

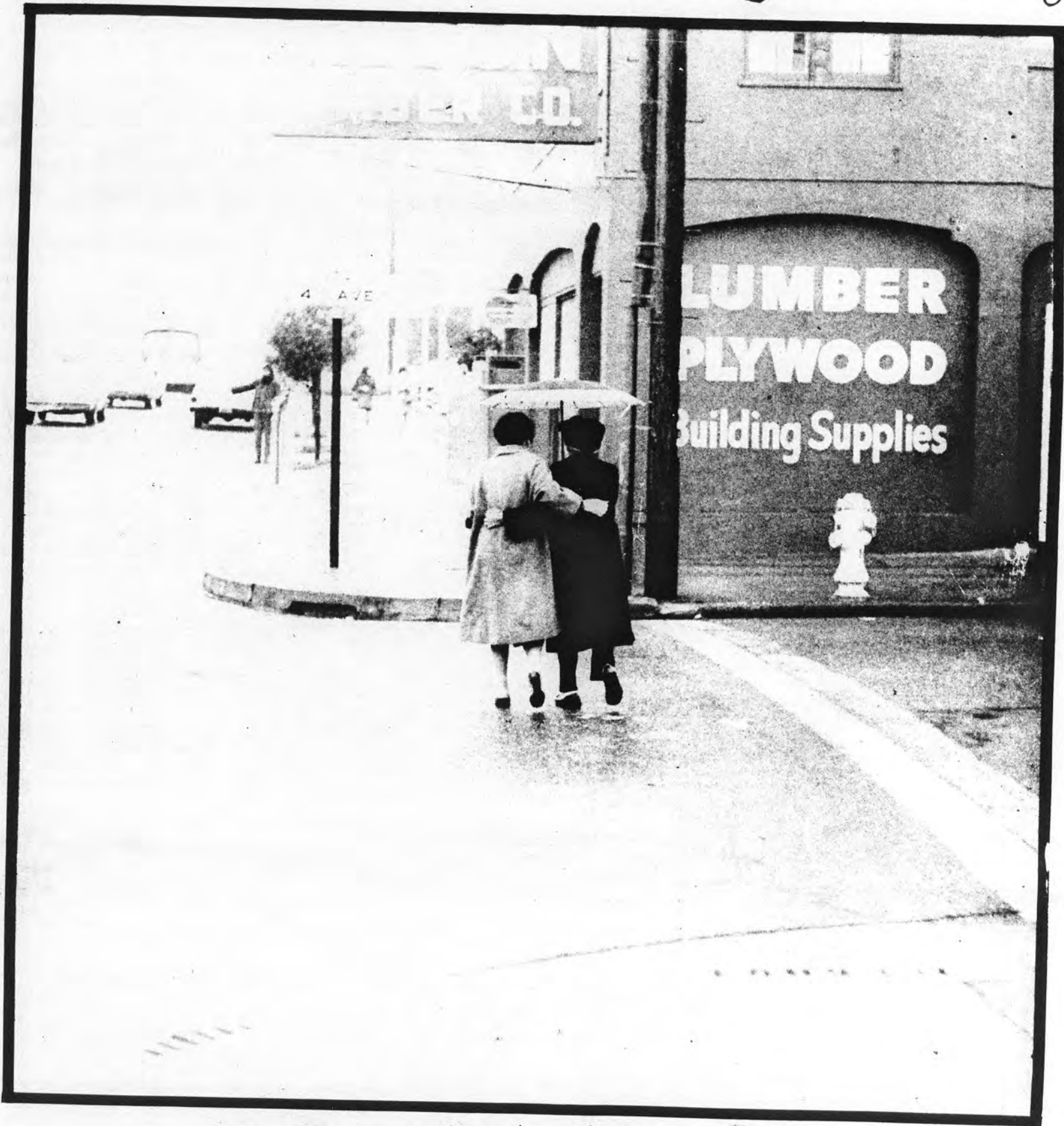
Bindery

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LETTERS

HIGHBRIDGE PARK

Friends—

Reading the article in your latest issue entitled "Rainbow Family at Expo" left me feeling somewhat disturbed. Due to my position as an alternative journalist, I was afforded the opportunity to attend the first of the Ecological Symposia, which I did in fact take advantage of. In addition, I spent the first of my three nights in Spokane at Highbridge Park.

Based on these direct experiences of the situation there, as well as on the fact that I am acquainted with the basic ideological framework of the article's author, I feel sufficiently qualified to state that the perspective of the piece is slightly warped. It generates false impressions of a certain 'happy, hippy solidarity' which simply is not present in Spokane. What's worse, it altogether fails to mention the origin and initial purpose of the Highbridge Park camping area. One could easily assume that kind-hearted city councilmen designated this area as a free lodging ground for "the young and the poor," motivated by mere compassion. The fact of the matter is that the local branch of the Youth International Party (YIP) demanded that the city delegate the park as a camping area for all those travelers passing through Spokane who had neither the means nor the desire to support more traditional 'bed-and-board' institutions.

Of course an important factor in the discrepancy of the article is the tactical orientation of the Rainbow Tribe. The soggy technique of 'co-operating' with our enemies and in the meantime compromising a good many of our principles down the drain only strengthens their position and confirms their power. Their rope around us becomes a bit tighter as their "you see, the system really works" statements appear, at least superficially, to be justified.

The author from the Rainbow Tribe writes with pride that the group has "...very good relations with the police," with "one of their officers...here as one of the family," who "has been a great help." So are we just one big, happy family where brother/sisterhood makes us magically ignore our social class distinctions and co-exist in harmony, after all? It is precisely this kind of harmful propaganda which is used by the leaders themselves to lull the masses

into complacency. It is dangerous and destructive rhetoric, to say the least. It would seem that by their very nature the two groups — the police (institutionalized upholders of capitalist America), and the Rainbow Tribe (supposed representatives of an alternative culture) — exist in conflict with one another. Either the Rainbow people are fooling themselves, then, or else they are really not the genuine devotees to social change they claim themselves to be.

In any case, my experience of the Spokane police on a practical, non-theoretical non-deterministic level is that they are no different from any other police. In fact, in many ways their hostility towards the entire "youth culture" is more pronounced. Exposure and confrontation of them as agents — and even more important exposure of the oppressive social structure they uphold — becomes all the more crucial because of this.

In solidarity and struggle,
Caryl Weisberg

GOOD INTENTIONS AIN'T GOOD ENOUGH

Dear Passage,

As a woman, I am aware of the subtle and often overt way that women are oppressed, parodied and crippled by the dominate (male) culture. This awareness of my own position has made me all the more sensitive to the oppression of other groups within our society. I assume that the Passage and all the people who contribute to it are on their guard against unconscious slip-ups that reflect our racist and sexist socialization. However, in the last issue I found myself confronted with what I felt was very offensive caricature of an Indian man holding a treaty written in the "pseudo-Indian" baby-talk that the media tells us is the authentic language of our Red Brothers and Sisters. I know from the message of the article above that it was "well-intentioned" — but that ain't good enough!

Humor is one of the most effective ways of rendering one ludicrous and thus powerless. This is to me a painful mockery of our collective struggles to gain self-respect and self-determination over our lives.

Eileen Kirkpatrick

KARUM COLLECTIVE

Dear NWP:

The Karum article attracted my attention and I wanted to share some of my reactions to it.

The first paragraph makes mention that the article will not go into old dogs of the past: "It would not do to introduce so positive an effort as ours with the lies, misinterpretations, distortions, pettiness and fear that have surrounded our attempts to emerge and cooperate with certain groups of people in the Bellingham community." From then on, the article proceeds to do exactly that.

Every few lines is a put down of what other people have interpreted Karum to be — and an enormous amount of words are expended to criticize those people. The group claims to welcome feedback, purports an atmosphere of trust, communication, discussion — and then declares they consider people who question their shoe rule as "too much of a hassle" and they "don't give a shit about (them) anyway." Anyone who doesn't immediately share their distinction between birth control pills and dope is a "moron" and Karum asserts they're "sick and tired of splitting hairs over such meaningless bullshit."

Why so defensive? If this group is so glorious and perfect, I can't understand all the hostility and defensiveness. If all of the members are as candid, direct, hard-working, enterprising, ingenious, loyal and faithful as they claim, it seems there would be ways to express beliefs without so much hostility. The whole tone of the article implied violence. I was sure if I visited (on Friday, of course) and dared to say anything except "Gee how great you are, with 2 Franklins, 6 bathrooms, etc.," I would be torn apart.

I have no basic reactions to the group as a concept or example — I don't have enough information to make any judgments about the content of the Karum's beliefs. (The article did very little to inform me.) So my criticisms are not directed at any of its convictions or philosophies (if there are any). What I do object to is the violent, hateful way the Group presented itself. Maybe that's what people have been reacting to all along.

Roxanne Park
Seattle, Wash.

MORE ON KARUM

okay, folks,

I read the article in the Northwest Passage about your group. The first thought was, so what else is new in the cosmic zoo. The Passage said yours was an unsolicited article, to tell you the truth I sure as hell would not have solicited your article at least not with the attitude that it evoked.

Tell me where in the hell do you come off with your apelike chestbeating being so great and powerful and plain uptight looking down your nose at the rest of humanity. What are you, the new aristocrats! I'm really trying to figure you folks out, or maybe it's a waste of time, after all, I tried and gave up years ago to figure out the "establishment" mentality.

Is it that you all were on the streets and the experience was such a bummer, and a bummer it can be, that you all reacted by retreating into the same uptight self-righteous scene that our parents ran down, because at that time it seemed to be the only way out of the maze!

OK, you folks are entitled to do your scene as it moves you. If you get your jollies off with various building projects, great creativity means a lot to the human spirit. If you choose not to interact with various substances, do it to it baby. But in the name of humanity get the hell out of your intolerance bag for your own sake. At this point in existence all I can see in your attitude is more of the same Calvinistic, Puritanical, Fanaticism that has run riot since the Reformation and spawned persecution, inquisition, murder, betrayal, war and horror among the human species ever since. In an increasingly crowded and smaller world that kind of attitude can only be more tinder to civil and international upset.

Co-existence is the name of the game, folks. You are all gods and goddesses but you and your trip is not the only one true way.

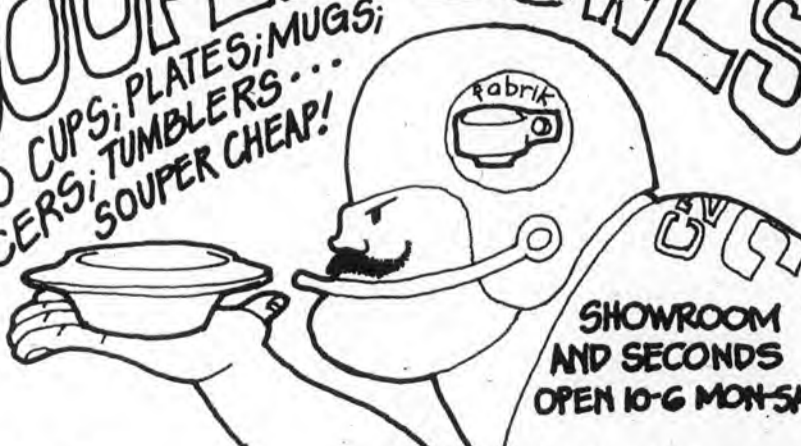
I am closing with a poem I learned years ago; it's by a California poet, Joaquin Miller:

In men whom men
pronounce as ill
I find so much of goodness still
In men who men
pronounce divine
I find so much of sin and blot
So I dare not draw the line
Between the two
Where the gods have not.

Lawrence Gibson
Pagan-Anarchist-Musician

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editorial

A high energy experience - working with women, growing and learning with women and especially meeting and loving such alive women. I have learned and grown tremendously from this experience and am very proud of myself and all the women.

This is the first time I've ever been involved in working in the Passage and it has been a very humanizing experience for me. More strongly than ever I realize that radical rhetoric aside, women are first of all individuals, each with her own perception on life. I feel I now better appreciate the uniqueness of other women in the community and through the process of resolving differences between us have come closer to what I feel is the true definition of feminism. Feminism is not just a preoccupation with women's personal struggle and oppression to the exclusion of other life forces and needs within the community. Feminism means first of all the recognition and acceptance of the essential humanity of every person, the willingness to listen to all ideas and beliefs put forth openly and honestly, and is emphatically opposed to the arbitrary rejection of any person or group of people because of their sex, age, sleeping partners or any other external criteria. Feminism is one way of putting into practice the creed that all humanity is, and ought to be one, undivided by barriers of our own construction.

I guess I just don't know except that it comes from within and it has to do with women relating to women.

cover photo by: Teri Dixon



Working on the womens issue has been the most enjoyable of all issues I've worked on. The meetings were more interesting than the usual passage meetings that tend to drone on and on... A lot of us didn't know each other and we for sure had a lot of differences, but I like the ways we deal with them. What the hell, I love women. There should be more womens issues.

An issue full of difficult but exciting collective decisions. I loved working with women, and it was good for us to know. We could come to consensus even though we think so differently. I hope we have more womens issues to help carry our energy along.

I had hoped the issue would bring us closer together to learn from each other, to create together and to communicate this learning and creation to the larger community. I wanted to see as many viewpoints and foci expressed as possible; so that the issue would center not around the movement, but around life/living, as seen through women's eyes -- to blend the political psychological and spiritual -- to see both what we can do and what we are.

There has been a special kind of energy in the Passage office these last two weeks. Women teaching, women learning, women working long long hours together. Some of us are dreaming of the day Bellingham will have a womens paper.

women working together
 strong women with strong minds
 there's so much to say
 we're all so full-
 such strength
 such feelings
 such sisterhood
 a new type of consciousness
 an energy flow that is so high
 and
 such fun
 and I've discovered something inside me that is blossoming

photo by judy weiser, vancouver, b.c., copyright 1974

All is changed now but all is the same. Frustrations,, impatience, hassles, ego trips into friendships, learning, lots of beer and plans for more.
 I've never published a story, developed a picture, worked on a paper but I've been here and helped - typed a little and laughed a lot. NWP WOMEN I LOVE YOU!

I wanted to see how it would be to work with other women and meet some other women in this area. Also to express a little of where I'm at!

After years of learning from men, working under men, being subject to men in a male supremacist society, it's a joy and a relief to work with women, learn with women, and share with women. Although the future I look to is one in which sex class/caste system is ended, where genital differences are irrelevant, I don't think we can live and work as though that future had arrived. I find that in the struggle to gain our freedom from sexism, it becomes at some point necessary for women to separate from men. When women work together with other women, our strength and competence grows, and we come closer to developing the powerful sisterhood needed to overthrow patriarchy and establish a world free from oppression.

Womens issue --
 new women, laughter pervading office feelings I'd never had before in 8 months of steady NWP work.
 Home.

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WOMEN WORKING:

(The following is a taped conversation among five women who have held the following jobs: waitress, secretary, go-go dancer and garden lockey.)

SEXUAL OBJECTS

Anita: Men are judged by what they do, even in shit jobs; women, by their appearance.

Karen: Yeah, what do you do if you're an ugly woman?

Michelle: I had a friend who worked at the go-go place, and she said the manager would call down and ask if there was any spare cunt.

Anita: I never heard that one. They do refer to the women as girls and that's precisely how they think of them.

Marlene: They're all girls: waitresses, secretaries.

Michelle: Well, you are a girl. You're not a woman in any of these servile roles.

Marlene: When you're waitressing, they call you chick, or hey babe, or just motion you with their fingers. It's so demeaning. I don't know what other word to use. You really get feelings for men who treat you nicely. You get into that whole thing, you almost felt like saying, "oh, thank you, thank you."

Anita: One of the sadder things I saw were all those lonely men who wanted to touch somebody, and there was nobody to touch so if they can get a stray pinch in. . . .

Michelle: That's part of the reason these things exist, because there's no outlet in our society to get close to other people, sexually or otherwise.

Marlene: I used to get those feelings too, feelings for the lonely men, but I resent that because it's a play on my sensitivity, and it was working. To lay it on me and put me through any sort of a trip as a sexual object and getting me that way. That whole trip is really a heavy one to handle. It's not as up-front as someone grabbing you on the ass, but it's a subtle thing that gets an even stronger hold on you because it's harder to tear out.

NO SISTERHOOD, NO RIGHTS, NO ORGANIZING

Connie: How do the customers treat the waitresses at the cafe you worked at?

Marlene: It depends. Some get into power tripping. I guess they don't get a chance to do it any other time so they get drunk and they get into power tripping on a waitress because I'm waiting on them, being their servant. The cafe technically says you don't have to wait on somebody if they're too much, but the thing that happens is that they get turned over to another waitress. So I can't say this guy's a pig; I don't want to wait on him and turn him over to some other woman. They very rarely get kicked out. All the time I was working there, I kept trying to keep a feeling of sisterhood, I really did, and shit, you couldn't do it. There's no really any closeness between the women working. I tried, like I would do things for some of the other women. To me that was the only way to make it through, but there's a whole lot of antagonism going on, and the whole atmosphere is so uptight that everybody gets like that. There's a whole lot of talk against other women coming in, especially the prostitutes.

Michelle: Is that sort of a moral thing or is it because they make more money?

Marlene: Maybe it's easier to forget the whole prostitution trip you go through when you're waitressing and to sort of project it onto some woman who's doing it more obviously.

Michelle: People who are exploited in their situations don't want to talk about it. They have to bitch about something, and it's easier especially if there's another "group" to talk about. It's something they can have in common to bind them together without being strong in realizing their oppression.



Photo by Anita Rosenberg

Connie: It seems like sort of a resignation. "Well, this is the way things are," as far as being dissatisfied with the job.

Karen: A lot of women are dissatisfied, but they don't have any other choice. Like some of them get into it professionally, but most I've ever worked with are there because there's nothing else they can do to make enough money to get by on. It really turns into a big competition and hustling and cut-throating between the waitresses. There's never a togetherness among the women because it's always "You need to make the money, so you're just gonna do everything you can to get that customer."

Michelle: It seems so ridiculous that if a woman knows that's how she's gonna make her livelihood that would even be more of a reason to be organized. I guess it's just the whole sort of American attitude of competing instead of organizing and cooperating to better your situation. Just sort of fighting each other to get some measly gains, like more tips.

Connie: Well, there's a real fear of losing your job too, because employers who employ you for shit-work know they're taking advantage of people.

Marlene: Waitresses are a dime a dozen, that's the exact wording they used at the cafe.

Connie: Like when I worked at this garden, I got paid \$1.90 an hour; everybody else got paid \$1.90 an hour. It was hard work and they asked a lot of you. They asked for overtime; they asked for week-ends. And a lot of those women had worked for six years, and they were still getting \$1.90 an hour.

Marlene: This woman at the cafe was there 27 years; she's still getting the same pay.

Michelle: She hasn't gotten a raise?

Marlene: No raise.

Karen: You never do when you have no rights.

HIRE 'EM AND FIRE 'EM

Karen: At a restaurant I worked at, the owner lived out back, and he had microphones set up in the bar and in the women's restroom until the waitresses just went crazy because he didn't trust his help. One day

the bartender and I were talking in the bar about how the liquor was watered down, and we were the only ones in the place. The next day she was fired.

Michelle: I got hired at the Pizza Hut as a waitress along with two other women when the man only needed two women — "just in case one didn't work out."

Marlene: No respect for the one he's gonna fire.

Michelle: I worked there and at the Oyster Bar as a salad maker which was absolutely the worst working experience of my life. The owner, he would just fire people, no warning. You never knew how many hours you were going to be working. He just hired and fired at will; I don't know if that's common or not.

Karen: It is when you have no rights.

Marlene: I just got fired for no reason. I was tired, working slower than usual, so the woman who runs the cash register came and told me to go home. I'd asked to go home which is really hard, because it puts it on the other waitresses. You can't be sick without putting the other women against you.

Connie: I had the same experience. You couldn't call in sick because there was no one to replace you.

Marlene: At the point that I got fired, about 25 people came in on a bus and I automatically assumed that I'm not gonna let these women wait on all these people and just walk out. I'm gonna help. So I went over, with glasses in my hand, and the woman said, "I told you to go home." Then one of the reasons I got fired was that all the women were mad at me because I wasn't doing my share of the work. I felt like I was framed or something. I was.

MUST WE ALWAYS BE PROSTITUTES

TIPPING: THE OLD-TIME HUSSLE

Connie: What do you think about tips?

Marlene: About what you have to do to get them?

Connie: Depending on them for a source of income instead of a salary. It sets up that situation where you have to give them what they want, which is something other than just doing your job.

Karen: And so, the customer is always right. The management might give you support once they've paid their check and they're out the door.

Marlene: I always got the lowest tips. I remember one time there was a guy who set up a tower of pisa thing on his table with a sugar container, a glass, a salt shaker, the whole works. And he told me, "If you can move that I'll give you \$10. And you know, I tried to move it. I felt, it's gross, it's sort of like being a clown for it, but I did it, and I dropped them all over the floor. He gave me \$10 because I was "cute" and because I didn't tell him to go to hell. Everyone thought it was a riot.

Michelle: Isn't that a wonderful way to make money?

Marlene: I had to admit, I was glad I had \$10. It was \$10, and I needed it.

Anita: I was always going through those conflicts at the go-go place because I knew what I could do to make a pile of money. One time when I was dancing, a group of fishermen came in and started throwing money on the stage. And I thought dollar bills, do I want that money. But kneeling down and picking it up is something else, grubbing. The idea that people are throwing money at you is sort of horrible. I found out in order to make tips you have to do what's called hustling. You lead the men on to believe that you're going to sleep with them. You get very affectionate, get very close to them, sort of shake your breasts in their face. I just wanted to be a dancer. I thought prostitution would be a lot more honest. I also quit because I didn't think it was worth it. There's so much cigarette smoke, and you're under really hot lights and there's a freezing wind coming in at the door. Most of the women end up with a kind of bronchitis.

