hassled her. He said his name was "George Sternlund", he lives at 8299 Fremont, Ben Lomond. He is white, 55-60, 6', about 200 lbs, large pot belly; his hair is gray, below ears, balding on top.

HASSLE-ACTUAL RAPE (last week of July)—man picked up woman on Highway 9, grabbed her and hassled her. Man: Chicano, 35-40, husky, short black hair, tattoos on arm, wearing T-shirt and work pants. Car: Oldsmobile Cutlass 64-65 in beat-up condition, silver with black roof, spec. DIZ...???

HASSLE: (last week of June) man propositioned and hassled woman hitch-hiker. Man" White 5'5", about 140 lbs, late 20's, pockmarked complexion & pointed nose; his hair was blond, "fine, shoulder length; he had greenish-brown, shifty eyes. He had a long scratch on his left arm, dirty hands and bitten down nails." His name is David, he lives in Los Fatos, and is a mechanic. Car: Chevy, possibly Le Mans, 1969, green, no radio. Picked woman up at Highway 17 entrance in San Jose.

MASTURBATOR: (first week of May)—Man: White, late 20's, 5'10", thin, 140 lbs, dark hair, short, parted in the middle, straight texture with a wave, brown eyes; angular face w/fine features; spoke w/ and Eastern accent. Car: Fairly new, green pick-up w/ green and white camper. Lic 93J-66. Picked up woman hitch-hiking on Highway 9 by the tannery.

RAPE-KIDNAP- (first week of August)—Man offered woman ride in direction of Highway 9. Man: Black approx 28 years old, 160 lbs, slight build; black natural, brown eyes, sideburns; wearing a green horizontal striped polyester T-shirt. Said his name was Tony and that he was from Oakland. Car: newish, gray, Chevelle, had automatic door lock. (Looks like a Cadillac.)

Plymouth station wagon, blue curtains on windows of car, mattress and ice chest inside. CB radio antenna on inside.

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I used to smoke all the time. It was the only way I could relax. Please, no judgements. You don't know, or remember what it was like walking down the hallways in high school, the feeling of tripping over your own feet in fear, or of the spittle on your hair. Maybe you're not interested. Now, a good cup of tea is enough for me. I am sitting, I am waiting, at our kitchen table.

Sylvia has gone to the women's music concert looking very dykey. Her short, tough figure speaks of survival. Will they think she and Risa are mother-daughter lesbians? It's hard for me not to feel jealousy. She has just arrived from New York, and saved her money for months to make this visit to California. I identify with Risa's mother as a sister, as a comrade of sorts, and a role model, but not in the maternal sense. I could never relate to my own mother in that way. My mother was too drugged up to remember my birth. That's why on my birthdays, I always cry; I'm not the perfect birthday girl, and I know it; I'm not a good daughter, ungrateful, I know it. Lying in bed with Risa at night I think, "Here is my family." But I know that one person can't be your family, your best friend, and your lover, as wonderful as she is. And what if she died? These kinds of thoughts always reach catastrophic proportions in my head.

My writer friend says to get everyone out of the house, sweep the floor, and make a cup of tea as you get psyched up. Good advice. I'm sitting here at the kitchen table thinking the kitchen isn't clean enough, it doesn't measure up; the wood needs polishing, it doesn't measure up; my ear is infected and I don't (will I?) measure up. It's funny, sitting here like a mother cat, waiting for Risa to come back from a potluck, and Sylvia to come out...I mean, come back from the concert.

Sylvia returns from the concert talking like a speed freak. Is that Holly Near a lesbian, she asks. As much as you, dear friend, I want to say, if only you could let yourself know. I give her the inside scoop. Does she hear, does she notice? She is a woman with so much energy, and vitality. I'm a tense woman, she says. Brimming over endlessly with words, crying, yelling and philosophizing endlessly. I haven't had any coffee, cigarettes, or grass since I arrived. She tells me. It'll make you healthy, I reply. She laughs, as if the idea hadn't ever occurred to her.

