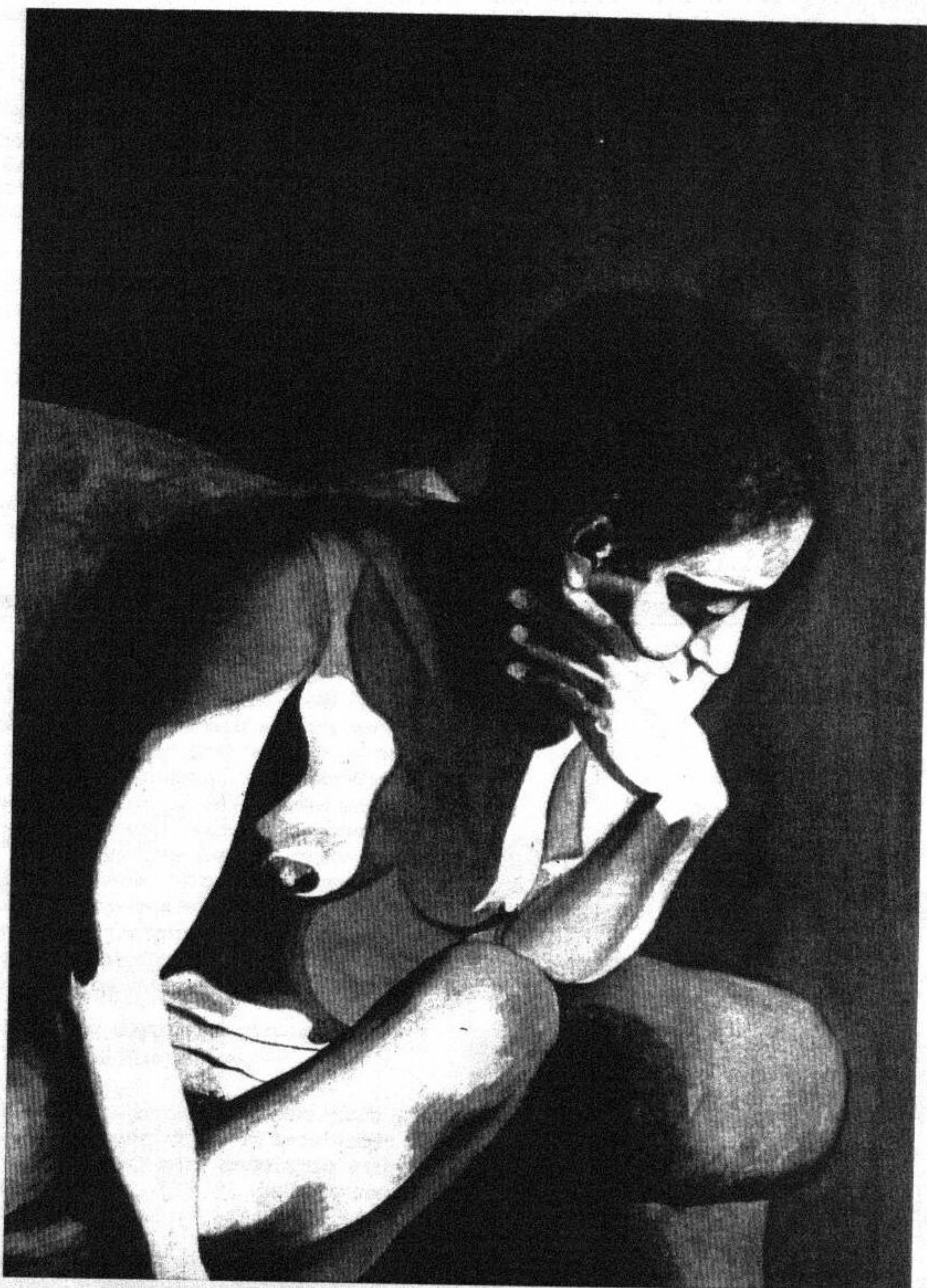


AKHÉ

August, 1989

Vol. 1, No. 7

A Free Publication for Black Lesbians



"Alter Ego/A Purple Life" by Orlanda Uffre. For a statement by the artist, see page 28

Help!! Our printing costs have gone through the roof!! If you have any ideas how we can get a discount on offset printing or have access to a copy machine that can print on 11x17 paper, please call us at (415) 532-1719.

* * * * *

First, we would like to take a moment to acknowledge the work of 4 women whose contributions have greatly added to the development of Aché. Darlene Angela, Carol Fields, Amana Johnson, and Skye Ward have become, in effect, more Aché staff writers rather than regular contributors and we thank these women for giving their energy and time so that Aché can continue to move forward. As a matter of fact, without the work of these women and the other contributors, Aché would not be what it is today. There are still months where the response from the rest of the community has been really lacking. This month, for example, there were no responses to the "On The Table" topic. Though we were able to count on our regular contributors, all of their work came in the form of articles on safe-sex, AIDS, and erotica. I think it's very telling that there was so little response to the question "are we practicing safe-sex?"

Next month's topic question is "What are your experiences being accepted/not accepted as a lesbian in the Black community?" Deadline for response is Aug. 20th. Please, if we are to truly reflect the diversity of our community, we need your voice. We live in the hills. We

live on the streets. We live in the burbs. Aché is just a reflection of ourselves. If you have something to say, we encourage you to submit your work to Aché.

Okay, somehow in spite of all that, this issue has become our largest yet. Aché has now become a journal!! This month reflects a particularly wide range of opinions on safe-sex, AID and erotica. We hope there will be something here that will inspire you to respond; please do. We look forward to hearing from you.

We realize that our deadline comes a bit soon for most of you,

so we will try to put out upcoming topics as soon as we can to give you more time to develop your ideas. For September, we are looking for submissions about the experiences of Black lesbians coming out/being out to themselves, friends, family, the community, etc. Other upcoming topics:

- ✓ Black feminism
- ✓ Bi-racial women
- ✓ Our relationships
- ✓ Children of Black lesbians
- ✓ Lesbian battering

* * * * *

Dear Sisters,

Aché is in dire need of funds. The publication keeps growing larger, and already we can't afford to print enough copies to keep up with the demand. We need to raise some money now!! Our costs have risen dramatically, and until some major funding comes through, we need to count on our readers to keep us going. Please send us whatever you can, no matter how little. A \$25 donation would cover all our costs to produce and mail 12 copies a year, and as a gift, we will send you a beautiful silk-screened Aché T-shirt. This unique 3-color (red, black & purple) design is incredibly beautiful, so please mail your donation (check/money order), along with your name and address and reserve your shirt today!! Every dollar is much-needed and will help us keep on going.... Mail to Aché, P.O. Box 6071, Albany, CA. 94706

ACHÉ



T-shirts are white, 100% cotton, available in S, M, L, XL, and 3XL
(If your size isn't here, let us know, we'll try to find it..)

MENAGE A TROIS⁴ (To the Fourth Power)

What was my most recent erotic experience? The first Friday in July after work I packed my overnight bag with playthings which included a few lace items, a couple of black G-strings, an assortment of latex, lubricant, erotic literature, Phoebe Snow's latest single, and of course my F.W.H.C. issued safe sex kit. I travelled in hot anticipation for 3 hours/180 miles to the east bay to spend the weekend with other Black lesbians who too sought play-n-pleasure.

On Sunday July 9, I spend a deliciously wonderful afternoon engaged in "oral" sex with 10-12 Black lesbians out on the sundeck at Amana Johnson's house in Oakland. Yesssss Grrrr!! "Oral" in the sense in that we TALKED about sex and Black lesbian love, fantasy, sensuality, desire, pleasure, and passion for several hours. Amana lovingly organized the event by hosting a scrumptious brunch for the dozen wimmin who came to address this month's "On The Table" topic question.

We talked about some wimmin's aversion to the seeming sterility and drabness of playing safely. We all agreed that our dialogue on AIDS prevention must be expanded to include reduction of all sexually transmitted diseases in our community. We also agreed that it will be necessary for us to become creative in our terminology in terms of eroticizing and not euphemizing safe sex practices. Sitting out on the sundeck, we read aloud hot passages from "Zami" by Audre Lorde, experimented with the con-

tents of the safe sex kits generously distributed to all the participants, nervously giggled as we fumbled with latex gloves, the dreaded dental dams, condoms, and we let our imaginations take off while fondling the dark green zucchini Amana produced from her kitchen....A particularly humorous moment occurred when one rather skeptical sister put on a latex glove and while waving her gloved hand exclaimed in dismay, "I can't wear these things!! How am I supposed to feel anything wearing THIS?" I spontaneously placed her fingers in my mouth and firmly sucked each digit, lusciously licked the palm of her hand causing her to squeal in delight. I successfully convinced her that sensitivity is not dramatically reduced through the use of latex - to the contrary - it can be quite stimulating.

"Naughty plastics", fuck-buddies, playmates, loving friends, experimentation, innovation, open communication, inventive language, lace, latex, and lubrication, are all terms and concepts we explored while engaging in a playful hot afternoon of "oral" and aural sex among twelve very daring and erotic Black dykes. Wish you were there.

Skye Ward, naughty girl extraordinaire, is a regular contributor to Aché.

Boycotting - Who, Why and What Results?

by Cheryl L. Spear

Boycotting is one, among many, effective ways of telling exploiters their behavior is outrageous and unacceptable. Besides, the use of our hard earned dollars to keep this capitalist economy from collapsing has to stop. Our sistahs and brothers in South Africa and other Third World nations are kept in a "strangle hold" in order to keep capitalism strong and until they are free from this type of exploitation, we aren't either.

Who we continue to protest against, why (for what reasons) and what results are being reported is central and necessary to our understanding of the political moves we consciously make on a day to day basis. The non-participation with oppressive/exploitative establishments is a conscious aggressive move against them, a type of aggression I feel we cannot afford to let go unrecognized and unnoticed.

This information on boycotting I am sharing with you in this and subsequent issues is excerpted from a quarterly publication of "Co-Op America (Summer 1989) - Building Economic Alternatives."

Part 1 (A Survey)

Here is an incomplete list of some of the establishments currently boycotted:

- a) Kelloggs ; maker of a large variety of breakfast cereals
- b) Nestle's ; specifically targeted are Taster's Choice instant coffee and Coffeemate non-dairy

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Black Lesbians, Safe Sex and AIDS

by Synthia Green, MD

Condoms on dildoes, rubber dams, latex gloves, nonoxynol-9, Saran wrap - do we need to have these things to make safe love with women? What is the risk to black lesbians for infection with human immunodeficiency virus (HIV) which causes AIDS (acquired immune deficiency syndrome?)

The good news is that lesbians have the safest sexuality available for the "AIDies." The bad news is that HIV is no respecter of persons - anybody can get it.

As of June 30, 1989, 8727 cases of AIDS in women had been diagnosed and reported to the Centers for Disease Control (CDC) which monitors the nation-wide epidemic.

Subsequent statistics in this article are based on the June 30, 1989 CDC Surveillance Report.) An undetermined number of these cases are of lesbians. However, none have been documented that have been due to woman-to-woman transmission of HIV. The majority are found in women who are intravenous (IV) drug users, or the sexual partners of men who inject themselves with drugs.

Unfortunately, nearly 75% of women with AIDS are women of color. Over half are black women. Our incidence is roughly four to five times higher than what would have been predicted on the basis of representation in the population. Here again, the politics and economics of our lives are having an impact on our health.

The cultural context in which most black lesbians live is the black community. When assessing risk

to black lesbians for HIV infection, AIDS in the African-American community must be considered. Black Americans constitute 13% of U.S. citizens. Our group accounts for 26% of the country's AIDS cases. That's 26,025 people - 21,505 men and 4520 women. Black incidence is twice as high as would have been predicted. Most of the black male cases are gay men. Shooting drugs is the behavior most often related to the increasing number of non-gay cases. Services to deal with junkies who are frightened and want to quit are woefully lacking.

How did 4520 black women get AIDS? By sharing needles shooting drugs (58%.) Being sexual with men who shoot up (17%.) Immigrating from an African or Caribbean country where they most likely acquired the virus through heterosexual contact (9%.) Being given blood before 1985 (4%.) Sex with gay/bisexual men (2-5%.)

The transmission route of the remaining 8% could not be determined, mostly because the patients died before their risk factor was found out.