MIND OR BODY

Michelle: Was it the first time you were a go-go dancer?

Anita: Yes, I came to Bellingham, and in the want ads was between a go-go dancer and a secretary. I love to dance and I hate offices. In my government work I did while in college I found that secretaries get more sexist shit than the people in the go-go places. I think they're less protected. The men were stupid: I thought I could do the work better than they. And their sexual uptightness was hard to work with.

Michelle: I worked as a secretary for 6 months, and I was really surprised. All the men came on to the secretaries. The vice president came up to me and told me how married men are so much better sexually. He came on to me because I didn't wear a bra, as soon as he discovered that. There's also the prostitution of your mind; they're raping your mind 8 hours a day while you're sitting at a desk typing, an extension of a machine.

Anita: My sister, who worked in an office, had to shave her legs and underarms and wear a bra. While dancing, I had to shave my underarms. Once in a while it would sift down from one of the more experienced dancers that the manager wanted me to shave my pubic hair where it showed at the bottom of the bikini because that was considered unsightly. All the other women

agreed.

Marlene: It's really easy for the women to take on that male consciousness when that's how they're making their money. That's what happens with the waitresses.

THE ROLE

Marlene: Whenever any body came into the cafe, I always felt uncomfortable. It wasn't "me" to wait on people.

Karen: I was always embarrassed. I think they bring you back to realize what you're doing. You forget about it and get into this ass-kissing thing. When someone you care about comes in, you don't want them to see you.

Anita: You're in a role the whole time.

Connie: A waitress smile feels like a mask.

Marlene: You get to be schizophrenic.

Anita: I'd put on my costume, put on my mask (make-up). Sometimes I tried to be a real person and relate to the customers, and it got good results. They all said how nice I was. But it never got me tips.

THE SENSE OF RESPONSIBILITY

Michelle: The sense of responsibility that everyone's expressed about feeling you want to do a good job even though you're doing menial shitwork, getting paid terrible and have men pawing at you in one way or another. Why do we feel this sense of responsibility?

Marlene: I felt if I didn't do it, another woman would and that really kept me going. And it goes faster. There's so little mental satisfaction in what you're doing you get caught up in "Well, I'm gonna do this right. There's nowhere else to focus that energy.

Connie: It's a matter of self pride.

Karen: It's a shitty thing to be proud of.

Anita: I wonder if women are more used to doing what they're told to do.

Connie: When I worked at the greenhouse most of the women lots of times worked 6 days a week, 9 hours a day, then went home and cooked dinner, did the laundry, cleaned house. And their husbands would work at Intalco and get \$6 an hour and come home and sit on their asses. The women got \$1.90 an hour.

Anita: That's something funny about the go-go place. Most of the women working there were supporting their husbands or boyfriends. They did all the housework and supported them financially.

Marlene: It says a lot about women not being as strong as men.

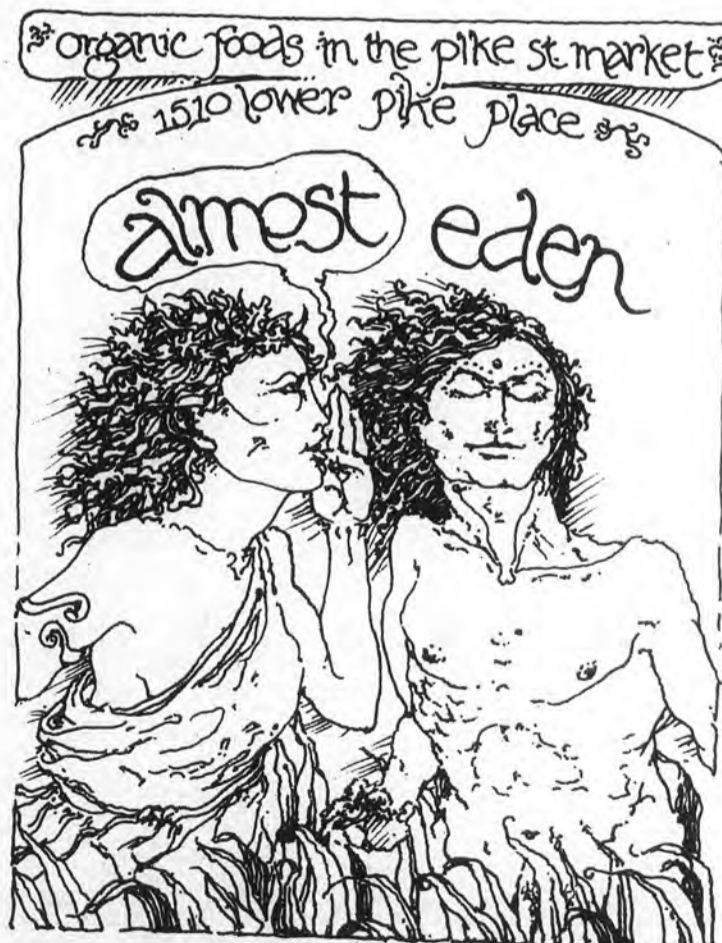
Michelle: A lot of times there's a feeling of wanting the man to be dependant on you. A lot of women feel that's how they keep their children and men loving them.

Marlene: That goes with what you said about the sense of responsibility. I guess we are raised to do kind of menial things. . . All these jobs are service jobs.

Michelle: Indispensable positions, you know. While there's competition among the women, the men can be paternalistic and condescending and say, yes, that's a good little nigger.

Anita: We keep coming back to something a little more basic than just the sexism: the basic economic structure and how business is set up, especially this whole thing about tipping. It's just based on a patronage idea. Whenever you're a worker, you're not protected by anything.

Marlene: A big part of my strength that I've needed to keep my identity as a woman and to keep going is I've had to be able to handle the job. And two, to be able to know I'll only have to do it a few months and then quit because I can't stand it anymore.



Mother Nature is a Woman

You can trust nature to be straight with you. She may not always play gentle with you, but she'll never play games, she'll never try to trick you, she'll always be honest. She doesn't want anything for you or from you, she doesn't really care about you. She just is in the universe, just as you are.

That's one of the reminders from the Indian Woman, as we sat upon a mountain together, a brilliant blue and golden day, with just enough breeze coming up off the water to keep the bugs off our naked body, and the trees whispering the secrets of life in our ear, and across the water the mountains are sparkling, majestic and serene. It was a completely ordinary day on the face of the earth, all part of the movie—nothing special at all.

SPIRALS

Imagine for a moment that the pattern of the universe is a spiral. Everything is created in spirals which appear and dissolve in the ocean of our infinite universe. Galaxies are spirals, solar systems, atoms, whirlpools, clouds and tornados are all spirally arranged and structured.

Spirals are formed from the outside. Their first motion is contraction (yang, saturn, creative). When the center of the contraction is reached, this changes into its opposite and expansion (yin, jupiter, receptive) begins. The energy returns then to the origin—the original emptiness or non-matter which is the mother of matter. Perhaps the moment of change is called orgasm.

THE BEGINNING

Our life begins in our mother's womb as whirling spirals which eventually round to form organs. Marks of this formation remain in the hair on our heads and in our finger- and foot-prints — a reminder that we come from infinity. Because the law of change is the order of the universe (another word for infinity), everything eventually changes into its opposite. Night becomes day becomes night, matter becomes energy becomes matter, motion becomes rest becomes motion, live becomes dead becomes live. It's called recycling.

THE UNCLEAN VESSEL

"The Catholic Church...historically has promoted the view of woman as the unclean vessel that tempts the pure man." Eve and the apple in the Garden of Eden is the traditional picture. The serpent kundalini tempts her and she in turn tempts the man into the sexual place.

And this is the view we grew up with — woman as the temptress, the seductress, competing with each other for the favors of the male. As we emerge from this view, a portion of our selves often remains mired in this cultural slag.

THE FALL

The "fall" of Adam and Eve could symbolize their thinking of themselves as separate from each other and from all of nature. . . .their ceasing to be one with the animals and with the environment, the bone ceasing to be one with the flesh. . . .the birth of shame and fear. Our fall lies in our seeing ourselves as separate, in living through the ego and through fear. Resurrection means becoming one with the universe; marriage is described as union, a merging of separatenesses (bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh). It is not a physical state, but a realization of the oneness of all beings. The fruit (apple) of the Tree of Knowledge is dichotomy, is seeing everything in opposition — good and evil, man and woman — losing the oneness. The shame Adam and Eve feel at their nudity is not necessarily sexual, but a product of the differentiation of themselves from the environment. This is the childlike innocence: not ignorance of sex, but perception of the unity. — A. Rosenberg

THE MENSTRUAL FLOW

The Indian Woman suggests that menstrual blood is nature's way of cleansing the woman's body. She says that as the blood flows out of the uterus through the vagina, it bathes the walls of the month's accumulation of debris. Perhaps when we wear tampons to absorb this blood, we inhibit the cleansing process. Perhaps the increase in vaginal infections and fungus is a result of insufficient natural cleansing.

In some cultures, the women often leave their homes to go live in a special hut down by the water during their flow. Perhaps they gather to talk about their children, watch the tides and the wind and the wildlife, ponder the curious antics of their family, and fantasize. Perhaps they develop there the sense of sisterhood that women have begun to experience in their women's meetings, their consciousness raising groups, their belly-dancing classes, their child care co-ops.



photo by judy weiser, vancouver, b.c. copyright 1974

AN INDIAN CHANT

Wearing my longwing feathers as I fly
Wearing my longwing feathers as I fly
I circle around
I circle around
the boundaries of the earth
the boundaries of the earth.

THE PERFECT LOVER

Ram Dass says "You always wanted to have the perfect lover, so when you finally have the perfect lover, it's hard to merge with that lover because then there's no more lover. No more lover and beloved!" And when you have finally merged with that lover, become both the lover and the beloved, blended the fire and the water, then you are one, i am one, we all are one.

A POEM

Sometimes when we make love
it feels as though
i were the one with the penis

LOOSE WOMEN

Lying out in the bean patch, the circular bean patch, the conversation drifted to the subject of loose women. Our baby lay sleeping in the afternoon sun, her bottom bare and her legs spread wide,

airing her privates. "Now there's a loose woman for you," someone said. "Wish I could be that loose." And the reply bonked me on the head, "You're a pretty loose woman yourself." Oh, no, not me! I'm not a loose woman! How can you say such a thing? "And a loose woman is a very beautiful sight," he continued.

So we flipped it over, the moment of change, and felt the glorious joy of being a loose woman. Light, fluid and floating. Yin and yielding and receptive. Far from the unclean vessel, more like the temple, the waterfall, the chalice of love. At loose in the world to love it each moment, embrace it, receive it, transform it, mold it, and let it go, back to the original flow, poised on the brink of each moment with the fool on the hill.

QUIET

The world is naturally a very quiet place. The woods are atwinkle with birds, the beach resounds with the tumult of sea, and the beat of my heart is nearly silent. The rhythms of wind and water, moon and sun, earth and sky, have a soothing sound, one that lulls the heart and makes it ever watchful for patterns.

The sound of beginning rain spatters the dry leaves with a small pipping sound. Seedpods pop in the afternoon sun, exploding in the warmth, sending their seed forth into the earth, for another reincarnation as matter.

A POEM

The morning sun
lowers itself into the trees
slowly by slowly
the leaves leap into color.
greenglow and birdsong fill the air.

TANTRIK YOGA

There is a brand of yoga that honors the goddess as the sacred vessel, and each act of love is an act of worship, a cycling of the universal energy between two beings. Tantrik teaches that our body houses seven chakras, each embodying a distinct manifestation of the energy that flows the kundalini at the center of our being. We can learn to let go of that energy, allow its free passage through the seven houses of the heart. And then the union is gentle and quiet and regenerating. We worship the god and the goddess who is housed in our human form, honor it and energize it, cleansing the kundalini.

Tantrik yoga teaches the glorification of the female as the path to enlightenment. Going to the woman for initiation, offering up of the life force to the goddess. We begin this life in a state of union of merger and become aware of separation as we are born from the womb and emerge from the union.

THE SISTERHOOD

There is a place where all women live together as sisters, one with each other as holders of the reproductive juice, as carriers of the children. Sharing the very special place where we have chosen this lifetime to act as the vehicle for the next generation. Feeling our bodies flow through the changes of the moon, loving our selves in all our intricacy, watching our psyche play itself out, spinning the endless web, the spider-web spiral.

It's the place where the woman is the vehicle for the love energy, the place where woman is the temple that houses and cradles and nurtures the children, the place where we have learned to quiet our bodies and calm our minds, where we know how to walk quietly upon the face of the earth (as quietly as the rain and the wind in the trees), where the shared secrets of sisterhood are realized and made manifest. And as we learn to move comfortably in that place together, we can begin to share it with our families — with our men and our children.

REMINDER

Growing up in a man's world,
I forgot for a moment
that I was born a woman
for this lifetime.

Pimp say she's one of the best
spit in the gutter and wish they owned her
She's a whorer by night
never stands out in the moon light

No one seems to know her name
though she's in and out of that hot hotel
from seven til four--seven days of the week
they don't bother to ask questions
It's off with the lights
down with the clothes
he mounts her like a little boy
trying out a new rocking horse toy
Rising and falling
he's trying to tear her open
contempt in his muscles
envy in his penis
screaming "I'm coming, I'm coming"

She's a good bitch
not a word or a movement
just lies there stiff

Rolling him off
she lights a cigarette
he strains to see her silhouette
Standing at the door
holding out her hand
clutching the crisp paper
She walks out the door
down the sidewalk another one asking for more
all the way up until four

In the day she's in the bar
throwing away her money
buying drinks and playing pool with the dykes
waiting for a sweet honey
to quietly sit with for awhile
maybe go home together
in the middle of the day
Shut the door
turn on the music
dancing and helping each other with their clothes
she's laughing and hugging
fondling and kissing
passion taking control

She's a real teaser
likes to nibble ears
and suck a tender breast
licks so slow and soft
when it's time and you're about to come
she laughs with such tenderness

She makes the most delicious lasagna
and picks the finest wine
she's smart and quick humored
makes jokes about women's lib
draws you in with her piercing brown eyes
She's direct and frank,
speaks her mind
though she's got no time for politics

When it gets around seven
she'll whisk you out the door
land a loving kiss on your lips

The door shuts tight
she walks to her closet
drops her jeans on the floor
It's sleek dresses and high heeled shoes
stockings to cover her soft silky legs
Standing before the mirror in ten minutes flat
a transition takes place
Soft lips painted large and hard
the eyes deepened and veiled with false eye lashes
her free flowing hair pulled back and covered
by blond wavy hair sprayed and styled long ago

This is the woman the pimps all rave about
and the lesbians cry for

Pat Parson

When Women Become Lovers



I consider myself to be a lesbian separatist. State and national boundaries are ridiculous to me so I do not advocate the formation of a separatist state. Rather I take the term "lesbian nation" to mean a spiritual bonding of all women throughout the world. I consider myself a separatist because I feel that women must separate themselves emotionally and physically from men. I see that we must live, love, and grow strong together without the "support" of men. We must stop giving our energies to men and must give them to each other. I believe this to be the only chance we have of becoming new people and of creating a new world.

Right off I can hear people say you can't fight sexism with sexism. Well, I see sexism to be inherent in present day heterosexuality. Think about the models of heterosexual relationships that we've seen everyday of our lives. The woman plays one role, the man another and when these parts are being played satisfactorily, the situation is called love. Since birth we've been conditioned towards playing these roles. No matter how much thought we've given to role playing I don't believe any of us are free of this conditioning.

I see conditioning as a process whereby certain parts of a person are encouraged to develop and certain parts are not allowed to develop. If people were left to grow on their own we would all be androgynous. The terms feminine and masculine would be obsolete. But as it stands today women categorically have overdeveloped their receptive attributes and men have overdeveloped their aggressive attributes. Balance is a strong force. Therefore when women and men are together we seem to end up counteracting each others deficiencies and that is how women and men oppress each other. I see heterosexuality as unhealthy because it does not encourage us to develop our crushed selves and therefore, it does not encourage us to become new people.

In other phases of trying to create change we have realized how futile working within the system is. We've realized that reforms are simply band-aids and that workable, rewarding alternatives develop outside the system. We've realized what a trap the system can be, how difficult it is to fight from

within it because simply being in it colors and dulls our vision. Well dig it, heterosexuality is very definitely a part, indeed a stronghold of the system.

Let me clarify that I don't ill-wish men. I understand that they too have been mutilated as people. I don't want to oppress them anymore than I want them to oppress me. I simply don't see that women and men can help each other by continuing to depend on each other in any way.

I also want to say that I see bisexuality only as a classy form of heterosexuality. For sure I hope that someday we can relate as people without regard to sex. But that isn't the case at present. And as the saying goes "we can't live like post revolutionaries in a pre-revolutionary society."

We must admit that we are only shells of our potential selves. Therefore our task is actually much larger than trying to attain equal pay, legal abortions, free child care and safe streets. (Though for sure I ain't putting down the necessity of these things.) Basically our task is to become people again, to fight off the influence of this dehumanized death-life that we are conditioned by and for. I don't think any of us can fathom the extent of the power within us. We must regain that power.

It is difficult to define where that power comes from and to explain why I believe women need each other in order to regain it. I remember the day that I knew I was a lesbian. An incredible peace seemed to swim inside me. It amazes me that what seemed like such a simple realization could make me feel so different. By saying no to my past conditioning I said yes to a lost part of myself. I released that part of myself and therefore regained the strength of it. I believe that self validation is the key to strength. The most important aspect of women loving women is precisely that by loving, encouraging and validating each other we do the same for ourselves.

I like the lines in a poem by Fran Winant:

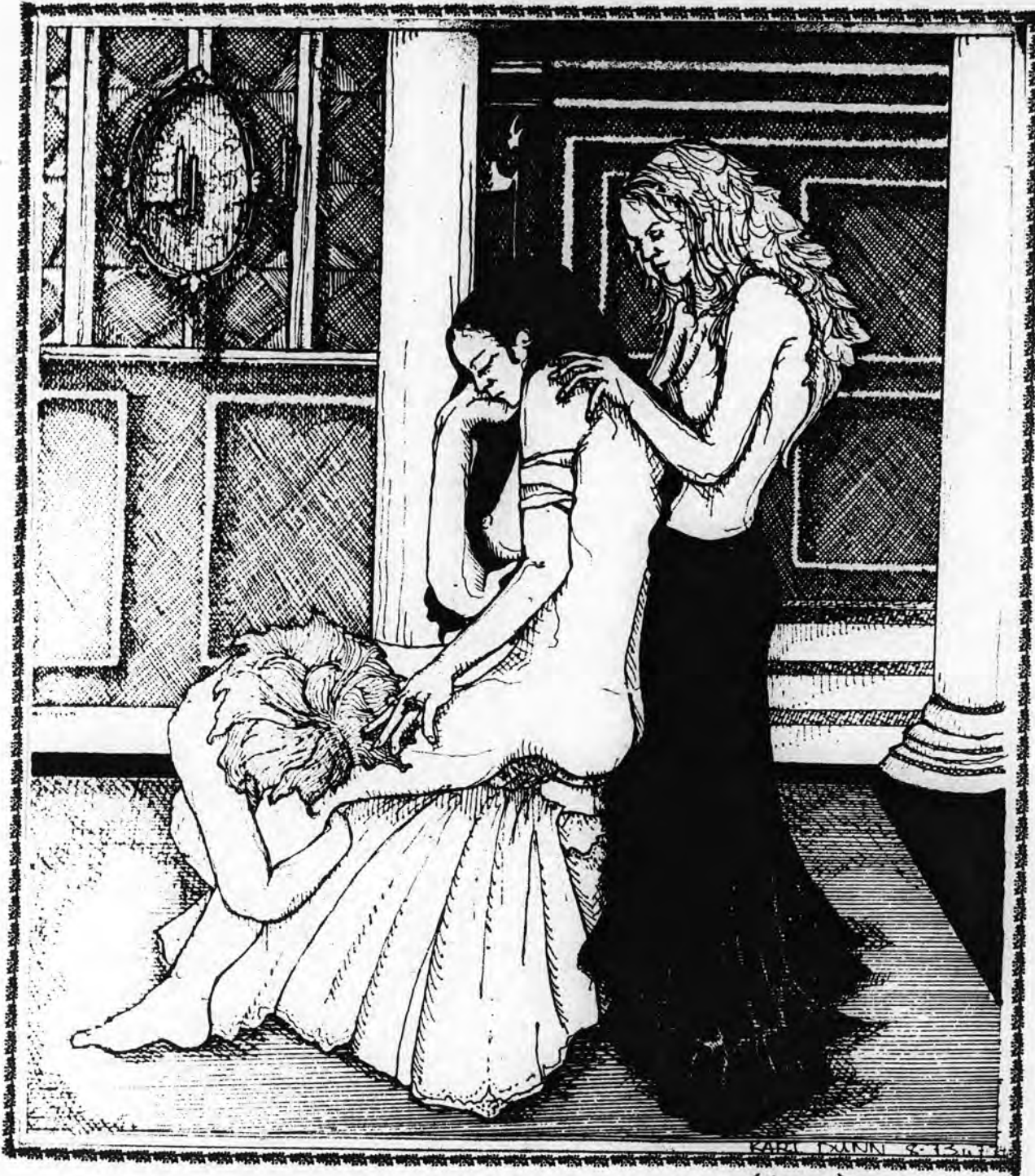
There are things about women
that draw me to women
there are things about women
that draw me to myself.

