

AKTÉ

November/December, 1990

Vol. 2, No. 6

\$2

A Journal For Black Lesbians



Artwork by Sarita Johnson-Hunt. For more on the artist, see page 4.

FROM THE EDITOR

Special thanks to Janet Wallace for laying out this issue.

Well here it is, the last issue of 1990. We'll be taking a break in January to gear up for our 2nd anniversary publication & celebration in February. I'm constantly amazed at how far Aché has come in just two short years. To date we have featured writing and artwork by 94 different women, most never before published, and have subscribers in 7 different countries.

How to keep up the pace?!? Well, first off, Aché is in the process of moving out of my house and into an office. This month, we just received word from the Vanguard Foundation that we have received a grant to (partially) finance an office. We're now looking for a large, secure space near transportation for up to \$400/mo. We're also having a major fundraiser on Dec. 9th (see ad on this page) to raise money for office equipment & furniture. Please come support us!!

For those of you who missed our last two events, Michelle T. Clinton, and Belinda Sullivan's Halloween party, WHY?? We brought Michelle up from L.A. to Old Wives Tales where her poetry rocked a standing-room-only crowd. The evening also featured a new acapella trio, One (keep your eyes out for them.) On Halloween, La Peña was transformed with wonderful set design by Happy/L.A. Hyder and truly frightening evening followed due to Belinda's spellbinding storytelling. The evening ended with a raucous costume/birthday party.

It's really important that you come out and support the artists and Aché at these events. Every event is truly special, yet they usually end up costing about \$20. (Considering the beautiful crowd, it's worth every penny, but still fundraisers they're not....) Please help turn this around (& do yourself a favor) - come out & be there!!

Lisbet

CORRECTION

The photograph of Jean Weisinger that appeared in the Sept./Oct. Aché, Vol. 2, No. 5, was taken by Julia Youngblood.

Aché presents...



Sapphire Theatre Co.

PRESENTING

"Lesbfriends"

(A lesbian situational comedy.)

WRITTEN & DIRECTED BY Sacul L'Adnbre
STARRING Gwendolyn Bishop, Mina Newman
Nia Nonzamo & Tina Wilson

Sapphire Theatre Co. is a new Bay Area theatre group for wimmin of color. It's objective is to entertain and empower it's audience. Please come join us!!

Wed., Nov. 28th 7:30pm \$4-7
La Peña, 3105 Shattuck Ave., Berk.
No one turned away for lack of funds.



Aché Benefit/Service Auction

(fundraiser for our new office)

FEATURING

M.C./Auctioneer Karen Williams
Live entertainment/food/women & song

This is Aché's big event, so come do your holiday shopping & don't miss this!!

Sun., Dec. 9th 2-7pm \$3
The Women's Bldg., 3543 - 18th St., S.F.
No one turned away for lack of funds.



PUBLISHER/EDITOR

Lisbet

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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. 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 or as black women.

The deadline for submissions is the 1st of the month prior to publication. Neatly handwritten, typed materials and 3.5" Macintosh disks using 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. 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

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

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Letters to Aché:-----

Dear Aché Readers,

I am writing to give you a profile of an African American Lesbian, who also happens to be physically challenged. I do so willingly because I feel that it is time to impart the real truth about what it means and what it doesn't mean to be physically challenged.

First, you should know that it means.....I don't refer to myself as cripp, gimp, handicap or disabled. I am a woman with abilities which are challenged by a myriad of barriers, obstacles, attitudes and prejudices.

Second, you should know that the above labels denote negativity and distort the perception of my handicapable condition. Third, you should know that it means....the loss of my limb does not subtract from my mental acuity or sexual prowess. And, finally, you should know that it means...I ambulate with a prosthesis, not a wooden leg.

Finally, you should know that it doesn't mean...I resist courtesy and gentleness of a woman's touch when I am in need.

And it doesn't mean...that I meet all of my challenges. It also doesn't mean that I don't want to say "what the fuck are you looking at?" when I walk down the street.

In closing, I would like to add that being an African American Lesbian who is physically challenged provides me a chance to see the world through many lenses. Through this letter, I have shared an abbreviated, but lucid view of how I see the world and I hope that, in some way, you can glean my message.

Yours truly,
DRW

Dear Editing Staff:

When I moved back to the Bay Area, it was very exciting to know that Aché existed, and that it was actually a journal for the "expressions" of Black Lesbians. Since I've been here, I've felt very acknowledged by this community in so far as my writing is concerned, and have managed to have

several pieces published in Aché. When I saw this last issue dedicated to "roles" and I saw my picture on the cover I felt it such an honor—and then I opened it and began to read the article that I had submitted and was immediately outraged!! Because, I realized that this "little" story about my LIFE, in relationship to a subject as loaded as roles, and had been "fixed" and no one had EVEN bothered to ask ME if it was okay.

The first article that I wrote for Aché was on internalized oppression and I must say here I felt it in motion.

I tried to imagine why anyone would need to change my words or alter my composition, without letting me know, for any reason other than a spelling or punctuation error, or just why one would want to leave out MY analysis of MY experience. But in fact this is what happened. It was quite shocking because some of the changes rang with what I consider to be classism.

Lucky for me that I had shared my piece with several of my friends, who ex-

pressed their pleasure with what I had written, otherwise I might have felt that there was something wrong with the way in which I had expressed myself.