Other considerations around black women and HIV-related illnesses are that many more people are suffering from "pre-AIDS" or AIDS-related complex (ARC) than have progressed to the near-terminal stage of HIV infection that can be diagnosed as AIDS. There may be 12,000-20,000 cases of ARC among black women. There may be upwards of 50,000 who carry the virus but have not become

ill with it (HIV positive or HIV+.) And there is probably some under-reporting, especially from underserved and wealthy areas, of cases that have progressed to the last stage which is AIDS.

Bisexuality is acceptable to many black women. Unquestionably some are emotionally/sexually oriented to both women and men. Others may be lesbians who may not yet be able to live consistent with their deepest desires. Therefore, some "bisexual" lesbians continue to relate sexually with men.

Many prostitutes are lesbians. Many prostitutes are black. And many black prostitutes experience racist employment practices that curtail their opportunities to work for escort services, casinos, brothels, etc. Racism and other factors may unfairly relegate black women in the public sex industry to street-walking where they may have less control over customers' behavior. Getting them to use condoms and other safe sex practices may be difficult. Some prostitutes work for drugs. As such, they may have far less control over what happens to their bodies in these exchanges. Prostitutes have a higher than average rate of IV drug use. However, one San Francisco study showed that prostitutes who do not use IV drugs have no higher rate of HIV infection than non-prostitutes.

The pressure on black homosexuals to conform or lose the support of the family and the black community, encourages a high degree of bisexual behavior by black gay men. While the gay community as

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Black Lesbians, Safe Sex and AIDS

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a whole has responded to the AIDS epidemic with education and has changed sexual practices and has changed to sexual practices that are significantly more self-protective, black gay and bisexual men have much work to do to further reduce their personal risk and risk to others. Two to five percent of black women's AIDS cases are related to sex with gay/bisexual men. Black gay men and lesbians are in the forefront of AIDS education/risk reduction efforts in the African-American community. This is essential work as HIV increasingly accesses black lives through IV drug use and heterosexual transmission.

AIDS is an issue close to many black lesbians' lives. A few of us have been artificially inseminated. Four women in Australia became HIV+ after artificial insemination. For years now, semen has been screened for HIV by sperm donor banks in this country. In this country, it is doubtful if any women's AIDS cases can be traced to artificial insemination with infected sperm.

Being close to the AIDS crisis by working in AIDS agencies, supporting gay male friends who are HIV-affected, doing outreach work to women around AIDS prevention, being involved in health-care delivery, worrying about AIDS in Africa and the Caribbean, living through the near-constant media bombardment about AIDS, experiencing increased homophobia inspired by AIDS fear, seeing that women of color, blacks and gays are being hardest hit by the epidemic have made many black lesbians react with fear and sadness. Sadness and fear is where the denial of, and over-reaction to our own

risk begins.

No one gets AIDS unless she does some very specific things to have HIV transmitted to herself: shares needles shooting drugs or has unsafe sex with a man who is HIV+. Over 90% of AIDS cases in this country are found in men. It is probable that upwards of 80% of all persons who are HIV positive are male. In some parts of the country, more than 1 out of 2 gay/bisexual men and IV drug users are infected. Blood and semen easily transmit the virus. But HIV is very hard to get in lesbian sex. However, denial that lesbians have any risk (inspired by fear, perhaps) may have convinced some lesbians to continue risky behaviors such as shooting drugs, having unsafe sex with men, or disregarding the few precautions that lesbians probably should employ with female sexual partners of unknown HIV-antibody status.

Our fear of AIDS has done a lot to change our feelings about sex, and relationships and, possibly, our values. Feeling fear in the wake of sexual desire, worrying that we'll be sorry for not always using dental dams, wondering if we can trust that our partners are telling us the truth or lying about their sexual/drug use herstories over the past 10-12 years, feeling guilty and scared about the number of partners we've had, wondering if we shouldn't just wait for the one right woman before being sexual anymore, worrying if deep kissing is going to get us the virus, being angry for the pleasure we think we might have to miss to practice safer sex, dreading that one day we'll be sorry for being sexual with someone today, isolating, shutting down, fearfully going

into celibacy to protect ourselves from AIDS - these may be some of the ways we have overreacted to our fear.

AIDS is very hard to get in lesbian sex. We are biologically very lucky that HIV has a hard time surviving transmission from woman to woman. There have been no documented cases of spread from one woman to another. No men or women have been proven to have gotten HIV from going down on a woman who was HIV+. There have been reports of two cases of possible female-female transmission. I reviewed both. The first was a case of a woman in the Philippines reported in 1984.¹ The medical history taking was so poorly done and incomplete that the report was roundly discounted in the scientific and medical communities. The second report appeared in 1986². One woman was an IV drug user and the other woman turned out to have had sex with three men, one of whom was bisexual. One of the heterosexual males had a negative HIV-antibody test. The two women also practiced vaginal fisting which produced bleeding in both. They mouthed anuses ("rimming") and performed cunnilingus during menstruation. They took no precautions. A recent report of a diabetic man who stated that he is impotent and only had oral sex with a prostitute yet became HIV+ requires documentation.

We are nearly ten years into the AIDS epidemic. If woman-to-woman spread was occurring, at least several hundred to several thousand of the 100,000 diagnosed and reported cases could be traced to that transmission route. We would be seeing our lesbian friends

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Some Call It Differently: The Erotic by Cheryl L. Spear

The Erotic is the essence of our African Lesbian culture. It is the passion and moreover the realness with which we express:

our truths,
our politics,
our herstory,
our sexuality,
our language,
our dance,
our art...

The Erotic, then, is not exclusively that intense sexual experience of the moment but, that overall political bend we manage to hold on strongly to as in: the direct eye contact we make with another sistah on the street; as in the way we support our Black Lesbian community; as in the way treat our lover (s) in and outside the bedroom; as in the way we Lesbian sistahs take up space on the dance floor to do that "all too funky dance" together.

As you will see, the erotic is writing in all of our names and with many varying themes.

SHE calls It differently: The Erotic-

□ Audre Lorde in Sister Outsider (1984) "Uses of the Erotic; The Erotic as Power" calls it "a longed-for bed which I enter gratefully and from which I rise up empowered."

□ Storme Webber in Serious Pleasure (1989), "Poem For a Diva" calls it those "sweet sacred tears" cried by that "fierce strong woman..."

□ Barbara Burford in The Threshing Floor (1987), "The

Pinstripe Summer" calls it by the name "Risse, a valley twenty miles from her home" where she, not only, goes to escape the insults of those who continuously invalidate her, but also, "to respond to the enormous reservoir of love damned up inside her." At the age of 53 she allows herself to experience the erotic, to feel "wild, wicked, winsome and wanton," to be pleased, touched and greeted intimately.

□ Pat Parker in JONESTOWN & other madness, (1985), "Legacy" calls it her contribution, her knowledge, her gift - a legacy...

...but I give you
a legacy
of doers
of people who take risks
to chisel the crack wide.
Take the strength that you may
wage a long battle
Take the pride that you can
never stand small.
Take the rage that you can
never settle for less.
These be the things I pass
to you my daughter...

□ Lillian Allen in Rhythm An' Hardtimes (1982), "A Poem Against Things" calls it writing poetry, "I write poems/like a weapon..." She also calls it acting out "my work is definitely not meant to lay still on the written page but to be performed."

□ Leleti Tamu in Fireweed (Spring 1989), "Casselberry Harvest" calls it the Casselberry Tree...

We embraced and your arms

slip slowly around me like
the limbs and branches of the
casselberry tree
that grows from the dark moist
earth of ashanti soil...

In the language of our
foremothers, Casselberry must
mean sun kissed days, blanketing
a soft orchard, with the
indigo sweetness of you...

□ Cheryl Clarke in Living As a Lesbian (1986), calls it in her poem "Nothing," simply pure satisfaction. "Nothing I wouldn't do for the woman I sleep with when nobody satisfy me the way she do." This message becomes no clearer as Cheryl goes down the list of The Erotic thangs she'd do:

- 1) lie to my mother
- 2) tie her to the bedpost and spank her
- 3) wear leather underwear
- 4) sleep three in a single bed
- 5) take her lover in the ass / in a train lavatory

This list surely goes on as Cheryl testifies to The Erotic thangs she'd do to keep her lover wanting her.

□ Cassandra in Common Lives/Lesbian Lives No. 26 "Scent of Femme Fatale" calls it...

Her
sweet smell of musk
ripe rich mellow
render mine senses senseless
senses pleases soul smells
words lost in throat groaning...

I call it differently: The Erotic

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The Erotic & Safe Sex: AIDS and Beyond

by Amana Johnson

When I found out that this issue of *Aché* was going to have an erotic focus at its core I couldn't conceal my excitement. I know how much fun it is to celebrate wimmin's erotica. I love writing erotica, reading erotica and acting out erotic themes. Yet times have changed dramatically. With the AIDS threat and scare frenzy, sometimes I wonder if in sharing and enjoying erotica with my community we are not, rather than celebrating our sensual and sexual existence, in fact, conjuring up death.

Things have changed in that we can no longer be wanton and abandoned in our sexual practices. Some may look at that as the sad death of our sexual freedom, and some many consider it an evolutionary step towards developing higher, more responsible relationships in our community.

For so long I did not think intensely about the threat of AIDS. Well, why should I? CHANT: I have been involved in a monogamous relationship for an extended period of time/ both myself and my lover are true blue and uninterested in exploring sexuality outside of our relationship/neither of us have been tested, but if one or the other of us is infected (which I doubt) then it is too late now anyway/as a lesbian, I am in one of the very lowest risk groups/there has been very little documented evidence that wimmin can pass the virus between themselves/I haven't been with men in well over the longest dormancy period and, hypothetically of course, if by chance I may have had a sexual encounter with someone of the opposite sex I was careful enough to have not been exposed to the virus (which I'm sure he didn't have anyway.) Do any of these chants sound familiar?

In the height of the AIDS paranoia, many of us who are single and sexually active find ourselves confronted with the issue of safe sex and all that it entails. Some prefer to recite the above chants to induce a state of

deep denial and therefore avoidance of seemingly distasteful safe sex toys and techniques. However, AIDS is the catalyst that should alert our consciousness to the threat of sexually transmitted diseases in general.

Other diseases and viruses like Chlamydia, yeast, herpes, etc. have been floating around our consciousness a lot longer than AIDS, yet, many times we have been willing to deny the necessity of safe sex because they are inconveniences that we can live with and that do not necessarily pose a death threat. For some of us,

the luxury of enjoying abandoned sexual activity is worth the risk of contacting these "liveable" diseases and viruses. But is it really worth the risk?!

Due to lack of knowledge/understanding (ignorance) and denial the AIDS virus swept through the Gay men's community and did one of Oya's "coldest" numbers: blew everything away. Will we let that happen within our community as well? Perhaps it is true that it is very difficult to pass it amongst ourselves, but what of the other sexually transmitted

diseases that have surfaced in the last half century, that break down the immune system, that there are no cures for, that, although they may not kill us, we will have to live with. AIDS just brings it on home because unlike many of these other diseases, you don't live with it, you die with it.

Since the lesbian community has not been devastated by AIDS-related deaths many of us have not been touched intimately with its scourge. It has been only in the very recent past that Lesbians have begun to seriously deal with the threat of AIDS along with other sexually-transmitted diseases in our community. Either we initiate change within our lives budding from acquired information, or we are forced to initiate change because our lives have been invaded by elements that create a chemistry no longer supportive of the attitudes and behaviors we have been living with.

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The Erotic & Safe Sex

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Unfortunately, the latter is most often the case. Still more inauspicious is that we cannot wait for our lives to be invaded by these elements, for that invasion could be the difference in life and death.

Several months ago I decided that I wanted to be tested for HIV (Human Immunodeficiency Virus.) There were several most significant circumstances that entered my life, shattered the validity of my sustaining chants and brought me to this decision.

- 1) I am no longer involved in a monogamous relationship and have no intention of entertaining the notion of celibacy.
- 2) A very beautiful and close friend who lives within the nucleus of my community has been diagnosed as having AIDS who is **LESBIAN**.
- 3) Now that I have joined the ranks of the single, sexually active, how do I guard against infection from sexually transmitted nuisances?
- 4) What is my responsibility in being sure that I am not infecting my community?

This inner, mental probing led me to the first juncture which was to know my own body, which in turn led me to seek an avenue by which I may get tested. Like so many black wimmin, I do not have access to quality personal health care due not only to the social and economic imbalances in our society but as well, to my condescending views of western medicine. To my extreme good fortune, I have a friend who works with an AIDS study who one day, instinctively, offered to take my blood sample and have it analyzed.