Dorothy Sue Thorman

PERIODICALS

- "Ain't I a Woman" (agood radical paper from the midwest) P.O. Box 1169, Iowa City, Iowa 32240
- "Big Mama Rag" 1635 Downing, Denver, Colo. 80218
- "Herself" (very informative--geared towards 's health) 225 E. Liberty St. Suite 200 Ann Arbor, Mich. 48108
- "Lavender Woman" (the Lesbian paper of Chicago) P.O. Box 60206, 1723 W. Devon, Chicago, Ill. 60660
- "The Lesbian Tide" Tide Collective, 373 N. Western Rm 202, Los Angeles, Calif. 90004
- "Majority Report" 74 Grove St. New York, N.Y. 10014
- "Mother Lode" P.O. Box 40213, San Francisco, Calif. 94140
- "Off our Backs" (covers national women's news, a trustworthy paper!) 1724 20th St., Wash. D.C. 20009
- "Pandora" P.O. Box 94, Seattle, Wash. 98105
- "Pedestal" 130 W. Hastings St., Vancouver 3, B.C. Canada
- "Quebecoises Deboutte!" (in French) 4319 St.-Denis Montreal, Quebec, Canada
- "So's Your Old Lady" Lesbian Resource Center, 710 W. 22nd St. Minniapolis, Minn. 55405
- "Amazon Quarterly" (a Lesbian Fem. Arts Journal--good resource for struggling feminist artists) 554 Valle Vista, Oakland, Calif. 94610
- "Prime Time" (for women in the prime of life) 232 E. 6th St. Apt. SC, New York, N.Y. 10003
- "Paid My Dues" (a quarterly women's music journal)
- "Earth Daughters" (A Fem. Arts Periodical) 944 Kensington, Buffalo, N.Y. 14215
- "Feminist Art Journal" (quarterly) 41 Montgomery Place, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11215
- "ALERT" (a women's legislative review) P.O. Box 437 Middletown, Conn. 06457
- "Spokeswoman: (an independent national newsletter of women's news) 5464 South Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60615
- "Women's Press" (each issue centers around a theme, fine paper, especially coming from a town the size of Eugene.) P.O. Box 562, Eugene, Oregon 97401

Women's



Kari Dunn

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5:00 - 9:30 Saturday

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PLACES

Bellingham

YWCA 1026 N. Forest (734-4820) classes for women in karate, yoga, dance, swimming, guitar, practical training, home occupations, G.E.D. classes for high school equivalency. (Childcare provided for most activities) Thur. Noon Forum starting in the fall—speakers on current issues.

Women's Residence Hireline part-time jobs for women. (733-1871)

NOW First Thursday of every month—next mtg. Aug. 1 at 8pm at the YWCA; speaker: Winnie Bradford, M.D. Contact: Lucia Smith-Mueller & rap groups 734-1630

League of Women Voters Contact: Ann Brown (733-2267)

Campus Women's Commission (676-3460)

Northwest Legal Services can help low-income women who need legal services (734-3681)

A.C.L.U. Women's Rights Project for advice, information or referral (734-8022)

Focus for Women helping women find fulfilling work in or out of the home. Contact: Earlyse Swift (734-3681)

Prepared Childbirth training in the Lamaze method. Six week classes all the time, according to the woman's due date. Contact: Barbara Edwards (733-5787)

(P.S. St. Joe's also has Prep. childbirth classes)

Home Delivery—Natural Childbirth Contact: Beth Rosenteil or Winnie Bradford at the Skagit Rural Opp. Council in Mt. Vernon (336-6581)

La Leche League for nursing mothers, Contact: Jan Falen (734-5858)

College Co-op Nursery Fairhaven College (676-3021)

Bellingham Day Care from 6am-6pm, sliding fee scale (676-0950)

Welfare Rights & Resources 314 E. Holly Rm 211 open MWF 10-3pm (734-5121 or 384-1470)

Planned Parenthood evening clinic: 509 Gerard, Tues. & Thurs. 6:30. Day clinic: 220 W. Champion, Rm 200, Wed. 10:30-12:30 twice a month Wed. 2pm. Call for app. (734-9095)

Whatcom Rural Health Center 8665 Bethesda Rd. Lynden. Community health clinic with sliding fee scale. MWF 9:30-6, Tues. 9:30-9, & Thurs. 9:30-7 (354-4413)

Women's Studies: Fairhaven College, Free University, WWSC, Whatcom Community College

Rape Support Group call for more information (734-8797) or evenings: (733-9047)

Divorce Co-op Contact: Margaret Magic (733-3312)

Women's Poetry Discussion Group Mon. 7:30pm at 610 N. State. Contact: Michelle Celarier

Counseling Feminist counseling & body therapy for women. Contact: Karen York (734-8077)

Elizabeth Blackwell Women's Health Collective 1409 E. Maplewood (733-6344)

Projects in the works:
Women's Multi-Service Center
contact: Rita Romero (733-0647)

Seattle

Pandora Women's Newspaper, P.O. Box 94 Seattle 98105 (633-2440)

From Ground Up a new feminist newspaper. P.O. Box 4145 Seattle 98104

Madwoman bookstore, center for feminist workshops, rap groups & art gallery. 317 Pine St. Mon-Thur. 11-6, Fri. 11-6, Sat. 10-5 (624-4775)

It's About Time bookstore and women's center. 5502 University Way, Seattle (525-0999)

League of Women Voters 1406 18th (329-4848 or 4646)

NOW 4039 9th N.E. (632-0559)

The Other Side halfway house for women hooked on junk. 4127 154th S.E. Bellevue 98006
Contact: Sari Christy

Margaret Manor Women's Residence (halfway house) 103 17th E. (322-2206)

Pioneer Cooperative Affiliation operates a women's work release house. Main off. 703 8th (682-4522)

Equal Employment Opportunity Council call U.S. Gov. 414 Olive Way (442-0968)

UW Women's Commission 201 HUB FK 10 Univ. of Wash. Seattle, 98195

YWCA (downtown) S.O.S. emergency housing for women & Women's Resource Center (623-4800) 5th & Seneca

Open Door Women's Clinic 5012 Roosevelt, Seattle call for appt. Wed. 5:30, clinic starts at 6pm (LA4-7400)

Country Doctor Women's Clinic 402 15th E. Thur. 6-10 (EA2-6698) call in appt. in advance.

Freemont Women's Clinic 6817 Greenwood Ave N. (782-5788) for info call Tues. 7:30-9:30

the Lesbian Women's Clinic 6817 Greenwood Ave N. (782-5788) first tues of every month 6:30

Aradia Women's Clinic 4224 N.E. University Way (ME4-2090) Mon. 3-8, TW 1-4, Thurs. 6-10 no new patients accepted; they are overloaded.

Rape Relief 4224 Univ. Way (632-4795) office hr. — 9-5 Mon.—Thur. 24 hour rape call line.

Ad Hoc Committee on Menopause UW YWCA (same address as above) (632-4747) contact: Irma Levine

Mechanics Committee women's automotive collective by appt. only. (EA9-2264) Mon.—Thur. 7:30-9:30

B.C. & Abortion Counseling Service (same as above) Mon.—Thur. 12-2pm (632-4747)

Lesbian Resource Center (same as above) Mon.—Thur. 2-5pm (632-4747) hour may be extended in the near future.

Women's Craft Co-operative 1314 N.E. 43rd

Women's Coffee Coven 8050 15th N.E. Sat. nites 8:30-1am
Aug. 3—Healing ourselves & others
Aug. 10—Open mike for poetry
Aug. 17—Jewish folksongs
Aug. 24—Summer carnival! (for all ages)
Aug. 31—Balkan sing-along (524-9812)

Women's Video Tape Project 5234 University Way, apt. 202 Contact: Eileen O'Shea (LA3-8257)

Radical Women 2940 36th Ave.S. 98144 (725-0471)

Third World Women UW YWCA Mon—Thur 9-5pm

Project Franklin Mt. Baker Presbyterian Church 3201 Hunter Blvd. S. contact: Jan Wells (587-3539) alternative school for women of high school age.

Divorce Co-op ME4-4747

KRAB Women's News FM107.7 in Seattle "We: Women Everywhere" Tues. 7:30pm Women's Survival Kit (feminist music, poetry & drama, etc.) Mon. 1-3pm

Vancouver:

Women's Health Collective 4197 John St. (873-3984) Mon.—Fri. noon to 8pm.

Women's Center & Bookstore & the Pedestal 804 Richards St. (684-0523)

Women's Office (228-2082 or 228-6228) Student Union Building UBC

Women's Theatre Co-op contact: Svetlana Smith (731-9496)

Women's Legal Aid Clinic 45 Kingsway

Women's Legal Aid Clinic #4 45 Kingsway (874-8525) Mon. 6-10, Tues.—Thur. 10am-2pm

Working Women's Ass. #3 45 Kingsway (874-1824)

B.C. Women's Abortion Law Repeal Coalition 207 W. Hastings 512

Status of Women Council 1045 W. Broadway (733-1421)

Women's Resource Centre (228-2181) 246 Anne Ironside Centre for Continuing Ed. Duke Hall, Room 307 & 309 UBC

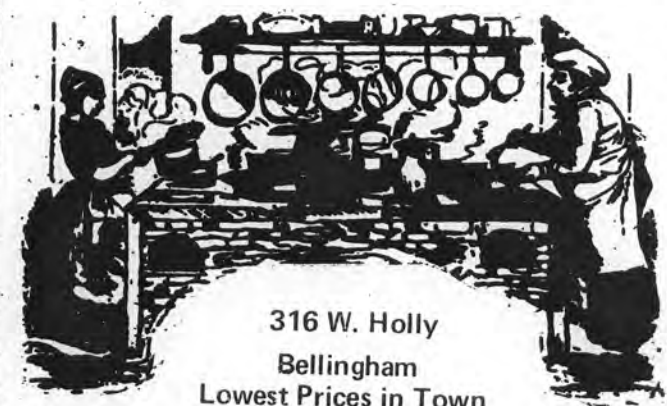
Vancouver Public Library 750 Burrard St. (Lots of good books on women)



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Women & Children :

(Ed. note: This is an interview that I taped one Tuesday morning at the Women's meeting at Millie's house. These meetings have been happening every Tuesday morning since fall. Women get together and talk, air frustrations, and help each other understand their problems as women. Their life styles are varied, their backgrounds differ, but they come together as women and let the words flow.)

"IS THERE SOMETHING DIFFERENT THAT HAPPENS TO YOU WHEN YOU GET PREGNANT? IS THERE A HORMONAL CHANGE? IS IT SOMETHING THAT TURNS YOU INTO A MOTHER? OR IS IT ALL JUST FEELINGS?"

Melissa: "I think there's a hormonal change. I think a woman goes through very definite hormonal, physical, and psychological changes through pregnancy and nursing a child."

Joan: "We talked about roles at a workshop. We came up with that pregnancy and lactation is one of the only things in women that is a different body function. Anybody can wash the dishes and anybody can do anything."

Jean: "The rest is conditioning."

Judy: "There are certain groups of people where the male, when his woman becomes pregnant will show all the physical symptoms of pregnancy other than the actual childbirth. He will get a swollen belly, he experiences labor pains. I wonder just how much maternal instinct is ingrained into us and how much is hormonal?"

Lin: "How much of the hormonal thing would carry over say five or six years later. During pregnancy and lactation I can see it, I've experienced it. I really think it was a hormonal change. How long would it carry over into maternal instinct?"

Melissa: "I see it as a change something like adolescence where your body actually goes through a transition. You come out of it with a different body. I feel that change within myself. I think it's comparable to menopause."

Darleen: "But the feelings and changes through menopause, the intenseness from the beginning finally lessens. The maternal instinct that first starts; very little is needed so it goes away as the child grows older."

Lin: "I wonder though how much has to do with interrelating with the child?"

Camilla: "I think it has a lot to do with just feelings. But the minute you're pregnant you are two people. You aren't operating as one person anymore because there's somebody inside wiggling around not the way your body wiggles. Before the baby's born something's going on inside of you that is not just you, you're two people. And when the baby's born you're already prepared for that idea of being responsible for two people. Having to be responsible for something that has a mind of its own, and does what it wants to do. You've got to take care of your needs. Your needs becomes someone else's needs and you have to satisfy them."

Judy: "Up until recently anyone going through motherhood would assume that these needs were her needs. We haven't had enough experience in sharing our parenthood with other men and women. Is there a real instinct that makes these needs your needs as a mother? If I were with you couldn't they be my needs too?"



Melissa: "A mother doesn't have a choice that you do. If you ran across a child with dirty pants you can choose to change them or not. In motherhood you have more of a feeling of, 'This is my responsibility, that's my job.'"

Judy: "I think that's what it is with men. They always have the choice and a woman wouldn't let it get that far."

Melissa: "I'm beginning to see that mothers tend to hold on to this motherhood thing and not allow the father or other people to mother. I felt that I didn't want to impose upon other people, put my job on other people. I'm learning it's not an imposition. That spending four hours with Aurora can be a treat. Not necessarily an imposition. That's been a really big change in my life."

Camilla: "My experiences have been much different. When I gave somebody the treat, like walking out of the room when a dirty diaper needed to be changed. When you always have to be there to mop it up, it's hard to overcome those patterns of allowing somebody to take care of your child when your experience is that they aren't going to do it. They bitch at you for having left it. By the time you get through with the process you would just as soon done it yourself and gotten it over with. Other people have a responsibility there too. When they see a child needing something, not to look around for the mother."

Melissa: "I think that's the consciousness change that is happening right now with the cooperative child raising."

Judy: "One of the reasons I've been hesitant was not wanting to interrupt with other people's children. I was brought up in that every parent dictated the atmosphere for their children. I have felt that I might be intruding and bringing in a wrong new element."

Pat: "Do you feel that being a mother with children, alienates you from single people that don't have children?"

Camilla: "I have felt that way sometimes. But living down on the southside in the community that I live with is really beautiful. Some of these things are working. The men are taking some of the responsibility when they see a child and its needs. They're willing to find out what's the matter and what they can do for the child. Normally with the

patterns in our society they would step around it and say it doesn't have anything to do with me. I have many single people who come around my house and play with the children. So I don't feel quite that alienated."

Camilla: "I think it's important for us to get away from our children and talk about it a lot like we do here."

Lin: "If you don't get support from friends I think it would almost be impossible. This idea about being able to pull yourself up from your boot straps is a crock of shit."

Darleen: "Look, you are stuck in the mud and you are trying to pull yourself out with your boot straps, what happens? You fall on your head."

Lin: "If you don't get support from other women, people you can lay your trip on negative or positive and get some feedback; like mothers of battered children, one of the problems is that they don't have anyone to talk about their guilt with."

"I'M A GOOD MOTHER, THE KIDS ARE DOING FINE."

Camilla: "I have found that I'm not a consistent mother. Everyone kept saying, consistency, consistency, and there is no way that my feelings are consistent. I finally said that as long as I deal with them the way I feel and teach my children that it's okay for them to feel that way too. But when I feel like this, then they better not act in that manner because I'm going to flip out."

Judy: "I find it very difficult to establish a consistency. If the parents are mature enough and strong enough, when something arises it will be dealt with then. By establishing a routine or pattern, you are always going to have variations within it that you will have to discuss anyway."

Camilla: "I have felt like, 'This is my child and I'm going to do my best and it's going to turn out just perfect. Then you play that game for a while. All of a sudden you get to the point where you lose it. It may be my child but I don't know what the fuck to do next. At that point you're willing to watch somebody else do it for awhile. You're willing to share it because you'd need some help. Some of the help you need is to not have to pay attention for awhile."

Darleen: "I started out raising my first child being into the perfect mother, because of course my mother wasn't. I started out very possessive of my child and I had very strong ideas. I thought they were all very good ones. And of course I read all the right books. Luckily I was basically a very good mother. It probably came from my own mother. I was lucky that my mother did nurse and hold her babies. So I did all the good things accidentally along the way."

Camilla: "Some days you really do know what's right. You have to decide whether it's really right for the child or whether it's only right for you."

Darleen: "What happens when it's alright for the child and not right for you? Then who do you take care of?"

Camilla: "You try to find an agreement for both. I have found that if you always opt to yourself then you get into an adult chauvanistic trip. If you think, last time I opted to them this time I'm opting for myself, and the next time I'll opt to them. Trying to shuffle that into your head. If you always tell them that they have to leave that's an always scene that means that they are always

An Interview

wrong, the ones that get kicked out."

"... PERFECT MOTHERS LET GO OF THEIR CHILDREN AT THE AGE OF 14 IF THAT'S WHAT THE CHILD NEEDS..."

Lin: "I can see how it would be really hard as a parent with a child that you really love, to feel like you can allow them to go through all the shit they have to go through. Letting them walk into all the pain. You want to say 'Don't do that because you're going to be sorry for it'. Then you realize that the only way they are really going to learn anything and mature is to go through all the shit themselves."

Camilla: "The perfect mother thing is like, perfect mothers let go of their children at the age of 14 if that's what the child needs. And that's not what society thinks of a mother. That's one of the battles of the real perfect mother."

Darleen: "Well we've got this age 18. We are responsible for the child until that age. It is so stressed. And there still is a whole lot of influence on what other people think about what you're doing."

"THE PROBLEM IS GETTING TO TEACH YOUR CHILDREN THAT THERE ARE CONTRADICTIONS IN THE WORLD."

Lin: "My hassle is that I'm in a lesbian relationship. Stacy understands that it's good, that everybody's getting along, we're happy. But there is the problem that, 'Okay Stacy, you know it's good, and I know it's good, but you don't have to tell all your friends. If it gets back to the wrong parent it can create hassles.' So she's torn now between, who can she trust, who can she talk to? The problem of trying to keep it secret from some people, is she going to think that there is something basically wrong? Or will she become paranoid about the whole thing?"

Judy: "The problem is getting to teach your children that there are contradictions in the world. Different people are coming from different places. Children can learn that you behave in an atmosphere differently than you would in another."

Melissa: "I think that's why it's important for other people to come on to our children from an honest place. If I'm angry with your child then I let that child know about it in a way that won't wipe the child out. But also that the child will learn that I'm different from you."

Judy: "And that the world is not uniform."

Melissa: "That the world is not a consistent place, we are not consistent beings."

"THE SINGLE PARENT SEEMS TO BE THE ONE THAT'S GETTING IT TOGETHER"

Judy: "It seemed to me that the single parent has a tremendous disadvantage. She, I say she because it is usually a she, has to do so much. Then I started thinking about all the single parents I know, and they're the people who are really getting it together. They are sharing through necessity. These children are not being bonded as much to one person as others in the traditional double parent role. Other people can take over and these children are blossoming because they are learning so much."

Camilla: "The single parent seems to be getting it together. As a parent you do what you need to do. What seems to happen when there is a couple involved is that you decide that your needs are more important than the child's. Now you have the right and you've got the support to go ahead and make the children do what you think they should. Somehow as a couple, it gives you the support to come down harder in your favor more often, unless you are aware of it."

"PLAYING WITH YOUR CHILD CAN'T BE A FORCED THING, LIKE FROM 2-4 I'M GOING TO PLAY WITH MY CHILD WHETHER THEY OR I WANT TO PLAY OR NOT."

Cheryl: "I can not just sit down and play a game that I don't like just because, 'Now I'm going to play with my child. It just comes off really fake. And the child doesn't really enjoy it and you don't enjoy it because you are making yourself do it. A lot of times you feel guilty because you aren't stopping yourself from doing something to play with your child. But I remember I didn't play with my mother very much. She did things and I did things beside her. But she had too much to do to just stop what she was doing to play with her children. It can be kind of heavy on the child if it's like, 'Here I am for the next 2 hours and the child is going 'Oh no here's Mom for 2 hours.'"



photos by Jean Regal Westgate

Camilla: "The thing I fear is when you always opt to one thing. If you always not play games with your child because you are too busy. Pretty soon the child who needs your attention will figure out behavior that will get your attention."

Cheryl: "It can't be a forced thing, like from 2-4 I'm going to play with my child every day whether they or I want to play or not."

"IS THE EMOTIONALISM THAT THAT ONE PERSON, THAT CORE, THAT MOTHER THAT THE CHILD CAME OUT OF, IS THAT LOVE THAT SHE CAN GIVE, IMPORTANT FOR THE EMOTIONAL HEALTHINESS OF THAT CHILD? OR IS IT THE LOVE THAT ANYONE CAN GIVE?"



Melissa: "Anyone can give it if they choose too."

Pat: "Do you think that is the unhealthiness of this world, that we grew up depending upon one or two people to satisfy our emotional needs, and now we are struggling to grow out of this dependency now that we are grown?"

Judy: "One evening I met this man who had just come back from India. He talked about this relationship he had with a 8 year old boy. From the time this boy was 2 he had been living on the streets. He hadn't had really any adults, he had all other children. The energy going to him was totally dispersed amongst the general community. He was very mature, he felt quite able to express his love to this stranger who was coming into his life, like to say, 'I would like some loving from you and I'm going to give you some.' This was such a contradiction from every thing I've learned about this one to one necessary value."

Lin: "Maybe the one to one bonding is just to assure that this child gets some kind of love and positive reinforcement. If you are leaving it up to the community as a whole and everybody says, 'I don't want to take the responsibility, where is the mother?' Rather than just doing it for the child."

Cheryl: "I feel that a child needs to belong somewhere, whether it's to one person or not. That they've got a place, 'I've got a right to be here, this is my space.'"

"AND INSPITE OF IT THEY GROW UP."

Lin: "My mother seemed to have a wonderful talent for always doing the wrong thing at the wrong time in the wrong way."

Camilla: "You can appreciate that your mother tried. Your mother did the very best that she could. You know, because as a mother you are doing the very best that you can. Even if you are screaming all over the child, at that moment you are doing the best that you can."

Now if you think 'I'm a fuck-up as a mother because I just screamed at the child, then you are going to scream at the child again. You can look at it and realize that wasn't the best thing to do at that moment, but it was the best that you could do at that moment."

Melissa: "Someone told me once, 'You'll like being a mother. It's great being a mother. You'll like it and you'll learn a lot. And when you don't like it that's when you really learn a lot.'"

BY PAT PARSON

"The cumulative effect of negative social attitudes about women comes to fruition in an almost acceptable disregard for the older woman." Dept. of H.E.W.