I wonder if in fact you would cut off a person's arm or a finger because you didn't like the way it looked on a body, or would you cut off a part of a painting or chisel off a sculpture because you didn't like the flow.

There were times when I used the word "was" and it was changed to "were," or once when I used the word "point" and the whole sentence was changed to use the word "circumstance" instead. This is the way that many white professionals treat, what they consider to be black "styles" rather than black culture, and in an attempt to teach us Blacks the correct way to speak. Then there was the deliberate leaving out of MY OWN analysis of MY OWN SELF'S experience—twice—which gave the article a different slant.

I understand that same situation has occurred for several other women in this community and they also

expressed their feelings. But what about the unspoken voices? The ones of us who for the very first time might have found the courage to express ourselves publicly, only to find out later that we said wasn't good enough, and in fact our feelings weren't important enough to even warrant a call to say is this okay.

Interestingly enough, the parts of my article which were left out were my analysis of the power dynamics that existed in my relationships, both as a fem and as a butch. And again in this situation I would ask you to look at the type of power dynamic that exists between Aché and its readers regarding censorship. Aché! Aché!

Akiba Tiamaya

Dear Akiba
& Readers of Aché,

Over the past two years, Aché has been in a difficult transition-- from a small personal project to a rapidly growing entity which is now responsible to an entire community. As it should be. However, the reality is

Aché is still the product of too few, too overworked women (the production of this 48-pg. publication being done by only 3 of us.) Though we realize it is a necessity, as a publication, to get proofs back to all the women submitting their work, we simply do not have the resources at this point. We are struggling--to raise money to keep the journal going, to build a foundation that will be strong enough to last long after we're gone.

Our editorial statement, which was created due to valuable feedback from our readers is as follows:

"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. 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. Do not submit originals as we do not have the resources to return them."

Unfortunately, we still have a long way to go to realize all that Aché could/

should be. For the times when we fall short, we apologize, and hope that you will continue to let us know so together we can work constructively to make Aché stronger.

*with healing in our hearts,
The Editorial Committee*

Dear Aché,

This letter is dedicated to the sister who knows the rhetoric all the way to the sister who has nothing to say. I'm writing this letter from various vantage points: a co-founder of Aché, a woman in her saturn return and a sistah who knows alot about the skeletons hiding in our closets.

If you've ever stared at a beautiful woman walking down the street, yelled at your lover, hit your lover, looked away from a sistah's glance or slept with another woman's lover--guess what? You're human! I am saddened and amazed by the various levels of personal dishonesty that exists within the Black lesbian community. It is much easier to speak the truth about

things outside of ourselves. Yeah, we can confront the sistah about her oppressive dress or talk about the man downstairs who beats his wife. Yet I wonder if we could see a piece of ourselves in the woman who wears "fuck-me" pumps or admit our own capacity to cause another individual a great deal of pain. What's the big fear around admitting our potential to do and be many things; the good and the not-so-good?

When we are so busy analyzing, criticizing, or philosophizing about the way things should be in the world and not talking enough about the issues in our personal lives; we toe a very dangerous line. We begin to speak outside of ourselves. We create false expectations and we idealize each other. All too often we are afraid to name and share our personal struggles or open that closet full of skeletons. We then begin to mistrust and hide from ourselves. Losing the quality to feel and express our vulnerabilities often distances us from those people we most often want to be close to.

continued on page 6



Sarita Johnson-Hunt

I was born in Fort Knox, Kentucky to a high-strung army houseflew (M. Hunt) and a Master Sargent Chef (J. Johnson). I was the youngest of four children. From the very first moment I began drawing, I did so always in the context of my family.

In the spring of 1989, while enrolled as a student at the California College of Arts and Crafts, I began a series of works about my childhood memories. Not all my childhood events were positive ones, nevertheless they had contributed significantly to the person I am now. In celebration and acceptance of myself as an African-American Lesbian, I am bringing these memories to life through paintings and books.

As a way to organize and market my artwork and books, my lover, Sandra Calvo, and I recently started a business called La Sala Studio. Through La Sala, we'll offer original art as well as prints, coloring and story books for children, greeting cards, and eventually calendars!

Currently, Sarita has two acrylic paintings at the Branner-Spangenberg Gallery in Palo Alto. The paintings will be on display until November 17. Her first coloring book, *A Day With Alexis*, will be available by mid-November.

1990
Sarita



CYCLE OF GOSSIP

by Imani P. Ajaniku

It came to my attention recently that a friend had betrayed my confidence. I felt violated, raw and exposed. My action of what I had done was not the important issue here, it was the telling of it by someone I had loved and trusted. I grieved, feeling abandoned by this woman who I shared such a profound part of my life with. I couldn't comprehend why she would do such a horrible thing. I searched deeply, all of my issues around trust, abandonment, friendship and love surfaced. I felt tested on every level of my existence. I even questioned my own reality; we were best friends, so I thought, we both shared intimacies and secrets about our lives with each other. There was love, trust and security in the sacredness of our friendship. What happened? I wondered, "Wow, what else is she saying and who else is she saying it to?"

My inability to ignore her actions forced me to respond to what I felt was betrayal. We did talk and luckily we were fortunate to have some healing take place. But I was still left with the haunting question of who could I trust?! Even through my outrage and pain I knew this disturbingly familiar phenomenon has plagued our community for years making it feel unsafe and that unsafe feeling is a contributing factor in how we *do not* relate to each other.