Well, it had all been a casual thought over dinner up until it came time for the testing. In preparation for my test, my friend began asking me a series of questions that made my heart literally jump up into my mouth. I was asked to entertain the thought that by chance, my test came back HIV positive, how would it change my life? (What do you mean, if it came back **POSITIVE**?! I really hadn't thought about that at all.

As I took the time to give that question some much forced thought, somehow I began to feel like I was choosing the tarot card that would say whether I was going to live or die tomorrow...and this was supposed to be my carefree "bit" towards my personal responsibility to myself and my community...more like a visit to Madame Fortune, suitor to terminal illness.

The next question was, in the event that the test came back negative, how would that change my life, or would it change my life? Initially, I thought that was

an easier question, but as I began to approach a response I concretely realized that whatever side of the fence I walked on I would be dealing with a change in my life, in my behavior, in my attitude.

For a moment I faltered. I did not want to think about how my life would change if I found myself to be HIV positive or negative. It was not really change I wanted to deal with, it was merely information about myself that I wanted, **NOT CHANGE**.

My friend was most caring. She saw the cold sweat breaking out on my nose and to the booming beat of my heart she rubbed my feet and soothed away the throbs of tension I'd built up from this simple line of questioning that wasn't so simple after all. I never did deal very effectively with the possibility of a positive testing. The question of negative testing was loaded enough...Now that I know I am not infected, how do I stay that way? How do I initiate conversation with other wimmin about their own health? Do I have to start using latex fingers and gloves and dental dams? For a moment, ignorance sure seemed to be bliss! But it was too late to think about stepping backwards into the dark abyss of ignorance, I had already been taken across the threshold of knowledge, a place that propels no backward movement.

Now, here I am in this foreign land of prevention and safe sex. The thought of using latex toys and tools did not excite me at all. Me, the great lover of sushi?? What about the texture and the way it fills my mouth?! What in the world would I be doing wrapping it in plastic baggies before eating it?! Whoa is me! What us gon' do?!!

My new chant begins: I do not intend to become celibate and live the rest of my life an eternally pent up, unleashed ogre/I do not want to live in a paranoiac hysteria and plaster myself with latex and Saran Wrap every time I want to touch someone/I do not want to continue to live in an ignorant state of denial not dealing with a potential death threat/I want to continue to enjoy sushi/I want to continue to read, write and act out my female sensuality and/I want to continue to be excited and stimulated towards that sexual state of physical abandon where one levitates, walks on water and astral travels, but with responsibility to the healthy maintenance of my body and consequently to my community.

After I got over the morbidity of it all I began to celebrate. I became extremely empowered with the new knowledge that testing brought with it. I feel good that I can converse with a potential lover about the state and

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Black Lesbians, Safe Sex and AIDS

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getting sick, lesbian activists would be vocalizing our plight, some unfortunate woman would be on the Oprah Winfrey show! These things are not happening because it is very hard for women to give HIV to one another.

HIV has been found in all body fluids. It seems that the ability of the virus to infect someone is related to the concentration of the virus in the fluid that the person comes in contact with, among other factors. Semen and blood can have the highest concentrations and are rich in nutrients for any microorganisms. Tears may have concentrations too low to infect. Vaginal and cervical fluids have sufficient concentrations to infect male partners of HIV+ women; but, the virus has an easy route from the vagina directly into the penile urethra.

Fifteen to twenty seconds of air contact kills the virus. Saliva contains antibodies that destroy HIV. Everyone is lucky that kissing, even French kissing, is not a way to get HIV from someone!

Is oral sex, cunnilingus, or eating pussy safe when a lesbian doesn't know the HIV-antibody status of a potential woman partner? The answer, for me, is a qualified yes with these reservations: don't have any broken skin, bruises, bleeding gums or cold sores in or around the mouth, no menstrual blood around, don't swallow any fluid and use a rubber dam if you want more protection.

These activities are safe for woman-woman sex even when you don't know your woman partner's HIV-antibody status and when precautions are necessary they are faithfully adhered to: hugging, dry kissing, sharing fantasies, talking dirty, body massaging, watching

sexual videos/movies/tapes, holding, tribadism ("dry humping"), erotic bathing together, fingering pussy when there is no broken skin on the hand, cunnilingus (see above), vaginal and anal fisting with gloves, golden showers on unbroken skins, rimming with plastic wrap, s/m practices that do not draw blood, bruise or cut.

Unless you are absolutely certain that both you and your partner are HIV negative and have documented that by both having two HIV-antibody tests six months apart with no unsafe drug or sexual behaviors between or after or have otherwise been exposed to HIV, then these lesbian sexual activities are unsafe: heavy alcohol/drugs during sex (because when under the influence we may not protect ourselves as carefully), sharing sex toys without washing or covering, swallowing menstrual blood, rubbing pussies together, fisting without gloves, s/m practices that draw blood or bruise or make cuts, golden showers in mouth or on broken skin, mouthing anus without plastic wrap, eating shit, sharing needles shooting drugs.

Knowing one's own HIV-antibody status can free up a lot of subliminal worry from ourselves and our sexual partners. The overwhelming majority of black lesbians will test out HIV negative. Asking a sexual/drug use history from a potential partner is good in getting to know her; but, it is not sufficient to confer freedom to engage in the entire spectrum of lesbian sexual practices. Two HIV-antibody tests six months apart with no risky behaviors between or after is required. Call (415) 621-4858 for free counseling and testing in San Francisco. Having a

fulfilling sexual life while awaiting test results is easy for lesbians. It is very hard for HIV to get from woman to woman sexually.

Lesbians have the adult population's lowest risk for getting AIDS.

One hundred thousand people have gotten it in this country; but, not one woman has gotten it from another woman, except in one possible instance where a lot of bloody sex was going on, IV drugs were used, and sex with men occurred. AIDS is dreadful but we need not dread it if we do not do the things that spread it. If we do not shoot drugs or have unsafe sex with men, and practice a few precautions with our women partners, then we need never worry about AIDS. It is important to not let our fear of a disease that is hard for us to get push our sexual lives back into the closet. Freedom from fear is a gift to ourselves and to the women we love.

¹"Kaposi's Sarcoma and T-cell Lymphoma in an Immunodeficient Woman: A Case Report." AIDS Research 1: 1984 Sabatini, Patel, Hirschman.

²"Possible Female-To-Female Transmission of Human Immunodeficiency Virus." Annals of Internal Medicine 105, no. 6: 1986 Marmor, Weiss, Lyden, et al.

Resources:

Women and AIDS

Diane Richardson
Methuen
New York, 1988

Lesbian Passion

JoAnn Loulan
Spinsters/Aunt Lute
San Francisco, CA. 1987

Synthia Green is a black lesbian MD living in San Francisco.

AIDS RESOURCES

AIDS has struck a deadly blow to the heart of the Black community. We believe it is important to address the issue of AIDS in a way that is safe and informative, and below we include a partial resource list that we hope will get sisters in touch with groups and organizations dedicated to the treatment and education of people of color.



✓ **AIDS Project of the East Bay**

400 - 40th St., Suite 200, Oakland
(415) 834-8181

This organization provides AIDS education, support groups, HIV+ groups, and referrals. Volunteers are always needed!!

✓ **Black Coalition on AIDS**
(415) 822-7228

This organization has a wide variety of literature, services, and activities.

✓ **Multi-Cultural Alliance for the Prevention of AIDS**
(415) 822-7500

Call for more information.

✓ **Lyon-Martin Women's Health Clinic**

2480 Mission St., San Francisco
(415) 641-0220

This women's clinic provides AIDS counseling, safe-sex information, safe-sex kits, and AIDS testing site referrals. Sliding scale.

✓ **City Clinic**

356 - 7th St., San Francisco
(415) 864-8100

Screening and referrals for AIDS.
Bilingual staff available.
Confidential, low-cost services.

✓ **Berkeley Women's Health Collective Lesbian Clinic**
2908 Ellsworth St., Berkeley
(415) 843-6194

Counseling, referrals, exams.

✓ **Women's Support Group (open to women w/AIDS)**
525 Howard St., San Francisco
(Shanti Project) (415) 777-CARE



**** "Boycotting" ****

(continued from page 4)

creamer. Also: Stouffer's, Beech-Nut, Carnation food products and Beringer wines.

c) **American Home Products** specifically targeted are Anacin and Advil. Also: Chef Boy-Ar-Dee, Pam cooking spray, Gulden's mustard, Dristan, Easy-Off cleaning products, Saniflush, Woolite, and Today sponges and condoms.

d) **Coke ; Coca Cola**

e) **Shell ; gasoline & products**

These establishments have no business occupying our sister nations and comfort and convenience enjoyed at the expense of a peoples hard labor, sweat, blood and tears can never be justified.

The why's and what results of boycotting to be covered in Part II.

The Erotic & Safe Sex

(continued from page 9)

condition of my body with emphatic knowledge and hope to find other, indeed many wimmin in the community as acutely in tune with themselves as I am.

I actually found that it opened me up to new and expanded possibilities within my sexuality. It gave the use of plastic and rubber tools and toys a new experimental meaning. I realized that my fears had shut me down, kept me just inhibited enough to only be brushed against but never really touched.

We cannot afford to be careless with our bodies at this point in time. Yes, times have changed. We are living in a new age. As the age old story dictates, those who will survive the change will be those who can adapt to the times.

If you ever wanted to try something new and off the beaten track but just never could let go enough to really get down, now you have an extremely good excuse. Go ahead, try greasing up one of those ol' latex gloves, see where it will take you, does it slide or stick? Remember when you used to play doctor? Can you imagine it to be leather or feather or whatever? Try using these new age tools taken from not so new traditions and find the 21st century and your own survival!!

"DO THE RIGHT THING"

"Martin Luther King and Malcolm X are dead, but we still have to fight against apartheid." - Buggin' Out

Spike Lee has done something quite powerful and explosive with his latest "Do The Right Thing." It has been a long time since a film has moved and excited me. "Do the Right Thing" promises to shake everyone who sees it straight up and down. Consider this: right not everyone is going crazy over "Batman" and "Ghostbusters II." Thousands of theatres across the country are raking in the green over these films. In contrast, only 317 theatres are screening Lee's film but "Do The Right Thing" has managed to rank in the top ten films of the summer. Not bad. Not bad at all considering he is showing the true raw funk of racism and the appalling ignorance people of color possess for other people of color.

Lee has accomplished a sheer work of genius with a hip and sophisticated view of racism and cross cultural hostility. He is telling the truth as he sees it as a Black man. The world isn't getting another off-the-wall interpretation of people of color from a white perspective. Lee offers the world a daring realistic perspective and an even more daring view of how deeply entrenched our attitudes as people of color are towards one another.

His film technique accentuates and highlights all the "isms" he has taken on. The smooth edits, slow motion, off-centered camera work, and lighting work together to bring you into the intensity of the drama. You are transported to Bedford-Stuyvesant on the hottest day of the

year. You feel the heat and breathe the mugginess. You are stifled by the intensity of the night and are helpless in the street when the riot breaks out.

Lee's strategy in conveying his message is very clever. He didn't miss a trick and has tucked his vision in just about every aspect of the film. I doubt that mainstream America will truly get what he did, but anyone with a serious understanding of institutionalized racism in the U.S. or the life experience of oppression will certainly understand.

In one scene, Radio Raheem, a big burly guy who walks around blaring his ghetto blaster as he listens only to Public Enemy rappin' out "Fight The Power", is explaining to Mookie (played by Spike Lee), how he sees what is wrong with the world. With a big knuckle ring that stretches across all his fingers, he displays "hate" on the left hand and "love" on the right. Radio explains you gotta hit with the right in order for love to happen in the world, but the man keeps hitting with the left and nothing but hate comes out. Radio is the perfect target for the tragic climax of the film, for he is sorely misunderstood. Don't get me wrong, he too is not free of prejudice as evidenced in his little territorial temper tantrum (my box is louder than your box) with the local Latinos, but his character does have its symbolism.