Women's music heals. Sylvia used to have a beautiful, clear, strong voice until she ruined it yelling all the time. Risa says she remembers her singing and how angry she is that Sylvia ruined it screaming, but we haven't talked about that really since high school, when Risa was angry at her mother for so many things. Sylvia's upstairs now, singing, in the room that used to be Risa's study. Her voice wobbles, bird-like, her voice sometimes cracks. Still, it is beautiful, truly beautiful. Somewhere, even her deepest wounds can be healed or transcended—her schizoid mother and aunt, the necessary annihilationism and brutality of Jersey City ghetto life, twenty years and more of suburban isolation and marriage, the four unwanted babies illegally aborted by butchers and quacks, the three babies born...I believe that because I want it to be true. I want the healing and growing to happen for her, to come from her.

And anyway, Risa, why did she scream until her voice cracked? She is crazy, but she is strong, iron strong, just as you are. She fought and yelled her way through the swinging forbidden doors of Colombian Presbyterian Hospital, New York, to be at your side at your side in the recovery room as you cont.
Portait—cont.
came out of anesthesia. She yelled and fought her way through the corridors to be there to say "It's over, it's over" so that as you awoke you wouldn't believe the catharizing hadn't been done yet, the terror of being so young, and vulnerable.

She said, "I beat the shit out of Risa's sister, I've ignored her brother." Even if she hated her kids, or made her crazy with her craziness, she also gave them incredible strength. I can look at her and say that. And what if she wasn't the "Perfect Mother," who's the perfect daughter? Only Donna Reed could be what she was told she should be. Her generation was insane with a conformity that allowed her little breathing space or room for self-expression. You can see that when she lets the actress denied in her escape in bright little flashes of energy and life. Already, I can hear Risa in my head, "You didn't live with her." I know. Maybe that's why I can see that part of her.

"Well, I hope Risa can sleep in tomorrow, it's getting late," Sylvia says as she gets up, washing out her teacup, and wiping down the counters, unnecessarily. I can't help but notice these automatic habits of cleanliness, the reaction to a childhood of urban poverty and years of housewifery. We have stayed up until almost two in the morning, talking and waiting for her daughter, my lover. Abruptly, our conversation is through. It continues inside my head, echoing throughout me. She does understand the love between Risa and me, but not her daughter's lesbianism. Risa, as hard as she tries, can't forgive her mother for the past, which always hangs over her present, and looms in front of her, fatelike, complicating her future. I hope so much for Risa, and so much for Sylvia; this daughter and mother, struggling to know and embrace each other once again.

Loretta Lez sez:
"Alvin: It's people like you that give men a bad name."
extend the invitation anyway. Children are very welcome but we set the age limit for boys at 12 years since the land was bought by and for women only. Two women have volunteered to do childcare in S.P. for the weekend and there will also be childcare at Owl Farm. Please leave your dogs at home as there are chickens at the farm.

There is a small amount of $ available to help pay for gas if it is needed and we would like to help in any way possible. So please if you are interested and need more information or need a ride, or know of a car going up etc., please call Priscilla at 652-5644 (N.Oak) or Suzanne at 843-6999 (berk) or elana at 282-6613 (S.P.) or write to Oregon Women's Land Trust at box 1713, Eugene, Oregon.

HOW TO GET THERE: Take Highway 5 north to Canyonville. Take this exit, go into town and follow signs to Days Creek (highway 227) for about 8-10 miles. At Days Creek there is a gas pump and two stores. Make a very sharp left. Do not go to Tiller. Proceed approx. 1½ miles to Woods Creek Road (sign is on the right). Now turn left. This will become a dirt road. Take the 1st right fork up hill. Proceed approx. 1 to 2 miles. Take the left fork. You have arrived! Have a wonderful time!*

forests burn
lakes dry, lakes die
and the dried mud
cracks over desperately
burrowing frogs.
even meadows parch
turning brittle and ugly.
give me cool water
I'll offer you
the dust of ideals
the cinders of our love.

-----Rabbitskinner-----

The Sun Has Come Out Have You?

Alene O. Smith

Spontaneity listens to the free form moving, singing, laughing, dancing, within the love set free from woman to woman.

In the name of reality...
form beds of boredom to beds of being-
form beds of despair to beds of passion-
from heads of thinking to heads nodding-
The supervisor drops another librium
as she watches her bell-telephone-call-girls...
"love between two women is just a kiss away!"

In the name of reality—let go! let go!
The sun has come out—have you?

LAGMU...