While aged women are among the most oppressed in American society, they remain silent and virtually unrecognized by the feminist movement. One significant exception to this is the recent development of Menopause groups attached to Women's Clinics, which has brought to the attention of younger activists the devastating impact of sexism upon older women, economically, socially, and legally.

The last rung on the poverty ladder

"Aged women living alone or with non-relatives are among the most economically disadvantaged in our entire society," concluded the Senate Special Committee on Aging in 1971. Fifty percent have incomes below the poverty level, and the median income of women over 65 is less than half that of aged men.

No longer what Zoe Moss (in Sisterhood is Powerful) calls "objects of prestigious consumption," the elderly female is a victim of the vanishing extended family, stereotyped as ugly and barren.

Her main function of child bearer and domestic slave is in the past, and she joins her male counterparts as a 'drain on the public dollar,' and deadweight in the expansion of the American economy.

This attitude is growing as the number of elderly increases, and the percent of females in that age group increases. In 1960 there were 120 older women per 100 aged men; ten years later, there were 137 women per 100 men in that group.

Retirement ripoffs

Lower paying work, more frequent parttime jobs, and family patterns have resulted in deficient pension benefits for a majority of aged women.

In H.E.W.'s analysis of the issue, they noted, "Many women are plunged into poverty when a husband dies, since few pension plans include adequate survivor's benefits. Others are likely to lose their benefits if they remarry."

The insecure financial prospectus for elderly women is compounded by the fact that for most of their lives, they relied upon husbands who statistically are likely to die before they do. **Life expectancy in the US is 74 years for women and 67 for men.** While married women outnumber widows under the age of seventy, an aged woman is **more likely** to be widowed than married after seventy.

In spite of the fact that women have a longer life expectancy than men, they are traditionally encouraged to retire earlier. A 1971 Supreme Court decision ruled that pension plans requiring women to retire earlier violate the Civil Rights Act of 1964.

Female, Old and Not White

After the age of sixty-five, a non-white woman is considerably more likely to find herself indigent than white counterparts. The Senate Special Committee on Aging concluded that **a shocking nine out of ten aged Black women in America are poor.**

Health Care

While America's industries have very little interest in the elderly as a resource, they have certainly been able to exploit. A prime example is health care, with one-third of the nation's public health dol-

lars, (going to nursing homes, doctors, and pharmaceuticals for example) with precious little regulation by government.

An estimated 65% of the residents of nursing homes are female, and when these patients are poor, chances of decent medical care wane. Certainly the treatment of aged women as ugly and embarrassing is compounded by the institutional environment.

In Washington, an elderly poor person was 41% more likely to go to a nursing home in 1973 compared to 1969! (Comprehensive Health Planning data). As the numbers of aged poor increase, apparently the percent who end up institutionalized rises also. This finale to the frightening years of senescence is more and more probable.

Sexuality

"Men may mature, but women obsolesce," again Zoe Moss' words. The predominant myth of aged women is that menopause ends their sexual responsiveness. As with other cultural misconceptions that Masters and Johnson have disproved, the idea that women after fifty do not have genital needs or abilities is still generally accepted by the women themselves.

Some clinicians have even submitted that, due to factors such as reduced fear of pregnancy, sexual responsiveness of menopausal women may be enhanced.

Yet American culture insists that women in their later years need an extensive arsenal of artificial treatments, operations and products to meet the youthful image of contemporary sex-salesmanship.

The Women's Movement

Feminists are likely to be in concert with older women who might reject these cosmetic values and measures of beauty. Yet feminists have been less than under-

Not all of the old are enemies.



standing as they react to older women who have only recently been exposed to this point of view. Elizabeth Janeway, in APRIL '73 "Ms.," describes how older women might see the women's movement:

"...if you have chosen (the traditional female role) and committed yourself to it, you are going to get very upset if someone comes along and tells you 'you have made the wrong choice--' because that means that you have been spending your life on nonsense.

The militant Grey Panthers, founded by a woman, sends in senior citizen teams to Bay Area nursing homes on surprise visits to verify health inspection reports. Many of these political groups have a large membership of female activists and need the community support of younger women.

Protracted struggle by all ages will be necessary to rearrange America's wealth and economic priorities, before the elderly as a class can escape exploitation by the elite.

radical women

WITH LOVE AND SISTERHOOD
FOR SUSAN B.

My soft and angry people
Hardened their faces
Wore lace and whalebone stays
Like armor
And knew that "servitude"
Was not rhetorical

This warm and gentle life
Hangs
Over the edge
Of the chasm
Always, always
One word from the whip

My soft and angry people
Hardened their faces
And endured

Ann M. Ware

Socialist feminism is on the rise across the country. Feminists who are tired of endless rap group sessions, disillusioned with the shortsightedness of reformist groups, and women who have dropped out of counter-culture lifestyles are looking for a better alternative.

Radical Women, the first socialist feminist organization in the United States, was founded in Seattle, Washington, in 1967. The annual conference, sponsored on Saturday, July 20, 1974, marks the seventh year of Radical Women's existence and activities as a socialist feminist group.

Recognizing the turn of the national feminist movement away from the organizational forms of the 60s and the structurelessness so popular in those years, Radical Women focused its attention on evaluating its own past activities and discussed the necessity of and the methods for presenting its program to the national feminist movement.

The program of Radical Women is based on a recognition of "the revolutionary nature of the struggle for sexual equality and the economic interrelatedness of sex, race and class oppression." Radical Women's analysis is that minority women will provide the revolutionary leadership capable of uniting all the movements of the oppressed because their own oppression as women, as workers, and as ethnic minorities has instilled them with a keen awareness of the necessity for struggle.

As the majority of every oppressed sector of American society, women are the connecting link between the feminist, ethnic minority, sexual minority and labor movements which, to a great extent, have developed separately in this country.

Now, with the end of the Vietnam War, and the resulting economic crisis, increasing repression at home, the disenchantment with the traditional leadership and the reluctance of the movement leadership to act, there is increased radicalization among those on the bottom of the socio-economic ladder. "This lack of leadership as well as the increasing polarization with the minority and within the feminist movements has given rise to the need for multi-issue program of Radical Women as never before in history," opened Guerry Hodder-son, outgoing president of Radical Women, at the conference.

As a participant in the Seattle Feminist Coordinating Council, Radical Women has consistently raised issues of vital concern to minority, gay and working women. Raising these issues and clarifying their interconnections under capitalism has helped distinguish the underlying political differences with-



in the feminist movement, and in doing so, has strengthened the Feminist Coordinating Council so that it is a real base of support for these women.

While the feminist movement is polarizing by leaps and bounds over the issue of lesbianism, Radical Women has "elaborated and clarified its own position in the paper 'Lesbianism: A Socialist Feminist Perspective' which was published in the spring of 1973. The paper portrays the struggle of lesbians against their intensified oppression as the struggle of all feminists.

At the West Coast Lesbian Conference in April, 1973, Radical Women members spoke as lesbians who see socialist feminism as the only program which speaks to the oppression of lesbians as working women, as sexual minorities, and as ethnic minorities. "At a time when many organizations are splitting over the issue of sexuality," Ms. Hodder-son concluded that "It is Radical Women's theoretical grasp of the interconnections of race, class, sex and sexuality which accounts for our survival and growth and our ability to build a membership composed of both gay and straight women."

The recent historic struggle at the University of Washington over a state-imposed employee reclassification system, out of which United Workers Union - Independent was formed, has proven the capacity of working class women and minority women to weather the vicissitudes of protracted struggle and the necessity for their leadership.

In their struggle for decent wages and working conditions, United Workers Union - Independent raised not only the traditional demands of the labor movement, but the demands of gays for an end to job discrimination as well as the demands of women and minorities for an end to sexism and racism by management and unions alike. Radical Women's programmatic and organizational support during the strike and in the formation of UWU-I have been instrumental in seeing this fledgling union through its most difficult tasks.

Radical Women have encouraged and led the fight to get quality childcare for all who need it and public actions against the Seattle Police Department to end the rampant campaign of brutality waged against minorities, gays and the poor.

These kinds of actions vindicate Radical Women's program of unity of all the oppressed.

Ms. Gloria Martin, a founding member of Radical Women, contrasted the way in which that socialist feminist group organizes with other feminist tendencies. Ms. Martin pointed out that, as serious and scientific socialist feminists, we do not expect to organize on the basis of our personalities, but on the validity of our program, which we must consistently and honestly carry into every arena of our work.

She analysed the inability of the various feminist tendencies to carry women beyond certain limited goals. Of 'rap groups,' Ms. Martin said, "One can only talk so long. . . ." The problems with reformist groups such as the National Organization for Women (NOW) can be seen as they refuse to go any further than reforms - to address the burning needs of poor women.

The needs of reformist feminists are more easily met than the needs of poor women and therefore they can afford to be pleasant when asking for their reforms. Poor women must be militant in their demands. Their needs are so great that it is impossible for the capitalist system to fulfill them. NOW and other reformist groups will not and cannot adequately represent the needs of the most oppressed of this country.

Groups who work on a single issue only rise and fall as the issue does. They create no vehicle for the sustained effort it is going to take to liberate women and other oppressed people. Radical feminists, who see men as the source of all their

Ms. Martin acknowledged that no movement which ignores the objective reality within which we exist can succeed in achieving fundamental change of that reality. In her closing remarks, Ms. Martin re-emphasized the need for programmatic adherence and the diligent carrying out of that program as the keys to creating a movement which is capable of effecting fundamental social change.

Laura Teague, incoming president of Radical Women, offered the final presentation of the conference. "Important work lies ahead of us.

The past year has shown it necessary - more than at any other time before - that Radical Women's alternative be offered to the feminist movement."

"The task of bringing our program of socialist feminism to the national feminist movement is foremost," Ms. Teague asserted, "and in addition to present to all the liberation movements that the task is to organize on the basis of the leadership of minority and working women, recognizing that it is issues which affect minority and working women which are the glue that will hold all the movements together. We offer to the feminist movement that the oppression of women is interrelated with all the injustices that define capitalism."

Members of the Freedom Socialist Party, the Feminist Coordinating Council, the Action Child-care Coalition, Seize the Time for Oppressed People, United Workers Union - Independent, the Socialist Workers Party, and visitors from throughout Western Washington were among the conference's 80 participants.

The conference ended with a discussion of what Radical Women must do to get its ideas out. In addition to existing position papers, new ones are being written for publication, such as an answer to the Chicago Women's Liberation Union and on Crimes of Violence against Women.

For further information on Radical Women, the organization may be contacted at 3815 5th Ave., N.E., Seattle, Wa. 98105. Their phone number is (206) ME 2-7449.

I am sure the couple next door are in love. Through the walls of the apartment I can hear his puffs and pantings, I can hear her small cries and screams. When they finish, I hear them singing together in the bathroom and when they stop I want to cry out, "No, no, keep singing, finish your song."

Afterwards, when she drives away in her Volkswagen bug, she honks her horn two times. I would be embarrassed to do that, to proclaim to the world my farewell. What if, by the time I descended the four floors to the street, he had decided he was tired of me, that he was bored, that he did not like that public testimony? It reminds me of last week when Ceci first called to say she was leaving Roberto, could she stay with me?

"Sure," I said.

Every day, in the late afternoon, I begin to miss Jacob; I grow eager to hear his key turn in the lock, for him to enter. I remember my daily anger and exhaustion of a year ago, when I had to work, when I slowly came to despise myself. When I hated to make love. Now we are learning to live together again, to make love again.

Still, living the way we do is much like living alone. Despite the teeth-grinding roar of the cars

Something will crash, a hand will reach from the bushes, a stranger at the door will burst the locks, then seize and destroy me. I have a sad, sinking feeling, a fear so great that I never want to leave this apartment. Yesterday the intercom buzzed, and I picked up the receiver to hear a hurried male voice say, "Can you let me into the building? I forgot my key." I laid the receiver back into its cradle, and pushed the button that opens the front door of the building.

Today a new sign hangs in the lobby, written in six-inch black letters. Out loud I read, "Can you tell by the sound of a voice if someone is a rapist or a robber or a murderer? No you cannot! For your protection, do not let strangers into the building."

This afternoon, I spent two hours preparing my body for my date with Ceci. I wonder at my new absorption with face, skin, hair. Never have I spent such time, such care on my body. But it is enjoyable and sensuous; I like creating an image, a picture of myself.

On my way to meet Ceci, I stopped at the bank. I pointed out to the clerk that my telephone number had been deleted from my checks, could she

writers, painters, musicians, all slaughtered. Well, I love Ireland, Sammie. I love America first, it's my country. But I love Ireland."

She hangs up, and five minutes later the telephone rings again.

"Hello?"

"Sammie? This is your grandma. Say, are you interested in a job?"

"Well," I say, hesitating. "I guess I have been thinking about it lately."

"Oh good, darling! Well then, I've got you a job with a wonderful man — Mr. Gilligan? A dear, sweet man; I worked with him for twenty years. You're to start tomorrow."

"Grandma, what kind of work is this?" I say.

"Oh darling, it's easy. Just use those typing skills of yours, right honey? You'll just love Mr. Gilligan, he's a dear old friend."

I do not want to be a secretary. But I say, "Yes. O.K."

Tonight when Jacob came home, I was tired and negative, resenting the secretary job. Everything he did irritated me. While I was swearing at him, I remembered his words of a week ago. "I'm the kind of person who would stay around forever if I felt someone expected it of me, demanded it of me," he said.

This frightens me. It gives me a dubious power and a command I do not wish to possess.

Now I see I have dressed myself up again, working for an hour to put on the clothes and the paint to compete with Roberto, who is coming over tonight. I want to win Jacob from Roberto, to make Jacob desire me.

It happened again. Roberto had been here less than an hour when my hostility began, towards Jacob because he likes Roberto and toward Roberto because he never seems to notice me at all. Roberto rarely looks at me; he addresses all his words to Jacob. Even his groaning, awkward body offends me, perhaps because it is so different from Jacob's.

I wonder, though, how Roberto has existed for all these years? Three years ago, his older brother was murdered because of some dope connection. At the time, Roberto was in the midst of producing "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" with an all-male cast. When he heard about his brother, he was at dress rehearsal. He canceled the play and flew to Hawaii to live by himself for half a year.

Now he spends his time working at a gas station, eating or sleeping or drinking with the boys, driving his big car, and then reading books until early in the morning, sometimes while Ceci sleeps beside him.

I talked with Ceci, who said, "Come on over for dinner. Come and see me in my play." Jacob and I went, and after Ceci left for the theatre, I decided to play seductress with Roberto.

He responded. But by the time we arrived at the theatre, his attraction had become an obligation; during intermission, while Jacob was in the lobby having a smoke, Roberto told me he wants to sleep with me. Perhaps I will.

Three o'clock. Every day at this time, it starts creeping up on me. I am home from my day of typing, my hours of sitting in front of that machine listening to Gilligan's jokes, and I want to talk with someone. I count the hours until Jacob will be here: one, two, three-and-a-half. Then I listen to the people next door, who must be in love, whose drama I try to hear placing my ear against the closet wall.

I hear muffled shouts, a woman's voice shifting higher and higher until it breaks, punctuated by "You, you," the only words I can distinguish. Then a low "rumble, rumble", like an engine refusing to turn over on a cold morning, the voice of the man. Today, perhaps, he has told her he does not like the way she honks her horn when she drives away.

"I'm bored," he rumbles, again and again.

"I hate you," she sobs.

I spoke with Ceci, who called to ask me about my fiasco with Roberto. She told me what Roberto had said about me: "She's a castrating bitch, Ceci," he said. "I love you more than she or Jacob

THE FRIENDS

by
kirie pedersen

and trucks outside, it is a luxury to have these long stretches of day alone in the apartment while he is gone to work.

Yet sometimes when I am here alone I feel like a mouse which has been crushed by a car. My head aches, as though filled with thick blood, as though my brain had been mashed by heavy wheels. As night closes in around the apartment, a fog closes over me, and the neighbor's music and voices seep in through the walls. To soften it, I soak my stomach in milk and rinse my hair with cream.

Last night, Jacob lectured me on my relationship with Ceci, on the scars we bear for each other, against each other. "You don't forgive her and she doesn't forgive you," Jacob said.

"But the wounds don't go back so many years," I said. "As far as recognizing them goes, it has only been a year. I mean it only goes back as far as her relationship with Roberto."

Admitting this, I feel guilty. I do not want to tell Jacob how much I resent him, resent Ceci, clasping their secrets to their breasts, for days, years, telling me nothing at all. Then they decide to pinpoint me as their enemy, and they reject and hurt me until, suddenly, they decide to feel good about themselves again.

Now, just as Jacob does, Ceci tries out her growing up on me. She experiments with not liking Jacob, off-handedly remarks, "I've always had doubts about you and Jacob being together, but I've never felt you allowed me to express this."

But I suppose it says as much about me: I have chosen lovers like Ceci or Jacob, lovers who use me to work their mothers, their fathers from their flesh.

For the first time in two months, Jacob and I fight. We are both tired. I think I want to make love, but when he touches me, my body feels numb, my clitoris hurts and stings. He says, "You take and you don't give. You expect me to do all sorts of favors for you, but you give nothing in return. You won't even look for a job."

I ache, feel like crying. But when I try to cry, I succeed only in feeling absurd, ridiculous. I toss off to sleep.

have it put on, as the other clerk had told me when I ordered them?

She turned her back and shouted across the room to the other clerk, "Did you tell this little lady she could have her phone number printed on her checks?"

Then I remembered yesterday, when I went for an interview at the Press. The editor examined me from her privileged position, her seat of honor. She was friendly, yes, but cold under the surface. No, not cold, just extending a warning: There's probably no place for you here; I haven't much time for you, dear.

From the bank, I took a bus to meet Ceci. Lately, I find she tends to talk at me. She is obviously fond of me, and speaks as one artist to another. But she talks as though I'm a playwright. Which I'm not. So I feel as though she is really talking to someone who stands a little to one side of me.

When she dropped me off after our evening of chamber music, I entered the apartment to find it filled with the thick smoke of cigars, marijuana and vanilla-scented incense. Jacob and Roberto were there, talking in loud voices. A half-empty bottle of Pernod stood on the table between them. When I sat down, Roberto jumped up, saying, "Oh, I must get some Pernod."

I disliked the anise-scented, yellow liquid. In my crepe blouse and long, flowing pants, my made-up face and hair, after the freshness of chamber music and the talk of art, I felt alien to them, raped.

But Roberto wanted to talk. As Jacob disintegrated into silence, Roberto wanted to talk to me about his work. Suddenly Jacob pulled himself from the chair in which he was slumped, and ran into the bathroom where he vomited and retched. I let Roberto wipe Jacob's face and put him to bed, and I slept in the other room.

My grandmother calls. "Sam," she says. "There's so much. There's Ireland. The East and West, — not the North, that's a tragedy. You know, Cromwell marched right across Ireland, like the Huns across Europe. He marched across, and he was a devil. He forced two thousand people, — men, women and children — into caves. Then he slaughtered most of them —



Kari Dunn

dc. We've sweated together. Don't go stay with them." Since Roberto slept with me, he thinks even Jacob is against him. To tell the truth, Jacob doesn't really care.

Tonight I knew I wanted to make love with Jacob, for I could feel my labia swelling, expanding, like a little mouth opening for a kiss. But I wondered if I could ask. I felt reasonably sure that Jacob would respond, but what if he didn't?

I went into the bathroom and secretly removed my ring and my watch, then unbottled my sleeves. After pouring myself a glass of wine, I went and sat on Jacob's lap.

The best part was when we poured the wine over each other's bodies. The wine was like my own blood, an offering and a ceremony, a religious rite and a message.

I arrived home from work to find Roberto here again. He and Jacob were excited about something, shouting over their joint and their stout. Finally Roberto turned to me. "We got stopped by a cop and he searched the car because he saw Jacob throw his joint out the window," he told me. Roberto seemed to forget what he had said to Ceci about me. I did not forget.

I don't think I should have told Ceci my feelings about Roberto, because I know that in the course of the day she will come to see me as the enemy again. But I ignore the warning voices and let it go, wanting to believe that despite our years of silence, our secrets, she will now accept my loving, she will come back to me.

I call her. Roberto answers the phone. "Hello?" he says, in a sleep-muffled voice.

"Ceci there?"

He drops the receiver. "Ceci," he calls. "Sounds like long-distance." I become neuter, I become long-distance.

Then Ceci's voice, cracked and sleepy. "Hello."

"Ceci, are you coming tonight or aren't you?" I say, knowing she isn't.

"No."

"But why didn't you call? We've been expecting you. We planned our week around you. Jacob got the day off, and I stayed home because I thought you were coming." I pause a moment, but she says nothing. "Somebody had to be here to let you into the building, you know."

"We're coming tomorrow on the five-thirty bus. We have to bring our cat down, to get her spayed."

"Are you planning to stay here?"

"It doesn't matter where we stay."

"Oh."

"And I don't feel well, I had rehearsal all day, and I have to get up at five o'clock in the morning. I was asleep."

"I'm sorry," I say.

I feel disjointed, out of order. It now appears that not only Ceci, but Roberto and the cat intend to spend the weekend here. At eight this morning, Ceci walked in and kissed me on the cheek as though we never had last night's conversation. Roberto followed, not looking at me. I returned to bed.

While Jacob and Roberto talked in the other room, Ceci sat on the edge of my bed, hugging me.

In the evening, we went to bed early, Ceci and

Jacob and I in the big bed in the bedroom, Roberto alone on the couch in the other room. Because she sleeps with Jacob and me, I assume Ceci does not want to be with Roberto, that he followed her here against her will.

I awaken to find Ceci gone from her place between Jacob and me in the bed, and to find that the cat has spread over the bedroom floor the sand and leaf mold that Roberto placed in a box for her. Holding my head, I climb from the bed, stepping around the overturned cat box. I find Ceci in the other room, snuggled in with Roberto.