More explicitly striking is how Lee demonstrates all the foulest, low down trash that we believe

about one another. Framed from the chest up and with a frontal view, the viewer is accosted verbally by the characters screaming all the derogatory racial and ethnic slurs that could be possibly conjured up towards Blacks, Latinos, Italians, Asians, and Jews. Even the depictions of how we are slurred are often confused, which is precisely the point. In one scene, one of the Black men who hangs on the corner goes to buy something at the Korean market referring to the Koreans as "hey, Kung Fu." In my humble opinion, Lee succeeds in showing that we all have to do the right thing in order to live together.

No other film will tell you that Michael Jordan, Nelson Mandela, and Prince are heroes or leaders. You will never see a scene where three Black men are sitting on a corner while a police car drives by and the cops say "what a waste," then come back to hear the Black men say "what a waste," while seeing "Tawana Brawley told the truth" graffitied on the background wall. And still to this day, only a documentary will bring you Malcolm X. Yet, some guy named Spike, has managed to do all this.

While everyone has gone on about the obvious fact that Lee has dealt with racism, I would like to also add that he has done very well in showing how class and the economy are also factors in the big scheme of things. While we may have a hard time with Sal, the owner of Sal's Famous Pizzeria (where most of the film is set), he is basi-

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What About It?!

by Carol Fields



Hotter than July could describe the stages of the bay area last month as musical artists from all over the tropical world burned up the stages of the bay area. To name a few acts: **Mahlathini** and the **Mahotella Queens** from South Africa, **Gilberto Gil** from Brazil, **Our Boys Steel Band** from Trinidad & Tobago, and the **CompaKings-Tabou Combo** from Haiti all made their first northern California appearances. I was unable to catch **Gil** at the Galleria but everyone else I was fortunate enough to catch and the music was live!

Mahlathini and the **Mahotella Queens** shook Slims, the **Mahotella Queens** stormed the stage with moves that would be challenging to **MC Hammer's** posse and shook the mikes with their harmonies. Then elder statesman **Mahlathini** took his share of the stage with his droaning vocals and added to the splash of living color.

The **Our Boys Steel Band** from Trinidad 'n Tobago were too tough!! Approximately 21 players strong, I counted 15 pans and at least 2 women among 'Our Boys' ensemble. On tour in the states, I caught one of their four bay area performances and wish I'd been physically up for more. I was lost in island time for this one.

Tabou Combo, the most popular band from Haiti didn't even have room for their performance at the Caribee dance center. Always seeing their promotional ads in the Village Voice, I thought I'd have to go to NY or Miami (if not Haiti) to

see and hear their legendary Compa style. Aside from a poor sound system and an obtrusively cruisy male scene - this group had my (and everyone's) hips swaying!

So here were some of the hottest acts from the African diaspora and still something was missing!?

With the exception of the **Tabou Combo** performance at Caribee there have only been maybe a handful of black people, let alone sisters, in the audience. I refuse to believe there are not more of us at these performances because the music's not accessible, not live! Nothing could be farther from the truth. Nor do I think it's just a matter of taste. A more appropriate saying might be "try it, you'll like it!"

As I've said before and will probably say again, we as a people, no matter where we are, make the most creative musics in the world. So creative that other musicians are falling all over each other to find and regurgitate the sound, from Peter Gabriel to Sting to George Michael. Those are the musicians many associate with the 'new sound' which is an old sound - a black sound.

The point here is not to preach what style music we should listen to or buy but to acknowledge the nature of things in this U.S. consumer market - that we are told what to buy and unless we explore some, we will only know about some black musics. The way media works, by the time the general U.S. black population hears African or Caribbean music, it's

through a synthesizer and/or it's the 'favorite part' of a Paul Simon LP.

This is actually a situation that not only affects black musics from around the world but our musics (and that of other peoples of color) created here in the U.S. blues, gospel, jazz, R&B, rap styles are all being packaged, synthesized, and sent back to us in forms that are not only unrecognizable visually - but many resemble (at first) the real thing audibly.

Maybe my concern comes from a fear - a fear of what history has shown us. A history that never includes our stories. Like how upon our mass arrivals to this continent our names, our families, our languages were (almost) taken away. The drums (i.e. music) were taken away because of their powers - they were one of our forms of communication. But even with the drums taken away we created on, we kept communicating through spirituals, chain-gang songs, blues, jazz, etc.

My main concern is - someone's still trying to take it away. The methods are slicker and we help to give it away by letting the media tell us what's what, what's in, what's real, what's ours, what's not! I just want us to preserve, and support our art (our souls) which include our musics. I would also like to go to a performance, international or jazz, and not feel as though I've snuck into the Cotton Club.

Maybe it's not as big as all that. Maybe it's a money thing. We

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This Month In...

■ EVENTS

Sat., Aug. 5 - Mujerio Fundraiser for their 1st Latina Lesbian retreat featuring Spanish food, raffle, music from 6pm-2am at Lions Blind Center, 3834 Opal St. in Oakland (between Broadway & Telegraph off 40th St.) Clean and sober event, wheelchair accessible. \$5-10 sliding scale. Info: 845-7372.

Sat., Aug. 5 - Salsa para El Salvador with Charanga Tumbao y Cuerdas at a benefit for the war displaced communities in El Salvador. 8pm at the Women's Building, 3543 - 18th St. in San Francisco. \$8-10 donation. For info call 553-8925

Mon., Aug. 7 - Karen Wald, long-time Cuba resident and journalist, and her daughter speak on current happenings in Cuba. Sponsored by the Venceremos Brigade and the Committee to celebrate the Cuban Revolution. Also features a video on lesbians and gays in Cuba. \$5-10 donation, at Modern Times, 968 Valencia St. in San Francisco. 7:30pm. For more information call 282-9246.

Thur., Aug. 10 - A Memorial meeting in honour of South African women trade unionist Jabu Ndlovu, will feature a video "Sister of the Long March" with Jabu and other women trade unionists. \$3-5 donation. 7:30pm, at La Peña, 3105 Shattuck Ave. in Berkeley.

Sat., Aug. 12 - A Pat Parker memorial poetry reading organized by Judy Grahn and Willyce Kim also featuring S. Diane Bogus, Avotcja and others reading their favorite works by Pat. 8pm. \$5-8 sliding scale with proceeds going to Pat's heirs. Women only. Mama Bears, 6563 Telegraph Ave., in Oakland. For info call 428-9684.

Tues., Aug. 15 - Stephanie Henderson hosts an open gay and lesbian reading, a continuing monthly series at Modern Times, 968 Valencia St. in San Francisco. Writers of all disciplines and levels of experience are encouraged to attend. 7:30pm. For more information call 282-9246.

Wed., Aug. 16 - Carmen de Monteflores will read from her first book Singing Softly/Cantando Bajito, a novel addressing colonialism, sexism and racism as they surround the lives of 3 generations of women in Puerto Rico. Black Oak Books, 1491 Shattuck Ave. in Berkeley. 8pm. Free.

Fri., Aug. 18 - Avotcja, poet/musician will pay tribute to Pat Parker...

"Pat's death left a big hole in my life. For the last couple years of my life I'd say that 95% of the gigs we did in California, we did together. As the saying goes, I'd grown

accustomed to her face. I'd gotten used to her energy. I'd grown used to working with her. I loved what would happen between us and the audience, a healthy vibe that everyone left with. At first, I didn't know quite what to do, how to accept it. All I'm sure of at this point, is that she must be kept alive through her work. I've decided to always include some of her work in my concerts. On the 18th, along with my usual music/poetry mix, half of the work I'll be reading will be Pat's. I hope the community will come out and support me." Modern Times, 968 Valencia St., in San Francisco. 8pm sharp. \$5.

Sat., Aug. 19 - The 10th Annual Git Together, from 11am to sunset at Joaquin Miller Park in Oakland. Volleyball, food, softball, music, and friendly fine faces. Bring your own stuff to BBQ, drinks or dish to share, softball mit, and get ready to have a good time!! On 580 east, take Fruitvale exit. L at light; R at Macarthur Blvd. L at Lincoln/Joaquin Miller Rd. Go one mile to Woodminster Sign, and park on street or L on Sanborn & park in lot. Look for "Pinewood" picnic site signs.

Sat., Aug. 19 - International Percussion Explosion an annual free celebration featuring drums & drummers from Ghana, Indonesia, Trinidad & Tobago, Nigeria, Cuba, Senegal and Japan. Also, African food & arts/crafts booths. 1-7pm at the Lake Merritt Bandstand in Oakland. For info: 763-3962.

Sat., Aug. 26 - The poetry and prose debut of comedian Karen Williams "On The Wings of Love", a woman with a lot to say. 8pm. \$5. Women only, reservations suggested. For info call 428-9684.

■ FILM

Thur., Aug. 3 - Africa Resource Center presents "Mapantsula", the first feature-length film made in South Africa directed at the African population. It was filmed in the townships and provides unique insights into the lives of South Africans and the political and social realities of South Africa. \$4-5 sliding scale. 7:30pm. at La Peña, 3105 Shattuck Ave. in Berkeley.

Thur., Aug. 10 - Dynamics of Color Film Series presents a celebration of difference!! "Hopi: Song of the Fourth World" This film by Pat Ferrero brings us into the culture of the Hopi to experience first-hand the determination and vision of this beautiful people. "Naked Spaces: Living is Round" is a lyrical and poetic look at African women's use and conception of space within the home/domestic environment. Filmmaker Trinh T. Minhaha

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This Month In...

accompanies the visual with indigenous music and native observations of life. 7:15pm. \$5, York Theatre, 2789 - 24th St. in SF. Benefit for the Dynamics of Color Conference. Bathrooms are not wheelchair accessible.

Aug. 17-30 - "Mapantsula" is one of the few South African films about apartheid told from a black man's point of view. The film offers a profound illustration of the roots of violence as a very understandable response to life under an oppressive regime. 7:15 & 9:15pm, w/ weekend shows also at 1:15, 3:15 & 5:15. York Theatre, 2789 - 24th St., in SF. \$4.50.

Fri.-Sat., Aug. 18, 19 - The 5th Annual Jazz in the City Film Festival features 2 evenings of rare and historic jazz footage acquired from a private film collector. The programs include "The Great Jazz Singers", featuring Billie Holliday, Ethel Waters, Ella Fitzgerald, and others on Fri. @ 7:30pm, Sat. @ 9:40pm. "A History of Jazz Dance on Film" featuring performances by the Nicholas Bros., Josephine Baker, Bill Robinson and others on Fri. @ 9:30pm, Sat. @ 7:40pm. "Say Amen, Somebody", a documentary capturing the spirit of Gospel music, plus a live performance by the Anderson Sisters on Sat. @ 5:45pm. All films will be shown at the Castro Theatre, Castro at Market St. in San Francisco. \$6 per program. For more information call 621-6120.

Tues.-Wed., Aug. 29-30 - "Malcolm X" produced by Alex Haley and narrated by James Earl Jones, this documentary on the life of Malcolm X was based on his autobiography, written with assistance by Haley. 7:15 & 9:15 at The Red Vic, 1659 Haight St. in San Francisco. 863-3994. \$4.50.

Wed., Aug. 30 - Aché presents "Voices of the Gods", a documentary which looks at the rich legacy of African religious traditions practiced in the United States. This Aché benefit is the third month of an ongoing film series. \$5 donation. 7:30pm at La Peña, 3105 Shattuck Ave. in Berkeley.

■ MUSIC

Thur., Aug. 3 - Lady Bianca will perform her own R&B at El Rio, 3158 Mission St. in San Francisco. 9:30-1am. No cover charge. For info: 282-3325.

Thur., Aug. 3 - A zydeco dance party with C.J. Chenier and the Red Hot Louisiana Band at Slim's, 333 Eleventh St. in San Francisco. 9pm. \$10. Tix at door & BASS.

Thur.-Sat., Aug. 3-5 - Poncho Sanchez and Cuban drum master Francisco Aguabella will be doing a live recording for a new Concord/Picante LP at Kimball's East, Emerybay Marketplace in Emeryville. 9 & 11pm. \$12 Thur./\$15 Fri.-Sat. For information call 658-2555.

Fri., Aug. 4 - Phyllis Hymen, Cherrelle, Pieces of a Dream & Bill Withers will be at the Circle Star Center, Whipple Exit/Hwy. 101 in San Carlos. 8pm. Tix are \$19.50. For more information call 366-7100.

Fri., Aug. 4 - Joe Higgs, the father of reggae, will be performing at Ashkenaz, 1317 San Pablo Ave. in Berkeley. Tropical Vibrations will open the show at 9:30pm, and Joe Higgs will start at 11pm. \$8.

