

# AKHÉ

---

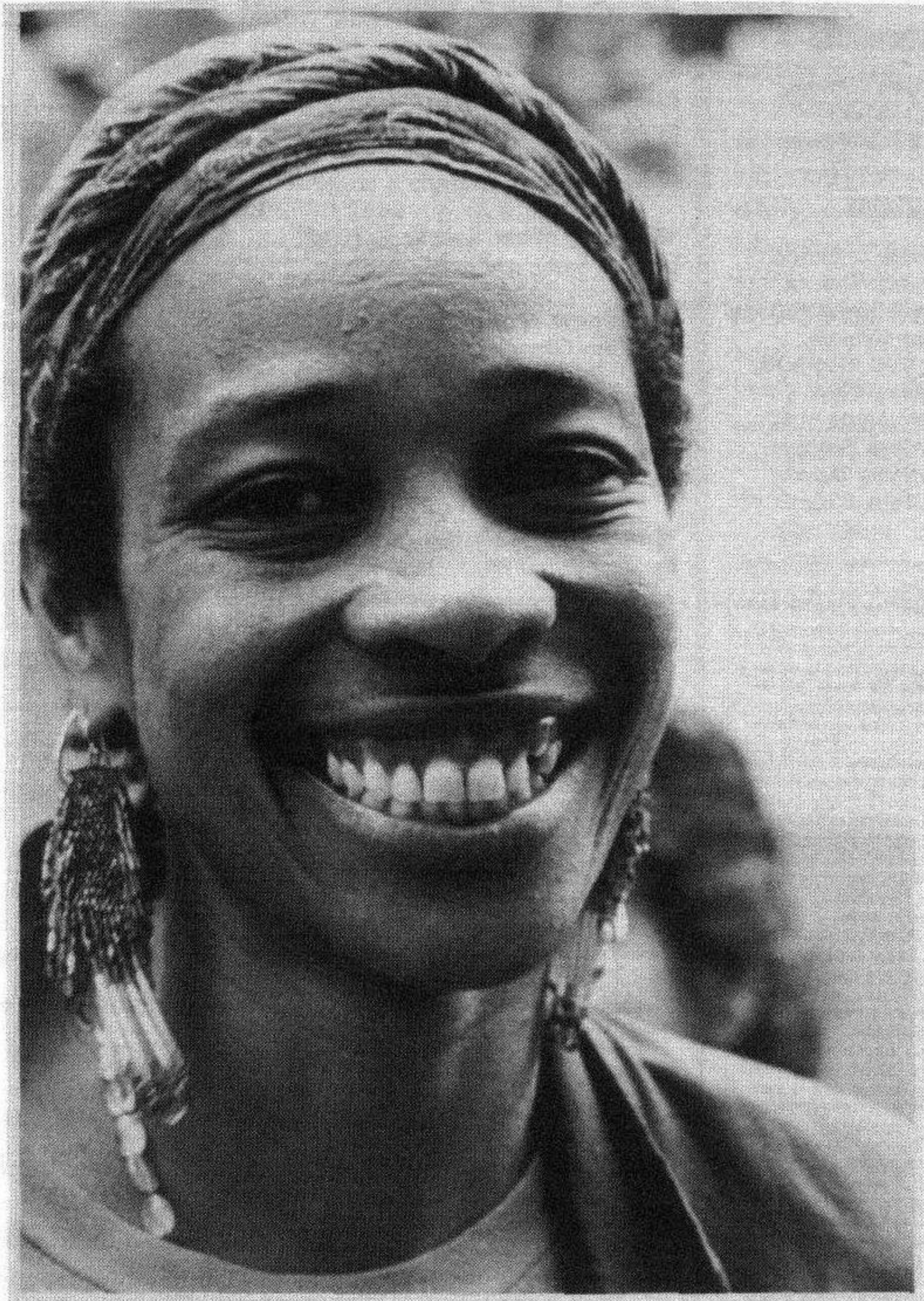
**September/October, 1990**

**Vol. 2, No. 5**

**\$2**

**A Journal For Black Lesbians**

---



**photograph of Akiba Tlamaya by Jean Weisinger**

---





#### PUBLISHER/EDITOR

Lisbet

#### EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

DeeAnne Davis, Winn Gilmore,  
Rebecca Hall, Lisbet,  
Janet Wallace, Erica Wilson

#### CONTRIBUTORS

Jamika Ajalon, Denise L. Brown,  
Renaye Brown, Natalie Devora,  
Debra K. Floyd, Ayofemi Stowe Folayan,  
J.T. Gamble, Winn Gilmore,  
Terri Jewell, Mitzi Jones, Khrystelle,  
M. Corinne Mackey, Nita,  
Pam Satterwhite, Stephanie Smith,  
Roxanne Stanard, Akiba Tiamaya,  
Skye Ward, Laura Irene Wayne,  
Jean Weisinger, Toya Wright

Aché (pronounced a-chay) is a bi-monthly publication by black lesbians for the benefit of all black women. Aché reflects and celebrates the wide spectrum of black lesbian experiences. We are committed to open and critical dialogue about the issues affecting our lives. We especially encourage submissions from women who have never been published.

The deadline for submissions is the 1st of the month prior to publication. Neatly hand-written, typed materials and 3.5" Macintosh disks using Word Perfect, MacWrite or Microsoft Word are accepted. Include name, address, & phone # on all submissions. Don't submit originals; we do not have the resources to return them. Please specify if you would not like your full name reproduced in Aché.

Our editorial team will edit, if necessary, for clarity and length. Every effort will be made to maintain the author's form, written style and language.

Aché will not print anything that is oppressive or demeaning to ourselves as lesbians and black women. The appearance of names or images in this publication does not indicate the sexual orientation of that person or persons. Subscriptions are \$10-25/yr. (donations always welcome.) To subscribe, phone or mail your name & address to: Aché: P.O. Box 6071, Albany, CA 94706 (415) 824-0703

The entire contents of Aché are copyright ©1990 and may not be reproduced in any manner, either whole or part without written permission from the publisher. Aché graphic © Storme Webber.

Aché is dedicated to the memory of Pat Parker & all the black women who have passed before us and whose work we continue today.

# TABLE OF CONTENTS

Sept./Oct., 1990 Vol. 2, No. 5

From the Editor .....	3
Letters to Aché .....	4
"We Know Better" .....	4
by Mitzi Jones	
"My Blood is on Your Hands" .....	5
by Ayofemi Stowe Folayan	
Conference Report - "Words Without Borders" .....	7
by Skye Ward	
Sister Vision: Canada's woman of color press .....	8
"Knowing What Self to Defend" .....	9
by Pam Satterwhite	
WinnSome Words .....	11
by Winn Gilmore	
Untitled piece by Akiba Tiamaya .....	13
"My Man" .....	15
by Toya Wright	
"Dreading: A Matter of Choice" .....	16
by Jamika Ajalon	
Profile of Donna Terry .....	19
by Denise L. Brown	
"Roles? What chu mean, roles?" .....	26
by Toya Wright	
On Butches & Femmes .....	27
by Renaye Brown	
Jeté: "Leave Her On the Stage" .....	28
by Debra K. Floyd	
Poetry .....	29
by J.T. Gamble, Nita, Khrystelle, Roxanne Stanard, Natalie Devora, Laura Irene Wayne, Renaye Brown, Terri Jewell, Stephanie Smith	
"January Blues" .....	34
by M. Corinne Mackey	
Artist/Photographer, Jean Weisinger .....	37
Nia Collective on Childcare .....	39
Bulletin Board .....	40



# Aché Events



## "Let's Do It Again"

Aché & Hot Colours co-host an afternoon party featuring live performances and hot music by 2 DJs

**Sun., Sept. 23rd 2-7pm \$5**  
**Bahia Tropical Club, 1600 Market St., S.F.**



**An evening of drama, laughs & videotape**

with character actor **Donna Terry**  
also a screening of

**"Syvilla: They Dance To Her Drum" (25 min.)**

**Sept. 26th, 7:30pm \$4-8**  
**La Peña, 3105 Shattuck Ave. in Berkeley.**



A reading by 1990 American Book Award winner

**Michelle T. Clinton**

accompanied by an ensemble of percussionists.

**Oct. 25th, 7:30pm \$5**  
**Old Wives Tales, 962 Valencia St., S.F.**



## "Fright Night"

An evening of scary stories with

**Belinda Sullivan**

Wear yr. most frightening attire,  
prizes for most original costumes!!

**Oct. 31st, 7:30pm \$4-8**  
**La Peña, 3105 Shattuck Ave. in Berkeley.**

## •From the Editors

We're really excited here at Aché. We've just received a major grant from the Women's Foundation in S.F. specifically for organizational development. This money will go a long way to making sure Aché will be around way into the 90's. The catch is, none of this money can go towards the cost of producing the journal. In the meantime, we're expanding with every issue and our production expenses are growing rapidly. How are we going to raise enough money to keep on going?

Here's our plan. We want to buy our own printing press, it's use would cut our production costs by two-thirds. After shopping around we realize that we need a minimum of \$4000 ASAP to purchase a refurbished press. Now is your chance to help Aché in a concrete way. Can you give \$10, \$25, \$100, \$4000? If you can help, please mail a donation to Aché, P.O. Box 6071, Albany, CA. 94706.

For those of you who receive Aché in the mail and have not yet subscribed, *please* do so now. For those of you who have been receiving Aché for over a year, please renew today. The cost of mailing Aché is substantial— please do your part to help us keep going. A subscription of \$10-25 barely covers costs, but it's a start. Also donations are *very, very* appreciated (& needed). This is a community thing, please come through!!

We're looking for submissions in upcoming issues on several topics, they are:

Black lesbians around the world  
Interracial relationships  
Writings from women w/disabilities  
Cross-cultural relations

Look forward to hearing from you!!

Lisbet



## Letters to Aché

### Responses to "P.C. itis"

Dear Aché,

This letter goes out to a sister who heard my inner voice & responded in her article "The Only P.C. Talk I Want to Hear Regards My Personal Computer." Right on Darlene Angela!! I myself, am a "lipstick lesbian," who has a wild passion for other lipstick lesbians. There has been many occasions where I've been reluctant to attend groups and meetings for fear I'll "stand out" for lack of "p.c."itis. Of course I have many feelings & opinions on various subjects, but I also like to watch TV, read Vogue, and eat an occasional steak. I also like to read Angela Davis, (as well as Aché!!), drink lots of water & eat plenty of vegetables as well as exercise for my health. There has been many times when I felt as though I may not be living up to the "Lesbian Persona." But then I look again & realized that just like there's all kinds of Black women, there's all kinds of lesbians. Thank you Darlene, for helping me claim my space in the world of Lesbianism!

Karen P.  
San Diego, CA.



My Dear Sister,

Your discussion on politically correct oppression was important. Your points about women being self-righteous and inappropriately aggressive in their assertions as to what is "P.C." is well taken and I agree with you. Some women go too far. I also want to state that your declaration of the ideology as being "old and boring" reflects ageism and is a reactionary stance. I also believe that if I am called "chick," "minority," or "hispanic," that I have a right to challenge that naming for it is not how I choose to name myself.

I encourage you to develop your ideas about "P.C. itis." I also encourage you to see the difference between "idea" and inappropriate behavior or dogma.

Peace to you my sister,  
Renaye Brown

\* A response to "P.C. Talk" (Aché, July/Aug.)

## We Know Better\*

by Mitzi Jones

Enough is enough. Darlene Angela's public assault on "political correctness" (published in last month's Aché) is much more than disdain for what is no longer hip, it is a dogmatic sermon using the same offensive rhetoric she so adamantly opposes. Unfortunately the direction that "P.C. Talk" chooses to take is to polarize an already fractured community. Black lesbians need to unite not dish each other for individual and collective ways we fight the power. Furthermore, most of what Angela rejects, the majority of sisters never participated in no how.

Instead of cringing and biting my tongue as I read yet another issue of a journal that supposedly reflects our entire community, I have decided to speak out—more importantly speak up, against the verbal bashing of my sisters who in private and public struggle to do the right thing. I STAND AND SUPPORT YOU for what has within the last two decades been coined as P.C. by a community other than your own because you have always known—THE CLEAR UNDERSTANDING OF WHAT IS RIGHT AND WHAT IS WRONG. It has led us to always question our surroundings and continue to keep our eyes on the prize. So sisters, don't let what Angela calls political incorrectness and what I consider personal intolerance and political inaction sway you from the struggle. And to one sister in particular, keep on leafletting

stores that sell Reeboks who invest in an oppressive regime like South Africa. At least Winnie is proud.

To those who are aware and to others who are not, Black lesbian politic has emerged from a herstory of political action, political awareness, and political determinism. Most of us have never jumped on the bandwagon just because it was fashionable. The battles we had in the Black Power Movement and the Women's Movement reinstated the construct that any organization soliciting our participation must also reflect our voice. Healthy criticism in the community whether it is about AIDS, alliances with men, butch/femme, using oppressive language, or wearing degrading attire embodies the strength we have in shaping our destiny as Black lesbians. If we decide not to question our friends, lovers, or family, not to ask why, or assume that they "know better" then we will stagnate ourselves and our community.

Sadly, this new term "political incorrectness" resembles more political apathy. Even more sad is that Angela's article uses US as scapegoats. We've been confused with midwestburkenstock-wearingtofueningnowmemberearthfirstlet'sgotoguatemalacanitouchyourhairwhitelesbians. WE AIN'T THEM. We were never anti-male: we love our brothers, fathers, and sons. We were never anti-poor: most of us live, have lived and will live in poverty (we know those golden arches

(continued on page 6)



# My Blood is on Your Hands\*

by Ayofemi Stowe Folayan

**I**t is 3:00 a.m. I cannot sleep. Words and images roll over in my mind as I try to think of the most appropriate response to your letter. It is true, my article appeared in a white paper (it also appeared in **BLK**), but I didn't call you or anyone else at that conference (including Craig) by name. I didn't force you to defend yourself, as you have forced me to respond.

I have been raped, mostly by black men. I had no choice but to open my legs and ass and mouth to give the most personal parts of myself. I could not react with anger, because the first rapist was my father, who ripped apart my four-year-old body with his penis. I couldn't cry or scream out because my mother was asleep in the next room. The second rapist was my grandfather, who tried to convince me that I was having a religious experience. I couldn't cry or scream out because the congregation over which he was the presiding bishop was in the next room. The third rapist was my transcendental meditation teacher, who whispered to me that all his initiates appreciated him for sharing his special love with them. I couldn't cry or scream out because my infant daughter was asleep in the next room. I didn't know the three men who broke into my home to steal my possessions, who instead stole the place where I could be myself. They left me tied and gagged in a house they set on fire so I

couldn't tell anyone what they had done. With the publication of your letter, I feel raped again, forced to speak the precious words I have inside, the hot sweet liquid of those words replaced by sour sticky semen spurted into my mouth.

You defend your words by saying that they are in an ironic context and that it is not about lesbians. Forgive my sarcasm, but the last time I checked, all lesbians are women, so the reference to "women" does include all lesbians. I will agree that you do not use the word "stinking" in your poem. It was the distillation of my reaction to the phrase "[the smell] was worse than I imagined" that I remembered from an experience that was overwhelming and destructive to me as a black lesbian at an event that I expected to be nurturing and supportive of my work as a black lesbian poet. Both your poem and Craig's "stupid bitch" remark were particularly offensive precisely because you both define yourselves as pro-feminist black gay men. It was that framework which made the incident even more wounding.

However, I do not want to play the semantics game. It does not matter to me what constructs you develop as a poet. I want to respond to the spirit of your letter. You have sent me a subsequent letter in which you state that "the ways in which we fail to acknowledge each other are acts of violence." I disagree. The brutality is in your insistence

upon a response. I find your arrogance and self-centeredness appalling. You say that you "suffered as my father's child in a household of women." That phrase leads me to suspect that my accusations of misogyny may be accurately directed.

It is true that your reading of your poem is not necessarily sexism or misogyny because I label it so. It is sexist to presume that I have to respond to you, as a specific wounded male. It is misogyny-

(continued on page 6)

## GOT A LITTLE FREE TIME?

Aché can use your help.  
We're looking for:

- ◆ VISUAL & GRAPHIC ARTISTS
- ◆ WRITERS
- ◆ REPORTERS (to cover events)
- ◆ WORD PROCESSORS (with access to a Mac computer)
- ◆ EDITORS (with prior editing experience)
- ◆ CALENDAR COORDINATORS (women willing to take on gathering all the information for one specific area of the calendar: conferences, dance, film, music, nightlife, readings, radio, television, theater, etc.)
- ◆ FUNDRAISERS
- ◆ PRODUCERS OF EVENTS
- ◆ GRANTWRITERS

If you can help,  
please call us at  
(415) 824-0703.