I sit on the floor beside the couch, staring at them, waiting for them to awaken. Ceci opens her eyes first, and smiles at me. For a moment, I am disarmed, but in my stomach, something begins to twitch.

"Ceci," I say. "I asked you to stay here, but I did not ask Roberto or the cat to stay here."

Roberto jumps from the bed and begins to pull on his clothes. Then he stuffs his socks and underwear and his bottle of wine into his pack. I stalk back to the bedroom, followed by Ceci. She looks at me a moment, then turns back to the living room and Roberto. I hear him talking in quick, angry tones. Jacob climbs from bed, frowns at me, and leaves the room, while Ceci returns to me.

"Sam, won't you at least try to talk with Roberto?" she says.

"No. Why should I?"

"He wants to change. He told me he does."

"Well, I don't want to be the one he does his changing on. Besides, he only says he wants to change because he's afraid you'll leave him. It's not for me he says it."

But I feel sick. I want to lie down. Later, I hear the door slam. But Ceci has stayed behind.

Isn't it interesting that Ceci chooses this time to turn back to Roberto? Sure, I wanted her to leave him. I never tried to hide it. But I did want to talk about it with her. Instead, she turns away.

"Why won't you talk to me directly, Ceci? How can we get anywhere if you won't even look at me?"

"I'll tell you why. Because you always talk to me from up there." She gestures towards the ceiling. "And you won't budge. You've already decided that you're right, and all that's left for me is to defend myself."

"But Ceci. You're not on trial. I just want to talk with you. Don't turn away from me again."

"I'm leaving."

I want to cry out, I do cry out. "Ceci, if you leave me now, you're hurting me more than you know. It's just like the last time. Please don't do that again."

"Oh shit." She sits down again, but she holds her knapsack ready on her knees.

She tells me that if she and Roberto come here together, I've got to expect them to want to spend the weekend together. That although she has told me what Roberto has done to her, how he has hurt her, that I do not understand how important he is to her. "He's a part of me, of my life."

"But I do understand. I feel the same way about Jacob. Don't you see?"

"Oh yeah. So you tell me nobody likes Roberto, that you don't like him."

"Well, what the hell does he say about me? Am I supposed to love him for that?"

As she again begins to turn away, the telephone rings. It is Roberto, who left only an hour ago. "Is Ceci there?" he says. I say nothing to him. I wish I could. I didn't want to hurt Ceci. I am sorry I turned away from him this morning, — "Not even looking at him or saying his name," Ceci said.

I hear her arrange to meet Roberto, to leave me. I begin to acknowledge that the talk, the connection I had imagined between us is not going to happen now. I feel dismayed, afraid, minute claws lacerating my stomach. I begin to cry. My arms, covering my face, muffle the sounds of her leaving.

end.



Photography by
Jeri Dixon
Poetry by
Jammy
Calligraphy by
Anita

Suddenly she is old. There was no warning and she awoke to find her body covered by the scars of years. They were gentle scars, there was no pain.

Now it was a time to stop and rest, to pause and reflect, to see her life as the many things it had been. Her life was a million patterns of places she had been and things she had done. Colored diagrams of joy and sorrows, laughter and pain.

There had been a mirrored pond reflecting the world when the pebble of her life had splashed and sent quick waves of energy in all directions. Those waves were slower now, farther apart, and they covered a vast area of the pond. The pond was almost a mirror again.



And there was the library. It was the most important part of her life. It was her life. Its shelves were filled with books of people, people who had been her life. The library was something that would always be hers and she in turn would always be a book in countless other libraries.

So on a day that she came to know gravity and to feel its constant force pulling her back to the earth, she had a single thought. She saw herself as a star that would soon be dead and hoped that her light would shine forever. There was nothing more to hope for.

NEWS from the

CONvention

CONvention

A community workshop called CONvention '74 will devote itself to the problems of prisoners, and finding alternatives to crime and prison. It will take place at Langston Hughes Cultural Center, 17th and Yesler St, Seattle, on Saturday and Sunday, August 10th and 11th from 9 am to 5 pm.

The first CONvention was held in Seattle in 1973 at El Centro de la Raza. They are now being held in the state of Oklahoma as well as here in Washington.

CONvention is organized and produced by prisoners and ex-prisoners. Some of the goals of the program are:

1. To achieve the rights necessary to influence the direction of state and federal governments (this includes the right to vote).
2. To bring an end to the priority of punitive-custody ideologies in the jails, prisons and on parole and probation.
3. To deal with problems of imprisonment and crime issues.

The organizers make this CONvention available for prisoners and ex-prisoners to come to speak freely on contemporary imprisonment and crime issues. The form of the conference will be formal presentations, panels, and discussions - all designed to promote maximum participation of those in attendance. Topics of discussion will include: Juvenile Offenders; City/County Jails; Community-Based Corrections; Gay Men in Prison; Rights of Convicts; Women in Prison and more.....

Write to CONvention '74, PO Box 22199 Seattle, Wa 98122.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

The Whatcom County Counseling and Psychiatric Clinic is no longer on the southside of Bellingham. The new building is located at 1135 Mt. Baker Highway and the phone numbers are 676-8455/384-3100. The clinic is a service for all residents of Whatcom County.

CARROT CELEBRATION

CARROT CELEBRATION

We are a small group of people living and working on some beautiful land near Van Zandt and we're trying very hard to become a self-supporting farm growing organic produce for ourselves and lots of other people. This year we have 3 acres of carrots. To get our crop in, we need help with the weeding. If you can share some of your time, come on out on Saturday or Sunday, Aug. 3 and 4 and weed with us for awhile. If another day is better for you, come any time, we'll be there. P.S. awful nice view of the Twin Sisters Peaks from the carrot field and the S.Fork of the Nooksack is right there. Call for directions - Hard-scrabble Creek Farm, 592-2402.



LESBIAN NEWS: thinking out loud

I feel there is a definite need for the gay women in the area to have encounter groups and consciousness raising. I am talking about a group that women feel a definite commitment to, a group that women can draw support from and give the same energy back to. Personally, I would like to talk with women about opening up to various life-styles: non-monogamy, how to share more time with women, is it practical or feasible to be exclusive now, what is separatism all about and how does it affect women, lesbians, humanity?

To answer the needs of the many women who "come out" annually, I suggest having a monthly pot-luck for women, gay women, women who are questioning their sexuality, women who have just moved to Bellingham. The pot-luck could give us the relaxed atmosphere we need to relate to one another. I feel that this time will be spent full of good energy. GPA's major function has been as an information service. This may be a way we can still serve the community and receive some energy ourselves. People drained of energy, with little growth processes, become tired and bored easily with what needs to be done. I believe firmly that we need closed groups to develop some of that energy and do some growing amongst ourselves. I feel that we need to develop a deep sense of commitment before we will ever get any programs going - whether loose or structured. Please contact me if you have any suggestions, complaints or are interested, -- Blair, 734-7162.

PASSAGE DANCE BENEFIT

Music by Gray House

Time and Place to be announced

Keep Your Eyes Open for Posters

FIGHTING THE REACTORS

Skagitonians Concerned About Nuclear Power, better known as SCANP, continue to demonstrate the value of citizen intervention in science and technology.

On Sunday, 14 July, a small delegation from SCANP motored to the Seattle Opera House to greet Dixy Lee Ray, head of the Atomic Energy Commission, and the thousand or so people who came there to attend an international conference of radiation scientists.

During the cocktail hour, which was held immediately following Dr. Ray's more prosaic greeting, many of the scientists and technicians came outside for a little air and discussion. Many of these brought plastic cups of AEC refreshments for the pickets. There was a long pleasant, amicable, and educational exchange of views and opinions on the benefits of radiation.

Later on the press asked Dr. Ray about some of the issues that the pickets were trying to bring to the attention of both the Atomic Establishment and the rest of us, who are often laughingly referred to as "The Guinea Pigs."

Dixy Lee, as she is affectionately known, admitted that no one wanted nuclear plants in their neighborhood any more than they wanted slaughterhouses. With that the Nixon appointee helped SCANP make their point.

On Monday, 22 July, SCANP was awarded a far more valuable prize, that of full intervenor status in the coming legal battles with Puget Sound and Light, which is attempting to bring Nuclear Power to the rich, agri-

cultural Skagit Valley.

Full intervenor status, which is quite unusual, will allow SCANP, her legal representatives, and some members, the right of entering oral arguments, and to cross-examine during the scheduled hearings of the State Thermal Power Plant Site Evaluation Council.

Full intervenor status, coupled with the Freedom of Information Act, could allow new facts - some allegedly suppressed by the AEC and the private, profit oriented nuclear manufacturers - to see the light of day.

These facts, according to SCANP and other plain citizens and non-involved experts, concern plant hazards, human error, and the consequences of disposing of lethal wastes before adequate processes and methods to do so are developed.

In order to help bring these facts home again, SCANP will sponsor Mary Hays Weik, secretary of the Committee To End Radiological Hazards, to speak at the Burlington Community Hall Tuesday, July 30, at 8:00 p.m.

Ms. Weik, an author and citizen intervenor against the AEC in the courts, is a member of the Alternative Energy Movement who lectures on atomic economy, law, and politics.

Plan on attending and bring a friend. Get together with the SCANP-ers and help work for our own regional benefit, rather than the Atomic Establishment's.

We need each other. And we can win.



COMMUNITY



BUILDING FIVE

Building 5 is growing into a co-operative. Fairhaven has dreamed of a way people can have more direct hold on their existence at skool — and we're trying to realize this dream. This summer we've been trying to work out initial problems, all the trivia involved in eating, cleaning and living together. Trying to minimize our involvement with the Big Skool Bureaucracy, we pay housing rent and that's the extent of our involvement with Red Tape. Through all this we're learning to share — share the work, the knowledge we have, the energy we have — and become a living unit, tied together as economically cooperative members, and as friends. Anyway, we're here and if you can help with contact for wholesale food or encouragement, come by and see our beginning.

A Meeting Report

Last Sunday, July 20, there was a community meeting and brunch. It was a really nice get-together: a delicious breakfast, sunny skies and an efficient meeting. After enjoying zucchini and eggs, fruit salad, cherry cobbler and homemade bread, we sat in a circle and talked together. Here are some of the conclusions we reached:

Community Fund: A good idea. Perhaps a voluntary one percent tax on purchaser's food at the co-op. Open up a bank account for contributions. A gala affair to kick off the project.

People's Land Trust: A report from the by-laws committee was well received, controversial items were resolved in a higher synthesis. Watch for the basic principles of PLT to be posted on the bulletin board in front of the co-op for your perusal and feedback.

Co-op Mill: The mill is contemplating producing flour for local capitalist-type stores. The millers have already been approached by Fred Meyer in this regard. After considerable discussion, the community meeting decided to recommend that the mill do business only with locally owned stores - Thriftway, Safe-well, Valley Market.

Community Meetings: They've been too loose lately resulting in frustration and confusion. We must reinstitute the policy of having a chairperson for each meeting, responsible for publicity beforehand and facilitating during the meeting.

People decided to have another meeting on Aug. 4, Sunday, again a brunch starting at 10:30 a.m. Tom Begnal volunteered to chair the meeting at his house, 2100 34th St.

CO-OPERATIVE SCHOOL

Silver Beach Co-Operative Pre-School has room for a few more children, particularly four-year-olds. School starts September 17th -- we meet Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, 9:30-11:30, at Silver Beach Community Church, on North Shore Drive. This is an independent, parent-controlled co-operative, sponsored by Whatcom Community College. We have one hired teacher, Katy Bish, and all members participate in running the school. Usually this entails working with the kids one week out of six, attending one parent's meeting each month, and serving on at least one standing committee. The philosophy of the school (subject to change as the membership changes) is to encourage the development of the total child (and parent!) -- physical, emotional, intellectual -- through supervised free-play (self-directed activity). We try to provide a rich, "loaded" environment in which the child makes her/his own choices.

The non-refundable registration fee is \$8; tuition is \$18/month. Call soon if you're interested: Sharon Schafer (733-5377), Sue Richardson (733-5477), or Laurel Mackey (676-1374).

MIDSUMMER FESTIVAL

"Whenever ye have need of anything, once in the month and be it when the moon is full--Then shall ye assemble in some secret wood and adore the spirit of me--Queen of all witches -- and I will teach you all things. Ye shall be naked in your rites and free from bondage And ye shall dance and sing--feast, make music and love all in my praise, for I am the ecstasy of the spirit and mine is also joy on earth. For my law is love unto all being."

A women's midsummer night's festival is planned for the weekend of August 2, 3, and 4 on the Olympic peninsula. All women are invited to an unstructured carefree time for us to be with each other, make music, celebrate the full moon (August 2) and midsummer night (August 3). Bring your own food, eating utensils, sleeping bag, musical instruments, tents (remember this is the infamous Pacific N.W. rain country!), \$1.00 a day please (or whatever you can afford). Children welcome! No dogs, please.

How to get there: Go to Port Angeles (Wa.) on Hwy. 101. Take Hwy. 112 out of P.A. and follow it to Lower Elwha Road, where you turn right. Continue on Lower Elwha Road past the "road bends" sign, making a left turn. At a sign which says "STRAIGHT AHEAD", turn left again. You want the second farm on the right -- The Elwha Land Project.

Benefits!

VVAW/Winter Soldier Organization Washington-Alaska Branch is starting a series of benefits in Bellingham for Military Resisters Legal Fees Fund. The benefits will be held at Boogie Mac's, 414 Cornwall, and the first event will begin on Aug. 5 at 9 p.m. with Gabriel Gladstar.

A concert benefit on Aug. 15, 7-10 p.m. at the Civic Stadium will be held for Veteran's Help Program, Gabriel Gladstar and Logrhythm.

BODY/SPIRIT

HEALTH ON A SMALL PLANET; a three-day symposium "dealing with health as human wholeness", from Aug. 4-7 at Gonzaga University in Spokane. This is part of Expo's Environmental Conference Program. Workshops include synergic power, health networking, health & aging, medicine, health & the quality of life, meditation & yoga, polarity massage and breath release, folk medicine and many more. For information and registration call, write or visit:

The Registrar
Environmental Symposium Center
Expo '74
Spokane, Wa. 99210
509-456-7378



and more news



early 20th century photos from Ins

CAIR PARAVEL Camp

Camping out at Lake Padden Thursday night, Camp Cair Paravel brought its first two-week session to a close. Since July 15, twelve kids aged 8-10 and numerous staff have been meeting together Monday thru Thursday from 10:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. The mornings have been spent at the camp site working with crafts, keeping and feeding rabbits, ducks, chickens and goats, exploring in the woods and cooking the camp lunch. Afternoons are spent at Lake Padden swimming, rowing, fishing and canoeing. Each Thursday night there is an overnight sleep-out either in the woods behind the camp site or in the park at Lake Padden.

The camp is funded by O.E.O. and is designed for children of low-income families. There is no tuition charge; each child reaches camp via the city bus out to Lake Padden and back. Total charge for the bussing transportation is about \$2.00 which families have been paying. The camp has afforded numerous opportunities for kids to be out in the woods, in the water, eat good food that they prepare, and enjoy each other. The next two-week session starts Monday, July 29 for children aged 5-7. There are still some spots for girls this age this session. Aug. 12 for kids aged 10-12 and there are still numerous openings for this session. There will be a one-week camp for physically handicapped children from Aug. 26 to Aug. 31. For more information, contact Will, Jean, Glen or Jane at 734-7426. Do it Now.

ARTS and CRAFTS WORKSHOP

The Silver Lake Arts and Crafts Workshop, put on by Whatcom County Parks, will be held August 5-9 at Silver Lake Park. Those of you who have not yet sent in your applications, please do so as soon as possible. The workshops being offered are spinning, drawing and painting, 4-harness weaving, primitive weaving, photography, batik, and canoeing. There is also a children's arts and crafts class and babysitting. They are all taught by top notch instructors. Call the Roeder Home, 733-6897 for further information.

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL

The following is from Amnesty International Handbook for groups:

Objects:

Amnesty International is an independent organization which is not associated with any government, political party or religious creed. It works for the release of persons imprisoned, restricted or detained because of their political, religious or other conscientiously held beliefs, or by reason of their ethnic origin, color or language, provided they have neither used nor advocated violence. These persons are called Prisoners of Conscience.

Amnesty International opposes the death penalty and the torture or otherwise cruel, inhuman, or degrading treatment of all prisoners.

Amnesty International seeks to secure throughout the world the observance of the provisions of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights and the United Nations' Standard Minimum Rules for the treatment of Prisoners.

Amnesty International maintains an overall working balance in relation to countries of different world political ideologies and groupings.

Methods:

Amnesty International endeavors to aid and secure the release of Prisoners of Conscience through investigation, adoption, financial and legal assistance to them and their families, working to improve their condition while imprisoned or detained, and publicizing their plight wherever desirable.

Where appropriate, Amnesty International sends representatives to investigate allegations that the rights of Prisoners of Conscience have been violated.

Amnesty International makes representations to governments and international organizations about Prisoners of Conscience and encourages general amnesties to include such prisoners. At the same time it promotes the adoption of constitutions, conventions, treaties and other measures which guarantee the

in Bellingham

provisions of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights to all prisoners.

Amnesty International publishes carefully researched reports on countries whose treatment of prisoners has become a matter of grave concern.

Status:

Amnesty International has consultative status with the United Nations, UNESCO, the Council of Europe, the Organization of American States, the Interamerican Commission on Human Rights, and, in regard to refugees, the Organization of African Unity. This status gives Amnesty the right of petition, the right to have its observers attend debates and a direct channel for making its views known to these organizations.

Recently, in the wake of the Joan Baez concert, a local Amnesty group has emerged in Bellingham. We should be getting three political prisoners soon; in fact, by the time you read this, their case sheets should have arrived. What we need are people willing to spend time writing letters and performing other related tasks for the benefit of the prisoners. Also, we are trying to raise \$129.00 for amnesty headquarters in Palo Alto, which they use for research and materials. Memberships in Amnesty, costing \$15.00, entitle you to a newsletter, and the money goes toward that \$129 group debt.

Those interested in joining Amnesty International, (it is not necessary to pay \$15 to become involved), or who wish more information through printed matter or speakers, may contact Ted Smith, 1000 Key Street, Bellingham, or phone 734-7282.

Fairhaven Bicycle Shop

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SUN LAGO WAGO



WAGO STATE
HOURS: DAILY 11-9 and SUNDAY 3-9



What is Summer?

Ye Olde Molasses Jugge
Time to use what's growin outa the ground

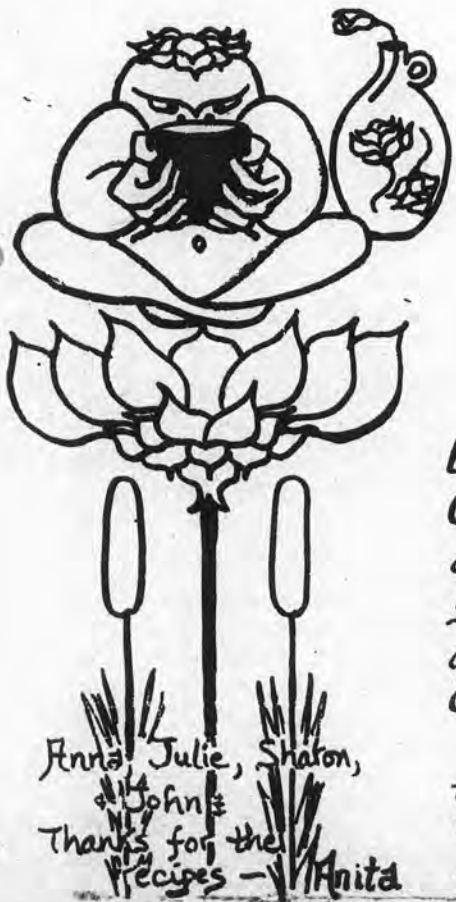
Granma John's Rosepetal Wine

- 1 gallon rose petals - lightly packed
- 10 lbs. sugar + a little honey
- 5 gallons water
- 1 package wine yeast

Steep the petals in 2 qts hot water (1 qt. mixed with one qt. at room temp.) for 10 mins. Strain; discard petals: voila - petal tea.

Mix 4 gals. water with the sugar; shake to dissolve. Add petal tea and yeast and put on an airlock (which can be simply a lid).

- If you're using gallon jugs, you'll need 4c. sugar for each jug. After it bubbles for a week, add water to fill to 5 gallons. Let it work 3 months. Every 30 days, rack it off (this involves siphoning the wine from one bottle into another to exclude the sediment). At each racking, sweeten to taste with honey. When the bubbling stops, bottle the wine.



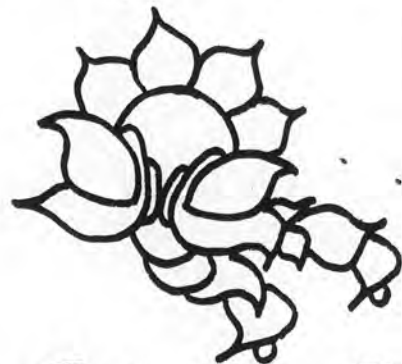
Cattail Quick Bread

- 1 cup cattail flower heads (and/or pollen)
- 1 cup wholewheat flour
- 1 T. yeast
- 1/2 t. salt
- 2 T. safflower oil
- 1 c. milk
- 1/4 c. warm water
- 1 egg - beaten
- 1/2 c. honey + 1/2 c. any wildberries (optional)

Dissolve yeast in warm water. Add beaten egg, oil, milk, & honey. Mix well. Combine cattail flowers, wholewheat flour, and salt. Mix with liquid mixture. Gently stir in berries. Bake in oiled floured pan at 325° until a straw inserted in the center comes out clean (30-60 mins.).

This recipe can be thinned out with more milk to make pancakes. Cattail heads (flower) and pollen can be substituted for half the flour in any recipe.