Fri., Aug. 4 - Ziggy Marley & The Melodymakers will be performing with Pato Banton at the Greek Theatre at U.C. Berkeley. 8pm. Tickets available at BASS.

Fri.-Sat., Aug. 4-5 - Irma Thomas, the Queen of Crescent City Soul, will be at Slim's, 333 Eleventh St. in San Francisco. 9pm. \$15. Tix at door & BASS.

Sat., Aug. 5 - Grupo Sinigual w/Maria Medina-Serafin, performs at a salsa dance party at 9:30pm at La Peña, 3105 Shattuck Ave. in Berkeley. \$6.

Mon., Aug. 7 - Afro-Caribbean Festival '89 featuring O.J. Ekemode & the Nigerian All-Stars, Chata Addy & Mi Shea, Ancient Vibrations, Jah Levi & The Higher Reasoning and others. 8pm at The Omni, 4799 Shattuck Ave. in Oakland. \$14 advance/\$15 day of the festival. Tix at BASS.

Wed.-Sun., Aug. 9-12 - Brazilian singer/keyboarist Tania Maria will be performing at Kimball's East, Emerybay Marketplace in Emeryville. 9 & 11pm. For info: 658-2555.

Wed., Aug. 9 - Fela Anikulapo Kuti will be making an exclusive bay area appearance with Ephat Mujuru and the Balafon Marimba Ensemble at the Fillmore, 1805 Geary St. in San Francisco. 8pm. Tickets \$20, available at BASS.

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The calendar listings may change without notice; so double-check with the source for any last minute changes. To list in next month's calendar, mail notice by August 20th to: Aché, P.O. Box 6071, Albany, CA. 94706 or phone (415) 532-1719.

Calendar - July 1989

MONDAY

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

FRIDAY

SATURDAY

SUNDAY

31	Calendar abbreviations are as follows: C-class, D-dance, E-events, F-film M-music, N-nightlife, T-theater, TV-television For details on calendar listings, see pages 13, 16 and 17. Calendar listings may change without notice, so please double-check with the source for any last minute changes. To list something on next month's calendar, send notice by July 15th to: Ach�, P.O. Box 6071, Albany, Ca. 94706 or phone (415) 532-1719.				1 F - "Two in Twenty" 7:30pm	2 M - Our Boys Steel Orch. 8pm
3 F - 2 Spike Lee films from 5:15pm	4 T - S.F. Mime Troupe 2pm	5	6	7 R - "La Verdad Musical" 12-3pm E - "Unconscious Reality" 6pm T - "Langston" 8pm M - Zulu Spear 11pm	8 T - "Langston" 2 & 8pm T - S.F. Mime Troupe 2pm TV - "Youssou 'N Dour" 7pm/12am D - Ceedo & Fua Dia Congo 8pm M - Our Boys Steel Orch. 8:30pm M - Zulu Spear 11pm	9 T - S.F. Mime Troupe 2pm M - Grupo Sinigual at El Rio 4pm M-P. Escovedo/Blazing Redheads 7:30 M - Our Boys Steel Orch. 8pm
10	11 E - "Chicanas y Chicanos..." 7:30pm M - Linda Tillery/Marga Gomez 7:30	12 E - Lesbian of Color Erotica 7:30pm	13 E - African American Fest. 11am E - Paula Gunn Allen 7:30pm R - Faye Carroll / Kito Gamble 9pm	14 R - "La Verdad Musical" 12-3pm TV - "Youssou 'N Dour" 8pm/2am	15 R - Lillian Allen 12-1pm R - "...Home to Namibia" 1:30-2pm T - S.F. Mime Troupe 2pm D - Harambee Dance Ensemble 8pm F - Eldridge Cleaver & Muhammad Ali	16 T - S.F. Mime Troupe 2pm D - Harambee Dance Ensemble 3pm M - Brazil Now at El Rio 4pm M - Pete Escovedo & Sheila E. 8pm
17	18 R - "Nelson Mandela" R - "Robben Island" 11:15am E - Images/Latinas in Media 12-1pm E - Open Lesbian/Gay reading 7:30pm	19 R - "Fannie Lou Hamer" 10:15am E - "Fresh Funk" Talent Show 7pm	20 E - "Fresh Funk" Talent Show 7pm E - Aurora Levins Morales 7:30pm F - Panafrikan Cultural Fest. 9:15pm F - "Born in Flames" 7:15pm	21 R - "La Verdad Musical" 12-3pm R - "Sisterfire '87" 12pm E - "Fresh Funk" Talent Show 7pm	22 T - S.F. Mime Troupe 2pm R - Phavia Kujichagulia 7pm R - Andy Gonzalez 8pm E - Rumba Mexcla 8pm	23 E - "African music & dance..." 11am E - Diamano Coura/Harambee... 2pm T - S.F. Mime Troupe 2pm M - Blazing Redheads at El Rio 4pm E - 2 films about Puerto Rico 7:30pm
24 E - "Lesbian Love Stories" 7:30pm	25 F - Ach�: films on Black women 7:30	26	27 E - S. Diane Bogus 7:30pm	28 R - "La Verdad Musical" 12-3pm	29 M - Conjunto C�spedes 11pm M - O.J. Ekemode 11pm	30 M - Cool Breeze at El Rio 4pm

This Month In...

Thur., Aug. 10 - The Balafon Marimba Ensemble will be performing with Ephat Mujuru from Zimbabwe at Ashkenaz, 1317 San Pablo Ave. in Berkeley. 9pm. \$5

Sat., Aug. 12 - Claudia Gomez, Rafael Manriquez and John Santos will be presenting a special evening of music influenced by the folk and jazz traditions of Latin America. \$7 advance/\$8 door. 8:15pm. Noe Valley Ministry, 1021 Sanchez St. (at 23rd St.) in San Francisco. Tix: 647-2272.

Sun., Aug. 13 - Gospel in the Grove: an afternoon with The Oakland Interfaith Gospel Choir and guests at the Sigmund Stern Grove, 19th Ave. at Sloat in SF. 2pm. Free.

Fri., Aug. 18 - The La Peña debut of The Machete Ensemble, the Afro-Latin jazz ensemble featuring John Santos, Orestes Vilato, John Calloway and Rebecca Mauleon at 8:30pm at La Peña, 3105 Shattuck Ave. in Berkeley. \$10. For info call 849-2568.

Fri.-Sat., Aug. 18-19 - From Trinidad, steel pan virtuoso Len "Boogsie" Sharpe will perform with Rudi Mwongozzi, James Lewis, and Eddie Moore at Concepts Cultural Gallery, 480 - 3rd St. (off Broadway) in downtown Oakland. 9 & 11pm. \$12. For info: 763-0682.

Sat., Aug. 19 - Corpo Santo with Bira Almeida, will present new work from Bira's latest album and a floor show featuring Capoeira, folk dances from Brazil, followed by Brazilian dance music. Show: 9:30pm, Dance: 11pm. \$6. At La Peña, 3105 Shattuck Ave. in Berkeley. For info call 849-2568.

Sat., Aug. 19 - Nicaraguan singer/percussionist Luis Enrique will be at the Gift Center, 8th & Brannan in San Francisco. 8pm-2am. \$20 advance/\$25 door.

Fri., Aug. 25 - Al Green will be at the Circle Star Center, Whipple Exit/Hwy. 101 in San Carlos. 8pm. Tix are \$16.50. Available at BASS. For more information call 366-7100.

Fri., Aug. 25 - Anna Maria Flechero and Charlene Mason team for a special evening of music at the Artemis Cafe, 1199 Valencia St. in San Francisco. 8pm. \$4-6.

Fri., Aug. 25 - Our Boys, a steel orchestra from Trinidad & Tobago, performs at Ashkenaz, 1317 San Pablo Ave in Berkeley. 9:30pm. \$7. For info call 525-5054.

Sat., Aug. 26 - Al Jarreau and Take 6 will be performing at the Shoreline Amphitheatre in Mountain View. Show starts at 8pm. Tickets available at BASS.

■ DAY/NIGHTLIFE

Thur., Aug. 3 - "No Alcohol Dance Party" virgin drinks, non-virgin dancing at Colors, 22 Fourth St. (between Mission & Market St.) in SF. 9pm-2am. \$3 cover.

Sun., Aug. 6 - Black Orpheus will be performing Brazilian dance music on the patio at El Rio, 3158 Mission St. in San Francisco. 4-8pm. For info: 282-3325.

Thur., Aug. 10 - Live music at Colors, 22 Fourth St. (between Mission & Market St.) in SF. 9pm-2am. Call 777-0880 for more information.

Sun., Aug. 13 - Charanga Tumbao y Cuerdas will be performing Afro-Cuban dance music on the patio at El Rio, 3158 Mission St. in San Francisco. 4-8pm. Info: 282-3325.

Thur., Aug. 17 - CURAS Benefit, Community United in Response to AIDS/SIDA, benefit dance and show with DJ's Chata and Diane at Colors, 22 Fourth St. (between Mission & Market St.) in SF. 9pm-2am. \$6 cover.

Sun., Aug. 20 - Candela will be performing salsa on the patio at El Rio, 3158 Mission St. in San Francisco. 4-8pm. For info: 282-3325.

Thur., Aug. 24 - Dynamics of Color Lesbian Conference invites you to a "Hot Summer Nite" at Colors!! DJ Alba Barreto will play an international of music including Brazilian, Reggae, African, Algerian, Salsa and more! Bellydancers S-s-sylvia, Happy Hyder and Sharon Paige-Ritchie will perform at 10:30 with live drummers. \$6-10 sliding scale. 22 Fourth St. (between Mission & Market St.) in SF. 9pm-2am.

Thur., Aug. 31 - UJAMAA benefit dance to raise funds for their Women of Color building project. Funk & Salsa, sliding scale, at Colors, 22 Fourth St. (between Mission & Market St.) in SF. 9pm-2am.

■ RADIO

Fri., Aug. 4, 11, 18, 25 - "La Verdad Musical/The Musical Truth" with Avotcja. She plays jazz, blues, salsa, reggae, hip hop, and the whole spectrum of musics from the Caribbean, South America, and Africa. Also

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This Month In...

has interviews and ticket give-aways. Fridays from 12-3pm on KPOO 89.5 FM. She also hosts "Rhythm Drive" on Thursdays from 4:30 to 6pm on KPFA, 94.1 FM.

Wed., Aug. 23 - Sister/Outsiders: A Movement of our Own. This program presents highlights of the 5th annual Women of Color Conference which took place Apr. 15, 1989 at U.C. Berkeley. Women of Color discuss their participation in Third World and feminist movements as well as their own personal experiences. 7-8pm on KPFA, 94.1 FM.

Sat., Aug. 26 - A Bit of Melanin, looks at the relationship of African Americans to other Africans of the Diaspora. 7-7:30pm on KPFA, 94.1 FM.

■ TELEVISION

Wed., Aug. 2 - Billie Holiday: The Long Night of Lady Day is a portrait of the jazz singer that assembles the most complete selection yet of her film and television appearances. 10:45pm on KQED channel 9.

Fri., Aug. 4, 11, 15, 19, 23 - Rockscool, hosted by Herbie Hancock, is a weekly music education series teaching the technique, theory, and craft behind today's music. Aired every Friday at 2pm on KQED channel 9.

Sat., Aug. 5 - Aretha Franklin: Queen of Soul This documentary follows Franklin's career from her early years as a gospel singer to the top of the pop and R&B charts. 10pm on KQEC channel 32, & again at midnight on KQED channel 9.

Mon., Aug. 7 - Celebrating Bird: The Triumph of Charlie Parker is a documentary portrayal of the brilliant saxophonist. 8-9pm on KQED channel 9.

Mon. & Thur., Aug. 7, 10 - The Vanishing Family: Crisis in Black America examines why the traditional Black family is disappearing. On the 7th at 10pm / on the 10th at midnight on KQED channel 9.

Sat. & Mon., Aug. 12, 14 - A profile of trumpeter Louis Armstrong, on the 12th at midnight / on the 14th at 8pm on KQED channel 9.

Wed., Aug. 23 - Two interviews with Maya Angelou, renowned author, poet, actress, playwright, and political activist on the topics of creativity and evil. 7:30pm, KQED channel 9.

Mon., Aug. 28 - James Baldwin: The Price of a Ticket. This in-depth exploration of the great American writer draws on a trove of international archival material that reflects Baldwin's worldwide influence. Includes interviews with Maya Angelou and Toni Morrison. 8pm on KQED channel 9.