Self-hatred runs deep and internalized oppression has many faces. Our silent secrets silently kill us. We need to share our secrets and have safety in that sharing. How else are we going to establish sound linkages and have a solid community among us?

However, situations such as this do not happen in a vacuum and

within minutes everyone knows it. On the serious side, there are sobering consequences. People really get hurt, feel very alone, friendships crumble and something happens to the cohesiveness of our community.

On closer examination, we may find malicious intent, unconscious behavior or a number of motivat-

Both the person who shares her secrets or experiences and the receiver of this information have a shared responsibility in how that personal information gets out.

all of us, including myself, participate on some level in the cycle of gossip. The blame is not hers alone, because we listen, sometimes solicit information and often repeat someone else's story. At the time when we are feeding off of this slime, little or no attention is given to the betrayal that is in motion. As we struggle to trust ourselves, we will never be able to sustain trust in each other if we continue to cut straight to the core and undermine our self-esteem.

Remember the grapevine? We all know the fastest way to spread "the stuff" is to say, "girrl, I've got something to tell you but don't tell nobody," and

ing factors for speaking on someone else's experiences; however, it does not matter what the intent, the result is the same. Betrayal. Gossip is always vicious, cruel, and damaging.

Both the person who shares her secrets or experiences and the receiver of this information have a shared responsibility in how that personal information gets out there. What we must really know and understand is once we share something with someone or have a witness to our actions, we no longer have control over what happens to that information. Even if a confidant has sworn on a stack of bibles and promises on

Cycle of Gossip

some ancestor's grave never to reveal what has been confided, what was once private and sacred has become a shared intimacy. That shared intimacy has been ingested, merged and is now at the mercy of someone else's psyche.

To take the risk of being vulnerable and to expose oneself to another is already very scary and to have that vulnerability and trust violated can be devastating. Damn frightening! It is equally important to understand that anyone breaking a confidence and betraying a trust can personally suffer damaging results such as the loss of credibility, trust, friendship, respect and possible confrontation and ostracism.

However, we have options. When someone starts talking about another person we can stop her mid-sentence with "I don't want to hear it," and proceed to educate her; we can remind that person that all of our lives, including hers, are still in process. Or we may choose to continue to perpetuate the cycle of gossip knowing the potential damaging consequences with a response as little as "uhmmmmmm..." and laugh.

If we have someone in our lives that can't hold water, we can decide not to be around her and tell

her why. We can choose not to share intimate conversations or do anything in her presence we do not want the world to know about. And, if we don't care who knows it, then the sky is the limit. If we are ignorant of her indiscretions, then her hypocrisy is exposed, fortunately we learn and we are richer for the experience.

We are struggling through tumultuous times when we can victimize others and fall victim to blame, lies, accusations, deceit, jealousy, hostility and disrespect. Now more than ever we need ourselves and each other. I took a risk and reached out to this friend I thought I no longer had. It was worth it for both of us.

Honest communication is very profound. Through these turbulent times we can heal ourselves, take risks and operate from the heart. This is our time; we can talk to one another and grow. We can establish special bonds through dialogue by simply talking and listening with no room for judgments. Let's grab some peace and joy and not get tangled into a never-ending maze of someone else's thoughts.

Let us celebrate and experience the richness and the vast gifts of the universe. The power is ours. We can stop the gossip. ▽

Letters to Aché

I'll admit it's hella scary work to do being "p.h." (personally honest.) You have to be totally accountable for your feelings and actions. There's no room for blaming, or making some one else responsible for resolving your hurt, pain or internal conflicts. What kind of risk does it take to be "p.h."? It's a risk that goes beyond fear or doubt. The risk simply involves having the courage to love yourself. Also, we must rarely, if ever, assume that anyone outside of ourselves has the ultimate power to name and define our feelings.

Finally, I would encourage each woman who has been touched by Aché to use Aché as a vehicle for personally honest dialogue. It is not enough to know who's invested in South Africa or to know the difference between butch and femme. It is equally and more important to know thy self first. As my mother used to say "Charity begins at home and then goes abroad."

Pippa Fleming

Dear editor & readers of Aché,

I am a sistah fairly new to the bay area. A friend hipped me to your journal and funkions given in the community. So far I've been to a fine showing of art by Jean Weisinger and a couple of the kickin' dances. How much I do enjoy myself at your wholesome gatherings. I've never been in a warmer circle of black women, specifically shaped for the celebration of each other. It brings me great joy to see sisters carry themselves naturally with such pride and it is more than a delight to see our beautiful colors of the sun blossom out for evenings of endearment. Aché reminds me of the contributions that do make a difference. Peace to ya,

Hortense Randolph

Lesbians of Color SHINE at Conference Cultural Event

by Skye Ward

Adding to the celebration and communion of the Women of Color and the Law conference participants were outstanding performances by sisters of color. A partial list of performers for the evening celebration lineup included: Anita DeLucio (Latina trio singing in Spanish); Happy Hyder (Director, Lesbian Visual Artists);

Rashida Oji (singer/songwriter); and Belinda Sullivan (storyteller). Distinguished in the lineup were black lesbian performers Oji and Sullivan. Rashida Oji alternated between singing a capella and accompanying herself on classical guitar. She developed a light-hearted rapport with the audience, inviting them to sing along as she sang original tunes. Oji has a powerful voice—her songs are forceful, vibrant and compelling. An example of her uplifting lyrics: "No way, no way you gonna take away my power, this woman was born to flower"—the audience was visibly moved.

