The Rubyfruit Readher is Santa Cruz's ONLY lesbian communique. She is published as often as possible (every 1-2 mths) by a small collective. Not all of us necessarily agree with everything that is printed but we take responsibility for choosing to print whatever appears in Ruby. We are open to taking in new members—call 426-DYKE for meeting times.

CONTRIBUTIONS
We always need contributions, both graphics and written materials. Graphics must be black ink on white paper and either 3 or 6" wide. Written materials must have a signature, phone, address, although a pseudonym will be printed by request. We tend to give preference to materials submitted by Santa Cruz County lesbians although we also appreciate articles that concern out-of-town events.

DISTRIBUTION POINTS
Pick up Ruby at the following places and put yr $35 in the cam Rising Moon Q's ctr, S.C.Q's Health Ctr., Mother Right Bookstore/You've Got Me Flying Kite Shop, UCSC Q's studies also on sale at Bookshop Santa Cruz. Please send us yr $ if you pick Ruby up at Phyl's, Dragon Moon, or Cabrillo Q's Ctr.

For May we have dreams/plans for a MOTHER'S ISSUE—works about our own mothers, our lives as mothers, the mother earth, the goddess as mother, and any other aspect you wish to write or draw about. Please have your input to us by the END OF APRIL. See you then.

WEATHER REPORT FROM RUBY!!
No new lesbians have joined the RR collective (& 2 will now be on LOA), but several wonderful women showed up on layout weekend and immensely helped share the work, creativity, fun & heat! THANK YOU. And thanks to the women who "came through" w/ their promised poems, articles & graphics. Let's please continue all of these types of community input.

Workers: Betsy, Brenda, Catherine, Glydia, Jan, Janice, Jeanne. Cover by Jan.

This month saw the formation and initial activities of an organization called Community United to Defeat the Briggs Initiative. The initiative sponsored, by State Sen. John V. Briggs would prohibit hiring and require firing of any public school teacher, teacher's aide, administrator or counselor suspected of being a homosexual or a supporter of gay rights. Briggs is an announced candidate for Gov. of Calif and has been depending on this one issue to make him known state-wide.

Currently, repeal of pro-gay legislation or adoption of anti-gay legislation is being attempted in Eugene, Oregon, Wichita, Kansas, St. Paul, Minn., and the state of Oklahoma. Locally, the California Defend Our Children group, an affiliate of Anita Bryant's organization, of which Briggs is chairman, has raised close to one half million dollars in California. They are paying petitioners 20 cents per signature to insure they get the needed 312,000 signatures to insure its appearance on the November ballot.

The week of March 13th-19th was designated as a week of publicity, fundraising and public education on a state-wide level against the initiative, and a variety of activities were held locally. On the morning of Monday, the 13th, a news conference was held to which all the local media were invited. Cris di Maio, psychologist; Lauren Crux, licensed marriage, family and child counselor; John Mortz of the Gay Rights Coalition; and Dr. Jerry Solomon of Community Counseling were present to voice their opposition to the initiative. Elizabeth Moore, a current member of the Santa Cruz City School Board also voiced her opposition.

That started off a week of activities in which organization members and gay men and women worked together to bring an awareness of this important issue to our community. The activities included a benefit dance at the Dragon Moon, an evening of music and skits with performances by Cris Phillips, Alan Acosta, Vicky Blevins, Jerilyn Munyon, Shawn Laugh—>
ingtree, Karen Belford, and Sweet Fire. The week was closed off with a day-long series of workshops led by Lauren Crux and Jerry Solomon, among others, that covered such a wide range of topics as Breaking the Myths, Gays and Employment, Unity with Third World Struggles and How the Briggs Initiative affects school workers. The special guest speaker was Jim Gaylord, the high school teacher from Tacoma, Washington who was fired solely for being gay and whose case the U.S. Supreme Court refused to hear recently.