Tuesday, September 14, is the date set for LAGMU's pot luck dinner and organizational meeting. All members of the gay community are invited to attend. Bring a dish and your ideas and suggestions for this year's activities. Dinner starts at 7:30 with the meeting following. This all takes place in the Fireside Lounge at Cabrillo College. Hey! If you put a little energy into this, we might get together some good activities! Down with Apathy! Up with Energy!
The oppression of native peoples stretches far, reaches deep. Womyn have been and still are a strong force fighting for Native American sovereignty. These strong womyn are often overlooked, their struggles against the F.B.I. and goon squads ignored and unpublished by the white male press. As womyn, we recognize the struggles of ALL native peoples and are focusing our energy on these womyn who URGENTLY need our support.

KA-MOOK BANKS: *21-year-old Oglala Lakota (Sioux) womyn from Pine Ridge Reservation in South Dakota. *Currently charged in Wichita, Kansas, with transporting firearms across state lines *Arrested earlier this year in Portland, Ore for being a passenger in a car allegedly carrying firearms and explosives across state lines. The charges were dropped after police failed to produce evidence. *Ka-Mook now waits in fear, wondering when she’ll be called to stand trial in Wichita.*KA-MOOK BANKS OFFENSE/DEFENSE COMMITTEE, 3435 S W HOOD, PORTLAND, 97207

YVONNE WANROW: *Yvonne is a member of the Colville Tribe in eastern Wash,* Sentenced to 25 years for killing "Chicken Bill" Wesler. *Wesler had raped her babysitter's daughter and attempted to molest her young son. When he barged into her house, Yvonne, in two leg casts and on crutches, fired point-blank at him. She immediately called the police. They in turn produced a tape of her call in court, alleging that her calm tone of voice indicated premeditated murder. *She is now out on appeal, and desperately needs our support. *YVONNE WANROW—CENTER FOR CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS, 853 BROADWAY, NY, NY, 10003

JOANNA LEDEAUX: *Organizer and legal worker for the Traditional Community in Pine Ridge. *Jailed Sept 22, 1975, for refusing to testify before a grand jury investigating the death of two FBI agents on the Pine Ridge Reservation. *"As long as the United States government continues its conspiratorial cultural and physical genocide against Native Americans in general, and the Oglala Nation in particular, I will continue to reject any attempt to make me a party or tool in any way for the further repression of a people I love and respect." *She has not been charged with any crime!*FREE JOANNA COMMITTEE c/o FRIDLEY NASSER, 101 MAIN ST. SIOUX FALLS, S.D. 57105

For general information about starting a support group, please write: WOMEN SUPPORTING NATIVE AMERICAN SOVEREIGNTY c/o MOTHER KALI'S BOOKSTORE 333 W. 11th, EUGENE, ORE. 97401

A gynecological clinic for lesbians is among the possible future clinics being considered by the S.C. Womyn’s Health Collective. Lesbians who would be interested in volunteering in such a clinic or who might want to actually join the Collective, as well as those who have ideas about the clinic, are encouraged to contact Kater or Shelley at 427-3500.

MERLIN PRESS is accepting contributions to an anthology of the work of contemporary California women poets which is to be published in spring, 1977. We welcome the work of both published and unpublished poets. We have a particular interest in work which sets forth women's unique experiences and perspectives, but all types of material are welcome.

Rules governing the submission of material are as follows:
1. Only unpublished material may be submitted.
2. Poems must be typed.
3. A maximum of ten poems may be submitted.
4. The poet must be both a woman and a resident of California.
5. A stamped, self-addressed envelope must be enclosed for return of unused material.

Address manuscripts to MERLIN PRESS
P.O. Box 5602
San Jose, Ca. 95150

* * *

Native American Womyn—

For the last ten years, the womyn of Sonoma County have been terrorized by a group of men who have reportedly raped and abused 200 womyn. The men involved are part of a local (Sonoma) motorcycle club. They are well known to members of the community and have been charged with rape numerous times. In the past, charges have always been dropped. This time, things are somewhat different: 1) There is clearcut evidence; 2) The Feminist community has organized around the issue.

At present, the trial has concluded with these results: Of the five defendants in the March 15, 1974 rape of Heidi Moore, the charges against one man were dismissed on the grounds of "insufficient evidence," two men were acquitted of all charges, and two men were convicted of ONE count each of "forcible rape." Sentencing, which was set for Friday, August 27, has been postponed.