## We Know Better

(continued from page 4)

quite well.) And about this not eating red meat—seven letters... BAR-B-QUE! Please don't tell us that "if you don't like the q-dancers, you don't have to look, even better stay home," particularly when the white club you're giving lip service to is in a Black neighborhood (the Western Addition) which for many of us happens to be our home. Clearly, the wrong audience was castigated at OUR expense.

It's about time we get off of this soapbox of dishing political correctness while substituting an agenda of political incorrectness in its place. Truly, what then have we really accomplished? If "P.C. TALK" is asking for respect it shouldn't do it by being disrespectful. "After all, sisterhood is powerful; the personal is political; trust is mandatory," but the pen is mightier than the sword. ■

**We encourage you to respond to anything you read in Aché. If you have something you'd like to submit or add to any of our discussions, please mail it to:**

**Aché,  
P.O. Box 6071,  
Albany, CA 94706**

### CORRECTION

In "Reality Check" by Reatha Fowler (Aché, July/August), the reference to "low earning potential" should have read "low learning potential."

## My Blood Is On Your Hands

(continued from page 5)

nistic to use a negative female image to make your point, when you could just as easily use images from your gay male experience, just as it was racism for Judy Grahn as a white woman to use "nigger" as her metaphor in the poem, "Descent into the Roses of the Family."

You say that "on past occasions on which I've read the poem in public women have felt offended." So your insistence that I dialogue with you about my response is hypocritical and especially abusive. I wonder how many women have to be offended before you concur that the choices you made in that particular poem are misogynist. It is, as you stated:

**unfair to expect women to constantly take on the responsibility of explaining to men how and why our actions and attitudes are sexist, or to have to debate with us to convince us of our obvious misogyny.**

You also say:

**I consider myself pro-feminist, am proud of my sensitivity in this regard and believe...that my consciousness in this regard surpasses that of many of my peers.**

Your words ring hollow, Colin. If you suspect that asking for a response is unfair and you are so sensitive, why do you bludgeon me with your insistence on discussion? It seems more appropriate to have your pro-feminist gay male allies work with you on developing a less shallow and inconsistent analysis than to continually ask lesbians to bear this responsibility.

I am frequently tempted to

doubt my own interpretation of an experience, precisely the result of the intersection of racism, sexism, ableism, and heterosexism with the fragile tapestry of my self-esteem. In an effort to be fair, I try to examine the events from a different point of view, for example how I would feel as a black person if a white person had read your poem, "Niggers smell. It was worse than I imagined..." Even without the derogatory epithet, the phrase clearly evokes the pain.

Yes, if I claim something is sexist, it is not automatically true. But it is your responsibility to examine what may have created my reaction. When several women give you information that they are hurt by your choices, to persist in them is blatantly oppressive, malicious, and misogynist. You do not deserve the energy of the lesbians who have been willing to express whatever degree of outrage they could. It is exactly that self-determination to preserve our own energy for healing ourselves from the scars of sexism that you have arrogantly abrogated.

Separatism is a valid option for black lesbians, even though it rankles your pro-feminist sensibilities. It would not even appeal to most lesbians if they were not confronted repeatedly by instances of sexist and misogynist oppression in their daily lives. Your task as a pro-feminist man should be to work actively with all men to eliminate that cruel reality. When that goal is realized, then you can invite me to the table for dialogue. ■



**"WORDS WITHOUT BORDERS:"  
INTERNATIONAL GAY & LESBIAN LITERARY FESTIVAL  
August 5-10, 1990**

**Celebration '90  
Gay Games III and Cultural Festival  
Vancouver, B.C., Canada**

*"[Socio-political] walls are not mutually agreed upon. They are social limits to maintain the status quo - which is power over people. To speak across walls means a redistribution of power. How do we operate our culture(s) without repeating dominance over or exclusion patterns?"*

[Minnie Bruce Pratt, Writer-Activist]

The organizers of Celebration '90, which included the Gay Games III, Cultural Festival and the Words Without Borders Literary Festival; promoted the WWB conference as "... a week of panels, workshops, lunches and launches, presentations and readings where writers and readers, participants and audiences representing the *diversity of our lives* can be together to acknowledge how far we have come to see the distance still to go." [emphasis mine] The fact is that Celebration '90 was an overwhelmingly white gay male event. The "diversity of our lives" as gays and lesbians of color was conspicuously absent. WWB organizers attempted to diversify the conference by inviting an equitable number of French speaking, and non-French speaking writers (both of European decent).

It wasn't until Native (Bay of Quinte Mohawk) writer Beth Brant read a scathing petition that condemned the conference organizers for their exclusionary practices, that the issue of accessibility became an open topic of debate at the conference. The

petition which began, "*To whom it does concern...*" cited the overt exclusion of people of color as speakers at the literary gala event; all the conference venues were held in "the halls of the white patriarchal corporate/academic establishment"; little outreach or advertising was done to insure the presence of more gays and lesbians of color; there

short fiction Sky Woman. She, along with a brilliant line-up of Native and Asian writers which included Chrystos, Not Vanishing; Vicki Sears, Simple Songs; Kitty Tsui, The Words of A Woman Who Breathes Fire; Ian Rashid, There is this Trick; Daniel David Moses, Coyote City; and Two Feathers, Dyke Words delivered a captivating evening

**When issues get raised is it a voice across the wall? A gift of information? A chance to think? Words across borders?"**

Minnie Bruce Pratt

wasn't a sliding scale for the conference sessions (*indeed, a separate admission fee was charged for each individual session*); and the lack of an on-site daycare severely limiting the participation of people with children. After reading the petition and requesting that audience members sign it, Brant, author of The Mohawk Trails and editor of A Gathering Spirit read from her

of poetry and prose.

Though I found many of the white women I spoke with at the conference (including organizers and presenters) to be for the most part vaguely informed and/or uninterested in writings by lesbians of color; two women, Minnie Bruce Pratt and Della McCreary, in particular distinguished themselves as being more progressive and visionary in their work

(continued on page 8)



## "WORDS WITHOUT BORDERS"

(continued from page 7)

- and proved to be excellent resources for me at the conference.

Poet, essayist and activist Minnie Bruce Pratt facilitated a workshop entitled "DIVERSE ity" in which she discussed, among other things, the challenges facing gay and lesbian communities—specifically the challenge not to repeat domination patterns as we move into a new decade of community building. Pratt also commented on the current censorship battle with the National Endowment for the Arts by saying, "The NEA conflict is not just about a government agency asserting its authority— it's about whether entire cultures will be seen or heard. This fight is happening because we have made an advance, and our protest is no longer covert."

Della McCreary, editor at Press Gang Publishers (Vancouver) was the moderator for a panel that addressed Issues, Aims, & Ethics in Publishing. I participated on that panel along with Barbara Grier, Naiad Press; and Michelle Paulse, (alternate for Makeda Silvera) Sister Vision Press. (see side bar this pg.)

McCreary stated that Press Gang Publishers' primary aim, "...is to publish writing by women who are raising their voices and who will spare nothing in order to tell the truths about their lives. We aim to publish writing by brave women who fight against the grain of the mainstream." McCreary was not just giving lip service to politically correct and hip ideology— she along with other white women at

PGP have worked earnestly to clear a space for women writers of color in feminist publishing. She stressed how vital it is for white women publishers to establish trust (among women of color) and respect for cultural differences. McCreary commented on how unrealistic it was for white feminist publishers to expect women of color writers to come flocking to them with their manuscripts when historically there have been deep schisms along race and class lines. She used the ongoing work at PGP to illustrate how feminist publishers can take the first step in assuring women writers of color a degree of autonomy. At Press Gang, for example, women of color have been hired as editors to assist in the review of manuscripts. While some conference organizers were playing "catch up" politics a few weeks prior to the opening ceremonies— McCreary had made her concerns for a gender & racially diverse conference known in the early planning stages of the conference.

By weeks' end Celebration '90 had attracted an estimated 20,000 athletes, performers and visitors. The Words Without Border Literary festival was a first attempt to add a literary and cultural component to the Gay Games. The talented sisters and brothers of color who presented at this years' conference was a fine start— but there are many more borders to cross and voices to be heard. Aché!

### SISTER VISION: BLACK WOMEN & WOMEN OF COLOR PRESS TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA

(Excerpt from statement written by co-founder Makeda Silvera read during the Issues, Aims, and Ethics in Publishing panel at the Words Without Borders Conference)

Sister Vision Press sets precedent in Canadian book publishing as Canada's first women of colour publishing house. Since 1985 the press has been publishing and distributing works by women of colour living in Canada, at the same time maintaining a direct connection with women writers living in the Caribbean given the lack of publishing resources there.

The vision of the Press was conceived by Stephanie Martin and Makeda Silvera in the summer of 1984. In their own words: "The limits of sisterhood were overwhelming— as were the condescending attitudes of white women in the literary communities towards women of colour. Also the attitudes of the less than a handful of Black publishers who were not interested in publishing works that spoke to the experiences of working class women; celebratory stories about those of us who are lesbians; or theoretical pieces that departed radically from some of our brothers or sisters contributed to the birth of Sister Vision Press."

We wanted to develop a press that would speak to all of this, that would dare to take risks, a press that would work with writers in Canada, writers who felt they had nothing to say, but whose very lives spoke volumes. A press that did not separate activism from writing.

Though Sister Vision is a small publishing house, we do not consider ourselves marginal. The Collins dictionary defines margin as 'the border', 'the edge', 'space around printed page', 'amount allowed beyond what is necessary.' This does not define who we are as people of colour or the work we do at Sister Vision Press. What we have done over the years is to create forums for many women who are writing in isolation with little chance of being heard or published. Sister Vision has worked closely with emerging writers to break with the imperial literary standard of form and content which has been used historically to still the voices of many non-white people. The work published is grounded in the experience and reality of our writers and the life we live collectively as women/lesbians of colour."

To order a catalog or submit material write:

Sister Vision Press  
Post Office Box 217, Station 'E'  
Toronto, Ontario, Canada M6H 4E2



# Knowing What Self To Defend:

## *The Significance of Martial Arts for Women of Color*

by Pam Satterwhite

There are many different angles from which I might have looked at the martial arts for women of color. There's the fitness angle ("come on girls, firm up your body and have fun too!"); the social angle ("a great way to meet people!"); the glamour angle ("enter the mystery of the martial arts. Possess secret knowledges. Your friends will envy you, admire you, even fear you!"); the fashion angle ("girls in this look good!"); the political angle ("taking responsibility for ending violence against women starts with you, with your own body!")

But I'm going to opt for the psycho-politico-spiritual triangle. I am absolutely convinced that the martial arts is one of the most powerful tools for empowerment that we have at our disposal. But I have to qualify this. The martial arts carry the potential to serve us in this way, and that potential is realized to the extent that its inherent political content is developed consciously as part of the practice.

That by no means is generally the case. The violent rep of commercialized martial arts—which comprises the majority of schools in this country—is far too often deserved.

But non-commercialized minority trends exist, particularly among schools run by and for women—schools most of which de-

veloped out of the women's self-defense movement in response to growing levels of violence against women. It will be the possibilities within schools such as these—schools organized according to principles which go beyond the commercial—which these words speak to.

Discovering these possibilities has been—continues to be—a long process. It came as a complete surprise to me that they existed. I was drawn originally by the fitness angle. Three years ago when I was doing sexual assault prevention work I found myself gripping a co-worker's shoulders during a role play in which I was a sledge-bag uncle and she my suspecting niece. She felt like a rock! I didn't know female bodies were capable of such solidarity. I knew she studied martial arts and the thought germinated at that moment that maybe martial arts was something I could do too. I carried that little nugget around for a year before I was ready to act on it.

So I began training to firm up my body and discovered a spiritual practice that worked to unify my scattered parts into a cohesive presence.

This realization did not hit me right away of course. For quite a while fitness was the extent of my involvement. But over time I discovered an impact that

reverberated throughout all aspects of my life. I've devoted considerable time since analyzing why this was, what it was about what I did there that mattered so much.

What was it about my training that felt so transformative of my core, of my essential self? My muscles became stronger. I developed greater balance. I began to feel much more "comfortable in my body." I practiced developing powerful punches and kicks. I learned choreographed dances called "forms." I faced partners in sparring practice. Listing the exercises I engaged in somehow doesn't really get to what was so powerful about doing them, ritually, over and over and over.

I gradually began to believe that the explanation for the transformative power of the martial arts lay not only in its spiritual practice, which focusses on the unity of mind, body and spirit; but in the political implications of that spiritual practice.

I found in martial arts training endless metaphors for achieving empowerment in a context that negates. In practicing forms, you learn to bring potential attackers into existence. There are plenty to choose from. Capitalist America provides us with demons aplenty; tricky little devils who scramble up our backs as fast as we can shake them off.

(continued on page 10)



# self-defense

(continued from page 9)

But in forms practice you can always emerge triumphant. No matter how tricky the devil, he is no match for your incredible power and ferocity!

And then there's all the frequently scary work you do with partners. For instance, you might find yourself inexplicably placed in the role of punching bag, with a partner directing all their most intensely aggressive energy at you. Your job is to remain calm, open—to notice when they're effective and when they're not. Good practice for when you are under assault—like every day of your life.

At some point, too, an amazing process happens in which you begin to see the fixity of "self" and "other" break down. Particularly through sparring, when you realize that meeting force with force is not as effective as having your energy merge with that of "the other." Really getting this one could take a lifetime.

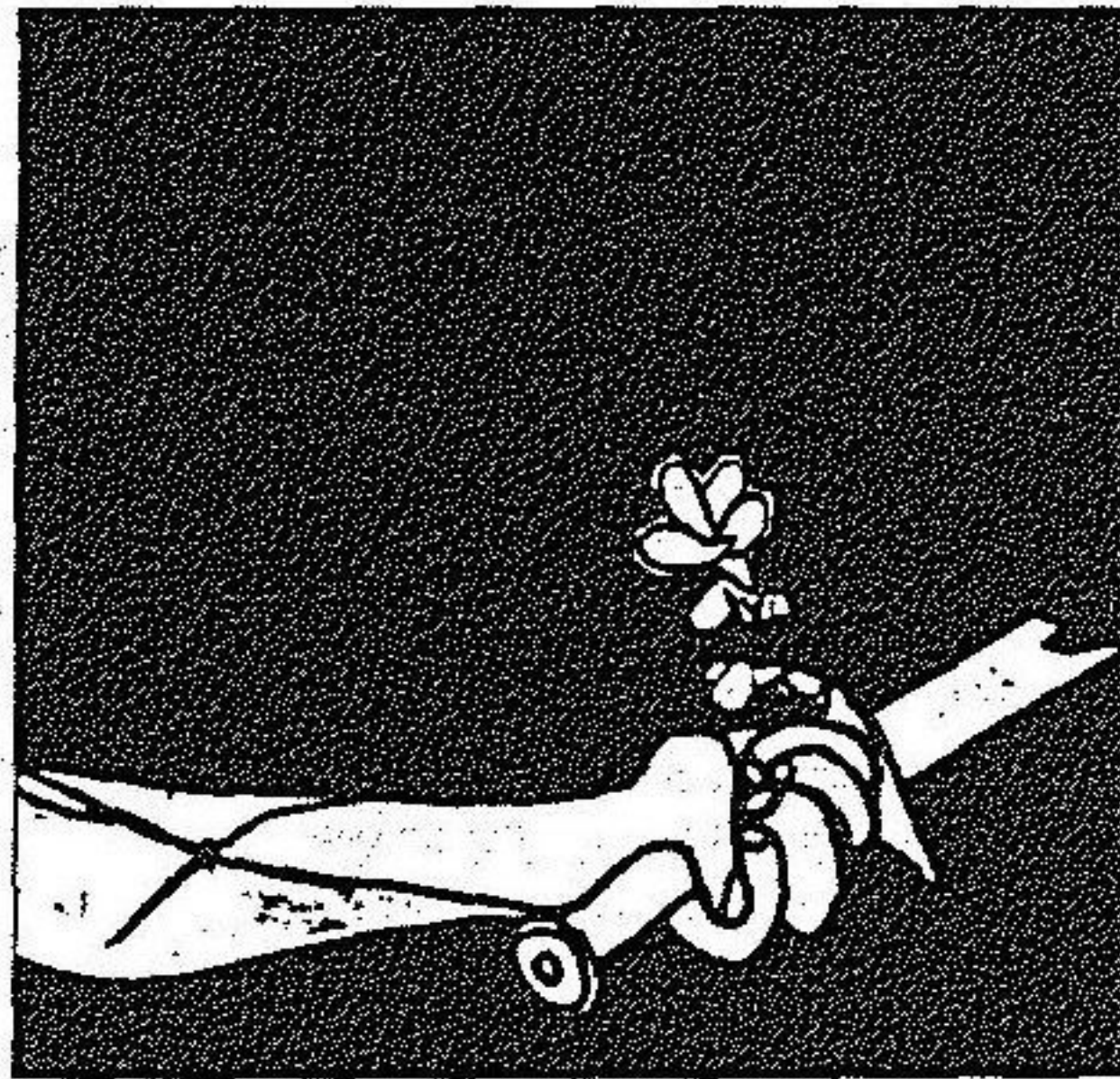
The contents of my training became the stuff of survival under the heavy weight of isms: confronting "failure," facing fear, facing my own aggression, questioning the notion of "the other," and acknowledging the extent of my alienation from my own body.