The organizers were very pleased with the community response and support for these activities which were planned and carried out on such notice. They point out that this is just the beginning of a campaign designed to kill the initiative in May or even to fight the proposition if it manages to get on the Nov ballot. They are looking for more people who are able to give some time and energy to this cause, particularly from the lesbian and gay community which has already played such an important role. Please contact Kathy at the Women's Center, 426-9975 or John at 335-2296 if you can help.

Also it is of critical importance that the gay community be able to express itself by the means of the vote. If you are not registered to vote, do so now. If this issue gets on the November ballot, every vote will be needed.

WomenWorks and Women's Music Productions are two feminist music production companies (recently merged into one) that have been producing concerts in Santa Cruz for the last two years (such as Cris Williamson, Ellen McIlwaine, Mary McGaullin, Homespun, and Holly Near, to name more than a few). A large part of the continuing struggle to bring women musicians to Santa Cruz is—you guessed it—money.

We strive to cover our expenses whenever we do a concert. About 40% of the time we manage. About 50% of the time we lose money and the other 10% is when we actually make a little money. Profit, you say? Hardly; we have to cover the expenses of the concerts that lost money. So when we make money on someone like Holly Near, then we take the money and put it back into the community by sponsoring Woody Simons, a wonderful high concert that lost money.

You may be confused about just what expenses really are in producing a concert. We worked out a sample absolute rock-bottom budget for a concert.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Expense</th>
<th>Cost</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Artists fees</td>
<td>$100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(if there are more than</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>than 3 musicians this is not even union wage)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hall rental</td>
<td>$25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Posters/flyers</td>
<td>$15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(to have them printed)</td>
<td>$8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tickets</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(to have them printed)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sound rental</td>
<td>$35-50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lights rental</td>
<td>$20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Phone</td>
<td>$10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ads (one small one in two newspapers)</td>
<td>$25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>If a piano is used it must be tuned once:</td>
<td>$25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(We have no childcare or salaries included in this budget</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>because that makes the expenses even higher. We try to avoid</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>volunteer labor but often find ourselves in the double bind</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>of cheap tickets or no pay.)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TOTAL</td>
<td>$248</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

That means that if we charge $2.50 per ticket (an incredibly low price in this day and age) that 100 people must attend to even break even.
There are several philosophies of our group that we often find put us in a double bind. One of these is volunteer labor. We try to avoid using volunteers, feeling that women's culture has existed too long on volunteerism. We try to pay our group that we often find put us in a double bind. One of these is volunteer labor. We try to avoid using volunteers, feeling that women's culture has existed too long on volunteerism. We try to pay

to keep ticket prices as low as possible. We are a non-profit organization, but we'd like to meet our payroll and we must keep ticket prices as low as possible. We are a non-profit organization, but we'd like to meet our payroll and we must

Another thing we try to do is have concerts of people not so well known, thereby increasing both our exposure and theirs. However, are those featuring lesser known artists. There is an incredible feminist culture filling up and spilling over a certain respect. We don't have the resources to take a big loss on a concert. Sometimes the loss comes from our own personal pockets. We really don't want to produce some other people like Jade and Sasparilla, Vicky Randle, or Hazel and Alice (the list goes on and on.). We'll take risks but we aren't suicidal.

What it all boils down to is the only way it will all work is by being able to count on community support. (We would like you to think about priorities when you are deciding on going out to dinner or a movie, or attending a women's concert—whose culture and whose economy do you want to support?) By choosing mainstream entertainment, you could be missing a very special event as well as an opportunity to support a growing feminist culture.

--Anne and Helen/WomensWorks--

A lesbian said she once watched a gay parade for hours, hearing them chant 'Join us! Join us!' until her stomach knotted.

Multicolored flags twisting and flapping, and many women I don't know pouring by me, under a low grey sky And also many I know

Joining, Join us! Join us!

Walking together as they walk together every day, Only now in hundreds all at once In uneven patterns but all turning in the same wind All heading toward the river My shining friends and amazons, Passing in the street, Join us! Join us!