Belinda Sullivan is not only a storyteller, but the sistah can sing and act. From the first couple of seconds after she took the stage, Sullivan had the audience spellbound with her stories. Dressed in vibrant Kente cloth and matching crown, she commanded the audience's rapt attention with her first story, "The People Who Could Fly." She told of how African slaves escaped from bondage by learning how to fly. In the introduction to her second tale called "The Wind and the Water," she said "The magic of the storyteller is to just take you away." And with much skill and magic she transformed us all with her tales—it was an absolutely magical evening. ▽

Conference Report by Skye Ward

Third National Conference on Women of Color and the Law
Stanford Law School
Stanford, California
October 6-7, 1990

"[White] Americans like to take the "land of immigrants" concept, to shift the focus from genocide and death...America is a made-up country--a stepchild of Europe." [Haunani-Kay Trask, Native Hawaiian Writer-Activist]

"When we expand the definition [of violence] we increase our weapons to combat violence... Our struggle must be a collective struggle, a collective fight, a collective outrage, to erect a formidable defense." [G. Chezia Carraway, Coordinator, NYC Task Force Against Sexual Assault]

Too often derivatives of the word empower (e.g., empowerment, empowering, empowered) get overused to the point of being cliched, and usually I'm hard-pressed to find examples of where conference organizers, (even with the best of intentions and highest hopes); convene a conference where the majority of the participants leave the gathering empowered in a concrete and practical way.

1

(continued on page 43)

BLACK WOMEN *of the*

ANCIENT WORLD

An Introduction

by Paris Williams

Conventional histories, as taught in schools and reinforced in the mass media, have come down to us as the almost exclusive domain of Europeans and their descendants. This exclusivity gives the impression that white people are the only people to have accomplished anything of real importance in human history.

These conventional eurocentric histories also tend to imply that the conditions that exist now are the natural order and progression of human history. Good examples of this notion are that men are superior and have always been the leaders and that aggression and violence are an irrevocable part of men's nature. Female passivity is very much a part of this scenario.

White feminists have taken these views to task. In demanding that they too should share the historical limelight, they have rejected the idea of their innate passivity. However, feminism has not rejected the idea of male aggression and violence as innate. This has had chilling consequences for Black people, particularly Black men. The characterization of African American men as congenitally aggressive and violent has played into the hands of racist demagogues who then make broader statements regarding the inability and disabilities of African Americans.

The characterization of Black women as promiscuous is another issue where feminist organizations have been slow to act. This, to be sure, is not just an issue of consciousness. The arrest and indictment of women of color for defending themselves against rape, including Yvonne Wanrow (Native American), Joanne Little (African American), and Inez Garcia (Latina) deserved greater feminist involvement. These cases and the mass incarceration of Black men for rape are irrevocably linked by racial reality, including the ideology of innate abilities. In our search for answers, we must not accept a worldview

To only look at the history of African Americans during (the past 500 years) is to defer historical ascendancy to whites. It is to say that we did not exist before they made us exist. It is also to say that Africans had no important civilizations or even a viable world view and that the rest of the world was similarly idle until the arrival of Europeans.

that erases the history of people of color. And in uncovering that history, we must look for any *genuinely different* conceptions of human nature from which we can draw lessons and inspiration.

Since the Civil Rights Movement, black history has gained some currency in this country. However, this history has been limited to the past 500 years, beginning with slavery. To only look at the history of African Americans during this period is to defer historical ascendancy to whites. It is to say that we did not exist before they made us exist. It is also to say that Africans had no important civilizations or even a viable worldview and that the rest of the world was similarly idle until the arrival of Europeans.

Afrocentric history is a means to counter these presumptions. While focusing on Africa and Africans it has the effect of countering eurocentric exclusivity with historic

inclusivity. Afrocentric study looks at relationships of people of color, throughout the world, from remote antiquity to the present. An example is the discussion of the African presence in ancient America in Ivan Van Sertima's book *They Came Before Columbus*. It is not just a chronicle of African accomplishments, it is also a discussion of Native American civilization and genius. In other words, the book is a vindication of both African and Native American people: their *individual and collaborative* contributions to history and world civilizations. The same discoveries would be found in examining the history of Africans and Asia, Europe and the Pacific.

By no means does this exclude a discussion of individual countries or cultures or a discussion of Africans in Africa. On the contrary, afrocentricity places Africa at the center of world history but not at the exclusion

Afrocentric history is the first step that sheds a positive light on how we differ from Europeans: It creates and articulates different standards of beauty, justice, human nature (including sexual behavior), spirituality...

of other civilizations and cultures. Afrocentric history is the first step that sheds a positive light on how we differ from Europeans; it creates and articulates different standards of beauty, justice, human nature (including sexual behavior), spirituality, etc. With this tool, we may begin to understand ourselves in detail as whole and complete. An afrocentric understanding will enable us to take better advantage of our current political circumstances: by applying new standards of leadership to ourselves and those who would be our allies. These new standards will enable us to articulate ideas that exceed the limits of feminist rhetoric, to express what is happening to us and around us in our own terms.