Training has helped me see that the "isms" have a physical component/expression which had eluded my conscious awareness. Dividing me from myself is as much a physical effect of the dominant culture as a psychological one.

The physical practice of achieving unity puts the martial

arts totally at odds with the practice and ethics of capitalist society, which depends upon specialization of function and the fragmentation of life; which depends on separating mind from body, mental labor from physical labor, intellectuality from sensuality.

In giving attention on an almost daily basis to this opposi-



tional practice which focusses specifically on expressing ethical principles sensually, a subtle transformation in my whole being/consciousness occurred. Values/principles that I previously had experienced only intellectually I began to experience sensually—and the impact was totally different.

If the substance/content of the dominant culture is division/separation—and if this content has achieved physical expression everywhere, in all the social structures "capitalism" has created to reproduce itself as a form—then its most radical negation are tangible expressions of a wholistic system of values. Martial arts is training in how to in-

tegrate this oppositional value system into our minds, bodies and cultures.

If the martial arts is indeed about breaking down barriers—barriers of fear, of thinking in terms of oppositions—if the martial arts is the physical, tangible expression of how this is done—and if, indeed, it is only through concrete experience that we integrate knowledge into our psyche/cultures (that it becomes something that we can communicate/pass on ("for silence to transform into speech...it must first traverse through our female bodies"<sup>1</sup>)—then its' substance/content is by definition, specifically opposed to the dominant value system, and is by definition the stuff of liberation.

There is liberation, too, in its upending of the consumerist values of capitalist society. Martial arts make glaringly clear what real value, real wealth, and what real power, is. They make clear how incredibly beautiful each one of us is—that the riches we need really are within ourselves and in our relationships with one another.

Rejecting our dehumanization. That alone is so powerful. The system fears our violence, but it fears our humanity more. The myth of our dehumanization is too essential to its domination, to maintaining the divisions. That we shine, that we grow, that we become brilliant examples of what human beings are, showing by our example, what human beings are—the future in the present—such seemingly simple

(continued on page 39)



"How do you spell relief?"  
"Why, R-O-L-E-A-I-D-E-S, of course"

*(conversation between a brazen butch and  
flaming femme overheard at a local bus stop)*



**E**ver your Negro gay ladies' relentless reporter, I just couldn't pass up the opportunity to follow these two obviously gay negroes I happened upon while waiting at the bus stop. Actually, only one was obviously gay. She was tall with one of those oh-so-modern pillbox hairdos (or "hairdon'ts," because she was practically bald everywhere but on top), black Levis with chains and handcuffs suspended from her waist and a thick leather belt whose long end dangled from her belt loop in front of her crotch like a dozing black snake, and she sported a tattoo on her left biceps that read "Grandma".

The other one looked like your basic mainstream lady, except for the bulging black tee shirt she wore: a pink, puckered pair of lips was stencilled over her erect left nipple, and beneath them read "Lesbians for Lipstick". Well, as you can imagine, my curiosity was pricked, so to speak.

"You ever ride naked as a jaybird on the back of a Harley as it rips through the hot desert air?" the tall lady

asked the Lipstick chick. "It's the ultimate."

"Well, actually, I haven't," she responded. Her eyes lit up and she smiled dazzlingly. "You got a bike?"

"Ummm," the tall one said, clearing her throat and shifting uncomfortably. "I used to. Could get another one, though, just for you." Satisfied, she leaned against the bus stop sign and propped one foot on the edge of the bench on which I sat. I sidled closer to them.

"Repent now, while there's still time!" cried an approaching woman carrying the most recent issue of the Watchtower before her like a shield. "The time of our Lord cometh nigh!"

In unison, the tall lady, the Lipstick queen, and my head turned to the interloper.

"Shit!" the pillbox head hissed between clenched teeth. "Their timing is uncanny."

"Uh-hunh," the Watchtower-toter sighed accusingly, "I know y'all is sinners. Ain't right for no woman to lay with another. You ain't got nothing," she preached, pointing to the pillbox head, "between your legs. What? You

wanna be a man?! For it is written in the Scriptures that..."

"Oh, pack it up and go back to church," the Lipstick queen groaned, dismissing the preacher with a wave of her freshly manicured, long nails. "We don't *even* need your condemnation. Anyway," she added, heating up, hands now on her sinuous hips, "if you're so Christian—"

Mercifully, the bus pulled up. The pillbox head was staring at her, astonished. I, too, was surprised that the little one, instead of the macho-looking lady, had told the preacher off. The Lipstick queen grabbed the tall lady by the belt and pulled her toward the bus. As inconspicuously as possible, I followed. It didn't matter that I was taking the wrong bus.

"So, what's your name, fireball?" Pillbox asked Lipstick.

"Candy," she answered huskily, looking out the window. "And yours?"

"They call me Sticks," she said shyly.

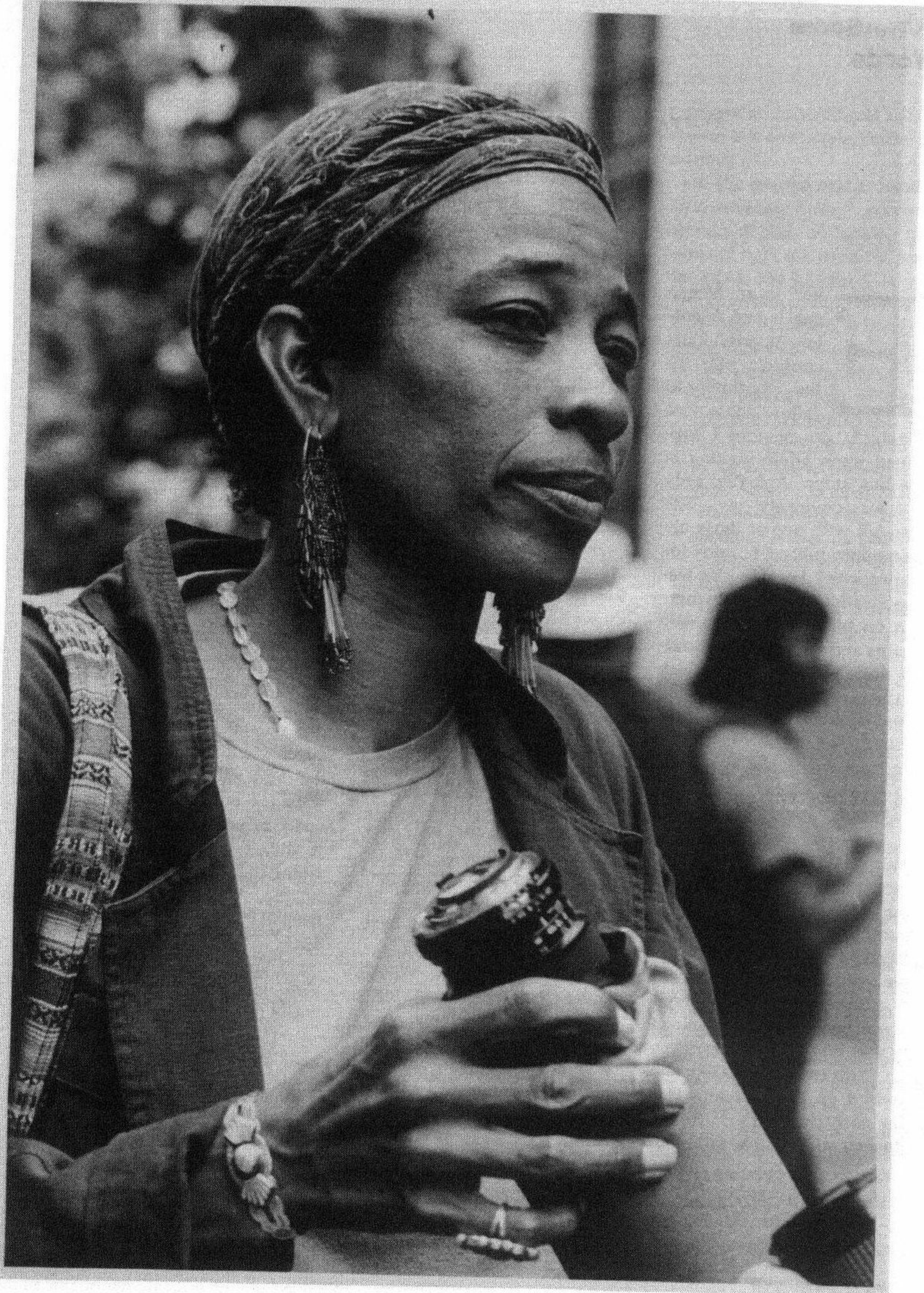
"Oh, do you play pool?"

"Naw, it's because my legs are so skinny; practically the

*(continued on page 38)*

**by Winn Gilmore**







## Untitled by Akiba Tiamaya

It's the spring of 1958 in Denver, Colorado, Mile High City, middle of the country, and a middle of the road town. Most black folk there are from Texas, K.C., Chicago, and L.A. You're 15, your stepfather is a cook for the Union Pacific Railroad and a would-be gambler. Your mother works for the Air Force Finance Center and cleans "Mrs. Nainens" house on the weekends. You live in a "nice black middle-class" neighborhood in a brick house, where the stones echo violence, liquor, and very little joy without pain.

There is a clothesline in the backyard leading to a fence lined with a grapevine that borders a garden of potatoes, yellow squash, string beans, tomatoes, and your family has a dog. Your role has been to dance around this family of six exuding the "good girl" syndrome in spite of the hell you live in. Because of the absolute absurdity of this role and the natural warrior that you are, in this family you have come to be labeled the "bad girl."

These are the circumstances from which I came out of the closet. Everything was fairly defined then—you were male or female, butch or femme, black or white, and you'd better be clear about this because these were the rules of the game and whether or not you'd be accepted into the gay culture depended totally upon the sharpness of your square.

I was long and lanky with short hair, loved my jeans and straight skirts (girls didn't wear pants to school then), and most definitely the "tom-boy" type. So unbeknownst to me, my role in the eyes of others

had already been defined—BUTCH. Now, coming out I didn't know this, all I knew was that "I liked the girls" and who moved first wasn't important, in fact, shy as I was, if she moved first I was very happy. There was no understanding of androgyny then. If you looked like that, you were that, and there was a whole set of spoken and unspoken rules that you must follow.

The most oppressive of the rules for me was "who did what to who in bed." The Butch was on top and did all the doing; the Femme laid there on the bottom doing all the receiving (and the scratching of your back to let you know you was fucking her good), and there we were, two halves of a whole, or so we thought. If you stepped outside of this or were Butch with one and Femme with another, you didn't get much respect. They called you a "sooner", sooner this or that. As for me, it was fun getting to play what I thought was a boy. I had some sort of power and control—I'd never had much as a girl. On the other hand, though, I wanted to taste the whole pie. I also wanted them to do to me what I did to them, and while this was okay with a couple of my girlfriends, there were certainly the painful experiences with those women who wouldn't be caught dead with their heads between my legs and couldn't imagine cutting their nails one iota to see what I felt like inside.

Then, of course, there was my image. But Denver being such a middle-of-the-road place, and it being 1958, and me being the warrioress that I was, I found the room and created

(continued on page 14)



# Akiba Tiamaya

(continued from page 13)

the space to be a little different. But when I moved to Los Angeles, they were not featuring my story.

You had to be either John Wayne – Tall in the Saddle, or Bess, no middle road in Los Angeles in 1967. I will never forget my first experience in a club in L.A. It was like going to a Lesbian Ball: the Butches were lined with two and three piece suits with full accessories, and the Femmes, who usually proceeded them—sort of a status symbol—were draped in their dresses and skirts with all the frills. It was at this point that my square became acutely defined—BUTCH.

Actually, this was a very interesting time to be in Los Angeles. There were lots of young revolutionary “gun-totin,’ paper hangin” women who were, as I look at it today, probably way ahead of their time, in fact, many of them are dead now—lots of drug suicides then. This introduced another serious dynamic: you had to be “BAD.” It was pretty confusing for me to place myself into this role, not because there weren’t privileges, but because for me I was always trying to be what I thought was a man, always looking at something from the distance and trying to be it. Due to the experiences in my childhood, I grew up with very little self-confidence or self-esteem, so because of my shyness I moved into the stance of being coool. I would stand around, usually with this certain lean, with my hands in my pockets, scared to death and “be cool baby cool.” Because our roles were so interdependent and my identity

as a person was so embedded in my role, I always felt like I had to behave like the “man,” whoever that was.

In 1969 I had a nervous breakdown (little wonder), right in the middle of my Saturn Return—good ol Saturn, he’ll let you know. Not only did I not know who I was because of my childhood, but now I was totally out of touch with my female because of the roles I’d been playing. Heaven forbid if you ever got attracted to another Butch, or a Femme to a Femme. Of course all of the not-supposed-tos happened and for those women who did it, the wrath was severe (no wonder we were all doing drugs).

During my healing process, I discovered that I was really hating myself for being a woman and was doing everything that I could to get out of it. None of the roles I played, Butch or Femme, defined very much of who I was. But I have also come to love and respect myself for those times and choices, because in my place of discovery, choice, and creativity I help—along with many others who came before and with me—to make it possible for women now to realize that they have more choices.

The worst thing back then was the judgement, and the worst thing for me now is the judgement. Today I’m able to surrender to myself and my lover from a place of my inner power, from a place of loving myself and responding to my own needs, a place of acceptance of the many me’s that live inside. Many of the women I knew back then

didn’t like themselves or other women, many of us today are in that same place. I didn’t know about feminism then, there wasn’t such a variety of role models (and certainly today it’s clear that our definition of relationships is changing) but we did the best we could. I don’t want to judge a person because they’re “into roles” (or because they’re not) — we’re all playing roles and in the process of getting as clear as we can.

Opening to my woman has been the most powerful thing in life for me as it allowed me to connect to and be mySELF, and within mySELF there are many different selves — some have been out and I’m sure there are more to come because this opening is a lifelong process. Now when I am feeling threatened by another’s stance in life, I look inside myself to see what’s there, what’s causing me to judge another. Most often it boils down to fear of myself, some little stuff that I haven’t wanted to look at, and that’s okay too, cause we’re all in the process of discovering just how vast we really are. Today I’m feeling more whole. I am choosing/allowing myself to be whole and with my lover, and I’m choosing to be conscious. I know it’s okay, because it’s all me and it’s very exciting.

Akiba Tiamaya, 47, is a woman-healer, artist & poet from Denver by way of Texas. “The most important thing for me today is my spiritual path. If the spiritual is not political and the political is not spiritual, then I can’t hang.”



MY MAN  
by Toya Wright

My man is a gentleman,

who opens my door,  
protects me from danger,  
and always treats me like a lady.

My man is masculine,

with big strong arms to hold me,  
body smelling of *Obsession for Men*,  
and dressed in a double-breasted suit to take me to dinner.

My man is nurturing,

when I'm hurt he's there,  
when I'm needy he's there,  
when I just want to be, he's there.