In the living room at twilight, looking at me you said, "But you're so- so-" and I knew what you were seeing; Your daughter soft and glowing, tall and gentle, legs strong and soft, soft curves from neck to narrow fingers, hair light and softly curled on the face, eyes soft and glass-blue, a soft and warming promise on the lips Meant for some gentle man as clearly as cups for coffee, as seabirds for the ocean.

Mama I have rivers of friends. We do not need containers. We are strong and bitter. Yes, we are soft and glowing, we are meant for each other.

I walked with my friends, and we pour down the street, arm in arm, Joining to women stopped on street corners as we go by, Join us! Join us!

--Sara--
I dreamt last night of a frantic hunt.
for scattered feathers
swirls of beige and brown
fallen from a death somewhere
I held them to examine
and tears came to me
I look to you, woman of the land
fighter and lover
you were birthed in the scent of life
with firm hands catching and comforting
your connection with life is through
the lessons of growing
everywhere there is an unfolding blade
or leaf
mountains to climb and explore
the cycles are demonstrated
everyday, every season
a birth is a victory, a joy,
death is completion
Air was slapped to my lungs
an inharmonious clatter of
steel and sterile white
under penetrating harsh light
I was yanked to consciousness
trundled down the halls
and processed with the others
a plastic band was adhered to my wrist
already the stain of oil
Mandatory attendance at the institution
of brown linoleum and lockers
my first poem was written
to the tune of a film on the Blitzkreig
thousands of corpses and bones
framed by blackboards and
the American flag.

At night I slept restless
awakening to the stage whispers of
the woman who stomped up the stairs
coming to assess me, to
reprimand
to judge my lack with inward bile
coming home, reeling with chemicals
her face would move in stern un给予ing
circles
she thought she was mother
and I killed her until I woke
again

I knew my mother
she ran away sometimes
I grew to be a young woman
I ran away sometimes
in desperation
to the hills, to the ocean
Across the continent with borrowed rides
I ran away to the fanciful theatres inside
my head

I was the third of four
babies, babies all in a row
my mother was young and poor
she ran away often
I grew to walk, with her,
until one day when the strange figures
uniformed,
came for me
and me
My mother was gone
and I was tiny
my fists were laughed at
my tears cajoled
and I was carried away
in duplicity. (cont. p. 4)
you were there
hidden in the leaves of my pain
peering out cautiously
seeking that life which sustained you
Always, through years of words
deskfuls of numbers
my glazed eyes and shaking hands
the droning litany of the teacher and the
taught.
I grew to be a young woman
having learned the lessons of silence
and self hate
mirrors captured my insufficiencies
and awkward glances
You were awake and watchful
guiding me through the haze
of taunts and glass shattering
of wristcuttings and
enduring silences
You sat with me, alone
waiting for the hours to pass
with dulled eyes
watching the palm tree grow
You watched and loved me
even when I lay
in desecration with men
who sucked out my body juices to
feed their void
When I would lie awake in self-mockery
prodding
the dead carcass of me
You are the voice of the sea
the fluidity of liquid
the strength to sculpt stone
You are the light
that brushes softly against leaves
and glitters sharply on the crescendo
of waves

I began to awaken one day
in the autumn of the east
as my friend and companion traveller
lay crushed in traction
pale and near death
the Woods were alive and crying with me
clouding the lake to a shimmer
the trees were alive with luminous color
their bark was darkened from the
onslaught of water
and as I watched
the leaves began to rain down
light against dark
leaf against bark
crying with me
You the strength of being
a woman born
and I, a child grown through and
beyond the wastelands
are merging
a quiet reunion of self and self
we stand armed in fierceness
against the disease of the world
we grow ever bolder
learn to be healers of our lovers
of ourselves
a slow straining process
of concentration
and war screams
Now I walk through streets of
anycity, everycity
and I know, with you
that it is not I who is the deathcaster
nor I who fuels the giver earth
Neon cast shadows invade my every footstep
women sellers, and child buyers
raping my eyes and tearing my pockets —>
But I am a seeker of health
and of retribution
and I will seek
until the time comes
when children are not under the gaze
defamy
until we are all caretaking the land
and cleansing
the sluggish rivers
I look to the era of
Great Reconstruction of the Planet Earth.