■ THEATRE

Sat. & Sun. through August - "Seeing Double", the San Francisco Mime Troupe's new show is about 2 young Americans, one Jewish and the other Palestinian, who switch places after a plane crash. On the 5th & 6th, at Live Oak Park, Shattuck & Berryman in Berkeley; on the 12th at Dolores Park in SF; on the 13th at Glen Park, Bosworth & O'Shaughnessy in SF; on the 19th at the Panhandle, near Golden Gate park in SF; On the 20th in Alameda at Rittler Park, corner Otis Dr & Grand Ave.; on the 26th & 27th at Ho Chi Minh Park, Hillegass and Derby St. off Telegraph Ave. in Berkeley. This play continues through Sept. 4 at parks throughout the bay area. All shows start at 2pm (the music starts at 1:30pm.) For more information and updates call 285-1720.

The calendar listings may change without notice; so double-check with the source for any last minute changes. To list in next month's calendar, mail notice by Aug. 20th to: Aché, P.O. Box 6071, Albany, CA. 94706 or phone 532-1719.

The Dinner Guest

by
Winn Gilmore

Rain drummed against the windows like a lover's insistent fingers. Opal rose as languorous as a cat, reached over, and turned off the stereo relaying the perky newscaster's voice announcing that "Rain, ladies and gentlemen, is expected to continue till late tomorrow evening, and flooding has already been reported in Sonoma County." She put on an album and stood with her arms wrapped around herself as Anita Baker's voice poured thick as sweet, warm honey through the living room.

The telephone lines had gone down an hour ago. She worried that Mollika had tried in vain to notify her that no, she couldn't possibly reach Opal's house in the downpour.

She rested her left cheek against the cool, uncaring windowpane and closed her eyes. The light from the fireplace's dancing flames splashed frescoes inside her closed lids. Of all nights for it to rain, she thought hotly. She had survived the week with the promise of tonight's date tucked deep inside her like butterscotch sucked secretly, slowly between the tongue and roof of her mouth. After a particularly grueling day, she would reward herself with fantasies of this night, rolling the sweet candy of desire from the left to the right side of her mouth, then back to the left. She swallowed.

Damn! The avocados would rot, turn brown and suck in on themselves from disuse. The mangoes would metamorphose into sour, shrivelled things odious to

the sight.

It doesn't really matter, she chided herself. She jerked her face away from the windowpane as if it burned. She's not coming. I know it. At least I tried.

Actually, she was relieved. Over the past two years she'd taken a long, arduous voyage away from herself. She'd swum the treacherous waters of white women's souls and bodies, diving deeper into them and further away from herself each time she dipped her thirsty tongue between their golden legs. She'd imagined that she was inhaling knowledge and sustenance from that never-ending river, when actually she'd been breathing her life and spirit into them. So, she was relieved that Mollika, with thick braids swaying, would not come tonight. At least she'd tried. So now she could get on with the business of trying to lose herself between white women's thighs. She decided to take another bath.

She slipped slowly into the almost-too-hot water, skin prickling deliciously, vaginal muscles tightening, then opening, as she acclimatized. She drew up her knees and the water covered her full, brown breasts, nipples sticking out adamantly like twin islands from the sea. She ran her fingers over her still-flat belly and down to her water-loosened curls floating like sea flowers over the ocean's bottom. Her mouth opening and eyes closed as she found her clitoris, then her slippery lips. She was pleasantly surprised at the wetness there, and the fingers of her right

hand slipped up and down, in and out, of her pussy. She shivered and murmured "Mollika."

What is this, she thought angrily, and began washing herself. Still, when she stepped out of the water, she couldn't deny the full, wet clit that her thirsty towel found. She spread her legs and leaned against the wall. Her pelvis rocked forward to meet her hand. She moaned.

The doorbell rang.

Her heart leapt and her mouth went dry as she hurriedly dried herself, and a part of her wanted to rush to the door just as she was, naked and hungry for the other woman. "Just a minute!" she yelled as she stepped into her closet.

"Sorry I'm late," Mollika said, grinning. "This rain, you know."

Opal knew she could drown in this woman's smile spread wide over her face, with big beautiful teeth shining forth a much-needed promise. "Oh, that's alright. Come on in," she said, pulling back from the precipice. "I was in the bathtub."

"Yeah, I can tell," Mollika laughed, wiping suds from Opal's forehead. I wish I'd been in there with you, she thought.

Opal's rebellious nipples tightened, and she took Mollika's soaked raincoat. "Why don't you dry yourself in front of the fire?" she asked, looking away. I've got to control this, she reminded herself. I hardly know this woman. "You're wet."

"To the bone," Mollika added,

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The Dinner guest

(continued from pg. 20)

smiling slyly. She bent over in front of the fire, shaking her dreadlocks like a horse its mane.

Opal took in the woman's full buttocks with no hint of panty line, and hung the coat in the hall. "I didn't think you'd make it," she said from that safe distance. "It is raining hard."

"Yeah, girl, but you know, there's something about the rain. When I was a little bitty girl," Mollika said, squinching up her face and holding her right thumb and forefinger together to show just how small, "I used to sneak out of the house and stand in the rain. I'd run around in circles with my arms thrown out, head held high and mouth open to catch the rain. It just does something to me."

"Sounds dangerous," Opal said, walking back into the living room. "You could've been struck by lightning."

Mollika laughed hard and said, "Yep, guess I always have lived dangerously. Some things never change."

Opal frowned. "Well, I hope you're hungry."

"As a bear."

"Good. I made a big dinner."

They started with the avocados, so perfect that Mollika moaned when her lips wrapped around her first bite. "Ummm, if this is any indication of things to come..."

Opal blushed, wondering whether her guest meant the food or something more. She half-hoped, half-feared she meant something more. "Well, I think you'll like it," she said recklessly. For the first time, she looked directly into Mollika's eyes.

They laughed and talked their way through wok vegetables, homemade bread, and potato pie.

They smiled so much, Opal thought her face would break.

Mollika insisted on doing the dishes and Opal watched, engrossed, as the suds lapped up her guest's strong black arms. Her fingers caressed each dish, and Opal wished the hands were soaping her. Mollika looked at the woman's elbow resting on the counter, chin in hand, caftan open just enough to reveal the promise of what lay hidden within.

She touched one sudsy finger to Opal's chest and trailed it to the woman's face. She moved closer to Opal, who lifted her face imploringly.

Opal slid her body into Mollika's, drinking in the smell of rain that still hovered about her guest's body, fresh and moist. She slid one hand up Mollika's back, and Mollika shook, pulling Opal even closer. As Opal's nipples, then breasts, pushed against her, Mollika took in the mouth slightly parted, teeth glistening wet, tongue pressed between them. She pressed her lips against Opal's and groaned as the woman's tongue leapt into her mouth. She sucked her in, then gave herself in return.

Opal was aflame, her clit tightening spasmodically. It's been so long, she thought. She held tight to Mollika's dreads, fingers climbing up the ropes to her skull. She pulled away and looked deep into Mollika's beckoning eyes, and led the way to the bedroom.

"Girl, I sure hope you're not bisexual," Mollika whispered, only half-kiddingly, before her tongue circled into Opal's ear.

"Not at all," Opal moaned, her tongue and lips blazing a path over and down Mollika's left breast.

"Why?"

As Opal's lips, then teeth, clamped around her nipple, Mollika murmured, "You never know what you'll pick up. You know?"

"Um-hmmmmmm."

Mollika sank to her knees and ran her hands down Opal's legs. The bed looming behind, she slipped up Opal's caftan. As she kissed her way up one leg, inhaling the warm bathtub-and-sex scent, Opal cried out and sank her fingers into Mollika's hair to steady herself. She couldn't still her trembling legs, and she pushed her pussy outward, begging Mollika to love her.

"What's wrong?" Mollika teased, hovering over the other woman's opening. Though her fingers only played around the edges of Opal's clit, she could feel the heat, the wetness, radiating like flames from the living room fire. "You want something, no?"

Opal tried to pull away, to erect walls to protect herself from this unknown teaser. You'd better run now, before she takes your heart, your very spirit, her brain screamed. She could hurt you like no white woman ever could. But, her pussy was screaming another, more insistent, message. She burned for Mollika's touch, for her fingers to be lodged deep within her. Still, she managed to pull away.

"No," Mollika pleaded. "What're you running from? This?" And her lips wrapped around Opal's clit. Opal moaned and fell back onto the bed. Mollika lifted her and slowly raised the caftan, kissing each morsel of flesh exposed.

Opal helped Mollika out of her clothes, marvelling at the skin smooth and brown as her own. She pulled Mollika down with her,

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THE PASSION

by Adésgina

"This piece I wrote about a woman involved in a long distance love affair who awakes one morning with the passion. These are her thoughts, fantasies and reflections.

I dedicate this piece to every woman who has ever loved from a distance..."

this morning I awoke from the dreams of you
still hot and throbbing with the passion dance
my breasts were taut
my nipples hard as stones
my palms wet and tingling
my feet were cold and crossed over each other

the hair of my arm pits
oozed with the ancient smell
of a bitch in heat
my own passion scent

the back of my neck was damp
there was a fine moisture at my hairline
that gave the look of fine babyhair

my legs and pelvis were taut with the strain
of unrelease
my mons venus was sweaty
from keeping the undulating pace going
my breath was long to keep pace with the rhythms
tiny moans of pleasure would sometimes mingle
with my breath

I did not want the feeling to subside
so I kept the undulations of my loins going
rolling, mounting,
spreading the fire within me
til it burned like an all consuming tidal wave of passion

I had to pee
but I wouldn't get up to go

what ancient rhythm is this rocking
to keep the passion throbbing
I wondered
as I rocked with an invisible you beneath me

An air of celibacy surrounds me
I have not learned to release myself
will you teach me
can I watch you masturbate to release
can you make me come

I've contained my waters so long
I don't know if it will be like a tidal wave
breaking against the shore
(in which case we will need plenty of towels nearby)
or from being locked up for so long
it won't come forth at all

My naked lithe frame glistens
with the sheen of exhaustion
I wish you were here
beside me to release my passion
instead of going to the bathroom
and peeing it out
through this urban sewer system

It's too sweet!!!

I want to feel my pearl throb
and stand up like a little penis
beneath the feather kisses of your lips
I want to feel your tongue probing
touching, discovering those secret places within me
til the passion button is pushed
and my back arches taut
my hips rise
my toes curl under
my eyelids flutter back...

I am so hot
so hot I can't stand it

Soft moans turn to silent inaudible screams of pleasure
my pussy trembles beneath the sucking motions of
your mouth
your tongue has entrapped my clit
I try to get away
you meet me thrust for thrust
I beg you and plead
please, please, stop, let me go
you pursue me relentlessly
when I can't stand it no longer
I pass into a euphoric state
my release is explosive
powerful

ISIS VEILED

by Adésina

what mystery lays behind my veil....

i came to you delirious with fear
uncertainty, anger, resentment and self pity
unable to love or even touch
i had forgotten
despair hung heavy like a shroud around me
you gathered me in your arms
reawakened my soul
that was shriveled and dying from lack of nourishment
ten thousand dendrites renewed themselves instantly
slowly you brought me back from the abyss
that i lay clinging to with clenched fingers
clutching at a last ray of hope
you caressed my face and body
searched deep within my eyes
and i rediscovered feelings that had lay dormant
in the dungeon
trapped behind steel walls and locked bars
of self protection
you loved me that night gently and long
and rescued me from my madness
i soon responded to your touch with my own
i met your kisses ardently
your caress stimulated me
i was a ravenous traveller
suddenly set before a table of the most scrumptious food
and so i ate!
i could not get enough
for i had an insatiable appetite
and each time my eyes glistened
and i reach for you
you came willing to my arms

About Adésina

"I am a black afro-centric Garveyite feminist vegetarianian cook, photographer born under the sign of Scorpio living in the cultural and lesbian wasteland of San Diego. A single mother of a 19-year old daughter who has graduated without having become pregnant or on drugs, yeah!! My parenting was helped alot by an extended family-commune of gay & straight women who have lived and worked together for the last 15-20 years. I have dedicated my life to keep Afro-American culture and history alive and unforgotten and working for the betterment of Africa and her people and uplifting the minds of our children who are our future."