My man is a romantic,

who calls just to say "I love you,"  
who whispers intimately in my ear,  
and subtly titillates me wherever we are.

My man is Black,

and doesn't put chemicals in his hair,  
knows the history of our people,  
and revels in my Black beauty.

My man is a king,

who writes poetry to his queen,  
who believes in our ability to create,  
and never doubts that he's in his rightful place—  
on the throne of my body and soul.

My man is fierce,

when he takes me to his bed....

My man is a WOMAN.

*This is dedicated to Deboraah, who  
understands the dichotomy.*



# "Dreading": A Matter Of Choice

by Jamika Ajalon

On a daily basis, I find myself having to respond to one or all three of these comments:

"Hey, Whoopi!"

"Look, there's Tracy Chapman!" or

"Your hair is so pretty, why are you doing *that* to it?"

To "hey, Whoopi!" or those who yell "Tracy," I simply keep walking. My purpose is not to emulate these women or anyone in or out of the public eye by growing dreadlocks. I am not making a fashion statement. When people ask why I choose to do this "awful" thing to my hair, I explain to them that it is a part of my personal politics and spirituality. It is something I have to do for myself.

The question doesn't bother me as much as the idea of dreading is considered "awful." Dreads are associated with lazy, dirty, ganja smoking, lower-classed individuals. As an out Black lesbian, I not only have to deal with heterosexism and sexism, but also racism and classism on a more hostile level. I am assumed ignorant and of lower breeding because I allow my hair to lock naturally. I constantly have to prove that I am worthy of the same respect given any human being to those I may seek employment with, to those who wait on me in restaurants, to security guards at shopping malls and even to college instructors. It is curious to me that where certain respect is given to other sister-dreads, such as Angela Davis or Alice Walker, who are publicly supported, it is not bestowed willingly to sister/brother dreads who are surviving in these city streets everyday. I believe fear is the root of this oppression, even the hatred displayed from those sisters and brothers of color.

For caucasions, much of their power is dependent on our low self-esteem, that is the shame of our own skin color. To meet eye to eye with a Black person walking chin up, hair a crown in its glorious ethnicity is a threatening statement. When one cherishes oneself, the power which exudes from inside eliminates any power anyone could ever have over them.

Many Blacks, unfortunately, have a lot invested in becoming as invisible and mainstream as pos-

sible. Blackness is an embarrassment to them. To see a brother or sister resembling "Buckwheat" or anything too Black, is beneath them. They are seeing something that they do not want to be identified with. Something this melting pot America has told us we should deny, our own ethnic culture and colorful personality.

I'm not saying that every Black person should dread. Everyone should feel free to do whatever suits them and not what pleases anyone else, especially Anglo-America. There was a time when I relaxed my hair until it blew in the wind as well as any blondes. To me, it is stranger to use chemicals to change naturally beautiful hair than to allow it to lock-up, but I know I am not one to judge others for what they choose to do with their hair!

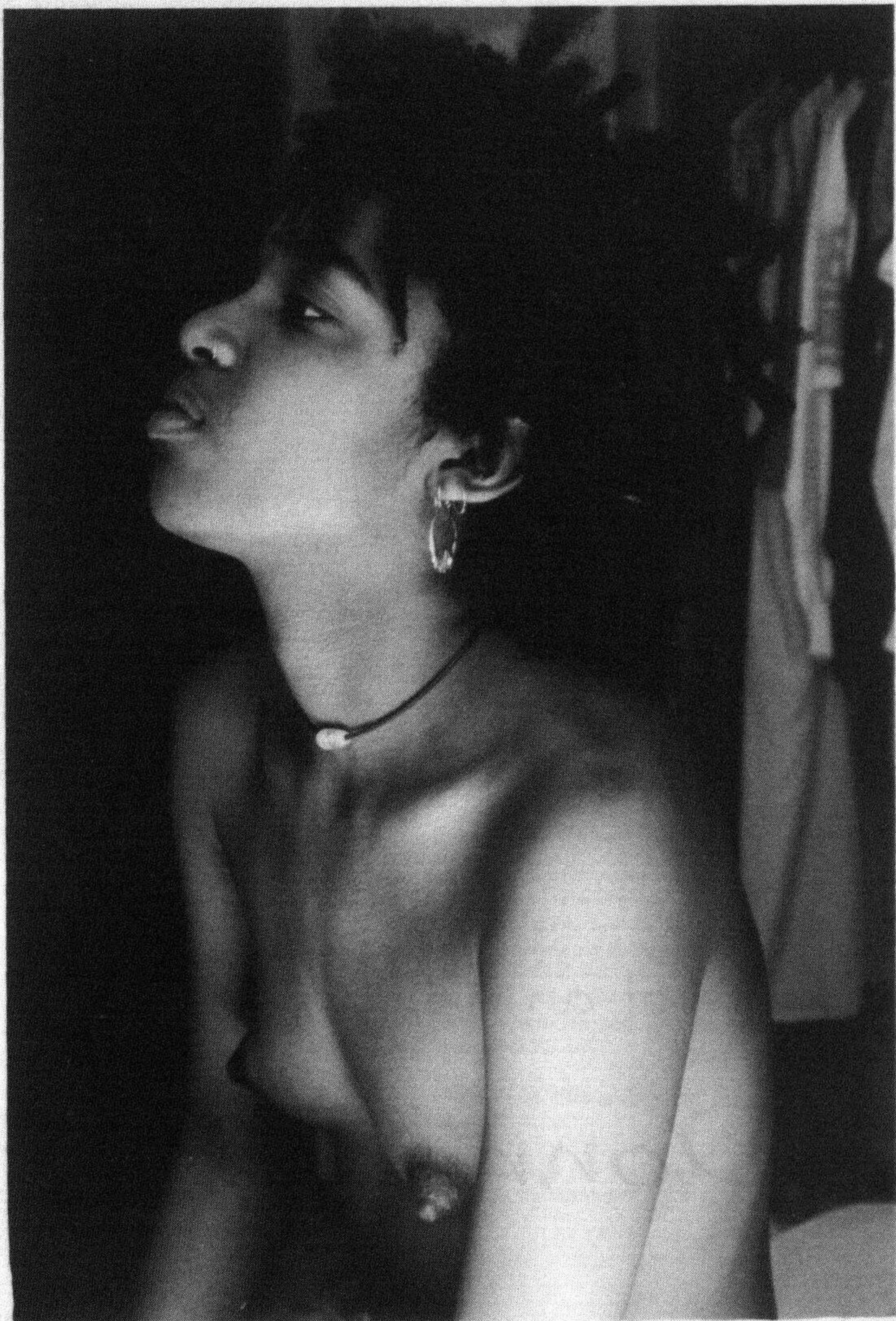
I did not wake up one morning with dreads in my hair. It was a process in self-acknowledgement, self-esteem and self-love. For me, dreading my hair is an ongoing physical manifestation of an ongoing spiritual transition. It is a recognition of my African ancestors. It is an education in loving everything Black about myself. It is as much a part of me as my lesbian-feminist lifestyle.

For Rastafarians, (a spirituality deeply based in Jamaican and African culture), dread is the irreconcilable point between the Rasta and authority, (the government). I am not a Rasta in name. I do, however, hold to heart the basic principle behind their belief. That belief is to be proud of my heritage and to acknowledge constant struggle between patriarchy (authority), and my right to be who I am. I look in the mirror and I love what I see. I love watching my hair do its own thing, spiraling out in its own directions, untamed and free. For me, dreading is a part of a life-long commitment to hold on to my soul. ■

Jamika is a freelance writer and film student.

*photograph of Jamika by Jean Weisinger*









Profile of an artist:

Donna Terry

photograph by Jean Weisinger



*"Where are you going in all your bright colors little girl, are you going to a parade?"  
"Oh no, I'm on my way to the rainbow!"*

If there is one word to describe Donna Terry it is RAINBOW!! She is a mighty spectrum of reds, blues, greens, yellows, purples, etc., shooting like wildfire across the sky! An artist, a cook, a philosopher, a spiritualist, a healer, and *never* last nor least a mother, Donna wears her many colors and her many hats with comfort and ease.

From the first she is a rare ingredient: a native Californian and a native of the Bay Area, a not-too-ordinary combination in our community "melting pot". And though she calls this place her home, no place is able to contain the fire and energy she possesses. As a spiritualist she has travelled and lived in many exotic and faraway lands that her feet have never physically touched.

Aesthetics aside, Donna is a woman constantly working on ways to heal and improve herself, and her relationship with her child, her friends and her sisters in the community. A humanitarian at heart, Donna is working on her degree in Black Studies with an emphasis on community development. With this she hopes to develop programs to aid battered women and children, as well as develop support groups and workshops for children of gay & lesbian parents.

Through the formation of her company, "Afrikan Lady Peoples Productions," Donna is developing many

projects. With her one-woman show, depicting various female characters, Donna has toured around the Bay Area. Like a graphic artist, Donna sketches each character very carefully, drawing on her experiences and the experiences of her sisters. Ultimately, she brings the characters to life with an uncanny realization of situations, feelings, and experiences that audiences can easily relate to.

Shedding the color of the performer, Donna piddles around Berkeley in her antiquated Camaro with her daughter, Cairo. She has her favorite haunts: the flea market, the museum, the movies, and any restaurant and friends' home where there is good food! Her role as a mother extends beyond Cairo, as she lavishes love, attention and comfort to all of her friends.

Yes, my friend is truly a RAINBOW! Catch her in green and she's taking care of business, catch her in yellow and she's giddy and free-spirited, catch her in purple and she's spouting off spiritual and philosophical rhetoric, and catch her in red and she's a firecracker about to pop! Watch her and see what color you catch her in!

*"Little girl, little girl, where you been?"*

*"Ah ha, can't you see, I've blended in with the rainbow!"*



## Aché presents



### "Let's Do It Again"

Aché & Hot Colours co-host a special afternoon  
featuring live performances and 2 DJs

**Sun., Sept. 23rd 2-7pm \$5**  
Bahia Tropical Club, 1600 Market St., S.F.



An evening of drama, laughs & videotape  
with **Donna Terry**

also a screening of  
"Syvilla: They Dance To Her Drum" (25 min.)

**Sept. 26th, 7:30pm \$4-8**  
La Peña, 3105 Shattuck Ave. in Berkeley.



A reading by 1990 American Book Award winner  
**Michelle T. Clinton**  
accompanied by an ensemble of percussionists.

**Oct. 25th, 7:30pm \$5**  
Old Wives Tales, 962 Valencia St., S.F.



### "Fright Night"

An evening of scary stories with  
**Belinda Sullivan**

Wear yr. most frightening attire,  
prizes for most original costumes!!

**Oct. 31st, 7:30pm \$4-8**  
La Peña, 3105 Shattuck Ave. in Berkeley.

## ◆ CLASSES ◆

**MONDAYS** - Afro-Venezuelan Percussion is a free ongoing workshop with Jackeline Rago, 5:30pm at La Peña, 3105 Shattuck Ave. in Berkeley.

**THURSDAYS** - Introduction to Afro-Cuban Rhythms is a free ongoing workshop with Guillermo Céspedes, 5:30pm at La Peña, 3105 Shattuck Ave. in Berkeley.

## DANCE CLASSES

(not listed in the calendar)

**SATURDAYS & WEDNESDAYS (ongoing)** advanced, beginning & intermediate moern jazz dance, with Debra K. Floyd and live drumming. These ongoing classes are located at Finn Hall, 1819-10th St. in Berkeley. Advance Beg. are on Saturdays from 10:00-11:30am and Intermed. are on Wednesdays from 7:30-9:30pm and Saturday, 11:30-1:30pm starting with floor barre. Fee \$7.00 single class (there are student and class card rates.)

## ◆ DANCE ◆

**FRI., Sept. 28 - Nuba Dance Theater** celebrating a decade of dance, will perform in concert with original music by Nova Ghost Sect-Tet at the Calvin Simmons Theatre, 10 Tenth St., Oakland at the Henry J. Kaiser Convention Center. Tickets available at BASS, \$15 adults/\$20 at the door.

**SAT., Oct. 27 - The Middle Ground Dance Co.** will premiere their work "Sweet Women Suite" choreographed by Debra K. Floyd with special guest India Cooke, violinist. Florence



# SEPT. & OCT. LISTINGS

Gould Theatre. California Palace of the Legion of Honor, 34th Ave. and Clement, in Lincoln Park in S.F. 2:30pm. Tickets are \$6 plus \$1 handling charge. For info call 548-2143.

## ◆ EVENTS ◆

**FRI., Sept. 21, 28** - Poet/storyteller/musician **Avotcja** will perform music from her cassette "Has Anybody Heard My Song" and read from her book Pura Candela/Pure Fire on the 21st at Modern Times Bookstore, 968 Valencia St. (at 21st st.) in S.F. 7:30 pm. \$5-7 sliding scale. On the 28th at Mama Bears Bookstore, 6536 Telegraph Ave., Oakland. \$6-8. 8pm. Women only. Reservations suggested. 428-9684.

**SAT., Sept. 22** - A farewell fundraising party for **Huda & Yohimbe**, local activists on their way to Africa and the Middle East. Guest performers include Opal Palmer Adisa, Natalie Devora, Debra Floyd, Karolyn van Putten, Imani Harrington, Margaret Sloan Hunter, Donna Terry & many others. Plus food, fun, raffles. 2-10pm. 850 W. Macarthur Blvd., Oakland. \$10-25. For more information call 654-4723.

**SAT., Sept. 22** - **Project 5 at El Rio**, tonight introducing Claudette King (B.B. King's daughter) plus *Bedrock* and *Short Stories*. 3158 Mission St., S.F. 10pm. \$5. For info call 282-3325.

**SUN., Sept. 23** - **The Folsom Street Fair** featuring food, arts & crafts, and live entertainment including the Blazing Redheads, Tom Ammiano & more will be held on Folsom St. between 7th & 11th streets from 11am to 6pm.

**SUN., Sept. 23** - **"What Works"** featuring The Six of Us, Suzette Rochat, Anita Green, Susan Dambroff, Mary Carol Randall, Kimi Sugioka, Lisa Manning reading their work at A Different Light Bookstore, 489 Castro St. in S.F. 7:30pm.

**SUN., Sept. 30** - Paris Williams will present **"Black Women of the Ancient World,"** a survey of the presence and roles of black women in ancient civilizations. It will begin with a brief introduction to human origins and the first great migrations out of Africa. Black women will then be traced into Asia, Europe and the Americas from about 3500 BC to the beginning of the Christian Era. La Peña, 3105 Shattuck Ave. in Berkeley. 7:30pm. Donation requested.

**SUN., Oct. 7** - **Rawhide Round-Up** - celebrity auction & country dance with MC Karen Williams with items from k.d. lang, Lily Tomlin & Jane Wagner, Holly Near & many others. 2-7pm at The Rawhide, 280 - 7th St. in S.F. \$5. For more information call 534-7013

**SUN., Oct. 14** - **"Putting A New Face On"** - a gala event launching Aunt Lute Books, and The Aunt Lute Foundation, A Multicultural Place for Women. Come meet authors Cherry Muhammad, Melanie Kay/Kantrowitz, & Gloria Anzaldua in the community literary event of the year!! 5-7pm. The Women's Building, 3543 - 18th St., S.F. Donations.

**SAT., Oct. 20** - **An evening to support women with cancer** featuring Linda Tillery & her band, Rhyth Miss City with Carolyn Brandy & Angela Wellman and others. 8pm. \$10-35 (no one turned away for lack of

funds.) Scottish Rites Temple, 1547 Lakeside Dr., Oakland. No smoking, scents or perfumes please. For info call 548-9272.

**SUN., Oct. 21** - **Sinister Wisdom**, A Journal for the Lesbian Imagination in the Arts & Politics, is opening to new editorial group members; ad sales; subscription, fundraising coordinators and lesbians interested in working on any aspect of magazine production. Issues currently planned: 15th Anniversary retrospective, Lesbians & Class, Lesbians of Color. For info call 534-2335.

**THUR., Oct. 25** - **Aché presents writer Michelle T. Clinton**, 1990 American Book Award winner and author of High Blood/Pressure (1987). Michelle will read her work in collaboration with a percussion ensemble of local women drummers. \$5. 7:30pm at Old Wives Tales, 1009 Valencia St. in S.F.