Our ability to do this will become more important as multiculturalism becomes more of a political and cultural reality in this country. As the 21st Century promises a new non-white majority, we must reassess the meaning of our own cultural integrity and the building of political alliances with other people of color based on this integrity, mutual respect, and self interest.

To know yourself is the first step in this process.

Editors note: This essay serves as an introduction to a presentation Paris gave at gave at La Peña, September 30, 1990, entitled "Black Women in the Ancient World" that we are transcribing and will publish in the next issue of Aché.

Paris Williams is a historian, anthropologist, world traveler and event planner living in Oakland, California.

Poetry

Untitled

by storme webber

a thousand points of light
torching crack pipes
for that quick deadly kick
"i cd suck on this all night"
for ten dollars and five minutes
put yrself in the driver's seat
feel the power it is the power
and it works every time
scientific advancement technological breakthrough
cannot cure aids (but created it)
how long till we see the enemy
smiling through our stupors
we such good negroes
despite our bravado
we gladly dose ourselves
in the name of fun
or self defense or romance
or tradition
"we real cool" still
only these days the reaper waits closer
the wrong closeness the wrong needle
brings us over death's threshold
we enter with our companions
ignorance carelessness & the master plan
WAKE UP MY PEOPLE
before the chance is passed
know they mean to kill us
somewhere all the time
reading statistics with glee
practicing in front of mirrors
the serious face that means they care
laughing behind closed doors
as we die & kill each other
with self hate & apathy
WAKE UP MY PEOPLE
there is no one to ride to our rescue
we are all we've got.

© storme webber

Henny's Poem
by Henny Tangande

What are you doing to me?

I am a living example for being
used. From the black women
and the white women, from the
lesbians and the heteras.
I am not you(r) agent.
You are talking about colonialising
and decolonialising
you are colonialising my sharing
with you
you say, you want to transform
you want to decolonialise,
but you are using your
own sister
black and white
keep your resources with you
keep the power
kill the ideal of multicultural
kill the privacy of feelings

But still...I have the hope,
that there'll be a time of
equality
Freedom of mind
Freedom of spirit
Freedom of thought
Freedom of strength
Freedom of feeling
Freedom of equality will be
respected from everyone
black
white
woman
man
young
and
old

Just hear the silence
the heartbeat of the butterfly
See their beauty
When you do that
Then you can hear and respect
yourself and your surrounding

Berlin, 11:51 AM 28.8.1990

Henny Tangade, an Afro-Indonesian woman, who lives in Osnabruck, Germany.

"I am a mother with 2 children. Everything I do is political. I'd really like my sisters to have the energy to do this kind of living too. I study social work and education."

This is a beautiful sister, full of anger and always fighting. She lives isolated, in a small, German town, where she'd love to hear from some sisters interested in forging international connections.

Write to:
Henny Tangande
Topferhof Nr. 6
4500 Osnabruck
Germany

Fiction

CRAZY FROM THE HEAT

by Uzuri Amini

The following is an excerpt from a short story in a collection of short stories in progress.

Nia sat on the stool before the wooden and dirt house in which she lived. Today she had decided to do nothing. She wasn't going to bathe, comb her hair, put on fresh clothes, nor stay in the artificial coolness of her room. No. Today Nia was surrendering to the relentless heat.

The village she lived in was in Nigeria, not far from Lagos. It was a part of Ijebu Remo, a place known for its mystical power. It was because of this power that whenever Tina told Nigerians not from the area where she worked, movement was always away from her. Fearing that Nia didn't know what she had gotten herself into, other Nigerians would shake their heads saying, "Never marry anybody from Ijebu."

Nia laughed at the dire warnings thrown her way but found it much harder to find humor in the poverty that surrounded her. There was no plumbing system, so there was no running water, which meant no baths or showers and no sewer system which meant no toilets.

The village, built on red dusty clay, baked 24 hours a day in a heat Nia had never experienced. By day, from the time the

sun mounted the sky until it descended in the evening, the land, the animals, and the people were bombarded relentlessly by the broiling rays of the sun.

At night, in an effort to cool itself, the land released the heat of the day from its fiery depths offering little relief to the populace. Those who could afford them had fans, operating day and night, usually in their bedrooms. During the day everyone attempted to wear as little as possible and still be dressed and clean. But clean was a difficult thing to keep with the red clay dirt becoming airborne by the gaggles of children in various states of dress running, playing, arguing, and fighting in the dirt. The endless walking from one villagers home to another over the dirt under the hot sun did not help either.

Again she returned to the one things that battered her spirit the most. The one item that she truly had no control over, the heartless heat. This heat smoldered with more intensity than the Atlanta heat she remembered from her youth. This heat surrounded her with its suffocating humidity causing her to have sweat running down her forehead into her eyes, over her face like tears, while her sweat rushed down her chest and back like a personal shower. Many times Nia interrupted conversations

with villagers to run into some private corner to make sure that it was sweat she felt running from her pubis down her thighs.

During the night Nia fought the urge to sleep naked on top of her sheets. Instead she slept between two sheets, afraid that a member of her host family would peek into her room or stumble in, as was their way.