SHE

by Pippa Fleming

at any moment
she can and will walk
into your reality
she will not stop at the
moment of fear
she pushes beyond
looking into your eyes
straight down to the
very core of your pain
your vulnerability
your fantasies
she is a black lesbian
who needs to be touched deeply
nurtured
and fed by you
she is a warrior
an african goddess
the motherland sits upon
her crown
she will come full of passion
full of dreams
she will come and
she will come hard
soft
wet
full
she is me
she is you
she is us

Storytime

by Toya A. Wright

We were lying in bed in each others arms, about to go to sleep. And my woman says to me, "Tell me a story." So I did.

In the middle of a hot summer night, with mango juice dripping down the sides of our faces, we sat on the bed facing each other. Beside the bed was a tray with one half of a mango left over from our gorging. All the windows were open to keep us cool, yet we continued to sweat. I sat there looking at your pendulous breasts, nipples standing up, smelling the pussy-heat coming from between your huge thighs, and even though we sat across from each other, I could feel your body breathing. I wanted you. I looked into your brown eyes, they said yes. I knew just how to go about it.

"Lie down on your stomach." I twisted your nipples hard as you did so, preparing your appetite for what was to come. Your face widened with a smile.

You know that I love humpin' on your butt and you thought that was how I would begin. I didn't. Instead the ass that's just been raised before me was given about twenty crisp, hard slaps that left it hot, red and stinging. The blows are usually soothed by soft caresses with my fur mitt, but the time for humpin' had arrived. First one cheek and then the other as I straddled your big wide ass and felt your warmth on my pussy. I stopped only because I was out of breath, opting to take it slow for a bit....but still take it.

When I smelled between your ass, the funk of it exploded my clit, and my pussy began to drip. Mouth saliva thickened as I prepared myself for the delectable appetizer of "crack of the ass." With my tongue, I touched the top of your crack and slowly licked down until I reached just beyond your ass opening. I spread your cheeks and rose to see an asshole glistening from the wetness of sweat and thick spit. I noticed that my spit was still connected to the piece of skin between ass and pussy. Fearing that the connection would break, I pounced on your asshole and gradually pushed my way into it. Ass-funk saturated my sense of smell, I inhaled deeply.

With my tongue, I pushed steadily into your hole until you began to relax. My hands were on your cheekes, kneading them like Mama's bread. You wanted to push back, I made you stop, "Not yet

baby, wait until I tell you." The slow rhythm was a little too comfortable for you. I quickly withdrew and hungrily ate your crack, taking small bites.

"Get on yo ass and put yo ass in the air." I put three fingers in my wet sloppy pussy, then into your mouth. You sucked them dry. "And no, you cannot eat my pussy." I got the bottle of Probe that had been in the back of the refrigerator all day and poured it on the top of your ass. What a sexy sight, seeing it slowly drip down. A small yelp came out of your mouth.

"What is that? Water, a piece of ice, mango?"

"Naw baby, it's what's gonna get yo ass thoroughly fucked."

I spread the Probe from your ass all over my hands. This was a massage that you were not likely to forget. I kneaded your ass and ran the sides of my hands through your cheeks repeatedly, pressing harder each time.

Your asshole was wide open, waiting for me to enter. Index finger up to the first knuckle. "Now you may push." You were expecting only one finger to be in your ass after you pushed, but there were two. The guttural scream was heard around the block. "Push baby, push!" Your ass rose to meet my every thrust. In and out and all around.

"Fuck me, fuck me, take it!" Third finger inserted and a slap on your ass.

All I could see, smell, taste, think of was fucking your fat ass. I was so excited, I could have pissed. "You are mine, this is my ass and I love you!" With that, I fucked you at a fever pitch until you came...a few times. My fingers reluctantly slid out.

"Well, that's the end of the story!"

"I loved it, thanks honey."

"You're very welcome."

We were still lying in each other's arms, only my fingers were sore and smelling of her sweet beautiful ass.

Toya A. Wright is a black-identified lesbian student, intellectual, future geneticist, musician, and lover of big black women.

A HUNGER FOR SELF

by Darlene Angela

fantasy
fuel of her fingers
fingers that know exactly how
and where
to please her body
fingers that go between her thighs
to give pleasure
running along the length of her vulva
slipping in her wetness
dipping inside her eager awaiting pussy
rubbing gently
then less gently with more pressure
on the spot
created for no other reason
than to give her pleasure
as her fingers do their exploring
her mind wanders
wishes
she could contort her body
that she was double even triple jointed
so that she could reach her pussy
with her own mouth
at the fantasy of eating herself out
she pushes one
two
three fingers deep inside of herself
rotating them against her walls
slowly she pulls them out
now bathed in her pussy juice
and slips them inside her mouth
sucking hard and noisily
wanting to taste her pussy in another way
lips to lips
as her fantasy begins to take her to that special place
her fingers begin their well known dance
on the jewel of her center
she envisions herself feasting on her own pussy
laying flat on her back
legs spread wide
torso bowed over
head nestled between her inner thighs
wanting to prolong her meal
she begins to inhale her scent
rubbing her nose in it
she kisses her vulva
licks every wet part of her core
her tongue slithering along in her
self-created wetness
now slipping her tongue
deep inside of her wet pussy
in and out in and out
beginning slow ending fast

tasting her pussy juice
lapping it up before it has the chance
to spill over and out of her body
never getting enough of herself
eating herself all up
swallowing herself whole
slurping sloshing
smothering herself in her own desire
lost in fantasy and reality
she is no longer able
to separate one sensation from the other
her tongue licking at her engorged clitoris
fast faster slowing down
moving fast again
knowing exactly when to speed up
or slow down
to create that exquisitely tormenting
teasing
she so desires
her fingers rubbing
fast faster only faster on the same clitoris
no teasing
only feeding her need to explode
to release
to come
wave after wave crash through her
shaking her
rocking her
licking and rubbing until she stills
as her fantasy winds down
her fingers gently caress her vulva
spreading her wetness all around
she licks more softly now
sometimes dipping her tongue
inside her pussy
to drink at the river
she has undammed
after swallowing the last drops
of her wetness
she unfolds her body
back to a supine position
her face sticky and smelling of her pussy
she rolls her tongue
around her lips
reaching to lick up the stickiness
so good
she moans to herself
so good
finally satiated
she smiles contently
after partaking in the most delicious
and sensuous
meal of her life

like a train
by storme webber

i remember how she/wd fuck me
like a train/inexhorably on & on
like the cannonball run
casey at the throttle/& at bat
(but never striking out)
john henry slamming home that sledge/
whipping that machine/pistons driving driving
she wd have me/like that

like stagecoach mary/ambushing my pussy at the pass
(& no i wasn't just along for the ride)
all wet & sweaty like the horses
our flanks heaving/nostrils flared
inhaling that womanfunk
her juice waz my oats my sweet hay
my clover & sugarlump/all rolled into one
all rolling into one hilarious hayride of a fuck/
one breakneck gallop/pony express don't stop
till we bring it to you/of a fuck

the way bill pickett dogged that runaway bull/
till he dropped/& nat love rode that bronc/
the way we rode each other till one of us gave in our out
& gave a war whoop
& feathers flying/
& engine pumping/& us pumping
& she fuckin me/
like the last steam locomotive
hellbent for pleasure

©1985 storme webber

"Like A Train" & other pieces by N.Y. poet/performance artist Storme Webber appear in a new collection of lesbian erotic stories and poetry called "Serious Pleasure" (1989) published by the Sheba Feminist Press out of London. "Serious Pleasure" is available at women's bookstores everywhere. Storme is our N.Y. correspondent and a regular contributor to Aché.

new york now

by poet/correspondent
Storme Webber

the streets sweat & wipe
their grime on passersby/
tho nights have been cool.
as much as things change i
imagine on nights like this/
looking at a georgia o'keefe
painting: new york with
moon, 1925/that certain
qualities remain.
lovers still pause in the
park/poets still question the
moon/or it's absence. voices
of dreamers past still
whisper just out of earshot
to be heard by the still
hearts who listen.

my sisters may we always
remember to honor and
listen to the voices of our
ancestors. chief seattle sd
long ago: "...there is no
death, only a change of
worlds..." & those loving
spirits well loved/dwell yet
among us.
be like the heyoka,
the contrary warriors, and
ride against the drift to-
wards greed, coldness &
apathy -
show your love and it will
multiply and bloom in ways
you can't imagine. we are
truly the ones we've been
waiting for. through the
din and clamor i whisper:
you are beautiful, and
i love you.

The Dinner guest

(continued from pg. 21)

kissing first her mouth, then her neck, and down finally to her nipples. Mollika slid down Opal's body. Opal opened her legs and welcomed her sister, her lover, to find solace there, to rock her soul and satisfy her thirst.

"My guest," Opal whispered, smooth as silk, "do you like it?"

She lingered at Opal's navel, inhaling the earthy musk layering her lover's body. Her tongue was water over stone, sluicing down, down into Opal's juices flowing between her legs. She grazed the pubic hair nestling Opal's pussy. Opal twisted her hips and, grabbing Mollika's braids, said "No."

"No?" Mollika parroted, unbelieving. She moved back up to Opal's face. Her fingers danced around Opal's clit, itching to slide slowly, surely, inside her. "Why not?"

Opal's torso rose up like a wave about to crash into shore. She sucked her teeth to lock in the scream, her welcome to this woman so long desired, so long forbidden by no one but herself. Her mind slid away as the waves pommelled her mercilessly.

"Let me taste you, like this," Mollika begged as she licked and sniffed Opal's armpit. "And suck you, like this." She drew hard on her lover's nipple. "And kiss you, like this." She darted her tongue into Opal's mouth, the tip undulating in loose circles. She felt Opal's body relax, and she slid down to her sex.

Mollika wrapped her mouth around Opal's lips and exhaled gently, then drew in the heady scent of moss and thick vegetation covering the earth. Like a kneeling woodswoman tilling the earth with her fingers, she parted Opal's hair.

Her mouth watered when she beheld the deep pink nestled within Opal's brown lips. Finally, when Opal felt surely she'd die of Mollika didn't eat her, she dived.

Her flattened tongue licked the surface of Opal's clit, and her legs opened wider. Mollika wet a finger with Opal's juices and trailed it up to pinch one nipple. "Yes," Opal moaned. "Yes."

Mollika's tongue traveled deeper into her lover, and Opal wrapped her legs around Mollika's back. Her juices flowed like a freshly tapped well as the roar gathered within her. Her whole skin prickled as Mollika slipped one long black arm beneath her, lifting her sex. Opal moaned, "So soon?"

The dam burst, sending wave after crashing wave through her body. Her legs tightened around Mollika and her body flowed up, up, up to meet the lips, tongue, and teeth of the woman who'd brought her home.

When the waves subsided, Mollika kissed Opal's clit, then blazed a path up to her mouth. Opal smiled into Mollika's sex-wet face. "Welcome home, guest," she said.

Winn Gilmore has been published in the quarterly, Sinister Wisdom; the anthology, Unholy Alliances; and the bi-monthly, On Our Backs. Her first full-length short story collection, Trip to Nawlins, will be published this winter by Cleis Press. Let's challenge ourselves to impregnate with dreams, then dare to birth them full-grown, bursting overpowering-beautiful upon this world.

FROM THE ARTIST...

ON THE COVER: "Alter Ego/A Purple Life" by Orlanda Uffre

"This is a contemplative piece that draws on feelings of identity and belonging. It speaks to me about the juxtaposition of the inner-self and the external facade. The infinite permutations of existence that facilitate and determine who we are beyond the confines of stereotypical categorizations and presumption.

Considering the spiritual
in art...

Art is a passion for me - I love passionate experiences. things that feel deep and memorable, and are not simply cursory encounters that reflect the vicissitudes of transitory indulgences or momentary topicality.

Stark, fragmented images flow into the mind's eye, like echoes of dreams, memories and sensations - like metaphors of experience, change and visions, which the spirit has given forth for consideration and I attempt to capture."

"WOMEN, CULTURE, & POLITICS"

WOMEN, CULTURE & POLITICS, Angela Y. Davis.
New York: Random House, 238pp., \$17.95

Reviewed by Anita Green

The theme of WOMEN, CULTURE & POLITICS begins in the "Acknowledgements" as a litany of thanks to some of the women who helped to bring about this collection of 18 lectures and articles.