**WED., Oct. 31** - **Aché presents "Fright Night"** - a magical evening of scary stories with storyteller **Belinda Sullivan**. Come celebrate Halloween (& Belinda's birthday) with us. For the daring, wear your most frightening attire and take home prizes for the most original costume. There's no other place to be tonight!! 7:30pm. \$4-8 (no one turned away.) La Peña, 3105 Shattuck Ave., Berkeley.

## ◆ FILM ◆

**WED., Sept. 26** - **Aché presents an evening of drama, laughs and videotape** featuring character actor **Donna Terry** and a screening of the video **"Syvilla: They Dance To Her Drum"** a documentary portrait of African American concert

(continued on page 24)



# September 1990

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
						1
2	TV-South Africa Now	3	R-Acoustic Journey R-Spectrum in Musical Form	5	R-La Verdad Musical TV-South Africa Now	8
9	TV-South Africa Now	10	11	12	13	14
16	TV-South Africa Now	17	18	19	20	21
23	TV-South Africa Now	24	25	26	27	28
30						29

C-Class, D-Dance, E-Events, F-Film, M-Music, N-Nightlife, R-Radio, TV, T-Theatre



# October 1990

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
	TV-South Africa Now <b>1</b>	<b>2</b>	R-Acoustic Journey R-Spectrum in Musical Form <b>3</b>	<b>4</b>	R-La Verdad Musical TV-South Africa Now <b>5</b>	M-Queen Latifah <b>6</b>
E-Rawhide Round-Up <b>7</b>	TV-South Africa Now <b>8</b>	<b>9</b>	R-Acoustic Journey <b>10</b>	<b>11</b>	R-La Verdad Musical TV-South Africa Now <b>12</b>	<b>13</b>
E-Aunt Lute gala event M-Bringing it all Back Home <b>14</b>	TV-South Africa Now <b>15</b>	<b>16</b>	M-Duke Ellington Orch. R-Acoustic Journey T-Gospel at Colonus thru Nov. 18th <b>17</b>	<b>18</b>	R-La Verdad Musical TV-South Africa Now T-Gospel at Colonus thru Nov. 18th <b>19</b>	E-Linda Tillery/Carolyn Brandy R-Akabu T-Gospel at Colonus thru Nov. 18th <b>20</b>
E-Sinister Wisdom E-Hot Colours @ Bahia <b>21</b>	TV-South Africa Now <b>22</b>	<b>23</b>	R-Acoustic Journey <b>24</b>	<b>E-Aché presents Michelle T. Clinton</b> <b>25</b>	M-Reggaefest '90 M-Evolution of Afro-Cuban Music R-La Verdad Musical TV-South Africa Now T-Gospel at Colonus thru Nov. 18th <b>26</b>	D-Middle Ground Dance T-Gospel at Colonus thru Nov. 18th <b>27</b>
<b>28</b>	TV-South Africa Now <b>29</b>	<b>30</b>	<b>E-Aché presents "Fright Night " with Belinda Sullivan F-"Ganja &amp; Hess" R-Acoustic Journey <b>31</b></b>			

Check local paper for the date of The Annual Castro Street Fair!!



# SEPT. & OCT. LISTINGS

(continued from page 21)

dancer Syvilla Fort. This video was scored in part by percussionist Edwina Lee Tyler. 7:30pm. \$4-8 (no one turned away). La Peña, 3105 Shattuck Ave. in Berkeley.

**WED.-THUR., Oct. 31, Nov. 1 - "Ganja & Hess"** (1973) - this independent Black film by director Bill Gunn offers new insights as it examines the roots of the vampire legend. 7:30pm. York Theatre, 2789 - 24th St., S.F.

## ◆ MUSIC ◆

**FRI., Sept. 14 - The Burrell-Weinstein-Haas trio** featuring Patty (on piano) and Caroline (on sax) backing up Eloise's fine vocals!! 8pm. Women only. \$6-8. Reservations suggested. Mama Bears, 6536 Telegraph Ave., 428-9684.

**FRI., Sept. 14 - Linda Tillery & Skin Tight**, her 10-piece women's Motown band including Vicki Randle, Joy Julks, Angela Wellman & others will be performing at the Scottish Rite Temple, 1547 Lakeside Dr., Oakland. 8pm. \$12 adv./\$15 door. Tickets at BASS.

**THUR., Sept. 20 - Boogie Down Productions** with special guests **Boo-Yaa T.R.I.B.E., X Clan, Poor Righteous Teachers** will be performing at the Berkeley Community Theater. 7:30pm. Tickets available at BASS.

**SAT., Sept. 22 - Reggae Jam '90** featuring Black Uhuru, Sophia George & Yellowman will be held at the Luther Burbank Center in Santa Rosa. For more information call (707) 546-3600.

**SAT., Sept. 22 - Vocalist Dianne Reeves**, with **Gerald**

**Albright & Carl Anderson** will be performing at the Woodminster Amphitheater, 3300 Joaquin Miller Rd. in the Oakland Hills. 8pm. For more information call 530-5116.

**SUN., Sept. 23 - Willie Colon w/Legal Alien, Pete Escovedo with Tito Puente** will be performing at the Woodminster Amphitheater, 3300 Joaquin Miller Rd. in the Oakland Hills. 3pm. For more information call 530-5116.

**SUN., Sept. 23 - Batacongo** presents an evening of Afro-Cuban music and dance with religious dances rooted in Yoruba culture, carnival comparsas, rumbas and more. Featuring Jesus Diaz and Fito Reinoso. 8pm. \$5. La Peña, 3105 Shattuck Ave. in Berkeley.

**THUR., Sept. 27 - "Here & Now" - Luther Vandross** will be performing at the Shoreline Amphitheatre in Mountain View. 8pm. \$25 reserved/\$20.50 lawn. Tickets available at BASS.

**FRI., Sept. 28 - Smokey Robinson** will be performing at the Circle Star Theatre in San Carlos. 8pm. \$16.50. For info call (415) 366-7100.

**FRI., Sept. 28 - Vocalist Nancy Wilson** will be performing at the Woodminster Amphitheater, 3300 Joaquin Miller Rd. in the Oakland Hills. 8pm. For more information call 530-5116.

**SAT., Sept. 29 - Sweet Honey in the Rock** will be performing at the Zellerbach Auditorium on the U.C. Berkeley campus. If you haven't seen them, they're a must!! \$18.50, 16.50. Tickets available at the Cal Performances Box Office and BASS.

**SAT., Oct. 6 - A Gathering of Tribes** featuring Queen Latifah, Public Enemy, Lenny Kravitz and many others will be held at the Shoreline Amphitheatre in Mountain View. Noon until.... \$22.50 reserved/\$18.50 lawn. Tickets available at BASS.

**SUN., Oct. 14 - "Bringing it all Back Home"** hosted by Pete Escovedo featuring **Take 6, Oakland Youth Chorus & Voicestra** will be performing at the Davies Symphony Hall in S.F. as part of Festival 2000. Also features special appearances by guests including Danny Glover and Sonia Sanchez. Tickets \$22-16 available at BASS.

**WED.-THUR., Oct. 17-18 - The Duke Ellington Orchestra** will be performing at Kimball's East, 5800 Shellmound in Emeryville. For more information call 658-2555.

**FRI., Oct. 26 - Reggaefest '90 with Aswad, Foundation & Donovan** will be performing at the Warfield, 982 Market St. in S.F. 8pm. Tickets \$17.50 available at BASS.

**FRI., Oct. 26 - "La Evolucion de la Musica Afro-Cubana II - Para Bailar"** with **Cachao, Chocolate Armenteros w/ Orestes Vilato, Ramon Esteves & John Santos** will be part of the S.F. Jazz Festival at Bimbo's 365 Club, 1025 Columbus in S.F. 9:30pm-1:30am. \$18. Tickets at BASS.

## ◆ DAYLIFE ◆

**SUN., Sept. 23 - Aché & Hot Colours**, co-host "Let's Do It Again" - featuring performances by Maria Medina Serafin, Renaye Brown, Carolyn Brandy, Matu Feliciano, the Asian Pa-



cific dancers & a mix of house, funk, & salsa spun by two DJs; Avotcja of KPFA & KPOO, and Joey from Sacramento. Come spend your Sunday afternoon with us at Bahia Tropical Club, 1600 Market St. @ Franklin in S.F. 2-7pm. \$5. Don't miss this!!

**SUN., Oct. 21 - Hot Colours** - dance to the beat of guest DJs and a house, funk, salsa mix on the third Sunday of every month at Bahia Tropical Club, 1600 Market St., @ Franklin in S.F. 2-7pm. \$5.

## ◆ NIGHTLIFE ◆

**WED., Sept. 19 - Dominique DiPrime** hosts this celebration of women rappers with special guests Petite & Elite at the Kennel Club, 648 Divisadero in S.F. 6pm. \$5.

## ◆ RADIO ◆

**FRIDAYS - "La Verdad Musical/The Musical Truth"** with Avotcja. She plays jazz, blues, salsa, reggae, hip hop, and the whole spectrum of Pan-African music. Avotcja's show also has interviews and ticket giveaways. 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.

**WEDNESDAYS - "Acoustic Journey"** Surprise yourself

with traditional music from Africa, Asia, Latin America and some new ways of using it. Karolyn van Putten pilots this musical voyage including in-studio guest interviews and live performances. KALW, 91.7 FM from 9:00 to 10:00 pm. Call 648-1177 for info.

**WED., - "Spectrum-In Musical Form"** is broadcast the first Wednesday every month with Tamu Duewa & Sadiki Nia from 1:30am to 5am on KPFA, 94.1FM

**SAT., Sept. 15, Oct. 20 - "Akabu"** is a monthly program covering local and national issues & events relating to women of color. Hosted by Tamu Duewa. 1pm on KPFA, 94.1 FM.

## ◆ TELEVISION ◆

**MONDAYS & FRIDAYS (on-going) - "South Africa Now"** is a weekly news magazine produced by black South Africans that airs every Monday at 11pm on KQED, channel 9 & Fridays at 8:30pm on KQEC channel 32.

## ◆ THEATER ◆

**FRI.-SAT., Sept. 21 & 22 - "Camp Logan"** - when 19 Black soldiers were hanged in Texas. A WWI drama based on the Houston Mutiny and Courts-Martial (a story about the 24th - all black U.S. Infantry who mutinied in Houston, TX. Aug.

1917.) The Paramount Theater, 2025 Broadway in Oakland. 8pm. \$17.50/12.50. For info call 465-6400.

**SUN., Sept. 23 & 30 - WRY CRIPS Disabled Women's Theater** performs at 3pm at International House, 2299 Piedmont Ave. in Berkeley. Please wear no perfumes or other scented products. WA, ASI, Child-care. Tickets available at Mama Bears, 6536 Telegraph Ave.; David Lewis at Center for Independent Living, 2539 Telegraph Ave. & Modern Times Bookstore, 968 Valencia St. in S.F. Tickets are \$5-25 donation, no one turned away for lack of funds. For info call 601-5819.

**Oct. 17 thru Nov. 18th. - "The Gospel at Colonus"** the spectacular Broadway gospel musical will premiere in the Bay Area at the Orpheum Theatre, 8th St. & Market in San Francisco. Tickets area available at the A.C.T. Box office, Rainbow Recirds, STBS and Embarcadero Center. For info call 749-2ACT or 392-SHOW.

## COMING IN NOVEMBER

**SUN., Nov. 4 - Piano legends Dorothy Donegan & Andrew Hill** will be performing "Solo Piano" as part of the S.F. Jazz Festival '90 at the Florence Gould Theater, Palace Legion of Honor in S.F. 2pm. \$15. For more information call 864-5449.

The calendar listings may change without notice so double-check with the source for any last minute changes. To list something in the Nov./Dec. calendar, mail information by October 15th to:

Aché, P.O. Box 6071, Albany, CA. 94706



## Roles? What chu mean roles? This ain't no damn role.

by Toya Wright

I don't believe that I or my lover are playing anything. In other words, "We don' play dat!"

### On Dress

As far as dress is concerned, it is only natural that I wear my mini-skirt, fishnets, pumps and bright red lipstick out with my lover who's dressed in a three-piece suit.

What makes it natural? I usually don't bother myself with this kind of question, for why should one question what is, if it feels right? But for the sake of this article I asked this question of myself and my lover. Both of us had been very feminine and very masculine since early childhood respectively.

So what does that tell you? Nothing, except that what we found ourselves doing and wearing as children remained with us in adulthood. This is not to say that all butches and femmes are stuck in infantile behavior, but that children in general make behavioral and social choices that are right for them. And if those choices constitute behavior that is masculine or feminine, regardless of gender, then that choice should be respected in adulthood as well.

I am proud to say that both I and my lover are very satisfied with the choices we made as children, and are currently respecting them.

### On Femmes and Butches Choosing One Another As Lovers

In asking my lover why she has never chosen to be with a masculine woman, she says "Cuz I don't wanna be with

no man, that's why."

In asking myself why I hadn't chosen very feminine women, I discovered that if I really thought another femme could feel confident enough in her strength to take me (an already strong woman) where I needed to go intellectually, spiritually, and sexually, then I would have chosen one, but I've never met her. Besides, I'm the only diva in my relationships. There is absolutely no room for two.

### On The Behavior of Femmes and Butches

As a femme, I feel like the feminine behavior that I was trained to mimic as a child was inadequate. It did not prepare me to know how to get what I wanted or to even know that I deserved it. I had to come up with my own definition of femme. Being feminine is only a small part of being femme.

Who wants to be around someone who doesn't think for themselves, have their own opinions, or who hasn't come into their own genius, whatever that may be? On the other hand, who wants to be around a woman who dresses butch but doesn't know how to act? A woman who identifies herself with the worst aspects of male society and personifies them? No, girls, you get you a woman who knows about being a gentleman, gentle being the operative word.

Therefore, I strongly believe that people basically do what is most natural for them and "role-playing" is the wrong phraseology to attach to my way of life. ■



## B U T C H

## F E M M E

## Renaye Brown

This theme presented some problems for me, not the least of which was the question of relevance. Could I respond in a way that wasn't too self indulgent, rhetorical or circuitous? I wasn't sure so I spent some time doing a little reading, a lot of writing, some phone calls, more writing, and having a face-to-face discussion with a butch (and very gentle) friend in her forties who had some very interesting things to say about not only the concepts of butch & femme, but also about lesbian politics around these issues.

Many of the conclusions I've come to are tentative--the discussion of butch & femme is an evolving one. One of the conclusions I've come to is that the interest in the subject stems from our collective realization that what has previously defined WOMAN is not only limiting but, to use a contemporary buzz word, dysfunctional. The beauty of the words butch & femme is that (thank you, Skye) they are lesbian-woman referenting. They are words that begin to describe the erotic attraction between two women and can often end up highlighting power dynamics. And in a most interesting way.

Looking at it through heteropatriarchal lenses, one would (or could) be tempted to assume that in a one-on-one situation it is the "butch" that holds most of the power. But if we examine it with lesbian-feminist sensibilities, we can see that this is probably not the case. Here's why I think it might not be.

There is presently a strong trend in lesbian circles to dress more "feminine." As far as I can see, the values that determine what is "feminine" are patriarchal. Since we all have to pay the bills & eat, we make choices about where, when and how we'll compromise. I think this new lesbian femininity is a major compromise. I believe it reflects the prevalence of right-winged attitudes.

Now, being butch, that's a whole other thing. No butch gets strokes, except maybe from her partner (no pun intended) for being butch. What's more likely is that you'll get your ass kicked or at least stared at. But believe me, nobody jumps to hire you. Both of these points bring up that very nasty issue of "passing," something black lesbians are quite familiar with. I believe many of the implications to be the same.

I am a black lesbian, and I'm pretty butch—I really couldn't "pass" (i.e. be femme) if I tried. Given these realities I am often in a lot of trouble. It is easy for me to conclude that the more you can pass, the more rewards (jobs, housing, money, prestige) you have access to. Therefore, I think femmes have more power. I see it as a rather specious kind of power, but a force to be reckoned with nonetheless. I also see it as a class issue, and misogynist too. A woman needs to be self-defining and rewarded for becoming a mature, wise, integrated adult—not just for being pleasing to the eye. This is absolutely necessary. We must raise the collective consciousness of women. ■





There is a fine art to role-playing that happens among people on or off the stage. Intriguing characters take shape before our eyes and continue to develop as we go through our everyday activities searching for different ways to express ourselves.