Anna, Julie, Sharon,
John's
Thanks for the
Recipes - Anita



Zucchini Bread

- 1/4 c. honey
- 1/4 c. oil
- 3 eggs
- 2 1/2 - 3 c. shredded zucchini
- 1 t. vanilla
- 3 c. wholewheat flour
- 1/2 t. baking powder
- 1 t. soda
- 1/2 t. salt, 1/4 t. cinnamon
- 1 t. ginger, 1 t. cloves

Mix honey, oil, eggs, & vanilla together. Shred zucchini with the peels. Mix all ingredients together - adding chopped walnuts, if desired. Bake in greased bread pans 325° about one hour. Makes 2 loaves.



Fruit Sherbet without the crank

- Cook on low heat to dissolve.
- 1 T. gelatin
- 1/2 c. honey
- 1/4 c. milk

Purée
1 1/2 lbs. nectarines (6)
can substitute peaches
or canteloupe.
Stir in 2 T. lemon juice.
Mix everything together
and freeze covered in a 9x
9x2 pan. In a chilled bowl
add 1 eggwhite. Beat smooth.
Freeze 4 hours. 21



Collective Capers

HERSTORY OF UP FRONT COLLECTIVE

This is the account of women collectively operating a small natural foods restaurant for several months in 1973 & 74. The establishment is located on the same premises as the Little Bread Company (15th N.E. & Lake City Way in Seattle), and was called Up Front Cafe. It is presently operated by another collective of women and is called Seven Sisters Cafe. This account is written by four of six members of Up Front Collective. We live in the Seattle area and we got together to write this; the other collective members are out of town.

The cafe came into being when a group of people known as Ploughshare Collective organized various collective enterprises, including the Little Bread Company. Their goals were collective economic struggle toward social change and rallying an alternative community in Seattle. In the spring of 1973, Ploughshare structure changed as the collective members separated into different projects. The original business enterprises were turned over to the newly formed Cooperating Community (a network of collectively run businesses working together) as community enterprises. The Little Bread Company separated into two collectives; one running the bakery, the other running the cafe. Mary, one of the original Ploughshare members, took the cafe and asked two of her friends to be in the collective with her. Thus was born the first women's collective in the Cooperating Community. At that time, however, the collective had little feminist consciousness; it was simply a group of friends who wanted to work together.

The summer came, the women worked hard, and business was good. The cafe never made a lot of money, but it supported the three collective members. It began to look like it could support more people, so Up Front Collective grew. The people who came into the collective at this point came primarily because they wanted to work with other women. In November, Mary left, following other interests, and there were Chelle', Cy ell, Gail, Kathy and Peggy in the collective.

Cy ell: "Walking along Lake City Way in the pelt-ing rain, on my way to buy cream cheese and two pounds of tomatoes at the Maple Leaf grocery, i tried to decide whether to join the cafe collective. The decision, after weeks of hesitation, came with the realization that the cafe was unique as a business run by women only. I wasn't gonna' get this chance again--or not in the near future. I joined the collective and came in out of the rain."

With the influx of new members, and the growing feminist consciousness of the collective; and partially in response to harassment, Up Front came out as a radical lesbian feminist collective. Our collective was women because we wanted to work with women. We saw our struggle as not only economic, but also as political in the sense of women gaining power and control over their own lives.

Up Front was an outgrowth of our desire to integrate our beliefs into our lifestyles. We served natural foods; we organized our business along egalitarian lines. We wanted to support ourselves in a non-alienating way and we wished for more control of our lives.

We started running the business with little prior knowledge of restaurant management. Once we took it over, it became a major part of our lives. There were good times when we were richly rewarded by the validity of our working experience, feelings of solidarity with one another, and the joys of working

with women. There were bad times, when we resented the totality of our commitment, the demands of a small business, and the struggles against our oppression as vocal, assertive feminists. All in all, it was a time of intense growth and enlightenment, and gave us direction and ideas for the future.

Many positive aspects of our experience working with women in a collective come to mind. We learned to accept and handle a lot of responsibility--no small task for women raised to follow. Our creativity blossomed as it was given free rein. As we worked together, we learned to cooperate and function as a group, yet still assert our individuality. Essentially, we had control over our own lives--if we didn't do it, it didn't get done. It was really exciting to express ideas, make decisions and carry those decisions out. It felt really good to work within a group of people; learning to communicate and feeling the support and love of co-workers. We learned a lot about ourselves within the framework of the collective.

As a business, the cafe provided valuable experience in how to and how not to succeed, i.e., make a profit. The cafe hardly ever made a profit and usually showed a loss on a month to month basis. As a result, we all came to understand the reasons why a business loses money. If any one of us ever runs a business again, particularly a restaurant, she'll know to look at location, rent and facilities. She'll know not to open a vegetarian health food restaurant in a middle class meat oriented neighborhood; not to pay premium rent in a dying business district or try to cook meals for customers on a hot plate.

There are a lot of positive things we learned to do. We all know a lot of specifics about restaurant operation, including ordering, cooking, cleaning, serving, bookkeeping, and some plumbing and electrical work. Mostly we learned that we could do anything that was necessary if we wanted to.

Gail: "My most glowing memory is the people and those wonderful collective meetings where we felt accepted and supported and reinforced for another week of hard work. Working side by side made it all worthwhile."

Chelle': "For me, the one thing that made Up Front so unique and wonderful was that we were all women. There was no sexism in our relationships, no male-female power plays or male ego-trips. I never felt like i knew any less than my sister collective members, especially in the traditionally male dominated fields, like electrical work and plumbing. There weren't men to do those things, so i could do them myself. Because i didn't have to put any energy into struggling out of male/female roles, i could put more energy into building strong friendships and trust. The collective was incredibly supportive emotionally, and i think it's because, as women, we can

really identify with each other's lives and experiences in ways that men and women never can."

Peggy: "My political outlook and personal goals changed during my time in the collective. I had felt the women's movement was important and considered myself a feminist. There were other struggles i also considered important: an end to capitalism, racism, ageism, and other forms of oppression. As i lived my feminist ideals, i began to see that personal liberation, for me--women's liberation--would also bring an end to other oppressive institutions. At the same time, i was becoming aware of oppression by my male so-called 'revolutionary' friends. That's when i decided women's liberation and my personal liberation were all-encompassing goals, worthy of my complete energy. I saw the women's movement as nothing less than the struggle for equality on every level for every person."

It wasn't so much what we did, but rather, how it was done that made the experience so unique. All decisions were made collectively. Our collective meetings would ramble quietly on for hours as we discussed how things would be done and how we each felt about the decisions that were made. There was consideration for each person's thoughts and opinions, and none of us was afraid to say what she thought. Responsibility was equally shared. It was so amazing to be able to spend time working and not have anyone telling you what to do.

Not that it was all peaches and cream! The cafe needed a lot of time and energy, and sometimes it seemed like the sacrifice was too much. There were times when we felt resentful toward each other because one of us felt she was carrying too much of the responsibility or doing too much of the work. We were struggling with many problems. There were hassles with the Cooperating Community over sexism. Some people felt threatened and defensive about women being together. There was not much support from other women in the Cooperating Community for us as feminists.

As we developed into a feminist collective and expressed it more strongly, we experienced rejection and alienation from the community. Many members of Cooperating Community found our commitment to women working with other women incomprehensible, if not abhorrent.



Our politics matured as they were tested through practice. For the first time, we could really see what these ideas meant in our everyday lives. Lofty political idealism and belief in "power of the people" changed under the harsh realities of economic survival. We did come to trust and rely on our strengths as a group of committed friends.

Gail: "I really felt my lifestyle as an expression of my beliefs. I look back on the cafe as development of a strong sense of myself as a woman. Working with these women was a joyful experience. Caring for each other made me feel good and i felt free to be myself. I became more and more committed to being with women. Womanly qualities of warmth, compassion, and calm were prominent, instead of the usual male preoccupation with power, competition, and aggression. The Goddess, Diana, said, 'Ye shall dance and sing-feast, make music and love all in my praise, for i am the ecstasy of the spirit and mine is also joy on earth'."

Cy ell: "We struggled with power tendencies in ourselves and such developments within the collective. enough not to want to dominate and control; at the same time, recognizing tendencies in ourselves to want our own way. We were essentially in agreement politically as anarcho-feminists."

At the end of 1973, a women's coffee house, Coffee Coven, opened at the cafe one night a week. We felt really glad that the first women's coffee house was going to be at the cafe. We were both shocked and dismayed when people in the bakery collective protested Coffee Coven being exclusively for women. This led to our being forced to justify it at a Cooperating Community meeting.

Gail: "That really opened my eyes to sexist attitudes in the community. Many men felt threatened by women getting together. I began to see just how far all those so-called cooperative ideals would take a woman! From then on, it was all downhill--oppression became more intense as we became more outspoken about our feminism."

Coffee Coven gave women a chance to get together socially. It was and is the only place of its kind in Seattle. It served a need of Seattle women which was not being met anywhere else. It could exist only if some business, like the cafe, was willing to support it by donating the space or charging a nominal fee. The Coven was one of our most important commitments. It helped justify our existence and our struggles as feminists supporting the women's community.

Being a part of the Cooperating Community was one of the biggest problems of Up Front. It was even more complicated because we had to remain a part of the organization. The cafe was a community enterprise; if we withdrew from C.C., we'd have to leave the cafe, and could no longer exist as a working collective.

We were expected, as members of the Cooperating Community to send a representative to weekly meetings, which we all dreaded. The meetings were particularly oppressive to us as women, as they were very male-dominated. Men talked; women agreed with them. People rarely talked about how they felt, and those that did were ignored. The dynamics were male-oriented and the decisions were made mostly by the more vocal men.

Gail: "I always felt a lack of what i'll call 'human consciousness' within the community. Not much energy was directed into learning to love and trust each other. Perhaps it is and should have been only an economic experience; but to me, it was a life experience--community means people. I wanted to feel loved and nurtured, instead i felt as if i was expected to be 'revolutionarily correct'."

Chelle: "It was really hard for me to relate to the Cooperating Community as my community. In the first place, there were just too many people to relate closely to. Most of the people in C.C. were different from me politically. Few were into personal politics, the women's movement, or gay liberation; all of which i see as very vital political issues. I think economic struggles are important, too; but an economic alternative structure in such an economically oriented society isn't where i want to start building my revolution."

From October, when it became apparent that we were a women's collective by choice, until March, when we gave the cafe to the present collective, we were subject to unremitting pressure, harassment and ugly rumors. We never knew when someone would come to "talk" to us, or when a confused friend would come to us with some absurd and false statement or action attributed to us. The constant anxiety this situation occasioned and the actual scenes that occurred, exhausted us. During this time

business dwindled, as it does every winter, consequently the cafe no longer supported us or itself. Finally, in March we decided we could no longer afford the emotional and financial cost of running a losing business. We did not have the energy to fight for our right to exist and to fight circumstances to make the cafe financially viable. The only rewards were our friendships with each other, which we decided could be better maintained in a less draining situation. To preserve our sanity, we got out.

Considering the conditions under which we worked from October until March, only our commitment to and love for each other explains how or why we lasted that long. When we were together working

we supported each other; we worked well together. We liked each other and we were fairly honest with each other. We all agree Up Front was our best working experience, ignoring the hassling from outside. Someday we hope we can work with other women doing something we want to do without the difficulties we encountered at Up Front. That would be our ideal.

(In case anyone's at all confused; Up Front no longer exists as a working collective. The cafe is still open, and is run by another women's collective, Seven Sisters. Coffee Coven, too, is open every Saturday evening for a women's coffee house.)



When I take her tray in
she is lying in a heap
left only to smell her own shit
and urinals not properly sterilized.

Don't trust the bell
it may be a long time
before you can get help
your piss may stain the slip you got 3 christmases ago
but if we hurry we may save your dress.

I know you no longer understand schedules
although before now, that's probably all you knew.
That if I tell you I will get in trouble
if I don't strap you in, you have
the right to care less.
When I tell you if I were boss I wouldn't make you
eat blended squash, I wish you had the strength
to spit it at me.
But of course you don't have the strength
with the schedules and all, who has time to take you for a walk.
So you're breaking down.

Sunday's breakfast why do I find relief
that you get french toast instead
of the usual mush and egg
something about it's nice to give the old folks a change of pace.
it's still 340 days.

Your words have turned to babble
from being ignored too many times.
Though you long to be touched
and I see your eyes light up by accidental
it's just routine
brushes of wet washrag
between flabby dimpled thighs
cleaning up the morning's fermented mush.

When I sing
Louise, Louise with eyes so blue
Oh, Louise, I love you
I'm sorry I can't ask you to believe it.

Every 11 minutes somewhere in this country, a woman is raped. Every 11 minutes a sister somewhere is beaten, brutalized, or intimidated into submitting to a humiliating and painful act. Every 11 minutes a woman is left bleeding and damaged, the ultimate victim of a sexist society. Every 11 minutes.

From an early age we have learned to fear an attack upon ourselves and all our lives we have lived in the shadow of this fear. But the repressed anger of centuries of intimidation has been welling up inside us and we will no longer tolerate the mutilation of our sisters. As feminists, we are outraged at this violence perpetrated against women and at the ugly social myths surrounding the crime of rape.

We first came together a year ago, four women who shared the fear and anger of attack. Two of us had been raped before, and though the physical wounds had healed, psychic scars remained. In sharing our own experiences with each other, we became very aware of the pervasive effect the fear of rape has on our lives; and we decided to hold a workshop to share our newfound knowledge about the problem of rape with other women. It was out of the workshop (sponsored by the Free U. in January, 1974) that our dream of a rape support group for women of the Bellingham area was born.

At the present time, we are a small, close-knit group still undergoing the throes of deciding upon organization and structure. Our vision for the future (until such time as this society changes so that men stop raping women) includes a 24-hour crisis line available for women who are raped, a crisis center staffed by women to provide both counselling and an "advocate's service" (to lessen the trauma of police and hospital treatment for victims), and a widespread availability of information on rape to the Bellingham community. The work of many concerned women is needed to transform this dream of a rape crisis center into a reality, and we would greatly appreciate the support and help of other women in the community. Meeting times and other developments of our group will be published in future issues of this paper. People interested in volunteering their time and energy, or desiring more information about our activities or about the subject of rape can call 734-8797 or 733-9047, and leave a message.

Denise Guren



RAPE

THE RAPE OF MR. SMITH

The law discriminates against rape victims in a manner that would not be tolerated by victims of any other crime. In the following example, a holdup victim is asked questions similar in form to those usually asked a rape victim.

"Mr. Smith, you were held up at gunpoint at 16th and Locust?"

"Yes."

"Did you struggle with the robber?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"He was armed."

"Then you made a conscious decision to comply with his demands rather than resist?"

"Yes."

"Did you scream? Cry out?"

"No. I was afraid."

"I see. Have you ever been held up before?"

"No."

"Have you ever given money away?"

"Yes, of course--"

"And did you do so willingly?"

"What are you getting at?"

"Well, let's put it like this, Mr. Smith. You've given away money in the past--in fact, you have quite a reputation for philanthropy. How can we be sure that you weren't contriving to have your money taken from you by force?"

"Listen, if I wanted--"

"Never mind. What time did this holdup take place, Mr. Smith?"

"About 11 PM."

"You were out on the street at 11 PM?"

Doing what?"

"Just walking."

"Just walking? You know that it's dangerous being out on the street that late at night. Weren't you aware that you could have been held up?"

"I hadn't thought about it."

"What were you wearing at the time, Mr. Smith?"

"Let's see. A suit. Yes, a suit."

"An expensive suit?"

"Well, yes."

"In other words, Mr. Smith, you were walking around the streets late at night in a suit that practically advertised the fact that you might be a good target for some easy money, isn't that so? I mean, if we didn't know better, Mr. Smith, we might even think you were asking for this to happen, mightn't we?"

"Look, can't we talk about the past history of the guy who did this to me?"

"I'm afraid not, Mr. Smith. I don't think you would want to violate his rights now, would you?"

Naturally, the line of questioning, the innuendo, is ludicrous--as well as inadmissible as any sort of cross-examination--unless we are talking about parallel questions in a rape case: the time of night, the victim's previous history of "giving away" that which was taken by force, the clothing--all of these are held against the victim. Society's posture on rape, and the manifestation of that posture in the courts, help account for the fact that so few rapes are reported.

from COLUMBUS FREE PRESS & COWTOWN TIMES *

note: Because rape is one of the most underreported crimes, most rapists will continue to rape with impunity. It is IMPORTANT that women report rapes and rape attempts. As difficult as police procedures may seem, the victim who reports to the police is doing a service to her sisters, who are potential future victims. Rapists can be caught.

BECOMING A WOMAN IN AMERICA or NOTES TO "LET IT BLEED"

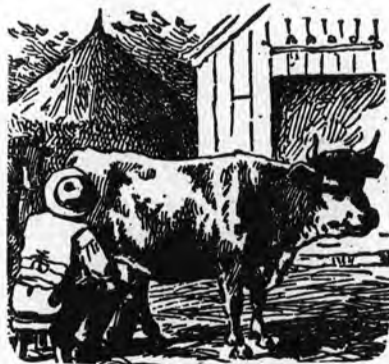
twenty to five, a.m.
night blueing through dirty windows,
the bus station
eyes sting with exhaustion
balloons of vacancy
a rising snore.
the sudden leap of neon in the cigarette machine

i recall the afternoon, small hours earlier
hazy green countryside
where a music man pumped endlessly
into me--i play the organ, baby; what do you play?
soft rain slicking the cadillac,
great american dream of a marriage bed
--you can use my shirt to clean up now--whatsamatta, baby,
ain't i good to you? silver cloth smearing
my anger (your chrome embrace); dirty pink dress sliding
over my knees--you oughta wear hot pants, honey--
my body chilling the leather coat from the inside
remembering old lovers, said,
you gotta be strong, be strong
and the strength of my anger sends
wheels through my eyes, farther on, down the road

six a.m.; blurring into my brother's place of warmth, covering
tightrope treacherous passes
love/power, grass/stone
drinking my own strength no compromising
the softness of my mouth
(loving the stretch of muscles
longing for a storm
of roses

Lisa Rosenberg

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Take Me To Ze Casbah

"C'mon, let's see your stomach roll. Oops, not so good yet. How about a flutter; can you do a stomach flutter?" Shelley Nolan---maestro of the abdominal pulsation---exhorting her Free U. and YWCA classes to cast their hips to the wind. Ahhhhh ze belly-dance---visions of harems, nightclub bump-grinders in sequined pasties and stiletto heels, reeking of exotica and erotica---ladies trying to take off weight, ladies trying to become somebody's image of "sexy", ladies hellbent on seductiveness, ladies just plain interested in the dance---and everyone crashing into the all-too-solid fact that bellydancing demands first, rhythm and flexibility, and second, an overwhelming amount of hard work and discipline. It is a strenuous dance---a display of strength and muscle control. A good dancer projects effortless smoothness and grace out of a pool of sweat.

If you watch a bellydancer carefully, you'll see that most of the movements, actually arise in the feet. The steps originated in the local folk-dances and peasant dances of the Middle East. The stomach movements originated in an identification with women in labor -- with labor and birth contractions. As a birth rite, the dance was once purely abdominal and was performed during the birth process. The folksteps and seduction parts of the dance were added later. In many villages in the Middle East and North Africa, the dance is still performed as a folkdance -- by both men and women. In America, male bellydancers are pretty rare, but not extinct.

At first it was a desert dance, spread by the nomads and traders. When Islam invaded N. Africa, the Muslims banished from Egypt all the tribes that performed bellydancing. Once the French entered Algeria, however, bellydancing became a lucrative profession. Women earned their dowries by leaving their tribes and dancing for the French. They wore their wealth in coin girdles, necklaces, earrings, and headpieces. Tattoo marks on their faces were tribal identification, but had once been magical symbols, protection from evil. As taught today, bellydance is a patchwork of dances from all over -- and each teacher invents a step or two of her own.

Because the dance is essentially a visual expression of the music (quarter-tone), it demands years of study. A good dancer will know and feel the music and express its every nuance; each beat asks for a specific movement. Coordinating the playing of finger cymbals with the different movements of the arms, body, head, and feet demands a great deal of practice too. The dance often includes a drum solo, in which the dancer is challenged to duplicate the drumbeats in movements. Basically, bellydancing really announces itself in the muscles -- in all the muscles. Your arms and back ache; your thighs and calves are sore; your stomach muscles seem to have been ripped apart; the smile on your face is looking grim; you're wiping the sweat from your neck and thinking, "This is fun?". But it is; it is -- especially once you know all parts of the dance well enough to just let it flow with the music. The steps are many and complex; the tempo varies from fast shimmy to the slow controlled figure-eight hip roll. It's not a bumpgrind seduction dance (although it has been used that way), but an interweaving of ancient dances, performed for the simple joy of movement and union with music's rhythms, for the joy of dancing.

Anita Rosenberg



Graphic by Donna Impero

dance in 3 movements

1. we all sweat and glide cross the sawdust floor, shuffling feet to the cowboy band i move alone, occasionally touch a woman, man, child, my feet are rough with callouses, i keep moving tho i can barely stand

2. interpretive, modern they call it. it is pre-historic. nazis like stilts, elizabethians with no music, a man lifting a woman high over his head, or dragging her beneath him, their bodies enrapturing

3. two women walk briskly in front of me, in the rain, they clasp hands, run into the street, their stage, one leaps and turns, they embrace, they create a new art form

michelle celarier

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Lavender Jane Loves Women
Women's Wax Works \$3.50

Here I sit in the rare Bellingham sun, trying to write a review about a record just as rare as its occurrence. "Lavender Jane Loves Women" is the first album I've heard that is by, for, and about women.

With voices that soar and mingle their softness, their force — Alix Dobkin, Kay Gardner and Patches Attom have created a sound, touching ears that have long awaited for their own song.