For more details of this incident and the consequent actions of the Sonoma womyn's community, the lawyers, the court, et al., get a copy of the Sonoma County Women's News Journal. There are several articles pertinent to the issue of rape, as well as excellent coverage of the trial proceedings.

All interested womyn should write Senator Dunlap and Assemblyperson Siegler from Sonoma County demanding an IMMEDIATE investigation of this continued outrage. These womyn are our sisters!

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SC Womyn's Heath Collective
Health Info & Counseling
Dr. Referrals/Medical Library
Lesbian Counselors Available
Self-help Workshop monthly - CALL
* Rubyfruit distribution pt.
OPEN 10-7 M-F; 10-2 Sat. 24-hour phone line.
250 LOCUST ST. 427-3500

S. C. Midwifery Case Continues

Pre-trial litigation concerning the three S.C. midwives, Bennett, Bowland, and Walker, arrested two and a half years ago on charges of "practicing medicine without a license" was heard by the California Supreme Court on August 30. Feminist attorney Anne Flower Cummings argued eloquently that the charges (originally filed in March, 1974), are not applicable because the complaint against them doesn't say what they did that constitutes the practice of medicine; the statute under which they are charged (Business and Professions Code 2141) was never intended to cover midwifery, and deals with a system of treating the sick or afflicted which a pregnant woman certainly is not; and the wording of 2141 is unconstitutionally vague and over-broad in prohibiting diagnosis or treatment of "any physical condition."

This case is particularly significant because it is the first time a case concerning the broad "practicing medicine" law has ever been argued before the California Supreme Court. The Court, a panel of seven male judges, will discuss the case extensively in private, and will render their decision in some unspecified number of months. Depending on their decision, the case will then be dropped or appealed to the U. S. Supreme court, or finally go to trial. **Kater
Ruby to readers—Ruby to readers: Come in please! What do you think of Ruby? What are your burning questions? What would you like to see more of? What are you sick to death of? Have you read something that fancied your tickle? Did you read something that prompted you to fart and say “That stinks”? Do you wonder if we’re really Martians? What DO you think?

The input we’ve received thus far has led us to delete the Dear Dee/Sister Clit columns. We’ll gladly resume an advice type column and give sincere answers IF we receive sincere questions.

Anyone interested in joining the staff? Two of us are leaving at the end of Sept., and Ruby needs more than 3 dedicated dykes to keep her going.

Most important, please let us know you’re out there reading her.

Elayne Jones, the black woman tympanist who was dropped last year by the S.F. Symphony, filed a $1.5 million Superior Court suit against the symphony, Local 6 of the Musician’s Union, and seven members of the symphony’s players committee which voted to deny her tenure; the charges were alleged discrimination on the basis of race and sex.

--S.F. Chronicle

Feminists have long suspected that beer baron Joseph Coors has funneled money into the campaign against the ERA. Acting on solid reports that Coors is behind an arch-conservative effort that is working against a broad spectrum of women’s rights issues, California NOW voted at the April 11 26th board meeting to boycott Coors Beer. We urge you to do the same.

(NOW Newsletter, May 1976)

The READHER is published monthly by a collective of 5 womyn. We have open meetings at 10 am every Friday at Pergolesi’s. Not all of us necessarily agree with all that is printed herein, but we are attempting to maintain our status as a forum for the lesbian community. The READHER is supported by your response. We need your donations: Monetary, literary, news events, feedback. Send all correspondence to: RubyfruitREADHER Box 949 Felton, Ca. 95018 426-DYKE

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HELP! The Rubyfruit is going broke... This is a free communiqué but we can't go forever on no money!!! So... as a favor to our fans & ourselves, we are having a subscription drive... $3 for 6 months (just think folks - the fantastic Rubyfruit Reader delivered to yer front door - such a deal!!!)... or... if yer into picking one up @ yer favorite eats place (Two Sisters) or dance place (Dragon Moon), please, please, drop a donation in the RR can... AND we thank you!!!

Also: we in the collective would like to thank all our contributors (anyone sending in articles, information, donations etc.) we really appreciate your good vibes & your continuing support!!!

Rubyfruit Reader
subscription
(3 bucks for 6 months)

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address

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