Performing in dance can take on any number of challenging roles and characters. For the artist to get the audience fully into the moment, the dancer's role-playing must come from the gut. Oftentimes it pushes past the heart on the way out of the body when a gentler softer effect is needed. Role-playing allows the dancer (or even the non-dancer) an opportunity to explore another side of herself or take on an altogether different persona. Self-therapy is sometimes found in the role-playing and character changing that is done on stage, which can involve the audience along with the performing artist.

At times it can feel quite scary to play another personality because it can be so close to feelings that are hiding deep inside which you may not want to release....or do you? Role-playing gives the performer the freedom to "step out" for a designated period of time, thus enabling that performer to justify it all with the thought that it was just a role, or a character needed for

## Leave Her On The Stage: The Fine Art of Role-Playing

***"At times it can feel quite scary to play another personality because it can be so close to feelings that are hiding deep inside which you may not want to release...or do you?"***

a particular part. Thus, when the lights go down and the curtain lowers, the performer can safely go back to what she considers normal everyday life. (Maybe even to another character that she feels more comfortable with expressing.)

I have played many characters on the performing stage that have caused me to dig deep to find just the right person to give the part that believable look. One area I find most difficulty in is partnering with someone I am not wild about, in no shape, form or fashion, and I must be deep off into some romantic role or character the choreographer has decided upon. This can truly bring stress if you do not hurry up and find a character that will work for the moment and then leave her on the stage

right where you found her when the performance is over.

Role-playing, whether on or off the stage, is not something to take at lightly, for it speaks to us in a way that nothing else can. It is important to stop and listen to what the character is saying and to the manner it chooses to show itself. Do we acknowledge its presence or do we just ignore it and pretend we are ok in our "pretending?" Do we allow these roles to keep us in some form of half truth or complete denial around crucial (and not so crucial) issues in our lives? Where does the fun of it all end and the seriousness begin? Maybe the art of role-playing is not so necessary and the "real us" is just fine after all. ■



**Featured on the next few pages are several of the submissions we've received over the past year. Though the journal has come to revolve more and more around specific themes, we always welcome any submission (writings or artwork) that reflect upon our experiences and the issues affecting our lives.**

## **The Beginning of Remembering** by J.T. Gamble

This is the beginning of remembering.  
and these are the steady companions  
of a lonely  
childhood.

Not every night, but enough nights  
she falls from her soft warm bed  
down to the train tracks  
where the gravel is  
where the train drips oil.  
onto the shiny rail you must never touch—  
the third rail,  
scrabbling like a cat with nine lives/  
the train comes/  
and she's so small/it's so big/  
and between the electric rail  
and the fast wheels she wonders which  
will get her first.

And it's not always this one  
but often the other one  
the one with the big bird  
with the big wings from a big height  
that always sees her through the window  
where she always cowers by the sofa  
where her body is always too big/  
where it always sees  
Her  
and with a smash

it's through the glass now/glass everywhere  
and claws each one the size of her head  
reaching through, reaching through  
And there's blood everywhere/on the glass/  
the claws/her hands/  
and of all places between her legs.  
between her legs.  
and this is the end of remembering.

When she leaves home  
it stops.  
She turns from nightmares to day-dreams  
and she wonders  
AM I FORGETTING SOMETHING?  
In her forgetting she remembers her father  
— a ????? man  
She remembers the hunt/and the hunted.

Every day he hunted, not hunted like an animal hunts  
for fur/for food/but for trophies  
Cos daddy is at the top of the food chain and  
everyday he feeds on meat, potatoes, whisky  
and when he is through, on his family. If only  
she could forget.  
Years later in a family album  
she sees how much her father's hands  
look like claws, the claws of a bird  
And this is the beginning of remembering.



TO THE SURVIVORS  
by Nita

little girls, with innocent eyes  
stare past large groping hands  
that filter unwanted pleasures  
press flesh where hairs have not yet grown

after reoccurring pain  
that swells the young mind and new bodies  
screams not heard, lie wanting  
under volcanic pressure  
explosions foam from mouth and limbs

with tears they recount the story  
in riddles and with stuffed playthings  
the reality slaps doubting mouths  
of mothers, from their catatonic state

retreat to safer spaces  
darken closets  
dulling of the senses  
the children harbor fears  
their natural curiosity shattered  
kind words cannot retake  
lost dreams and fairy tales  
time the healing enemy  
comes to rescue all who seek

the perpetrators covet young flesh  
abuse the words of love  
the masses demand the return  
of childrens mangled spirits  
and empty souls are wanting  
with accounts left unpaid

© 1990 Nita  
(from N.Y.)

CARMEN  
by Khrystelle

Carmen wasn't a dykes' DYKE, she was  
your run of the mill, girls' best friend.

Average, in an above average kind  
of way. What I mean is, she didn't stand  
out... I never would have thought of her  
as a lesbian.

Lesbian... is short, stocky, broad shouldered  
women in army fatigues... or cocoa  
colored women with shaved flat top "do's" or  
even big brown eyes ladies in budding  
dreads.

Lesbian... is a narrow hipped womyn in a long  
sleeve plaid shirt, plastered to her  
chest... or light skinned, green eyed femmes  
in sky high heels walking slightly behind  
her wo-man... curly haired bohemian  
bitches scarfed from head to toe... and bull-  
dykking foul mouth females grabbing their  
crotches for oedipal imaginings...

I never would have guessed Carmen was lesbian...  
there just weren't any clues... no identifying  
characteristics...

no subtle moves, no "I Know You Know" jewelry...

THIS IS NOT AN EASY ACCEPTANCE



**I CANNOT IMAGINE**  
by Roxanne Stanard

I cannot imagine  
not warming myself  
by the heat of your desires;  
not doing the routine chores  
by the light of your laughter;  
not hearing your smile  
caress by cheek  
and murmur in my ear.

I cannot imagine  
spending my life  
without  
you.

I awoke inhaling fog  
and exhaling your love  
the rains feet pattered  
on my bedroom window  
while the same creative moisture  
jogged down my face  
a cool unwanted breeze made it  
through my half open window  
escorting the sun as its companion  
and the rainbow as its hope  
but I accepted neither  
for memories die old

©laura irene wayne

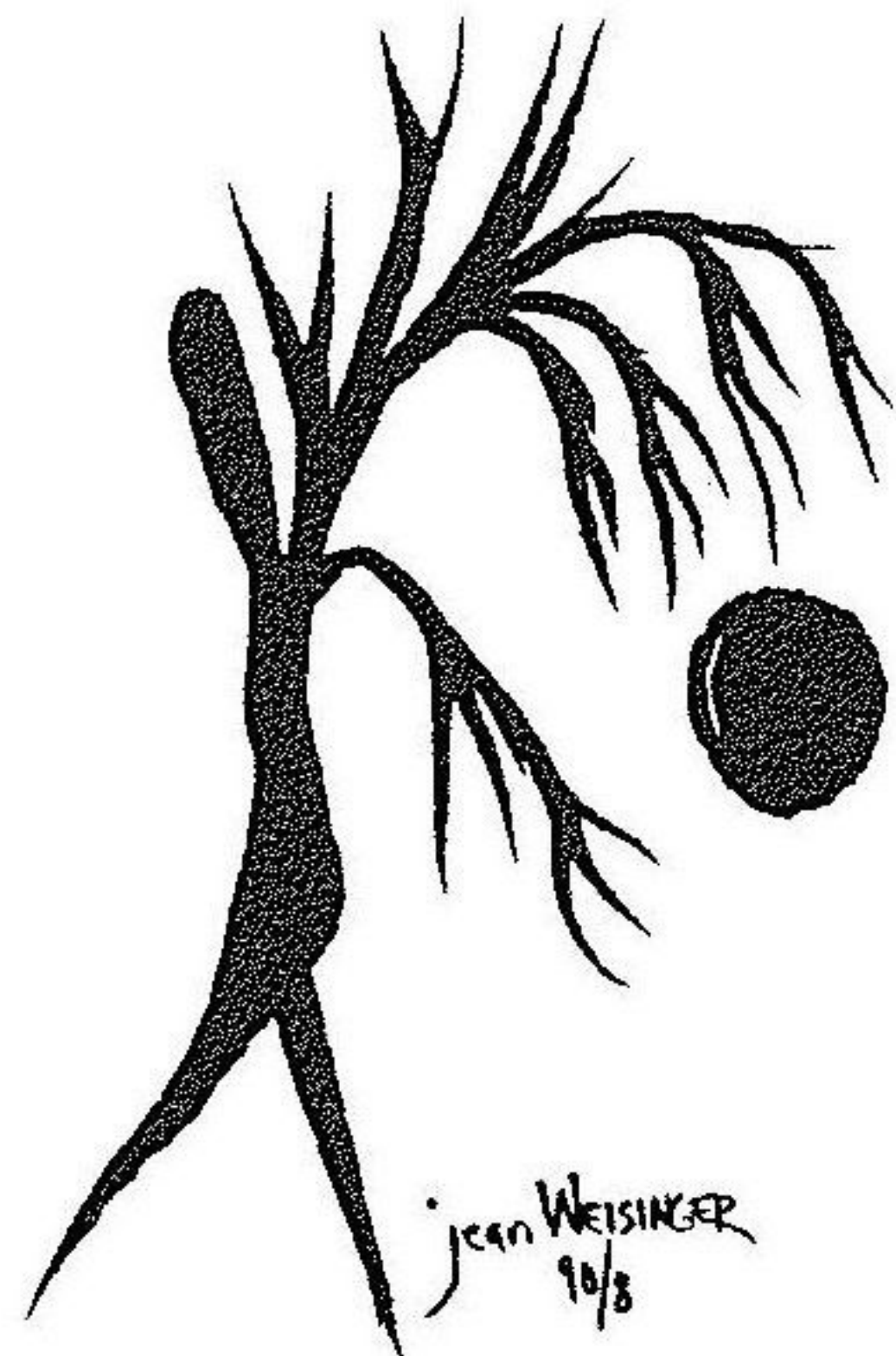
**BARE NECESSITIES**

Black harness hugs her hips  
holding the barest necessity.

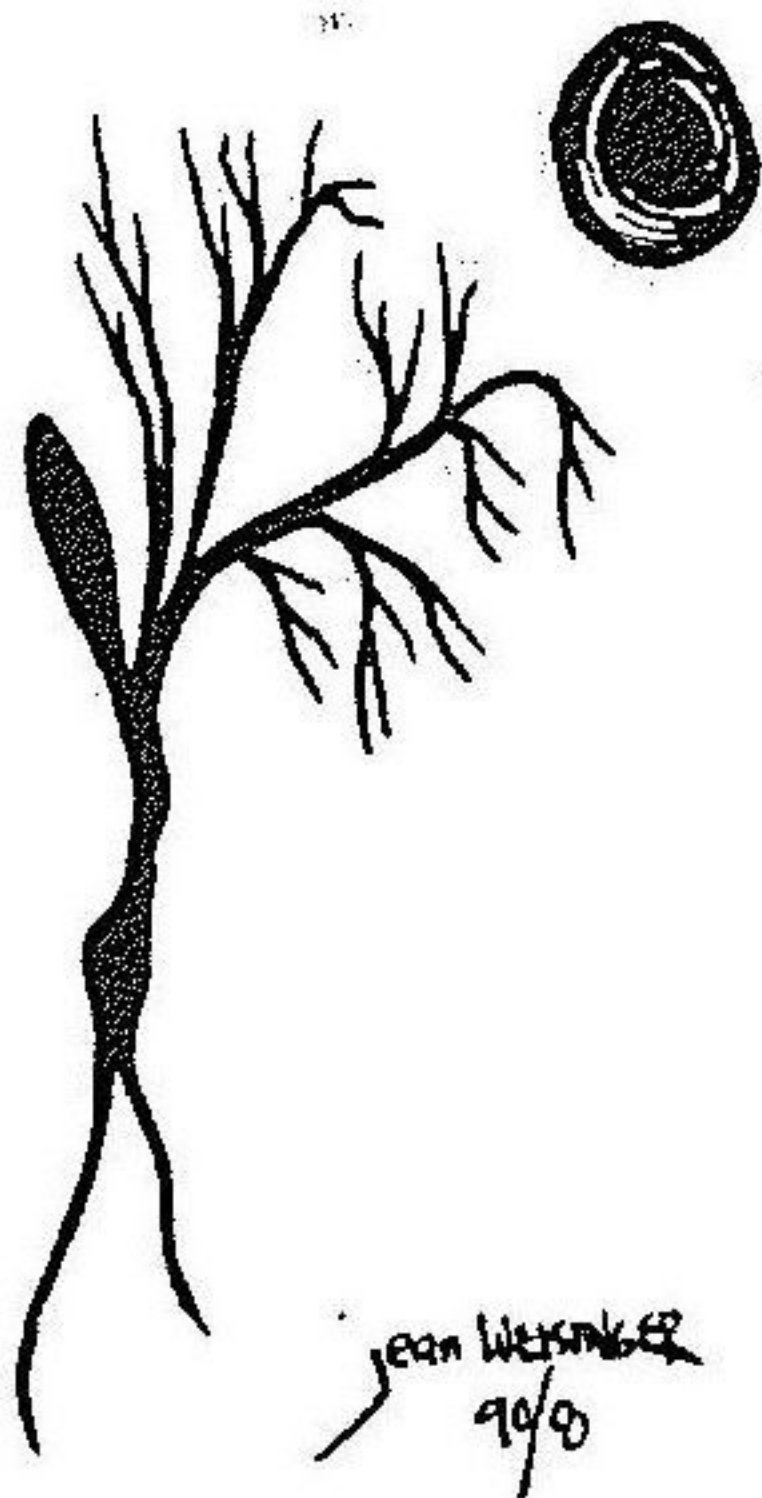
Brown skin glistens with sweat  
in anticipation.

Silver key clicks the lock open  
while she strokes her hardness  
Waiting.

© Natalie Devora







### **Dedicated to Storme Webber & other visionaries**

by Renaye Brown

A poet must have her passions  
her obsessions have aching desires  
but she must have a sense of place  
it is not on the funeral pyre

Every poet that I've ever known  
was half mad & crazy with need  
and that was especially true  
of those with no sense of history

Most of the poets I've known  
Were passionate & quite volatile  
And others were severely depressed  
lost & immobile

But one that I've had the pleasure to meet  
who knew where it is she was going  
she fired the path, she brought to light  
the incredible power of knowing

### **HOW TO SUCK THEM NECKBONES** by Terri Jewell

Them neckbones is something else if done right.

Neckbones cooked in collard greens, in pinto beans

with bay leaf, onion, cayenne pepper,

you pop them tender neckbones in your mouth

making sure they ain't too hot,

ain't too cool to surrender to you.

Play them neckbones like tenor sax,

tease them fibers righteous until slippery.

You gotta entice neckbones with close-mouthed kisses,

drawing meat slowly toward the throat,

then swallow, assuage the appetite,

flavor and temptation diving down and down.

You make sure you miss nothing.

Flex the tongue to keep neckbones rolling

so there ain't no place

that ain't been persuaded to submit.

Once every dimple, nook and burrow has been plundered,

nibble and suck, chew and take in

with final ecstatic motion

until the bone rests juiceless in the mouth.

Then aim your lips for the core, grasp and convince,

lick and pull until the last lines

of satisfaction have been spoken.

Yes, them neckbones are something else if eaten proper.



# Why Madonna & All White People with Dread Locks Should Burn in Hell

by Stephanie Smith

Leave it to Madonna, she of the steel-tipped tits,  
to go crawling through the fag/drag bars of Harlem and emerge with a hit song.  
To be credited with igniting a dance craze, to be blessed with  
hourly video play---and for what?

For usurping. For appropriating. For co-opting a uniquely black creation.  
The woman didn't have the decency to mention any black folk in the song.

---Not even user-friendly Negroes, like Lena or Eartha.  
Is she gonna try to tell me that there are no Sisters with attitude?  
No Brothers that are in the mood?

And about these white people with the pseudo dreads. What exactly is their problem?

Cosmetology 101:

Black people have flat hair follicles---the hair will dread.  
White people have round hair follicles, the hair stores oil, it will mat,  
it will tangle, but it will not dread. Got it?

My problem with these wannabees is that I don't think they want it all.  
They want to pick and choose. Just pull out the appealing, marketable  
features of contemporary black urban culture. Their goal is to own, to claim,  
to white-wash.