--Alison--

Lesbian Lit Class

This Spring Quarter at the
University there will be a
course devoted entirely to
Lesbian literature and Les­
bian culture! It is called
Oakes 420: The Woman Iden­
tified Novel in Historical
and Political Perspective,
taught by Risa Krive.

The course will be a re/dis-
covery of the words and ex­
periences of women loving
women, and the social and
political implications of
Lesbians lives and Lesbian
writing. In addition we will
examine our lives and our
culture in relation to
questions of Lesbian aesthe­
tics and Lesbian sensibility,
and culture as a critical
and revolutionary force in
our Movement.

Literature will include
Lesbians in mythology, Sappha,
Well of Loneliness (Radclyffe
Hall), Colette, Virginia
Woolf, Monique Wittig, River­
finger Women (Elena Machan),
Rubyfruit Jungle, Ruby (Rosa
Guy), Sister Gil, Herebies,
Sinister Wisdom, Gaysweek,
and more.

Come share in the celebra­
tion and creation of Lesbian
pride and Lesbian culture!!

Wed. nights 7-9:30 pm
$10/session
Call for more info: 336-2771

WOMEN IN TRANSITION -announces 3 new
groups for women

LESBIAN THERAPY GROUP
8 week therapy group for lesbians, co-led by Sybil Meyer &
Lauren Crux.

Wed. nights 7-9:30 pm
$10/session
Call for more info: 336-2771

SISTERS, MOTHERS, LOVERS, AND FRIENDS: Women's Relationships
with Women.

This group will provide an opportunity to define and explore
the various forms of intensity that women experience in
relationship to other women. The facilitators will struc­
ture exercises which will focus on the universal and unique
features of women's relationship patterns with other women.

Tues. night 7:30-9:30pm—6 wks
$10/session
Call for more info: 336-2771

DANCE/MOVEMENT THERAPY GROUP
An eight week group for women who want to explore their
body-image, increase their movement possibilities, iden­
tify their personal body language, and expand their
range of choices for emotional expression, interaction,
and play.

Led by Sybil Meyer. Time & Place TBA, starts mid-April.
Call if interested; 336-2771.
I had a dream
You came to me
in the stillness of the night
We sat close to one another
on the Oriental rug
You read me your poems
and we shared
a cup of wine
in the warm
I’ve had a special feeling ever since.

Lullaby
You walk like an African princess, like a winning player;
Hard and swinging, hands in pockets, your gold hair
Pouring over your shoulders, your lips thoughtful
My amazon
Your weapons turn, your shield shatters, why go to war
While your wounds are open, I can hold you
Your breasts are flattened against my ribs
Like the sleeping face of a child against the mattress
My amazon
The cat is curled up with her paws on your face
Only you and me and this small striped warrior
No one to fight off until morning
My amazon
Your bed a white boat on the nighttime sea
Let them call and knock on the window, we will sail away
Let it rain on our sails until morning
Your round window will look out on the rising day
My amazon

--Sylvia

LOVE POEM
I cannot use the commonness of words
To express this love that roars within me,
I cannot use sounds that other ears have heard.
To portrait fire that never eyes shall see.
I would prefer to listen to a stone
Than to attempt to rend description free
With age old utterings. This only is a poem.
My words cannot attend my ecstasy.

-Diane Ramsey--

She is Sensuality
held captive
within the mortal trappings
of skin and bone.
Shining muscles
piercing in the hazy patterns
of afternoon sun,
she dances in an empty room.
Perspiration droplets
dance glissando along
smooth curve of delicate brow
Breast; rising, falling
with each sharp kick
of finely turned calf,
with every leap through space
to land
as a gull, on the sea-patterned rug.
Sara in the afternoon.