From her arrival Nia found that this family and house was an open book to other members of the community, adults and children alike. After being there a while, Nia decided the problem had something to do with the baba (father) of the family being some kind of big honcho in the area. When she questioned Dr. Owoldbi about it, his only reply was that her host had some big position in his religion. The end...close the book. And Nia's visits among the villagers shed little light on this situation.

As Nia sat on her small stool remembering and thinking, the sun moved higher and higher until it reached its throne position in the sky. Nia just sat, oblivious to everything.

"I wish that it would rain," Nia said to herself. "Yes, I wish that it would rain." Looking above the roofs of the village at the cloudless sky, Nia thought about the stories she'd heard

here and there about how people made it rain.

Thinking out loud, Nia said, "Well, the technical way is to seed the clouds, whatever that is, but you need a plane for that and I don't have one. Um-m-m-m, and the Native Americans do rain dances. But I can't do that here. They already think I'm whacked. But, I could sing songs about rain. That's it! I'll sing every song I can think of about rain," she decided.

"Sunshine blue skies, please go away," Nia sang at the top of her voice as she launched into an old Temptations song of the 60's. When she couldn't remember any more words to that song she thought of another song and another and another. Nia thought her idea so important that she only left her stool to use her toilet and get water. One day of not eating wasn't going to hurt her, she thought and kept singing.

Now the one thing Nia hadn't wanted was for the villagers to think she was crazy. Yet it was always remembered in the village that Miss Nia started being different that day she didn't eat and sat on Baba Light's stool and sang all those songs from her America. Most of the villagers spoke little or no English and to them it mattered little what Nia sang about. But the few who knew English and could understand her became concerned when they heard one word continuously from one song to another - rain.

They grew even more con-

cerned when night came and Miss Nia was still singing. And after that day they watched her making her visits and listened as she sang about rain. The villagers began to wonder about Miss Nia because when she wasn't singing about rain she was talking about rain.

When was the last time the village got rain? Did it rain a long time? Was it cooler when it rained? What places collected the most water when it rained? Did it by any chance flood in any part of the village when it rained? Would she still be able to make her visits without an umbrella when it rained? Soon the villagers began to wish that the rain would just come so they wouldn't have to answer any of Miss Nia's questions about rain.

For Nia, her desire for rain turned need turned obsession. Upon awaking every morning she checked the sky for clouds and every night as she fell asleep, she listened for the sound of raindrops on the tin roof above her room. And the rain didn't come.

Without being aware of it, Nia began every conversation with the question- looks like rain, doesn't it? Soon she found her obsession creeping into her dreams and fantasies. At night she began to fantasize that she was lying on the hot red clay ground naked with the rain falling from the sky.

Drop after drop rain fell from the sky to caress her body. Rain fell upon her face kissing her eyes, skidded over her cheeks and nose, while forming a small pool in the crack of her lips, that

overflowed and ran down her face and under her chin. There those raindrops collected with others at the base of her neck, curved around and down her chest. Her nipples tingled as the raindrops burst upon their upturned hot surface and created crazy patterns down her ribs to her navel. Each raindrop that fell into her navel splashed the former one out onto her belly to join it's playmates.

Nia opened her legs wide to receive the cooling rain upon her hot honey pot, feeling the steam rise to evaporate in the air. Her legs trembled with the pleasure she received from the rain as her toes opened and spread to accept this wet blessing. From there Nia drifted off into dreams filled with nature made lakes of red clay filled with rain water. Here she swam freely as a water sprite free of the heat. In the morning she would awaken to the moist heat refreshed and still singing her rain songs.

Two weeks passed, another week, a month and still there was no rain. Now when Nia sang her songs, the villagers heard a dullness that was not there before. As Miss Nia made her visits and talked about rain, her eyes reflected only her frustration and despair of the heat. Soon all Miss Nia could or would talk about was rain.

Now for Nia her fantasies and dreams was where she was alive. Well. Sane. Her daily waking life was her nightmare. A nightmare defined and ordered by the heat. ▽

A Night On the Town, or An Experiment Comparing Dance Clubs to Barbeque Sauce

**An attempt to answer the age-old question:
Where can we go out tonight?**

by Janet Wallace

My friend Rhesa and I conducted a little research the other night. We wanted to answer the question: where do you go when you want to dance in San Francisco? Neither of us were particularly up on "the latest club" and I, for one, can no longer consider myself a San Franciscan. I've lived in Oakland for so long that I've lost the radar that told me where the places to go were as soon as they opened. Rhesa's girlfriend was out of town and my mid-life crisis was acting up, so we decided the best thing for us to do was go out. Our experiment went like this:

We started at Club Rapture because we'd heard about it but had never been. The fact that we'd been there after the Dynamics of Color conference last year doesn't count because it was a totally different scene. We drove by and there was no crowd in front. That's kind of a tell-tale sign to me. It says: not much happening in here. There was one sistah standing in front, and well, she *could* have been a dyke, but not necessarily. The blackboard at the entrance said, no lie, "Club Rapure," and I, being a picky-editor-type, wondered if the misspelling was intentional, or if the people were actually uneducated, and did we want to go into a place like this anyway? What if it wasn't even gay anymore?

Suddenly two white women strode up and in. One had on a black tank top (in the chilly night

air), tight off-white levi's, one of those "shag" (yes, one of those) haircuts, black boots and a very butch swagger. She walked like she had two six shooters in a holster on her hips and she was ready to draw. The other woman, long hair, makeup, jeans, mincing walk, was more nondescript. Yup, we figured, dykes. We parked and entered.