I say, if you really wannabe, claim the whole picture. Go ahead, you certainly helped  
to create it. Assume responsibility for the general malaise that grips our black society.  
This is the environment which breeds the creativity you so envy. The same society  
which binds us to the past and blinds us to the future. Don't covet it, take it.  
But you better take it all.

- Take the crack addicted babies & their strung out mamas and daddies too.
- Own the fact that black men between 18 and 25 are an endangered species.
- Embrace the hopelessness that infects the current generation, my generation,  
of black Americans.

Nah, you probably don't want all that. It is easier to steal the creative product  
if you don't have to examine the source from which it emanates.

If we accept and support what these folks do, it leaves us with a lopsided legacy.  
Our beauty, our art, and our creativity, if claimed by the dominant society,  
become diluted. Black culture becomes pop culture.

So, after we have been picked over, what is left, what we get to keep, is the  
pathological hopelessness and despair that has plagued our lives for eons.

As retribution for perpetuating the appropriation of contemporary black-American  
culture, while practicing large-scale denial, Madonna and all white people with dread  
locks should burn in hell.

© Stephanie Smith



# January Blues

by M. Corinne Mackey

**Monday, January 8**

The women in my family could love but once. If they were to lose that single great love—through death or desertion or because the loved, married or otherwise preoccupied, could not, in turn commit—it would not matter how old they were at the time of the loss: they would never love another. My mother, forty years old when my father died, has not, in the twenty-three years since his death, had anyone that she could call spouse, companion, lover. My aunt, thirty-three years old when my uncle walked out on her, has had no one in the twenty years since his leaving.

Last night, Kendra said, "Don't you think we ought to separate?" Today she's gone. She's packed her clothes and taken them away. She's divided up what we once shared: the television for me, the stereo for her, the toaster there, the blender here. And I'd said, "No." Separate? No. But an answer to her question was neither wanted nor required.

I feel the pain of her leaving. Almost worse than that pain, I find myself thinking about the women in my family and wondering how much like them I might be and wondering if Kendra was my great love and now there will be no more. I wonder whether at thirty-seven I have had all the love due me and that for the rest of my days I will never be able to love anyone else. This thought terrifies me. It would be bad enough to know I was not loved. It would be death to know I could love no more.

**Tuesday, January 9**

I should be able to get through this without resorted to hysterics and feelings of doom. Should. My dreams last night tell the story: great, empty spaces. Panoramas of desert land. And then, frozen tundra, too. A woman stands in the center and howls. The spaces widen. A hole develops. She falls in, sinks, disappears.

But Aretha sings to me:  
Without a word or warning,  
the blues walked in this morning  
and circled 'round my lonely room.  
I didn't know why I had that sad, lonely feeling until  
my baby called and said, "We're through."  
Yesterday this time I sang a love song.

But today I'm singing the blues.

Kendra, who has a fear of being left, always leave first. She swears she'll never put work into a relationship. Anytime the relationship becomes problematic, anytime she suspects a difficulty that has to be worked on, Kendra leaves. If you're looking for me to work on this, I'm gone.

Love don't last always, Kendra would say. Relationships end. Why, she asks, should she be eager to struggle through something that soon, down the road, would end anyway? Easy is only a step away.

Kendra said, "Jeri believes in, expects, love everlasting."

"Jeri," said Kendra, "has a fear of being left so she'll never leave anyone."

Jeri, with her very neat, precise schoolteacher-type self, had me categorized and boxed like everything else. I was the lover. Everlasting the lover. That was my title sort of like you'd say here's the chair, here's the sink, here's the lover, here's the toilet.

If you're looking for me to work on this I'm gone.

If you think it's about love forever, I'm gone.

Easy is only a step away.

**Friday, January 12**

Whether it is the worst or the best response, I don't know, but what happens is this putting off of grieving. I understand, fiercely, that life must go on. And because of that I cannot give in to the grief, cannot wallow in it, cannot allow it to consume me. Yet I wonder how this postponement or even refusal to grieve will eventually surface. In bitterness? In the anger of a woman who embraces no one? In the rigidity of a woman who fears letting go of that rigidity, who fears relinquishing the hardness for fear that the fragility will overwhelm? We colored women are always being accused of that. Of be-



ing rigid, of being bitter, of being too angry. But sometimes when the grief surfaces, it carries us away. It takes us away and we can't find our way back home.

#### Thursday, January 18

Strawberry January. Today a sunset that shade and in a blue and pale gray sky. I watched it go down. I remembered grandma and her friends talking to Jesus. As a teenager questioning, and being very judgmental about everything, it had seemed to me that their piety and their will to be good Christians was weakness. They were under the control of a Jesus who nobody could see or hear and yet they worshipped and obeyed. I thought it would have taken more courage and certainly more spirit to not obey, to not believe. When they wept for the Lord, I snickered. When they stood up in church and chastised themselves and asked forgiveness for some wrong they had committed, I snorted derisively. When grandma wanted to tell me about the Lord's ways, I refused to listen. So now, it strikes me as funny, that of all things that should come to mind, it should be one of her old biblical phrases that she would quote now and then. And though I still find the idea of Jesus as savior untenable, I hear:

*But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength;  
they shall mount up with wings as eagles;  
they shall run, and not be weary, and they shall walk and not faint*

In the club, Jeri danced. And Kendra, standing some distance away, alone in a darkened corner, watched. At certain moves that Jeri made, Kendra smiled. And wished, briefly, wistfully, those moves were still being made for her, and with her. But, you was the one left, Kendra told herself. Didn't you think it through? Too hard too often. Intimacy on a certain level, frightening. Learning how to reveal pains and hopes and dreams. Working through this, working through that. Working so much until the other person becomes hard to even look at, so weary are you and angry that there is so much work. And to go on with it forever? Rather be alone, Kendra thought. Too hard staying with another. Hard letting them in, hard going in to them. Rather be by myself.

I'm gone 'cause love don't last always  
and easy is my middle name.

#### Thursday, January 25

This afternoon I took a long aimless walk in no particular direction. Southern California winter and business as usual. The afternoon sun shines. Nothing—not the loss of a lover, anyway—called on account of weather...bad weather. I passed a building being torn down. The giant cranes and wrecking balls and what not taking great lunging stabs at the brick until everything crumbled. I felt as if this, being me, my very heart smashed to pieces. Until I lay crumbled in debris, until I was the debris, and the dump trucks came and carted the pieces and the dust of me away. Why do we build such structures that so quickly become obsolete? So impermanent. So temporary. Why, all my loves, so transient?

It was very early in the morning. Four a.m. and Jeri, unable to sleep, finally gave up trying, got up, and was grinding beans for coffee. She smelled the dark, rich scent. She stared down into the blackness of the cup and then later, in the living room, she stared down into the blackness of the cup and then later, in the living room, she stared down at the blackness of the street below. During the night it had rained. The streets glistened. The light from the street lamps wavered in the reflection of puddles.

If you're looking for your baby, you got to know just where to look.

Later that day, Kendra walked into a bookstore. She happened to see a card that said, "When in doubt, get horizontal." It showed photographs of people lying down in the most unlikely places: at the feet of people at a party, on a desktop at work. Kendra laughed and instantly thought Jeri would like this card so she bought it and was on her way home to show it to her when she remembered.

You don't know what you got til you lose it.

You don't know love til it up and walks away.





jean weisinger



# Jean Weisinger, photographer

I'm an artist, writer, teacher since birth, mother, granny and an African American lesbian.

My ART is creative, coming forth from my soul and the souls of our ancestors--that spirit walks among us. I'm committed to my ART...as it is one of the ways in which I am "doing the work" as Audre Lorde would say.

When I was small, there

My first art exhibit (July 30th at Geva's Caribbean Cuisine) taught me a lesson--to appreciate and value my own creative artistic work, my paintings, drawings and photographs. I will not again allow myself to feel or think less about my work because it doesn't look like that of the established artist.

Audre Lorde is constantly say-

## *taking photographs is a way in which I document the lives of those that cross my path.*

were no photos of me; I'm the first born of nine children. Seeing photos of them and not me led me to believe that I was from another place--another planet. So, as soon as I got my hands on a camera, I began taking the images of people like me--black people, writers, artists and the sensitive and beautiful common folks, down-to-earth human beings.

At this point in my life, I'm learning about the power of loving the self. The loss of my mother on October 6, 1989 has taught me this. Losing her has forced me to face myself; to think about myself. I'm experiencing an enormous burst of power. These are powerful times and I am feeling that I am POWERFUL. I am feeling that everything is possible and I can create my own reality.

ing "I know what I am doing with my power, what are you doing with yours?" I'm doing my work through my art, through my soul, and the way in which I share and give love to the universe. I will continue to fight against racism/violence against children/women/human beings. I will use the burning rage within me to help envision/create a safe, positive, peaceful world for all children. It is imperative that we, each of us, commit ourselves to fighting against racism and violence against all people.

I'm off to Germany, France and England. I will be documenting my travels through photograph and slides of Afro-German women. I will share my sojourn with you all when I return, and will be sending information and letters to Aché.

Feel the wind, feel me embracing and loving you all.

### UNSPOKEN VOICES

We'd like to thank everyone in the community who contributed to make "Unspoken Voices" - a multi-cultural evening of readings and performance - a huge success.

Held at Modern Times Bookstore on July 13th, the event was a benefit that raised \$250 towards the costs of Bay Area women, who will attend a conference on multicultural strategies for fighting racism and anti-semitism in Germany during August.

We especially thank the performers; Maya Valverde, Stephanie Smith, Angela Palares, Akiba Tiamaya, Terry Berman, Julia Youngblood, Nina Jo Smith, (& us) Joy Gamble and Jean Weisinger. And the audience which packed the bookstore.

When Jean & I first discussed this event we wanted to provide an opportunity for all these hugely talented women we knew to share their talents. Most of these women are not professional performers and many of them were sharing their work in public for the very first time. What richness poured out of these women and as the evening wore on it became clear how important it was to hear what each woman had to say. In fact, at 10:45pm, a small crowd was still gathered outside the bookstore discussing the event. Well, here's to our collective Aché - the power that makes things happen!!

Jean Weisinger &  
Joy Gamble



# WinnSome Words

(continued from page 11)

same size all the way up." They burst into laughter, and I just had to move into the seat across the aisle from them.

"Excuse me, ladies," I beamed, trying to put on my friendly, yet professional, yet non-matronizing face. "But I'm a journalist with a *most* prestigious magazine, and I'd like to interview you on you Negro gay ladies' propensity for role-playing."

They burst out laughing, but this time, I was the joke.

"Show me your credentials," Lipstick insisted.

"Aww, baby," Pillbox moaned, "that's what you're supposed to be saying to *me*."

This was the most... interesting courtship ritual I'd ever observed. I flashed my business card and we got off the bus a few stops later, in front of one of those infamous gay lady bars.

\*\*\*

Once I'd set up my note pad and tape recorder and Sticks had set us up with a pitcher and several Calistogas, we were ready. Some of Sticks' friends ambled over and stood around our table.

"It appears to me," I began, that one of you is butch and the other is femme—"

"No shit!" someone hooted. "You *are* observant!" The bar rocked with laughter...good-natured, I hoped.

"And I wonder why that attracts you to each other," I concluded.

"Well," Sticks sighed, "I just like soft women. They do something to me."

"I bet *that's* true!" one of her friends guffawed, slapping her on the back.

"Now, hold on a minute," Candy interjected. "Just because I dress the way this society says a woman should dress doesn't mean I'm a push-over or anything."

"Tell it, sister!" another be-skirted lady shouted supportively.

"All this stuff about femmes being soft is true on the outside, but what goes on in the bedroom, living room, hallway, movie theater, or wherever we are when we're loving on each other—"

"Uh huhn!" someone chorused.

"Is another matter," Candy concluded.

"What do you mean?" I asked, curiosity shining naked through my words.

"Well, the butches and femmes of today are different from the old-time ones. See, my mom is gay, too, and as butch as the day is long. In her day, lots of butches would go to bed with their clothes on, and they wouldn't even let their woman touch 'em. Wild, huh? But these days, girl, let me tell you!"

"That's about enough," Sticks chimed in.

"Now, we agreed to this interview, and I want to do it," Candy declared. "As I was saying, we're much more... ah, reciprocal these days. I may be as likely as my butch girlfriends to initiate something, or protect us, or—"

"Or wear the strap-on!" the bartender shouted.

Well, ladies, I was truly shocked now. If not for my dedication to you readers, I would've marched right out of there. But, it's duty before desire, and I stuck it out.

"I see," I lied. "Then, what's the purpose of butch-femme relationships and roles? Are they mimicking heterosexual relationships?"

The bar booed this question. Stealthily, I eyed the door, lest I need to make a quick exit.

"As I see it," Sticks said, moving closer to the recorder, "it's just a clothes and attitude thing. A game. Doesn't have anything—necessarily—to do with defining who you are inside, or between the sheets."

"You know, like actors have a role, and they play it. All the roles may be a part of who they really are, but not *all* of who they are. And who knows? Maybe beneath this outfit I'm wearing lace panties and a G-strap."

The bar pitched with hoots, whistles, and laughter.

Candy slid closer to Sticks and looked deep into her eyes. "Why don't we go somewhere and find out?" she begged. Turning to me, she added, "you can come by my place later tonight," and she scribbled her phone number and address on a napkin, "to finish the interview. I've got my own research to do now."

Well, that's as much as I could get from them right then, dear readers. Maybe I'll take her up on the offer of continuing the interview, and report back to you with my findings. ■



# self-defense

(continued from page 10)

acts present an intolerable challenge to the dominant reality. Invalidating the values of commercialism, of capitalism—reclaiming ourselves, reclaiming the power to define what value is, what power is, what strength is. These are revolutionary activities that must be taught, explained, and modeled.

When we all have real models of a better way to be, a better way to relate to others, then we can see what we're aiming for, the kind of future we want to build. Martial arts can help to inspire our vision for reshaping reality to conform to our possibilities.

A reprioritization of values necessarily accompanies the process of reclaiming ourselves, and the contradiction between what we come to see is possible—through the concrete models martial arts gives us—and the social structures which actively negate our empowerment, becomes too great to be borne.

I didn't begin training in the martial arts because I was concerned about defending myself. Or at least I didn't think I did. As things turned out, I learned through martial arts that if there was one thing I needed to work on every breathing moment, it was defending myself. Defending myself from racism, defending myself from sexism, defending myself from all power inequities.

Because the content of my training was about redefining power, and discovering my own. ■

<sup>1</sup>Gloria Anzaldua (ed.), Making Face, Making Soul (1990)

©Pam Satterwhite

## Nia Collective on child care

The NIA Collective is sponsoring our third Gathering for lesbians of African descent November 16-18, 1990, at the Marin Headlands. The Gathering is a weekend for us to share in workshops, food, dancing, beach and a cabaret to grow, learn, laugh, cry and make a connection with each other.

At the two previous Gatherings child care was not provided and questions were raised around this lack of child care. Child care was not offered because of the logistics of the Headlands but in addition most members felt that children would be distracting to the parents and other women attending.

A committee was formed within the collective to look at the question of child care. We approached the issue with the understanding that child care is a right, especially at a women's event. We felt that childcare should be provided to open the Gathering to women who may feel excluded with the absence of childcare. With that in mind we made recommendations as to how Nia could offer childcare so that women could have that option.

Our decisions were based on the fact that the Headlands is an area which has safety risks, e.g. wide open spaces, roads and a beach. Also the event is over a weekend, requiring sleeping overnight.

The Nia Collective has agreed to provide child care at the 1990 Gathering. It

will be a joint effort with the collective and the parent. We have the following restrictions:

- 1) The age limit is 3 to 10 for boys and 3 to 12 for girls. We felt that younger children required more specialized care. Also, showers are communal and some women would not feel comfortable sharing showers with older boys.
- 2) We have limited the number to 15 because of the need to provide safe and quality care. We will provide four qualified child care workers for these 15 children.
- 3) Child care will be provided during the opening and the workshops. The parent or a "buddy" will be responsible for the children during other times. No children will be allowed in the workshops (except the children's workshop), opening or the dance. There will be a separate sleeping area in one dormitory and mothers are expected to sleep with their children (separate bed) in this sleeping area.
- 4) Child care will be free.