It is indeed rare to find women's music so positive in outlook. No one, until now, has dared sing with such pride about women. No one has dared to break the barrier of silence to say "Any woman can be a Lesbian." No one has dared claim the musical heritage of women. . . strong women, women who have broken out of their historical stereotype.

Women artists have traditionally sung about love, pain and confusion. And most of those expressions have been in reference to men. . . to the tragedy of a broken heart. . . to the joy of finding that illusive "other half" . . . to the confusion that has long been viewed as women's innate weakness.

And it is not surprising, when the pouring of a soul through song has become a victim of commercialism. When the price for singing and being heard is the very soul being exposed. When the men making the money serve as our censors and selectors. Alix Dobkin states "Record and publishing executives, independant producers, managers, agents, P.R. men and assorted hustlers could never quite polish me off into a neat commercial package. Lucky for me!" And lucky for us!

We probably wouldn't have heard their voices yet, had it not been for the Women's Musical Network — a recording company run by feminists concerned with the oppression of a valid expression. I hope to hear more voices break through the oppressive silence.

This music is simple in its presentation. There are no overpowering back-up noises. They move their music along with subtle counter melodies on the guitar, flute, cello, bass and an occasional touch of piano, harp and viola. The emphasis is on lyrics and the voices that say in feeling what words can't. They aren't technical geniuses. Their expression comes from the original human need to sing out feelings and be heard. The music is a gift. . . not of precise timing and notes. . . but of love, pride and caring. "What better way to join together in discovering our womanhood and sisterhood than in the celebration of our own music!"

Whether or not you agree with the political stand represented is irrelevant. The fact is they have a right to be heard — they are a pleasure to hear.

Keep on shining, cuz even when the clouds are thick — you warm the earth.

By Connie Williams

I'm Not Your Laughing Daughter
By Ellen Bass
Univ. of Mass. Press \$3.50

"I'm not your laughing daughter" screams Ellen Bass in a dream about her father, who wanted two things in life: "a pretty girl and a house with no screaming." It took Ellen a long time to scream, though she was good at "crying among the cases of Cliquot Club and the pints of Tiger Rose" in her father's Pleasantville, N.J., liquor store. Her father's coldness, her mother's unhappiness and acceptance of her plight, her brother's possessiveness — all these set the painful childhood and adolescence of another American girl: growing up and not liking it.

The poet's life moves on — to Boston where she realizes we must stop

REVIEWS:



Ann Pearson
kiss your mother, run for mayor.

You arrange it.

Though negating Eastern philosophy and its deterministic attitude which keeps women in traditionally passive roles, Ellen decides to go through "sesshin," three days of meditation. The night before sesshin she is prepared to "endure" the pain of sitting still for three days saying

Through that endurance, I'll be accepted.
Through that endurance, I'll accept,
stop struggling with my loneliness,
stop thinking Boston will save me,
stop thinking sesshin will save me.

The first day, her thoughts wander as her knees begin to ache. The second day, second hour, she leaves: "Drako the Snako is splitting from here."

Her struggles are not abstract, but deal mainly with two people: a lover named Louis who lives in Boston (to whom she returns) and Beverly, an old lover from adolescent camp days who now lives in Japan with her husband and son. Ellen feels uncomfortable with Beverly, who has no time to be with her, to climb Mt. Fiji with her, to fit Ellen into her new life of wife/mother. Beverly, who says she falls in love every year, while Ellen cries "Why, then, Bev, can't you fall in love with me?"

This book is unique in that sexual feelings for both males and females are positive celebrations of giving and receiving, touching, being touched. One of the most sensual of the poems is "Cecelia," in which Cecelia becomes cilia, "like the down of your shoulder," "thick black hair of your lashes," to the eventual "throb of cilia with cilia" (my love lock to yours.)

Ellen Bass is a strong woman, a sexual woman, a proud woman who is also not afraid to share her gut level feelings: anger, tenderness, frustration, sadness. Also the co-editor of the women's poetry anthology "No More Masks," she has finally given us herself: an autobiography of poetry, undaunted for 15 years by such problems as showing her poems to her third grade teacher who immediately suggested she see a psychiatrist.

The only thing I didn't like about the book was its price, rather high for a thin paperback of poems, I think.

By Michelle Celarier

Stop eating dinner in the Star Market
and making love in the subways
Stop doing isometric exercises on the telephone
Stop brushing our teeth at red lights.

This poem, the concluding one of the second section of her book, is "Partly to My Cat," whose stomach is his suitcase, while she has

8 prs. of shoes
a checking account,
5 credit cards,
and a AAA membership.

"This is no gear for a hike, for a life," she laments, "How can I leap to the heights of refrigerators weighted like this?"

And so, onto to Japan, a six week odyssey which makes up over half of this first collection of her poetry. "Japanese Notebooks for Louis" is 30 poems in 6 weeks of soul searching, Mt. Fiji searching, lost lover searching, leading to the conclusion:

Japan's a nice place and all that,
but it's not for us.
You're an oaf if you laugh open-mouth.
You're a dyke if you take big steps.
You're a very bad girl if you're not Japanese.

In Japan she wishes she were back in Boston where

. . . I scream and yodel,
pay electric bills, drive a car, unlock the door
to my apartment,
Boston, where I know my ass
not just for shitting, my legs for more than
transportation.

The whole section on Japan is a beautiful juxtaposition of East and West. Her poetry becomes shorter, more lyrical, almost haiku in places. Until it appears, she realizes her Americanism, her strength in the face of Oriental, obeying women. She chides Barbara, a woman who came to Japan with her husband to study macrobiotic cooking. Her husband helped deliver their child; it died; he studies aikido and says her cooking is "still not right." Ellen says:

Go home, Barbara,
Leave the raw fish and the tokyo smog,
the hot water heater that's not paid off,
your husband, his aikido astrology and acupuncture.

Go back to Minnesota and toast an English
muffin,
drive a cab, eat in restaurants,
do the turkey trot;
dig for sand crabs with your babies,

women in the arts

Will There Really Be a Morning?
By Frances Farmer
Dell \$1.95 (paperback)

I was in the library a while back, and I happened on an article in the Seattle P.I. which caught me up and held me there, until I had read the whole article. It was a story about a woman named Frances Farmer and her struggles with her mother who put her in a mental hospital. This is where I got introduced to Frances' autobiography. I'll try to focus in on these different struggles that intermesh with each other forcing and influencing Frances to live the tragic life that she did.

Frances, born in Seattle, looking back on her childhood, is left with an empty vacuum of loneliness, isolation and never exchanging love energies. Between the ages of 21 and 28 she'd made 19 motion pictures, 3 Broadway films and appeared in seven stock productions. A woman trying to find a sense of self, trapped by her mother and trapped in a rough Film-A-Rama world, pressures from all sources.

She was arrested in California, on a charge of driving in a dimout zone with her lights on. Then failing to report to a parole officer, she was arrested when three police came to her hotel in the middle of the night. A fight ensued and they hauled her off. She was admitted to the Screen Actors Sanatorium for rest. Her dad, an attorney, secured a court order and had her sent to Washington, with her mother as legal guardian. Here is the start of her mother's power, her legal control over another human's life.

After a three month stay in a mental hospital, Frances was released. She didn't know enough to have her guardianship removed, so for the next seven years, her mother threatened to "put her away for good."

On May 22, 1945, when Frances was 30, her mother made her threat to put her back a reality. The horrors and emotional shock Ms. Farmer went through that first day taught her something very

important. She realized that many of the nurses, attendants and orderlies were sadistic and sick themselves, and she would not get any help from any of them. She realized that she would have to talk to herself, be her own counselor and physician, find her own answers. Look within for strength.

The first day one of the attendants started to wipe Frances while she was on the toilet, having a bowel movement. The nurse ground the paper inside until

Frances begged her to stop. Then the attendant pinched her mouth open and forced the paper in. Determined not to let this woman win this power trip, Frances "relaxed her body, stared straight into her eyes and slowly began to chew."

Ms. Farmer took me on so many visual tours through the halls of torture treatments, inhuman conditions, leaving me sometimes angry and feeling hopeless. But her strength prevails.

She talks of the day-to-day madness very clearly. She forced me to deal with the realities of living there.

"The cold winters, frost everywhere, the stench of filthy naked bodies, the summers were hotboxes of hell. Insects swarmed and caught and eaten. Food thrown in the pen once a day. Epidemics of vomit followed every feeding, and doglike, it was lapped up by the people. There were beatings. Hard bars of soap were knotted into towels and slammed against skulls. Naked women with menstrual blood streaming down their legs. Rape in its most vicious forms scarred and claimed every woman. Men would roam freely at night raping women of all ages. She was put in the isolation ward for three years for trying to save a cat from being eaten. Sometimes in the darkness, the soft birdlike touch of another human being would flutter briefly on another hand, and for a moment, the clamor would subside as creature met creature in breathless and innocent contact."



~DONNA IMPERO~

Frances was needed at home. Her mom had suffered a stroke, and her father's health was failing, so he wrote a letter asking that she be released to come home and take care of them. Within a week she was paroled. Incredible! Considered too dangerous to be let out of the isolation ward one minute, and the next, paroled to go home to take care of her dying parents. One day insane and competent the next. What is so hard to believe is that at any given moment her parents could have signed papers to have her released. It wasn't until they couldn't take care of themselves, that she was set free. From October 1942 to July 1953 she was tied to her mother. On July 27, 1953, going to court for the last time, Frances got a order discharging Lillian Farmer as her guardian.

After this, she does various jobs, goes through a rotten marriage, makes very few friends. Frances has a close friend named Jean. Jean sees Frances through some hard times including a very heavy drinking problem. They remained friends for 17 years. I could feel their love flow for each other with a good balance. Frances finds out she has cancer, and Jean gives her energy to be strong. "Sunday, late July, I hold onto her (Jean) while blood spurts from my mouth and drenches us." She is taken to the hospital, and before she dies she writes "For years I have died by the hour, every day, every hour, every movement of the clock was a death. And knowing it, I can face this strangulation with ease. . . I know the terror of pain, as it is now, but locked away those years, forgotten in a madhouse, I suffered even more." On an afternoon of August 1, 1970, she dies alone.

There are so many Frances Farmers in the world. So many women who find personal strength through their struggles. Some women's lives have more positive outcome, some more pain-filled. To read of this woman's fight to free herself, love herself, was fascinating. It made me feel proud of women's strength and determination to fight for pieces of ourselves, trying to become whole.

BY SHELLI PROVOST

encounter

i wanted to call you
sister,
but my face
froze, smiles, hellos

i opened my book
of hurts, knew i was a
hypocrite, ordered my
tea, chanced upon the will
to change--could not concentrate

you walked away
without a second glance
hurriedly, did I think

you could steal
the love i
need?

the tavern was left
with dirty soup plates,
and outside the
never-ending rain
came down like
tears for

me
such a long, long
way to go,

sister,

the word
stuck in my
throat

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Small Changes
By Marge Piercy
Doubleday \$4.95 (hardcover)

Marge Piercy's latest novel, *Small Changes*, is a definite contribution to women's literature — and women's lives. Unlike the vast majority of novels by women — which focus on madness or self-pitying laments against men — *Small Changes* is the story of women facing up to themselves, searching for changes which are viable as both political and personal choices.

The novel revolves around two women, Beth and Miriam, who serve as counterpoints to each other. Piercy portrays their lives with accuracy and acumen: her descriptions of interactions include the nuances of gestures and phrases which make the characters people one can visualize and understand.

The central core of the book concerns love: how women love, how the usual form of that love devours their life and energy. Beth writes on her apartment wall: "Love is what women do instead of knowing or fighting or making or inventing."

With the story of Miriam's life, Piercy dramatically shows how the character imprisons herself to love, eclipsing her brilliance, her identity, her purpose. Miriam searches for a man who will allow her to love him with total abandon — and return the same perfection. After allowing herself to be battered between two selfish men, she sells herself to a third man, Neil. Her creative energy becomes thwarted by her incessant need for reassurance from Neil. Having given up her own identity, his approval is sacrosanct. She pleads with him:

I want to make you happy. I want to be good for you. Sometimes still I mistrust myself. I think I can't possibly be what you want for the rest of my life, because you really are a good person, Neil. In a way I'm not. But I'm trying. Trying hard. Are you happy? Am I succeeding?

In contrast to Miriam, Beth leaves her husband in the first pages of the novel, rejecting all romantic notions of love and marriage. She finds connections with people which provide nourishment and support, but don't absorb her. Her relationship with Wanda is a healthy model wherein two people care for each other, become comrades in their efforts, while maintaining their own identities. Beth tells Jackson:

I don't want to face in toward someone and make them my struggle. . . I don't want you for my life. With Wanda, we have problems, we fight, but we aren't each other's problems. We work together. I don't want to love a problem. I don't want that difficult, interesting problem. I want to love somebody and face outward to struggle to change things that hurt me and face outward to struggle to change things that hurt me and hurt others.

In the past, women's culture has focused primarily on the emotional world. Women teach each other to give comfort to others, providing detailed descriptions of passion and pain. Miniscule attention has been paid to a woman's relationship to her work because (supposedly) her emotions are her total life. There are even fewer discussions of the conflicts a woman may have between her work and her love. In this novel, Piercy undertakes that discussion and recommends a center of work rather than love.

While reading this book I went to visit a friend in the psychiatric ward of a hospital. She had gone through a nervous breakdown because of a potential divorce. She had sunk everything into her family and husband; had loved her husband as a god and forgotten herself. She told me that she

and the other people on the ward were there because they were "Givers" who had given too much of themselves away. Not surprisingly, most of the patients were women.

After seeing my friend, I vowed never to base my mental health on another person. *Small Changes* has certainly added fire to that conviction, as I struggle to destroy my Miriam-like mythologies of love.

Piercy is able to make these political statements, sketch her characters' growth, without sacrificing literary quality. Many political novels are prescriptive and polemical, with cardboard characters using bullhorns for their speeches. In this novel, the characters are people whose lives serve as models, measuring points. In discussions with my friends who have read the book, references to Beth and Miriam are common. Each of them embodies behaviors and choices which give us clues to ourselves.

Small Changes is the story of our lives — women trying to find themselves in the 70s. With other novelists — Virginia Woolf, Kate Chopin, even Doris Lessing, readers have to make transferences, take steps in time, in order to place themselves in the correct context. With this novel, such efforts are not necessary. The novel is drawn within a construct of objects and viewpoints which are part of our everyday: one finds Lansang Souchang tea, communes, women's theatres, hospital organizing, sexist rock songs, natural childbirth, rape and Lesbian mothers.

Small Changes has not received much attention from the established press. There is not question though that it will become an "underground monument." As each woman reads it, she will probably find herself unable to refrain from recommending it to other women.

By Roxanne Park



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The Greatest Illusion
By Joanna Cazden
Sister Sun Records \$4.50

For the past couple of years I've been very open to any communication by women — feeling a need to hear and share what's in other women's minds while I'm going through such changes and discoveries in my own. Joanna Cazden writes beautiful and deep songs, has an exceptionally fine voice, and plays very good piano and guitar. She has produced an album called "The Greatest Illusion" which I'm sure most people — and particularly women — will really enjoy.

It is a very personal album and her songs are open and honest in such a way that truly communicates her feelings. She seems very human to me and full of love and warmth, full of strong woman-identity, and creative and spiritual energy. She is optimistic, which is a fresh note to hear in these days that seem too full of negative energy. I feel good listening to her. Her title song, "The Greatest Illusion" is about being high and it says, amid nice symbolism and poetry, that the greatest illusion of all is that we ever come down. Far out. Joanna sounds to me like she's up there and it sounds good to hear what she's saying. It is time for more women to speak out and be listened to.

The first side of the album has three songs, all written by Joanna. "Growing Pains" is my favorite. It begins:

"I know about the system: all those bullies and studs/ and I know right now it's women who are strong/ but I hope you'll understand if I still choose to love a man/ it's too easy to say that's always wrong."

Later in the song she sings:

"In my mind I've made love with women/ in the world that is not yet real/ if I jumped in just to try it, now what would I prove/ except that labels never fit what a person can feel/ And I'm with you in your anger/ being your sister means more than I can say/ but I'm not prepared to leave our brothers behind/ cause I think we'll be together some day."

The second side has a somewhat different tone — in one way, softer, slower, more spiritual. There are three spiritual songs, two written by Joanna and one an ancient Sanskrit puja. "Pilgrimage" is sang with no musical accompaniment and displays the clear richness of her voice. At times her range and even tone remind me of Joni Mitchell's.

She produced and financed this record privately and any profits from its sale are divided between The United Farmworkers, Ananda Marga Yoga Society (a spiritual and social service group of which Joanna is a member) and Women's Clinics in Seattle. It can be purchased by writing to Sister Sun Records, 413 Malden Ave. E., Seattle, Wa. 98112 and costs \$4.50 plus postage. The wholesale price (for five or more albums) is \$3.75 per album.

Joanna Cazden is a spiritual and liberated woman who is using her art as a means of liberating people and raising people's consciousness. This record is powerful and beautiful in helping to accomplish those goals.

Jean Regal Westgate

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The Massage Book by George Downing \$3.95

The Graphic Work of M.C. Escher \$3.95 (paperback)

Lollipop Power

A Review by Maggie Collinge

About two months ago I sent a letter to Lollipop Power, a woman's collective who, among other things, publish books for children. I expressed an interest in their books and told them that I was interested in reviewing the books for the Passage. Two weeks later, my mail box was stuffed with all nine of their books. My daughter, Iris, helped me open the big, bulging envelopes and out slid a collection of bright, sturdy and inviting books. Iris and I have been reading the books for about two months now; she has found some more interesting than others, and I too have my favorites.

Lollipop Power's main goal is, "the liberation of young children from sex stereotyped behavior and role models". This is done in the books by showing children that there are many different types of families. Some of the stories are about children who only live with one parent. Martin's Father is a story describing a day in the life of Martin and his father. During the day Martin's father cooks breakfast, goes to the laundromat, gives Martin a bath and puts him to bed. Martin's father may or may not work: the author is concerned with presenting a story that shows a boy and his father spending the day together enjoying each other's company while doing simple, everyday things. The story shows a father in a nurturing role that is very positive and loving. The other book about a single parent is Joshua's Day. Joshua spends his day in a day-care center while his mother, who is a photographer, goes to work. Joshua spends a full day experiencing the pleasures and the difficulties of learning how to get along with his friends. At one point in the story, Joshua becomes upset and angry and the tears flow. In most children's books, children are very rarely shown experiencing anger and frustration, which are two very real emotions that we all, children and adults, experience. Both of these families show children and parents who enjoy themselves. Of course there are problems that are unique to the single parent household, but as these books illustrate, it is possible for the children of single parents to lead full and content lives.

Grownups Cry Too portrays a boy with two parents. All people would benefit from reading this book. I know that it has helped me explain my tears to Iris. Everybody cries in this book: son, mama, grandma and papa. The illustrations are simple line drawing, with tears included. The emotions expressed through



Photo by Jean Regal Westgate

tears come through very strongly from the pictures. Another book that deals with the experiences of a two parent family is Jo, Flo and Yolanda. This is a story about the differences and similarities of triplets. The story also describes the other members of the family: mother, who works, father, who works at night and fixes breakfast when he comes home from work in the morning, and big brother George who walks his sisters to school in the morning and prepares dinner at night. The story goes on to describe the different interests of the sisters. The descriptions of the interests of the sisters and the emphasis on their individuality is very strong and positive. The family's routine strikes me as rather idyllic, but upon second thought wouldn't it be lovely if all family members were as co-operative as this one? Families are divided up by age. People of all ages need to spend some time with their contemporaries, but there is a lot to be gained by a family that works together within the daily routine.

There are three books concerned exclusively with children and their dealings with the world at large. Did You Ever, through use of rhyming words, explores different things that young children might do or might dream of doing. The first sentence goes like this: "Did you ever leap a

log, hug a hag, or kiss a kangaroo?" and ends with the statement, "What can you do? What will you try? The choice is up to you!" The rhymes are simple enough so that they can be remembered by a young reader. The Magic Hat is a story about a girl who is transported to another land with the aid of her 'magic hat'. In this land, the toys have been divided into 'girl toys' and 'boy toys'. The story seems a bit wordy and repetitive, and I would not recommend that it be read out loud. It would be a good book for a beginning reader. The content of the story would hopefully encourage both children and adults to realize how unfair it is to make divisions of anything, not only toys, on the grounds of sex. Exactly Like Me, was the one book out of the nine that left me a little cold. The self-reliance and independence that the girl in the story shows are very positive; all children should be encouraged to be self-reliant and happy people. The story also implies that she does some things for their shock value. A lot of people use shock value as a means of gaining attention to themselves and children will indulge in it if they see that it gets them results. I encourage children that I spend a lot of time with to be frank with me as to their opinions rather than trying to shock me into a response. Granted, shock value is the only method many children have available, because all other avenues of getting ideas across have been closed to them by the adults that they have to deal with. There is a lot of very nice imagery in this book; one line in particular has stayed in my head: "I'm more like horses who won't stay in their pens".

The last two books have to do with people and animals. The Sheep Book is a very real story about a farmer and her sheep. This book describes a year's cycle in the life of a lamb. It is a quiet, peaceful story that the youngest of children would enjoy. Carlotta and the Scientist is an adventure story about a penguin. It is a mixture of the real and the fanciful that would probably be best enjoyed by a child of about eight or nine. The story was too long for Iris to sit through and I guess I have out-grown animals that talk to people!

The women of Lollipop Power are contributing a very positive, creative force to children's literature and they should be encouraged to continue with their work. I will gladly lend these books out to anyone who is interested in reading through them. My address is 1613 Wilson Ave.

The address of Lollipop Power Inc., is:

P O Box 1171
Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514

If you send them a self-addressed, stamped envelope, they will send you a book list. The books are all either \$1.50 or \$1.75 in price.