The club had an interesting visual show on the walls: slides of everyday dykes sitting in a bar, having drinks, smiling, sticking their tongues out at the camera, smoking, enjoying themselves. All kinds of colored girls were represented in the slides and there was an attempt to get a difference in ages too. It was by far the best show in the place, but it was over in about 5 minutes, and then the projector would show that glaring white light on the wall, and in your eyes, before going around to the beginning again.

I decided to live dangerously and ordered a beer, and Rhesa ordered a White Russian. The bartender grimaced. We were ready for some serious people watching until some good songs came on.

There were a few women dancing. It was before 11 pm, so there was not a huge crowd. Rhesa summed it up: "When I get to clubs like this I think that everyone must be somewhere else." Usually I like to stand near the dancers to see them dancing, but the thrash-

ing about was too intense for me to be comfortable. I now knew why the single small group of sistahs sitting together was positioned as far away from the dance floor as physically possible and still be able to see the dancers.

The disk jockey was a nerdy, straight-looking man who reminded me of somebody that might have a family of parakeets at home and a huge eclectic record collection. Not the usual type of disk jockey I'm used to seeing in a lesbian bar. He put on a record and stood there with his mouth hanging open, staring dully into space. I couldn't figure out if he was in shock or bored, or what. I figured it must have been mere distraction by other, more pressing, thoughts, like why the parakeets aren't eating that new food he bought.

The lone go-go dancer was dressed in a black bra, some kind of leather and stud belt, and black lacey knee length tights under black boots. She also wore a scowl on her very pale face and the black hair on her head was shaved fairly closely, like she'd been caught spying and had it cut for punishment. One cowlick in the front told me it was intentional. She danced a dance reminiscent of the movie Flashdance. You remember the one with the woman as the welder during the day and a club dancer at night, who tries out for the ballet school and gets in, all the while having an affair with her construc-

tion foreman? Forgotten it, huh? Well, this dancer was kind of like the dancer in that movie, only she was less limber with more meat on her bones.

The best dancers were a couple of 20-ish white boys, skinny, slightly built, short and definitely students of Soul Beat or MTV Raps. They had the moves down and put all the girls to shame. Perhaps they didn't know there were other places to go? Maybe all the tall macho men were hounding them and they just wanted to dance in peace.

A curious trio caught my eye. Two women and a man, probably Latin. I got the feeling of South America or Central America. The women had on high-heeled, toeless, backless shoes and party dresses – not overly stylish, in fact, quite modest. I could tell they were party dresses, though. They were of thin, swirly and flowery material. Sweaters over the party dresses told me these were tourists. Standing between the two women, sort of shepherding them, was a very gay-looking man casually dressed. He seemed to be explaining the scene to the women, who were looking wide-eyed at everything on the dance floor, furiously sipping their tall drinks through a straw. They seemed to be trying to relax. I imagined their drinks to be sweet.

I further imagined that they were lovers and he was taking them out on the town to get a taste of American Lesbians Having Fun on Saturday Night. I didn't get to find out if they were lovers or not because we left...about 20 minutes after we'd arrived.

If that club were a barbeque sauce, I'd have to call it MILD.

The next club was the old familiar Amelia's. The downstairs of Amelia's was a neighborhood bar – just like Club Rapture was an out-of-towners bar. Most everyone there looked like they were from the Mission and there was definitely was no dressing up. Most of the people hung out at the bar; they were more selective about what they would dance to. When a popular song came on, out they'd rush, after it was over, it was back to the tables and the bar stools and the walkway.

Sylvester singing "Do You Want to Funk" cleared the floor, causing Rhesa to comment that maybe the dancers just didn't know Sylvester. Hell, he's only been dead less than a year.

The best dancer on the floor was again, male. He looked like he was practicing for the Box, we guessed, from his hip-hop moves. He had the floor all to himself while he practiced his steps in the mirror over and over again, oblivious to everyone watching. No one else seemed to want to dance while he practiced. Perhaps they didn't want to get stepped on. I got an eyeful of the latest styles and decided to practice some of them myself later.

If this club were barbeque sauce, it would be MEDIUM.

Undaunted and still ready to get down we decided to check out the Box.

I was a bit apprehensive because the last time I went to the Box (not Club Q), there were very few women and lots of older white men ogling little, young, cute colored men dancing on the stage in various styles of sweaty undress. The older white men didn't dance,

they just stood around and tried to look casual, all the while facing the stage. The young men sweated and clowned and had a good time.

We drove up and immediately found a place to park a half block away. I thought that either this means we are destined to be here, or there's nothing happening and that's why there's a parking space so close.

A few women standing around in front. Good sign. For a good reason we are apprehensive about spending \$7 dollars a piece (for of course we don't have membership cards with us). After all, we've just gone to two places and only worked up a mild sweat. Just then a fella gives Rhesa a ticket. Well, that hurdle over, and on to the next.

The security guard, a young brother with a friendly face, greets us. We start chit-chatting and he talks about the fight he just had earlier that evening. A man attacked him with a skate board because the guard asked him to move away from the entrance. The guard retaliated by trying to choke the assailant. People had to pull him off and calm him down. He seems troubled by it.