-I wish I understood more clearly
what I explain so well.
-Diane Ramsey--

-Kathi-
A CASE OF MUSICAL ATROPHY
by miriam

If some of you walked out of the Cabrillo Womyn's Music Concert feeling a little disappointed or even frustrated, you were not alone. After speaking with several others who attended, I feel much support and encouragement in writing down my thoughts.

Being a part of the Santa Cruz Lesbian Community, I feel that I've been expected to support music performed by lesbians even if the lyrics are not only non-womyn identified, but are non-stimulating as well. Pressure has been mounting inside of me and I can no longer suppress my feelings. There are too many changes that need to take place; music can help to create those changes or it can help to keep people from changing.

Although I, like most people, appreciate a good love song, I feel the theme has become a bit trite. I find myself being continually reminded of what I do not have or what I wish I did have, instead of all I do have. Why must our music dwell on our weak areas and not bring out our strong points? Love songs can be very manipulative in the sense that they often leave us feeling that we are not whole if we are not in love or relating to another person sexually. We need to support the wholeness in each of us and break away from our gross social conditioning that keeps us from being the STRONG WOMYN THAT WE TRULY ARE. We need to be inspired—not stifled.

Because performing musicians reach a large group of people, they hold a certain amount of power above other individuals. In minority groups this power is often magnified. For instance, when a lesbian musician goes on stage, many of us automatically give her our support without questioning the intention of her music. Our all our assets in spreading the WOMYN'S MOVEMENT, I feel our music could be the most influential.

Although March 17th's concert displayed a great amount of musical talent, only one of the performers seemed to capture the spirit of womyn's music. By tapping into one of the many facets of the gem, she sang of the GODDESS.

I owe alot to this community. If it was not for all of you, I would still be tightening the lid on my so-called negative emotions and hiding in my "creative closet". This article was not intended to offend anyone, but after reading it over, I'm sure it might just because it's so up front, I feel we all must realize that MUSIC IS POWER and that power must be respected and not misused.

TRISH NUGENT
in concert
FRIDAY APRIL 7 8 PM
$2.50
LIVE OAK GRANGE HALL
1900 17th AVE. S.C.
BENEFIT FOR
RISING MOON WOMENS CENTER
INFO: 426 DYKE

ANITA, ORANGES, AND COKE

Coca-Cola owns 35,000 acres of orange groves which provide revenue to pay part of anti-gay crusader Anita Bryant's salary as promoter of Florida orange juice, according to the Community Alliance of Philadelphia. As a result, the alliance of more than 35 representatives of business, professional, and civic leaders in the city's gay community has announced a boycott of the popular soft drink. Many gay bars across the country have also decided not to Coke up. The CAP can be reached by writing P.O.Box 2262, Philadelphia Pa. 19103 (info from Big Mama Rag).
Charlotte Cushman was born in Boston on July 23, 1816. Her singing career, a disaster, began in 1835—fortunately she quit and her debut as an actress was in 1845. She became most famous for her performances as Hamlet. Her adaptability at playing both female and male roles was quite amazing. She widened her style when she superbly played Meg, an ugly, shriveling crone, in "Guy Manners." To play the part of Nancy in "Oliver Twist" Charlotte was asked by Mathilda Hayes to take her on as a pupil. Charlotte did and

Charlotte was introduced to Thomas Sulley, a famous portrait painter. She also met his daughter, Rosalie. Rosalie was the first woman Charlotte publicly called her "beloved". Charlotte left the U.S. and Rosalie to test her acting in London. While in the British Isles she formed close friendships with Eliza Cook, a poet, and Geraldine Jewsbury, a novelist and outspoken feminist.

In 1849, after a performance, Charlotte was asked by Mathilda Hayes to take her on as a pupil. Charlotte did and

The leaves fell to the ground in swirling patterns of grace. Our silences with one another grew into compact vacuums of space the words breaking the quiet so few, so meaningless that I've trouble recalling their purpose.