We are planning a cultural event and other fundraisers to help pay for the child care, and we are also requesting donations (tax-deductible). Make check payable to the Nia Collective with a memo to child care. Mail to: Nia Collective, P.O. Box 20835, Oakland, CA. 94620.

If you have any questions, suggestions or criticisms please contact Reatha (415) 835-1552. For a registration form for the Gathering contact Janine at (415) 444-7973.



## CONFERENCES

### **I AM YOUR SISTER:**

Forging Global Connections  
Across Differences

A Celebratory Conference honoring

**AUDRE LORDE  
& her work**

**October 5-8, 1990  
Boston, MA**

Come celebrate Audre Lorde and others in the women's community with words and music, poetry and dance. Come to working sessions based on Lorde's 13 books of poetry and essays.

Come together with Black women, women of color, indigenous women from all parts of the world, and white women committed to anti-racist work, disabled women, old women, impoverished women, people of all sexualities; pro-feminist men and youth working together toward a new vision of self determination. Send positive energy, your love, and faith that our collective visions will become a reality.

Please send donations and inquiries to:

**P.O. Box 269, Astor Station,  
Boston, MA. 02123**

Make check payable to **I AM YOUR SISTER**. For tax deductions, make payable to Boston Women's Health Book Collective with memo note: Sister Conference. Call 617-424-6791 for more information.

### **INTERNATIONAL LESBIAN & GAY PEOPLE OF COLOR CONFERENCE 1990**

**November 2-3rd, 1990  
London, England.**

November 1990 will host a unique event in London, when hundreds of lesbians and gay men of Colour from five continents will gather together for the Sixth International Lesbian and Gay People of Colour Conference (ILGPOCC).

The agenda includes, amongst others, discussions on the international AIDS crisis, state repression, legislative restrictions faced by lesbians and gay men, violence, and the impact of religious and cultural dictates. The discussions promise to be stimulating; the implications far-reaching.

The conference is open to Black Lesbians and Gay Men only. The social will be open to all Lesbians and Gay men.

Telephone inquiries to:

**LONDON - U.K. - 885-3543**

Contact point for all correspondence is:

**ILGPOCC, PC, BM Box 1992  
London WC1N 3XX, U.K.**



## **PUBLICATIONS**

### **The Fourth Annual Nat'l. Black Gay & Lesbian Leadership Conference**

The Black Gay & Lesbian Forum of Los Angeles, CA. is proud to sponsor its fourth annual National Black Gay & Lesbian Leadership Conference. The 1991 conference will be held at the Hyatt Regency Hotel in downtown Los Angeles, beginning Wednesday, February 13 through Monday, February 18, 1991 in celebration of Black History Month. The theme for the 1991 conference is "Come Out, Come Home."

The Women's Issues/Program Workshops include: HOME GIRLS; a discussion and self-evaluative analyses of literature written by black lesbians/women; BLACK LESBIAN COALITION BUILDING: focusing on the national and global need for a black lesbian alliance; BLACK LESBIAN ENTREPRENEURS: focusing on creative strategies for starting women's businesses; SISTERS OF DIFFERENT MOTHERS: the global African Lesbian connection - building with other lesbians of African descent; SISTER OUTSIDER: a workshop analyzing platonic relationships among black lesbians.

For more information on this conference contact BGLLF at:

914 S. Wilton Pl., Suite 221  
Los Angeles, CA. 90019

or call (213) 735-9881

### **LESBIAN OF COLOR ANTHOLOGY**

We are currently compiling a Lesbian of Color anthology that includes:

**Diaries**  
**Short stories**  
**Letters**  
**Oral histories**  
**Journals**  
**Poems**  
**Autobiographies**  
**Theory**  
**Science Fiction**  
**Essays**  
**Photographs**  
**Interviews**  
**Graphics**  
**Humour**  
**Cartoons**

We are encouraging Lesbians of Colour to write and develop new forms of expression. We want to work with women who have not identified themselves as writers before and who have not had support of their work. We encourage all writers to contribute to this exciting anthology.

**Deadline: September 30, 1990**

Write to:

Sistervision  
Black Women & Women of Colour Press  
P.O. Box 217  
Station 'E'  
Toronto, Ontario, Canada  
MGH 4E2



# BULLETIN BOARD

THE DEADLINE TO LIST ON THE NEXT BULLETIN BOARD IS OCT. 15TH.

## ▼ GROUPS ▼

Al-Anon for Black Gay & Lesbian ACoFA's will meet every Thursday at 7:30pm at Bethany Methodist Church (social hall) 1268 Sanchez at Clipper - enter Clipper St. For more information call 995-2581.

Support group for Black Lesbians in multicultural relationships meets 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 Joyce at 839-3302 or Takai at 346-5872.

LESBIAN OF COLOR SUPPORT GROUP every Thursday evening from 6:30 - 8pm at the Pacific Center, 2712 Telegraph Ave., Berkeley.

MUJERIO, the bay area Latina Lesbian organization, holds monthly meetings on the 3rd Saturday of each month. 5pm. All Latina Lesbians welcome. Info: 587-7384.

Multi-cultural Lesbian writers group forming. For more information call 995-2730.

First time group for lesbian survivors of incest and childhood molestation. Members must be in individual therapy simultaneously. 16 weeks. Begins Sept. 10th, Mondays 1:30-3pm. Sliding scale. For more info call Alesia Kunz at Operation Concern at 626-7000. Intake appt. required.

## ▼ HOUSING ▼

ROOMMATE WANTED, black straight woman and black gay man, 30s, seek third roommate for friendly, semi-cooperative household. Spacious, peaceful, sunny flat in SF. Rent \$345. Contact Janet or Cornelius at 824-0381.

## ▼ NOTICES ▼

The NIA Collective is actively seeking a woman of color child-care coordinator for our 1990 Gathering (Nov. 16-18th). Please send letter of interest including special skills, experience, and references to P.O. Box 20835, Oakland, CA. 94620. Deadline: Oct. 5th, 1990.

Looking for "real" female musicians of color to form a band and do original music and top 100. Need: drums, keyboards, bass, guitar. Catches: 1) you have to sing too!; 2) be able to rehearse during the day, weekend performance only. 3) Know your music-personal referrals; 4) if you're not serious, skip this ad. I need musicians who aren't afraid to have a good time with music and have excellent stage presence. If interested, write DIVAS, P.O. Box 24078, S.F., CA. 94124.

The 2nd Annual Northern California Encuentro - a retreat for Latina lesbians sponsored by Mujerio, will be held on Oct. 12-13 at the Marin Headlands Institute. Registration costs \$100. (Before Sept. 14, \$85/partial scholarships available.) For information call 648-1291.

"C'mon! Don't be shy." Sapphire Theatre Co. will be doing a winter and pre-spring performance. If you are interested in auditioning, please leave name & no. with Sacul at 655.1615. First-timers welcome - theater workshops & games.

Women-identified women with locks for interviews. I'm a photographer (with locks) interested in doing a documentary. Geris, 655-0545.

The EAST COAST LESBIANS' FESTIVAL will be held on Nov. 22-25 featuring performances by percussionist Nuru Dafina Pili Abena, Casselberry-DuPree and others. This weekend in the country will be held at Appel Farm conference center, 30 min. from Philadelphia, 2 1/2 hrs. from N.Y.C. For more information call (718) 643-3284.

TO SEND LETTERS OF PROTEST of the insensitive depiction of Black Gay men in the television program "IN LIVING COLOR". Letters should be sent to: Jaime Kellner, President, Fox Broadcasting, P.O. Box 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90213. Send a carbon copy of your letter to Gay Men of African Descent and to the Gay and Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation, both located at 80 Vrick Street, #3E, New York, NY 10013.

A new martial arts class, open to women, children and men, meeting Tuesdays & Thursdays from 6-7:30pm. at the Pacific Rim Intl. school, 2640 College Ave. in Berk. The instructor is committed to developing a multicultural program. The class is signed for the hearing impaired. For info call Sarah Ludden at 548-6354.



# BULLETIN BOARD

Join Camping Women for the 14th Annual rededication ceremony at Colonel Allenworth State Park on Oct. 13, 1990. The town of Allenworth, created at the turn-of-the-century, was the only town in California that was completely financially organized and governed by African Americans. Camping is limited to 20 women so please reserve space by Oct. 1st. For information call (415) 530-3343.

**FINALLY! AN AFRAGODDESS SPIRITUAL AND CULTURAL NETWORK:** Join our innovative International Sistahood! Sistah-membership includes a free subscription to the quarterly: **MAMAROOTS: AJAMAJEBI** dedicated to Afrikan Matristic Spirituality, Mythology, Herstory, Culture & Politics. We welcome \$ contributions and submissions: articles, reviews, images, short stories, rituals, events, correspondence, resources. Membership/sub.: \$18-25/yr. Also, for a brochure of Afragoddess cards, t-shirts and other products by Asungi: send a SASE for info/sub: Asungi Productions, 3661 N. Cambell Ave. Suite 108, Tucson AZ 85719-1524. (602) 327-0987

**SAN DIEGO WOMAN** of art & culture would like to begin meeting some friends in the Bay Area. Not looking for a lover (yet), just out to make friends. I will be in S.F. for the Castro St. Fair. Call (619) 291-6734. Let's connect!!

Help! I'm a 26-yr.-old African American lesbian looking to connect with my sisters everywhere but especially within Trenton, N.J. and surrounding areas. If this is you, please call me, Lisa (609) 396-0617.

Are you a disabled woman who likes to perform? Come join "Why Crips" - Disabled Women's Theatre Arts Project. We do readers theater, skits, songs, etc.

Come share your creativity. Give us a call today at (415) 601-5819.

Donate your paperback books to women in jail!! Especially in demand is poetry, lesbian erotica & fiction, and books by and about people of color. To donate materials contact Amy or Catherine at Alameda County Library Extension Services, (415) 745-1477.

"80% of the students in the S.F. Unified School District are youths of color" states a school board member. "Are there any gays that are Mexican, Black or Asian?" asks a Lincoln High student. The Community United Against Violence Speakers Bureau needs to reflect the population it serves - volunteer!! For info call Geneva at 864-3112.

## ▼ SERVICES ▼

**CHIROPRACTIC FOR THE NEW AGE** - directional non-force technique provides deep-level healing and lasting correction in minimal time. Honor yourself with my Optimal Wellness Program. Call or write for a brochure/information.

Francesca A. Jackson, D.C. 5349 College Ave., Oakland, CA. 94618. (415) 653-6029

**Counseling for Women**  
"Let's break the bonds of the emotions of oppression and fly with the sun in our hearts"  
Simbwala, 465-3933

**SUPER FUN KIDSITTING**  
Creative childcare specially tailored to meet your child's personality. Sports, arts and crafts or adventures. Occasional sitting ONLY. Take a break this weekend and leave your kids to us. (Oakland & Berkeley.) Heather, 832-4753.

Is your daycare provider understanding of your special family? Daycare by Stephanie, a developmental program for children. 8 wks. to school age. 7am to 6pm. Mon-Fri. O.M.I. area, SF. For info. call 334-2077.

**Creative Murals & Trims**  
Children's rooms, kitchen, and bathrooms. Professional, experienced designer. Montez, 832-4753.

**Fashions Management & Consultant Services**  
Deborah Matthews  
(415) 841-2672

**"A SAFE & CARING MASSAGE"**  
by Debra K. Floyd for yourself or a friend. An hour treatment (\$35) consists of a full body massage, grounding, relaxation breathing and ends with a warm wrap. Call 548-2143 for an appointment.

**THERAPIST AVAILABLE**  
Supportive counseling including cross-cultural, sexual abuse, and substance abuse issues for individuals and couples. East Bay. Sliding scale. J. Segal, MFCC Lic. # MX0 2357. (415) 532-2452.

**MATH TUTOR**  
Black woman mathematician available for tutoring children and adults. \$12/hr. 654-5432.

**GWEN AVERY FOR HAIR**  
Precision haircuts, styles, colors and perms. 550-7666.

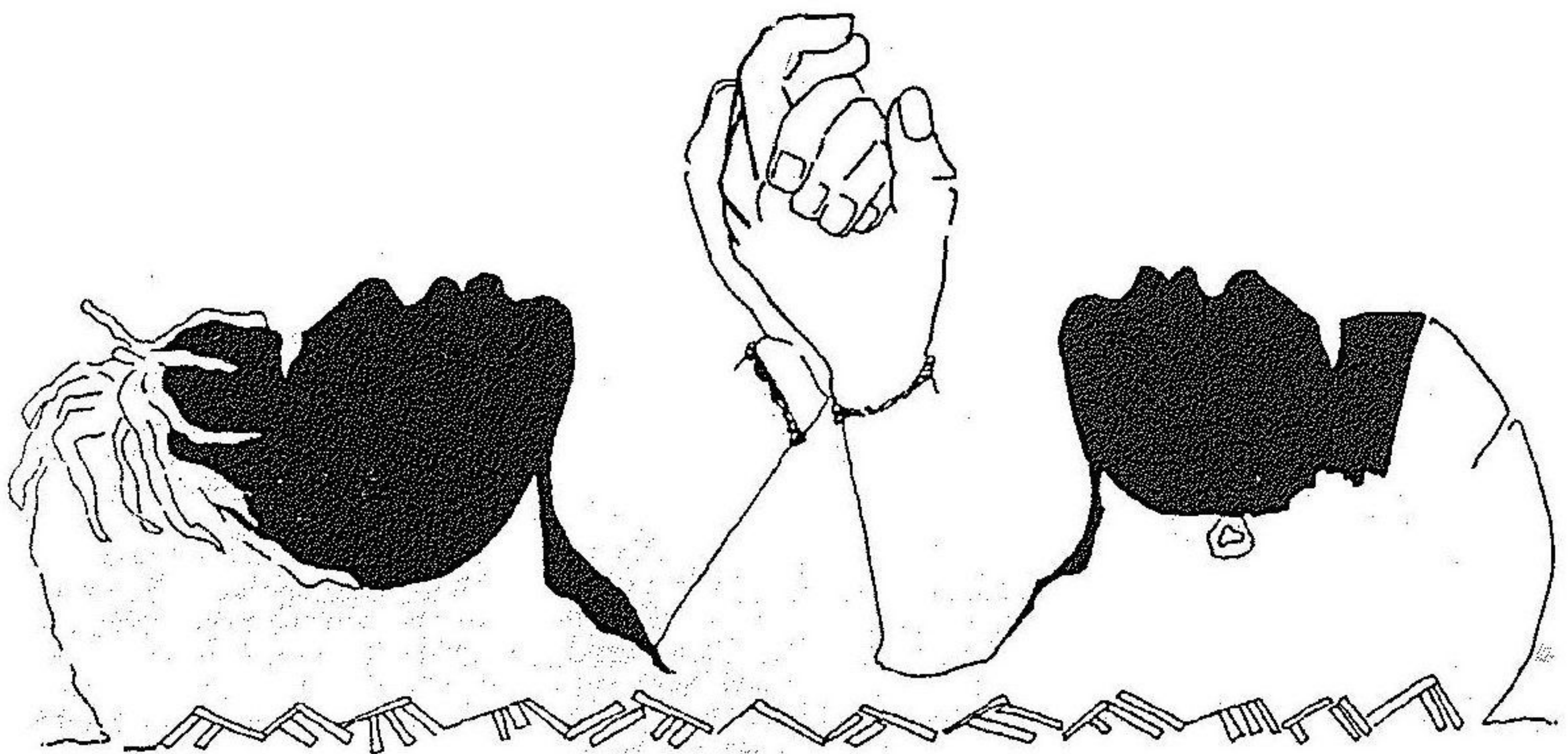
Dancing Lady who is very interested in keeping her strip tease skills honed, is available for your next special event. If you're having a party or even a smaller more intimate occasion--let me entertain you!! Fee negotiable. For info. call Teri, 532-8836.



# THE BACK PAGE

**Support Aché.**

**Subscribe, renew  
your subscription, or  
make a donation  
today!!**



graphic by Rox Johnson



"Ach  ." Ach  , vol. 2, no. 5, September-October, 1990, p. [1]. Archives of Sexuality and Gender, [link.gale.com/apps/doc/TRWABN568629131/AHSI?u=umuser&sid=bookmark-AHSI&xid=b2a96822](https://link.gale.com/apps/doc/TRWABN568629131/AHSI?u=umuser&sid=bookmark-AHSI&xid=b2a96822). Accessed 8 Dec. 2022.