Ms. Davis continues to display the sharp eye and tongue which then Governor Reagan and his cohorts attempted to silence twenty years ago. It is significant that through the 80's as Reagan's speechmakers were churning out the myths of new prosperity for "America," Angela David was traveling the globe, echoing the reality of the majority of us.

One of my favorite chapters is "Reaping Fruit and Throwing Seed" because of its rich cultural and historical significance. It is the commencement speech she gave to Black UCLA students in 1985. A new generation of students are sitting in the chairs but the speaker is the same hard-truth-woman. She is living testimony to them that one can fight the system and survive. Personal sacrifices yes, but, as she points out to them, the realities of life in the United States for Black people have still not changed. We still must be smarter and work harder for less of a very mouldy pie.

Another reason why I like "Reaping Fruit" in particular, and the book in general, is because it acknowledges Angela Davis as a current Black leader, something that has been lost to most mainstream chroniclers.

Talk shows commonly bill and introduce Ms. Davis as a '60's acti-

vist. The earliest speech or article in her latest book is from 1983. Though she refers to her personal history in some of the speeches and writings, it is evident that she is involved in what is happening now and spreading the word about social activism from Rap music to photography.

She shows the richness of a feminist perspective in that she focuses on women yet does not exclude men. She begins with African-American women and finishes with a tribute to a Chicano artist. She gives praise where it's due, but hands out some sharp criticism to upper and middle-class women and racist tendencies within the progressive movement.

Her focus or voice is dulled, however, when she speaks on the Communist party and socialism. There are several favorable references to both. Yet, Ms. Davis chose not to present any material which grappled with the problems both African-Americans and lesbians/gays have had with white socialists and Communists.

The weakest and most painful article for me was "Women in Egypt: A Personal View." Despite its weaknesses, it is a powerful lesson on what happens when one works with well-meaning racists. It is a study in frustration, the topic of her visit chosen by others. She takes us through her struggle to keep her integrity and deal with the contradictions being aired by her Egyptian hosts. It provided one of the many moments of the book in which I found myself wishing that

Ms. Davis had annotated certain selections with new reflections.

It is significant and timely that Ms. Davis' book is available now to remind us of the global and tangled nature of the issues facing all progressive activists.

WOMEN, CULTURE & POLITICS reminds us that we did not lose all the battles nor heroes during the past twenty years, and that the war continues. It is not enough to measure success by personal, economic gain alone. We must constantly analyze that success in relation to our community.

Rich with historical references and current statistics, this is a book for the classroom and the streets.

* * "The Erotic" * *
(continued from page 7)

□ Cheryl Spear in Aché (1989), calls it: Passionate expressions

- 1) That sweet and low and honey-covered voice over the telephone
- 2) That voice, that deliberate voice you used to read your own created erotica
- 3) That angry, serious piece of prose/poetry written while the words kept coming like a faucet turned on full force.
- 4) Those colours you wore the other night, browns, reds, blacks, yellows, turquoise that brought me excitement, an easy passion, a love for all that has colour.
- 5) That funky dance you all do, which gives away your particular sexual moves.

How do you call it?
The Erotic

"DO THE RIGHT THING"

(continued from pg. 12)

cally a symbol of the working-class Joe caught between what's right and wrong who falters miserably and tragically with what he is confronted with.

As it usually is, class and race get all messy, but I found Lee to be quite clear in delineating the two while showing their direct relationship to one another. Not only is it evident with Sal, but also in Lee's depiction of the recently arrived Koreans and their corner market. The tension and resentment is more obvious and we certainly get a first-hand look at how Blacks have internalized the low morale a funky economy can breed.

Recently, Oprah Winfrey did a show on "Do The Right Thing." Not only did the audience complain about what Lee didn't do, but they criticized what he did do. Where's the crack epidemic? Why aren't cops portrayed as humans? Why does the main character, Mookie, resort to violence? Lee's response to these attacks was that "no other film director gets asked these questions or told what his characters should be doing. Why me, a Black film director?" The majority of positive feedback came from young Black women commending Lee on his great job portraying reality.

What seemed to be disturbing to a lot of people in the Winfrey audience was their sense that Lee doesn't say what the right thing is as he brings in violence as an option. Many have interpreted this to be dangerous and irresponsible. Folks have been yammering that Lee's film will incite riots in the theatres. Well, its been a little while now, where are the riots? Apparently, Lee did do a dangerous film. And he also did a responsible film.

Roger Ebert (of "At The Movies with Siskel & Ebert") was on the Winfrey show and defended Lee's vision. He praised Lee for having the insight to juxtapose quotations from Martin Luther King and Malcolm X at the end of the film. He argued that Mookie did the right thing by throwing the trash can through Sal's window.

I want to point out what Mookie said when he threw that trash can. He said he was throwing it the left hand of hate. Remember what Radio Raheem said about the left hand of hate and the right hand of love. Remember at whose hands he died. Remember at whose hands King and Malcolm died.

* * * * *

What About It?!

(continued from page 13)

don't have the money or want to spend money on recordings or concerts that we are unfamiliar with. Understandable. But there are those around (and have been around) that are looking out for us. Here are some economical ways of exploring the wonderful world of black musics:

Radio Programs - KPFA & KPOO both have an array of shows that focus on the musics of Africa, the Caribbean, and Latin America as well as black musics that rarely get airplay: free jazz, blues, zydeco, hip hop, house, & "oldies." Many of the hosts of these programs give tickets away for concerts and/or give away albums. Of particular note: KPFA's "Rhythm Drive," hosted by a dif-

ferent DJ each day, airs M-F from 4:30-6pm. These segments almost always have ticket give-aways. Avotcja, who hosts the Thursday show (as well as a regular Friday show from noon to 3 on KPOO) plays the widest range of music, has the best artist interviews, and makes you work the hardest for the give-aways so be prepared. I couldn't possibly afford to go hear as much music as I do except that I win tickets (and albums.) You just have to listen and enjoy - I've worked harder for less!!

For those of you who have a little extra time and don't mind a little extra work and love jazz, Kimball's East will give a pair of tickets in exchange for circulating their calendar of events. If this is of interest to you call Kimball's East at 658-2555 and ask for Luisa.

So these are just a couple of suggestions. I don't want all this fun and wonderful music to be shared by just a few or wasted in 'fad time.'

See you where the music is...

**Edwina Lee Tyler
&**

A Piece of the World

in their first bay area performance
bringing talking drums, dance,

chants, and song

with special guest

Diane Ferlatte

"have i got a story to tell"

on Friday, September 15

Noe Valley Ministry

1021 Sanchez, San Francisco

Shows at 8 & 10pm

\$12.50 advance / \$14 door

LIMITED SEATING

RESERVE EARLY

For tickets & information

(415) 841-2672

Bulletin Board

SPECIAL BULLETIN

✓ ✓ ✓ ✓ ✓

Edwina Lee Tyler & A Piece of the World, in their first bay area performance bringing talking drums, dance, chants, and song with special guest, storyteller **Diane Ferlatte** ("have i got a story to tell"). Friday, September 15th at the Noe Valley Ministry, 1021 Sanchez in SF. Shows at 8 & 10pm. \$12.50 advance/\$14 door. Limited seating/reserve early. For tickets and information call (415) 841-2672. Okay, that was the official release, now I'll talk. Women, this is a must!!! For those of you who haven't heard of or seen Edwina perform, she is the fiercest drummer/dancer ever; know that this is some powerful food for your soul. If you make any event this year, make this one!!! Do yourself a favor, and get your ticket now!!!

✓ ✓ ✓ ✓ ✓

"Cotton, Silk, Cassava and Corn: Writings by Women of Color, Single Mothers"

edited by Opal Palmer Adisa and Lula Fragd are calling for submissions covering (but not limited to); difficulties/joys of single motherhood; personal experiences w/the welfare system & other legalities; the balance between motherhood & sexuality; raising children of mixed heritage; difference between raising boy & girl children; issues of lesbian mothering. Prose/Essays/Reflections: max. 25 pgs., double-spaced; Poetry:

any length. The deadline is September 30, 1989. Send 3 copies to Opal Palmer Adisa, P.O. Box 10625, Oakland, CA. 94610

✓ ✓ ✓ ✓ ✓

Deadline for DYNAMICS OF COLOR Exhibition Entry! An exciting exhibit opportunity! All work must be done by Lesbians and speak to the issue(s) of racism. The exhibit will be held at the Sargent Johnson Gallery, Western Addition Cultural Center. Fees: \$3-5 per slide/photo. 3 piece limit. For full prospectus call 552-5677 (voice) or 530-7803 (TDD). Art has been a major tool throughout history for capturing the imagination and expanding horizons. We expect this exhibition to do no less.

✓ ✓ ✓ ✓ ✓

Women interested in participating in making a panel or panels for the Africans who have died of AIDS to be included in the Names Project Quilt. Please contact Reatha at (415) 835-1552.

✓ ✓ ✓ ✓ ✓

The KPFA Pacifica Radio Apprenticeship Program is accepting applications for their nationally-recognized affirmative action training program. The program lasts for approx. 18 months and unfolds in 3 phases, all of which are intense, comprehensive and emotionally demanding. You will learn how to record and produce in a community radio environment, as well as learn skills applicable to writing, producing, and directing in other forms of media.

The Apprenticeship Program was born in 1985, and the ap-

prentices reflect the cultural diversity of the bay area. If you would like to receive more information, call the Apprenticeship Program at (415) 848-6767 ext. 220.

To apply, submit a letter of intent describing yourself, saying why you want to participate, demonstrating your ability to make a demanding 18-month commitment, and discussing your ideas about the importance of women and people of color in production and broadcasting. No previous media experience is required. Include your name, address and telephone number. Send your letter to:

Apprenticeship Selection Panel

KPFA Radio
2207 Shattuck Ave.
Berkeley, CA. 94704

Application deadline is Aug. 28

UJAMAA

✓ ✓ ✓ ✓ ✓

A new group of women of color, dedicated to the concept of cooperative economics and survival. Our initial goal is to secure funds to purchase a building to house a multicultural center. We wish to provide an area for growth and prosperity for all women of color. We need your ideas and expertise, as well as your time!! All volunteers will be gladly accepted. For more information, contact Annette Martin: (415) 255-2155, or Suzanne Lovest: 832-0531. You may write **UJAMAA** at 6116 Merced Ave. #373, Oakland, CA. 94611

THE BACK PAGE

Make Aché work for you!! List your service (send us a business card), find a roommate, organize a group whatever!! FREE...The deadline for all submissions is the 20th of each month.

✓ Groups

Lesbians of Color Support Group, every Thursday evening from 6:30-8pm at the Pacific Center, 2712 Telegraph Ave., Berk.



Support group for Black Lesbians in multicultural relationships meet the 1st Sunday of each month in Oakland. For info: 839-3302 or 653-5732.



Black Lesbians exploring the issue of fear in our lives, and how it separates us. Group meets weekly on Friday eves. 3-month commitment required. For info call Brenda at 465-7720 or Vivienne at 339-1475.

*** Happy late birthday wishes to Avotcja! ***

✓ Housing

Beautiful sunny room for rent in a large victorian apartment in S.F. near Golden Gate park. For information call 751-8924.

✓ Notices

If there is anybody who knows the whereabouts of or how to get in touch with Shandu and Cocoa, please contact Renaye at 548-7510.



Accompanist wanted.
Acoustic guitar and/or piano player for serious vocalist. Call Crystal-Cleer, 268-0865.

✓ Services

Black women mathematicians available for tutoring children and

adults. \$12/hr. For info call Marguerite at 654-5432.



Certified Massage Practitioner

Francoise Spaulding
658-5725



The Guardian Visual Arts Workshop

- ☐ Original art
- ☐ Buy, sell & trade Black memorabilia
- ☐ Woodwork
- ☐ Children's art classes
- ☐ Artistic project development
- ☐ Aché T-shirts

Mon. thru Sat. 12-5:30pm
or call for appointment
768 - 40th St. (at West St.)
Oakland, CA.
94608
(415) 658-5373

artist/curator
Barbara J. Sandidge



Portraits



H.L. Keller, photographer (415) 845-2206 ext. 84

"Achè." Aché, vol. 1, no. 7, Aug. 1989, p. [1]. Archives of Sexuality and Gender, link.gale.com/apps/doc/NILNXU085326243/AHSI?u=umuser&sid=bookmark-AHSI&xid=834ac04f. Accessed 8 Dec. 2022.