We had our moments of brief respite: adopting a kitten, then two. Playing out pent-up affections on the cats instead of one another.

I involved myself deeply in outside affairs of a non-personal nature.

You grew ever more oppressively dominant I became ever increasingly independent.

Whatever love remained was lost somewhere between your struggle to possess and my struggle to be free.

Like reverse magnets we repelled one another as the leaves fell from the trees slowly dying, one by one.

-Kathi-

CLASSIFIED CLASSIFIED

WOMEN'S HEALTH CENTER
205 Loug Street
10-4 Mon-Fri 7-9 pm Wed.
427-3500
24 HOUR PHONELINE
DR. REFERRALS - MED. LIBRARY
MEDICAL SERVICES BY APPOINTMENT
LESGIAN COUNSELORS
SELF-HELP MONTHLY WORKSHOP
HEALTH INFORMATION
sliding scale.

RISING MOON
Women's Center
538 SEABRIGHT AVE.
call 426-9973
open to all women
for open times

FREE ESTIMATES
- GARDENING
- HAULING
- ODD JOBS

CALL
426-9856
BEFORE 9:00 PM
OR AFTER 9:00 PM
Perhaps the most significant literary-political accomplishment of the Second Wave of Women's Liberation, is the publication of Susan Brownmiller's book Against Our Will. Backed in the past in Kate Millett's Sexual Politics and Phyllis Chesler's Women and Madness, Brownmiller's analysis of rape completes a definitive picture-political, psychological, and physical—of society's places and positions for the female sex. Let us not, at this late date, become too optimistic of woman and her chances for an actual liberation—we have a long steep road of hatred yet to climb.

Kate Millett's book Sexual Politics, the earliest of the three studies (in 1969) deals historically and in literature with the position of woman—her status, gains, and losses in the male structure. Patriarchy and possession; woman as property; power and control; the male as master are the themes of this work. "It is precisely because certain groups have no representation in a number of recognized political structures that their position tends to be so stable, their oppression so continuous." Women have had no representation in this sense because of the patriarchal set-up of a male society. Power is maintained by consent (socialization) or by violence (imposition—subtle or overt). A woman's life from birth is passed from male to male, father to husband, and this entire socialization is designed to enforce this complete control. The rapist? He is viewed as the strong-man on a spree who violates not another's human body, but simply something that his brother owns. The woman in a rape is always suspect, it is she who is on trial, and "She is almost universally defenseless both by her physical and emotional training. Needless to say, this has the most far-reaching effects on the behavior of both sexes."

Boys will be boys, is the male saying, and a rapist is too seldom convicted or even brought to any court.→
"In rape, the emotions of aggression, hatred, contempt, and the desire to break or violate personality take a form consumately appropriate to sexual politics."3 The woman brutalized is not at issue, but her attacker's awareness of his upheld rights of ownership are. So long as this possession remains sanctioned, as it politically is in fact despite the travesty of law, no woman can be truly free.

Phyllis Chesler's Women and Madness reinforces and extends Willett's theses, directing her survey specifically to women under the patriarchy of psychiatric care. For her own safety and health, a woman must not (cannot) break the male chain of control ingrained upon her since her birth. "Female children move from a childhood dominated or peopled by members of their own sex to a foreign 'grown-up' world dominated, quite literally, by members of the opposite sex."4 Much of what is deemed psychotic by the male definers of societal mental health, is simply woman's need to return to that early reinforcing mother-nurturance and the frustrations faced in attempting to do so. All sexual union, for Chesler, is an incestuous quest failing and culminating in rape, for while the male returns to mother by marriage, the female cannot do this, but must become that comfort in herself.

A woman in marriage performs a father figure, as her mother did before her. She does not refuse to be raped, nor to relive or to become her mother or her mother's ego, "But the modern Persephone still has no other place to go."5 If she does not accept her designated woman's role of sustaining wife and mother, she is not permitted emotional survival by the male hierarchy. Note for instance masculine reaction to lesbianism, to the woman who rejects this ritual marriage-rape. Or in fact the male reaction to any woman with an existence of her own; a woman unclaimed by a male is prey to any male attack. A large percentage of women under psychiatric care fit just this classification; choosing to deny their subjugation to the role, they are dubbed insane by the males who have created it.