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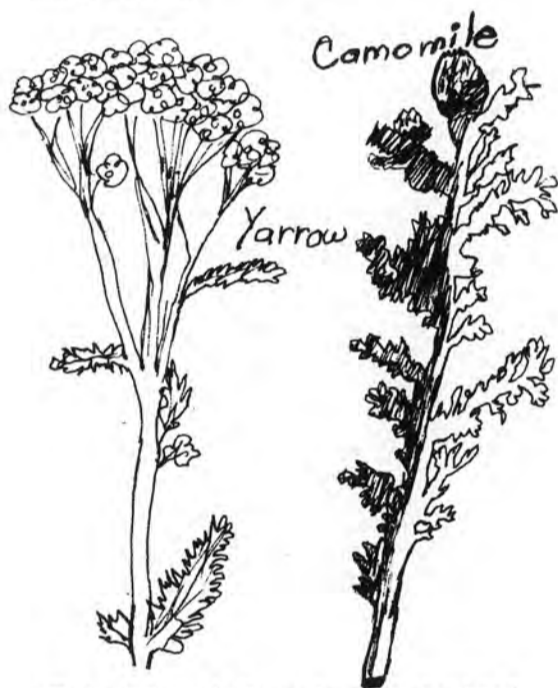
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Wild Herbs

Herbs, which to many people are troublesome weeds to be destroyed and dominated over (as are many beautiful creations in this world), are probably next to people in endurance and survival. The Dandelion (which was not native to this continent but brought from Europe) survives lawn mowers and defoliants every Spring to give us greens, wine, a coffee substitute, a sore-throat tea, and a remedy for eczema, not to mention the warm, sunny display of blossoms after a dark, dreary winter.

Herbs have a lot of positive energy in them. They have the energy of the sun plus their own individual healing powers. There is no finer feeling than to communicate with a plant on its level of pure life energy flowing.



To begin in early Spring learning about and watching plants grow and change and go to seed is a fantastic experience. There is such a wide variety of plants that it would probably take several years just to learn about those in the Northwest alone. Fortunately, some fine folks in British Columbia have put together a beautiful book called "Some Useful Wild Plants" (see list at end of article). It is illustrated with recognizable drawings, clear descriptions, and much information about uses for the plants. It covers herbs, trees, berries, seaweeds, and some of the major poisonous plants. A fine book for someone just beginning to learn about herbs.

Medicinal and nutritional uses are the major values of herbs. But they have many other uses, such as dye, soap, shampoo and hair rinse, cleaning teeth, insect repellent, fibre or material and, of course, quite a few will get you stoned!

Here are some of the local herbs and their uses. They can all be brewed into a tea, and many of the leaves can be eaten in a salad or steamed when young.

Plantain has long been used as a wound herb and general cure-all by gypsies and American Indians. It is good to relieve insect bites.

Shepherd's Purse is a common garden weed, very useful for hemorrhaging in childbirth, decreases over-heavy menstrual flow, and is a good first-aid for heavy bleeding. It tastes similar to spinach.

Camomile is plentiful. It smells delicious while drying and brewing. It is helpful for infant colic, and especially recommended for women's and children's ailments. The oils repel insects.

Yarrow has long been used by Indians for stomach ache, fever, sore throat and colds. It's good to reduce fever as it promotes sweating if brewed strongly. Chewing the leaves relieves toothaches.

Thistle stalk can be peeled and eaten, as can the roots. The plant is used in getting rid of worms, for fevers, and to increase the nursing mother's milk supply.

Oregon Grape has an edible berry, and is used for syphilis, impure blood, and chronic coughs.

Stinging Nettle, as well as being good to eat and having a variety of medicinal purposes, can be used to make an herb beer, thread and cloth, a yellow dye, and a rennet substitute.

Licorice fern has licorice flavored roots which have been used to make a cough syrup and as a uterine tonic.

Chickweed is soothing and healing for many irritations, such as digestive systems, internal inflammation, eye styes, irritated genitals, etc. It's good in your bath.

Clover is high in protein and is used for colds and coughs. The blossoms can be made into cough syrup along with honey and lemon or onion juice.

Lambs Quarter or Pigweed is often found in gardens and is delicious in a salad or cooked as greens.

SOME SPECIAL HERBS FOR WOMEN

Of the herbs recommended for menstrual pain, camomile seems to be very effective. Some others recommended are comfrey, sorrel, yarrow, and mullein.

To reduce bleeding, try comfrey, fireweed, or shepherd's purse. To increase it, try tansy, parsley, or pennyroyal.

Most herbal books mention various herbs to use for birth control. Often these are plants which are also listed as poisonous, so caution should be used if you try them.

To relieve morning sickness, use catnip or a mint tea.



Here are some books which will help you greatly, we're sure:

"Some Useful Wild Plants"

Talon Books
201, 1019 E. Cordova
Vancouver 6, B. C.
Canada

by Juliette de Bairacli Levy
"Common Herbs for Natural Health"
Faber and Laber Ltd., London
"Nature's Children"
Schocken Books, Inc.

by Jethro Kloss
"Back to Eden"
Benedict Lust Publications
New York

by Peter Thompkins and Christopher Bird
"The Secret Life of Plants"
Harper and Row, New York.



For a few weeks before childbirth (or even throughout pregnancy), it's good to drink a tea of raspberry leaves, squawwine, and spikenard. After childbirth, comfrey is a good healer and licorice fern root is a good uterine tonic.

Herbs are our natural medicine. Taking from the earth which is openly given, we can gain health and heal ourselves when ill. Sickness occurs when there is an imbalance between our physical being and our inner being. The act of picking medicinal plants in itself begins to bring harmony, if done with reverence for the life force we are using.

When picking herbs, always remember not to wipe the field clean. Leave a few to complete the cycle and allow next year's crop to emerge.



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MONDAY, JULY 29

The Lesbian-Feminist Radio Collective Presents--Women's Survival kit, 3 hours of music, poetry, discussion, etc. 1-4pm on KRAB 107.7 FM in Seattle.

The fantastic WOMEN'S ISSUE of the fabulous NORTHWEST PASSAGE comes out

TUESDAY, JULY 30

(WWSC) Search for self film series "Potentially Yours", "Come To Your Senses" Lecture Hall 4, 7:30 -10:30pm \$2/student, \$3.50/general Rap will follow
Lesbian --Feminist Radio Collective "Women Everywhere Feminist News" 7:30 -8:00 pm KRAB 107.7FM in Seattle.

Food Co-op meeting at noon in the Co-op.....come.

Burlington -SCANP sponsored Mary Hayes Weik will speak at the community Hall on Nuclear Power at 8:00 pm.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 31

(WWSC) Search for self film series (see above for details)

(WWSC) Mama Sundays --"Entropy Service" VU Lounge 8pm FREE

(WWSC) Summer Stock-- "Lenore Never more" A lighter look at Edgar Allan Poe. Music Auditorium 8:15pm \$3/General \$1.75/student 676-3866

Good Earth Building Meeting 4pm 1000 Harris 3rd floor

(B) Folk Dancing 7:30 pm Fairhaven Lounge

THURSDAY, AUGUST 1

(WWSC) "Lenore Nevermore" see 7/31

(WWSC) Art Film Series/International Cinema "Breathless" plus short Lecture Hall 4, 8pm 75/student 1.25/general

(B) Open Mike at Pete's Tavern on State Street. Come early to get a good seat!

(B) YWCA discussion and films on childbirth

FRIDAY AUGUST 2

(WWSC) "Lenore Nevermore" see 7/31

(WWSC) Summer Stock children's play "Cinderella" at Old Main Theater, 1 p.m. or 3 p.m. Admission: adults \$1, children .50.

(Olympic Peninsula) First day of the Women's Full Moon Celebration - a good together for women and children. Come out, bring a sleeping bag, food, your best bud.

Myrna Loy is 69 today.

SATURDAY AUGUST 3

(WWSC) "Lenore Nevermore" see 7/31

(WWSC) Cinderella see 8/2

Women's Midsummer Night Festival see Community News

(Van Zandt) Carrot weeding celebration look under news from the community.

(S) Workshop on the implication of Title 9 regulations, prohibiting sex discrimination in education. U'of W. Hub Rm. 301, 9:45 a.m. tp 3 p.m., info: 733-2267.

SUNDAY JULY 4

Women's Midsummer Night Festival, see Community News

(B) Softball Fairhaven Middle School 2 p.m.

(Van Zandt) Carrot Wedding - Aug. 3

(B) People's Meeting, a brunch starting starting at 10:30 a.m. at 2100 34th St.

(Spokane) Health on a Small Planet, a three day symposium dealing with health as human wholeness at Gonzaga U.

MONDAY AUGUST 1

(B) La Leche League - "Arrival of the New Child" at the Congregational Church, Cornwall & D St. 7:30 p.m., Call 733-4805 or 366-7377.

"Women's Survival Kit" See 7/29.

(B) Military Reservists's Legal Fees Fund Benefit - with Gabriel Gladstar at Boogie Mac's - 9 pm

(Sp) Health on a Small Planet Symposium Aug 4-7

(B) Silver Lake Arts - Crafts Workshop Aug 5-9 Silver Lake Park info-733-6897

TUESDAY AUGUST 6

(B & S) "Women Everywhere Feminist News" 7:30-8:00 pm KRAB 107.7 fm

(B) Food Co-op Meeting noon at Co-op

Health on a Small Planet Symposium see Community News

Silver Lake Park Arts-Crafts Workshop

WEDNESDAY AUGUST 7

(WWSC) Summer Stock "Harvey" Music Auditorium 8:15 pm \$3/gen \$1.75/Student - info 676-3866

(B) Tour Olympic National Park 8pm on Ch 9

(B) Good Earth Building Meeting 4pm 1000 Harris 3rd fl

Health on a Small Planet Symposium

Silver Lake Arts - Crafts Workshop

THURSDAY AUGUST 8

(WWSC) "Harvey" see 8/7

(WWSC) Art Film Series/International Cinema "Aparajito" plus short Lecture Hall 4 - 8pm .75/student 1.25/gen

Silver Lake Arts-Crafts Workshop

(B) Open mike Pete's Tavern --

FRIDAY AUGUST 9

(WWSC) "Harvey" see 8/7

(S) Concert -- "Brownsville Station" and "Doctor John" - Seattle Center Coliseum, 8 pm - \$6 advance, \$7 day of show, for info: 624 4971.



Silverlake Arts and Crafts Workshop

SATURDAY AUGUST 10

(WWSC) "Harvey" see 8/7

(S) Convention-- a community workshop devoted to problems of prisoners-- 9 am to 5 pm-- Langston Hughes Cultural Center, 17th and Yesler.

SUNDAY AUGUST 11

(B) Softball -- Fairhaven Middle School 2 pm

(S) Convention (see August 10)

MONDAY AUGUST 12

Women's Survival Kit (see 7/29)

Be kind to ladybugs day.

TUESDAY AUGUST 13
"Women Everywhere Feminist News," 7:30 - 8:00 pm KRAB 107.7 FM (S)

(B) Food Coop Meeting, Noon at Coop

(S) 20 minute birth film, \$1 for singles, \$1.50 for couples with a baby on the way; 1120 16th Ave., off Union, 7 pm.

WEDNESDAY AUGUST 14

(B) Good Earth Building Meeting, 4 pm 1000 Harris, Third Floor

THURSDAY AUGUST 15

(B) VVAW/ Winter Soldier Organization Concert Benefit at Civic Stadium - 7-10pm

(B) Open Mike, Pete's Tavern

SATURDAY AUGUST 17

Hood Canal-- National Organization of Women State Convention, info 734-8819.

SUNDAY AUGUST 18

N, O'W Convention

MONDAY AUGUST 19

"Women's Survival Kit," see 7/29.



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ANNOUNCEMENTS

Craftsperson wanted to share woodwork- ing shop in Good Earth Bldg. \$12/mo. No power tools, please. See Gene in Co-op or Passage.

Caravan Bookstore needs help in increas- ing its sections on women and non-sexist children's literature. Anyone having lists or suggestions for books or publish- ers in these fields, please bring them to Caravan, 207 1/2 E. Holly.

The 'Red Star Singers'-- a politically ori- ented music group from the Bay Area has made a record(The Force of Life). They hope the record can reach a lot of people. If you want to help, you could write a review of it for the paper or find a radio station that will play it. A few copies of the album have been sold through the Co-op. Others can be or- dered from Paredon Records, Box 889, Brooklyn,N.Y. 11201. For more info- call Barbara or June. 1-592-2402.

North Side Food Co-op is open. Four days a week, Tues.-Fri., 12-6. Please come so we can keep our stock well sup- plied.

RECON, August issue includes: Ethnic Warfare, 12th meeting of Palestine National Council, OAO's indirect strategy, Military research on hospital patients, and more. Send 25 cents/copy or \$3/ subscription (12 issues--to RECON, P.O. Box 14601, Philadelphia, Pa., 19134.

Prison life is very lonely, indeed , espe- cially for one with no family, no visits, no mail, and no friends. I have written to Correspondence Clubs and my name was published with little success. I'm in hope some of your readers might periodically scribe a brief page to brighten my day. I will answer all letters. Clifford Evans 133-597 P.O. Box 69, London, Ohio 43140

Male inmate seeks to correspond with re- alistic and open minded female, any race, age, or creed. Will answer all letters and exchange photos. I'm Gemini, 5'10" and 178 lbs. Like all sports, music, dan- cing, chess and keeping up with the latest fashions. Devolie Peterson, 137-951, P.O. Box 69 London, Ohio 43140

I'm writing this letter as charperson of a new and fast moving club that has started in Washington. We the confined men in this state find it hard to keep up with the happenings of the outside world. So in our efforts to do so, we have started the WSR Singer's Club. Before this day and time nothing of this nature has ever been done, therefore we find our- selves in dire need of your help, tapes, books, newsletters, sponsorship or any o- ther information you can give us on this matter. We give you our thanks in depth. Donald Washington, Chairperson--WSRSC, D2-6. 234091

Another inmate who desires mails: Ken Holden-629172, P.O. Box 900, Shel- ton, Wa. 98584.

Actresses and Actors (who are people first, theater second.) Starting professional traveling theatre group. Have place for 4-6 persons. Must be able to improvise and memorize , mu- sic ability helpful. Raw singing ability a must. Will be traveling in my bus, so you must be willing to go for a while on tour. Peace as we grow love, Condor. 2015 Val- ley Pkwy., after 6.

HOUSING AND LAND

I am looking to rent a room in a nice house around Skagit Valley College in Sept.. Get a hold of me at 2100 34th St. B'ham. Maryanne.

FOR RENT' Rooms in large house with fantastic view of bay. Share kitchens, living rooms, studio space, gardens, etc. Friendly place. Room--\$45/mo.. Very large room with full bath and bay view--\$70/mo., utilities incl. Please no pets. 733-9994.

Looking for a quiet placeto live by my- self within a few miles of the South end of town. If you've got any leads, let me know. David Cook, 607 Wilson, 734-4885.

Room for rent (Southside house) I need someone to rent half of my house so I can still live there. Rent would be \$60 per person (electric extra after 2 mo.) I've got no phone so come over when you can to 1126 21st (2 houses before Valley Market).

Wanted: one bdrm. house suitable for 2 people. Refrig., stove, yard for pets. Leave message/ Passage office.

House wanted by crafts person. Stable and dependable woodworker seeks working and living space up to \$150. Must have at least 20' by 20' dry work space with electricity for wood shop. Ed Strauss 1015 36th Ave. E., Seattle 98112.

We've got a room for rent at 2525 Cherry St., on the Northside. \$32.50 per month plus share utilities with 2 adults and 1 child. Share food, house, garden. Quiet neighborhood. Come by any time. Dan or Paula.



Thanks to our brothers who brought us cookies and left us alone to work. - women of the NWP

FOR SALE

I am selling one Dacron Fiberfill II sleeping bag. It's brand new, but too small for me! Great kid's bag--super light. \$25 or best offer. 210 N. State. Call 7339994 for Loren's bag.

For sale-- Wide white single basin kitchen sink with steel cabinet--never used. \$30. Steel basin in wide wooden cabinet--\$20. Older electric range--\$35. Treadle sewing machine--\$35. Old barnside wood--\$25. Men's 10-speed Peugeot--\$100. 733-9994.

'58 Pontiac for sale, \$75 or less-- by Aug. 2nd if possible. Leave message in Passage office for TAW.

I've got a pair of new Earth Shoes size 8 for sale. Cheaper than store price. Call Dorothy 733-6344.

Guitar for sale: Silvertone guitar rewired with Gibson humbucking pickups. (Best offer) Also a Vox tone bender (Fuzz tone) guaranteed to reproduce some absurd sounds (\$25 or so) Will sell separate or together. 1126 21st. Ask for Mark.

Quality Chinese ginseng root and other Chinese herbs. Wholesale or retail. Royal Jelly. Primo incense. Sun Meadow Makings. Box 281, Roslyn, Washington 98941.

For sale, '58 Rambler American. Good- looking body, engine runs, but needs some attention and TLC. Flathead 6, good mileage, been kept up. See the car and Dan at 2525 Cherry St. \$250 or best offer.

Birth Certificate \$1. (Phony Identification cards), DeNobile-Box 322, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11204.

For sale: Saanen type milking doe, giving 2 qts. as a 1st freshener. Very docile. Weather baby kid also. \$50 and \$10 respecti- vely. To loving homes please. Call Virginia at 3987815.

Funky! Restaurant with beer license and live music. Good opportunity for new owner with little money but lots of ambition. Absentee owners will sell for \$3,000 down. Total price of \$10,000. Includes fixtures, Equipment and inventories. Call Bill Smith at Dean Vincent Inc.. 734-9741.

For sale: Appalachian dulcimer. Very re- sonant tone. \$30. call Gearge at 734-3759, or see at 925 24th St.

NOTES TO FOLKS

To the lovely lady Camilla who so patiently stood by my side encouraging me every step of the way and taught me the ways of men and how to deal with them (especially in shipyards) I thank you and you are truly an example to all women who deep inside know The Way. Love Joan of Arc.

Kathy Eileen: We are thinking of you, of what we shared realizing we'll be able to share that energy again. Think of the water, the sun and our touch. Smile for knowing. Dorothy, Pat, Shelli.

Jeanne: 'What did one bone say to the other? Come on, guess.' Shelli: 'Gee I don't have the slightest idea.' Jeanne: 'See ya marrow.' Shelli: 'Oh god, let me outta here!'

Dear Jan, we fully sympathize with you. May your empty spot be swiftly filled and may your grief be short. A couple of duck herders. Shelton, Wa. Quack.

28 years old inmate seek: corres- pondence with realistic, uninhi- bited and concerned people. Re- gardless of age, color, religion, or ethical background. My interests are art, poetry chess, music and my astrological sign is Cancer- moonchild. . . I will answer all letters promptly, please write to: Mr. Joe McCoy 137-802 P. O. Box 69, London, Ohio 43140

G. Googles: The loss I feel is greater than I've ever known. I still love you, please answer my letters. All my love, Pookie

We are two women, one baby, and two cats considering moving to B'ham. We need a place to crash while looking for a place to live. We need a place to live- room in house or house. Are jobs hard or easy to find? Is there a women's gay group there? Contact Suzanne or Elizabeth, P. O. Box 15, Friday Harbor, Wa. 98250.

WANTED

I'm looking for a 3-wheeled bike. If you have any info, call Kristen. 734-7426.

I'm looking to buy a used ten speed bike with a large frame. Dorothy 733-6344

Need someone to shear my longhaired dog. Can pay a little. Evie 600 30th St.

Want used teepee with liner--fairly good condition--\$60. If you got it leave a mes- sage at the co-op for Phil Halfhill.

I am looking for one to ten acres of land to buy or to lease. I have lumber and want to build a small A-frame house. If you have land or if you know of some land for sale or lease or if you know of some- one who might be into having someone build a house on their land and sharing the work of that land, please call Jim. 3981291.

Want to buy a '64-'65-'66 Dodge Dart slant-6 in good condition. Contact Anita Rosenberg. Box in Good Earth Bldg. or 733-9672.

My truck is dying--it needs a new engine. If anyone knows where I can get a 6-cy- linder engine please see me at the co-op or at 1107 22nd St. I have a 1955 GMC Pick-up. Love and High days. Elizabeth.

I'm looking for a ride to New Mexico or Chicago. Would like to go very soon. Will help with gas and driving. Have a small pup and backpack. See Jeanne at 1601 Jst.. I wanna go home!

Connexions

We are looking for 2 people to share our country home. There are 3 of us now, 2 who have moved into shelters in our woods. We're into quiet work on the garden and milking the goats and we all meditate daily. 3 bedrooms, workshop- garage, 60 acres of woods, 1 hour bike ride to town. \$40 per person. 1239 Kelly Rd.. 3981291.

Seattle place to live. House mates needed: large, fine house with porch, garden, piano, etc.. We're striving for a communal, non- sexist, vegetarian, friendly living situation. 2 rooms available (\$40, \$49)--one anytime; the other around the 2nd week of Sept.. 633-0947, 4714 8th Ave N. E.--Seattle.

FREEBIES

Three goldfish and a catfish need a new home. We've had them for several years and they're tired of us. Contact Lea or Melissa, c/o Passage.

Neutered male goat, 2-3 months old, 1820 Valencia, at 733-0680.

'51 Pontiac--free--you haul before August 1 needs only work on engine and battery. 2516 St. Paul. 734-2602--Larry.

Free to good home and lots of loving care. Pure bred Siberian Husky (papers obtain- able) 1 year old female, gentle, good person- ality. Come and see at 936 24th St. Arlene.

EVERY THURS.
9-12
PEZZE'S
CAVERN
~IZ'S~
OPEN
MIKE

RIDES

Anyone going to Connecticut--or near vicinity--sometime in August or Sept.? I'd like to come too. Can share expenses up to \$75, and driving too. Please write to Jayne at box 43, Stehekin, Wa. 98852. No phone.