Convinced by her conditioning that the ruling political structure, which has enframed her life from birth, is the only valid way, a woman may then be so brainwashed that she believes her own independence is an actual disease. A being thus far mentally raped is physically an easy mark. The male takes her as he deems it his due, with or without the legal sanction, and with or without her own consent. (Millett's concept again of power retained by socialization or by violence, but still power retained.) In the face then of an actual criminal attack, she is absolutely, totally, emotionally unable to resist. Pressure by law and male psychiatric norm—the initial rape of her mind—is only a subtler manifestation of the rape performed first by one man and then by any man upon a woman's body.

With the structural and
to whichever male achieves possession. A female is her father's property until bound over by that father to a husband. By her legal binding to one male, the law has supposedly gained for her protection from all other males, but this is not the actual case. A woman in the name of possession. A female is her father's property until bound over by that father to a husband. By her legal binding to one male, the law has supposedly gained for her protection from all other males, but this is not the actual case. A woman in the name of possession. A female is her father's property until bound over by that father to a husband. By her legal binding to one male, the law has supposedly gained for her protection from all other males, but this is not the actual case. A woman in the name of possession. A female is her father's property until bound over by that father to a husband. 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LESSONS

I was arrested for resisting normalcy.
Now, in spite of eavesdroppers, I am safe among the masses.
I move through my extremes secretly, disguised as a feeble poet.

--Diane Ramsey--

END THE LOCKDOWN! Support Sisters Inside!

On Feb. 28, 400 women sat in the dining hall of the Calif. Institution for Women (CIW). They were protesting: Atrocious medical conditions, quantity and quality of food, unsanitary conditions in the kitchen and hospital, enormous price hikes in the canteen, and women being put in the hole for 4-5 mths.

During the sit-in the women demanded to meet with the warden as a whole group, and to speak with the media. The warden, Kathleen Anderson, refused to allow women access to the media, and refused to meet with other than a small representative group. After 32 hours, the women returned to their cells. The warden had promised that if women returned to their cells there would be no reprisals.

200 women have been locked in their cells since March 1st. They have not been allowed hot food or exercise. They have been charged with serious rule violations which could affect their release date.

YOU CAN HELP! Call and write to these people: J.J. Enamoto, Director, Calif. Depart. of Corrections, 714 P St., Sacto, Ca., 95814, (916) 445-7688; or, Kathleen Anderson, Warden, CIW, Chino-Corona Road, Frontera, Ca. 91720, (714) 597-1771.

If you have any media connections, encourage them to investigate the situation at CIW. Demand an end to the lockdown, and no reprisals against women involved in the sit-in. Support the prisoners' demands: let them talk to the media, improve living conditions, get rid of Warden Anderson.

For more info, contact: Women Against Prisons, c/o Women's Litigation Unit, SFNLAP, 1095 Market St. Rm. 416, S.F. Ca. 94103, (415) 626-3632.
RUBY’S ADVERTISING RATES

We want to support more of the cost of our production through ads. We also hope to raise enough to start printing (instead of mimeo).
So, if you would like to place an ad with us, please send camera ready copy (black ink and graphics on white paper to size) and payment by the 15th of the month.

Our rates are as follow:

CLASSIFIED:
- will be typed, single spaced
- $1.00 for first 25 words
- $ .50 for each additional 10 words

DISPLAY:
- $2.00 per column inch (2 3/4 inches wide)

-- OR --
- 1/4 page 3 1/2" x 2 3/4" $ 6.00
- ½ page 6 1/2" x 2 3/4" $12.00
- or 3 1/2" x 6" $12.00
- full page 6 1/2" x 6" $24.00

Feel free to write or call about trades.