"What's the crowd like in there," I ask finally.

"Oh, it's a nice crowd. Real nice."

"Mostly men?"

"About half and half. Wanna go in?" We enter.

Inside the music is immediately better than anything I've heard so far. The dancers on all the platforms are men (this *definitely* isn't Club Q).

The Box has the greatest lights and visuals of any club I've been to (which of course, as you can tell,

REUNIFICATION:

DON'T BELIEVE THE HYPE

*Women speak after
the
fall
of the
wall*

by Erica Wilson

Since the wall came, down it has been unsafe to be in Berlin. These stories are just a small representation of how people are living in fear and how they are fighting back. It is hard to explain, to make people who haven't been there or in similar situations understand how it is to feel constantly watched, constant hostility. I was in Berlin for one week and was attacked twice. Stories like these must be told to counteract the lies we are being fed here in the States. Assata Shakur said, "I am shocked by the truth of my own rhetoric." I have often felt the truth of that statement, often seen the lies and oppression I talk about thrown into my face. I have never felt it more strongly than during this trip. It left me hollow and depressed. I'm just now beginning to have the energy to do something about it.

Zariamama Harat:

I live in West Berlin right now; I returned to Germany on the 21st of October. I left San Francisco the day after the earthquake. On the ninth of November when the wall came, down I was one of the few fools who was there happy that Germany had become one again. And then I started to notice...

Erica: Tell me where you're from?

Z: My family they're Indian Jews [from] different parts of India and I was born in the Midwest [United States]. On the 25 of October, I went to the foreign police, to the immigration office to register myself. I had [been looking] for jobs. Thirteen times companies wanted to employ me and thirteen times the labor office rejected this. They were crazy before, now they've become hysterical. And it's really hard going through racist companies here in Germany; this is not like looking for a job in the US, and when thirteen companies are willing to go to court...

E: Do they have to give a reason as to why they have denied the work permit?

Z: They said there were enough people with my qualifications who could do the same work. For example, the Film Festival of Berlin wanted me to work with them and [the immigration office] said no. They said a lot of Germans would want to do this work, and we won't give it to you unless you marry a white German man. And I asked them why I should do that to Germany or myself and they got annoyed. They said, "My goodness, everybody's taking Germany over, and we don't even have Germany for the Germans any more." For those of us that are foreigners, our residency permits are based on our work permits. If we don't have them we have to go. Black women in Berlin don't really help each other with these issues—every woman for herself. Around immigration [and deportation], we have to do something other than just talk. Like in England, I was just in Manchester, they do anti-deportation work. So a woman is not alone, she isn't isolated with her problem. There isn't a sense of a Black community [in Berlin]. Everybody lives isolated, semi-integrated into the white community.

I work in a kindergarten with twelve children and one of them is Persian and German the others are white, German, Christian children; and this Persian-German child identifies as a German, you know, with the Christian Germans. He will eat pork with the others so they don't make the mistake of thinking he's a foreigner. And this little boy has brown kinky hair and he's really unhappy about it. And he's not happy about having me as his kindergarten teacher because of the racism he's internalized. I've gone on the train with these little kids and have had people comment about how the only thing foreign women are good for is to take care of our kids and nurture our children. And, of course, I happen to not keep quiet too easily and I had to say something about it...and this little boy was so angry he pinched me and told me to shut up, don't do this, you'll get us in trouble. This little boy was three-years-old, and he was fearful.

There are three cases of Indian women from different parts of India but [they] have US passports. To stay here and get good jobs [they] have married German, white, Christian men. And these men have raped the women and the women have become pregnant. Who can these women address this to—that's violence. These

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Initiative of Black Germans (Initiative Schwarzer Deutscher)

by
Rebecca Hall and
Erica Wilson

Berlin, after the wall came down, is a totally different city than the one I visited two years before. When the wall came down, a symbol of Germany's defeat disappeared and with it disappeared the wall holding back the flood of German nationalism—a particularly vitriolic form of nationalism. In the midst of new repression for foreigners, women, lesbians and gays, people of color, people with disabilities, anyone who does not represent the German ideal, there is exciting political/cultural work going on. — Erica

ISD, the Initiative of Black Germans, is a four-year-old organization. In Germany, as in many other parts of Europe (as well as in South Africa), the term Black is a political position, not meaning of direct African descent. It describes all people of color, giving them a common term around which to unite as political allies.

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These women are mentally unbalanced and feel like the white feminist-separatists are not helping them. They're saying [white feminists-separatists] that they put themselves in this position without considering the vulnerability.

In one case, the couple was told by the police they [had to] live in the same house together. [The police] didn't believe they were married, so they move into the house together. And I know this man, I see him at the university, he looks like your average liberal: long brown hair, green or blue eyes, the muslix boys, we call them, the granola boys. I

"...The law about the status of foreign people here has been changed...people who want to stay here have to have a room which is big enough...so for a lot of foreign families it is really impossible to stay here because they cannot get a flat which is big enough."

had to work on my thoughts about rape because I thought, him, he's harmless, who could he rape? I told her, "You have an American passport...and she felt she couldn't deal with the violence and drugs in the States and here now she has been physically a victim of violence. She doesn't know what to do with this baby when it's born, should she just dump it on his steps? And yet I told her, "You are going to have a black child. Think about the child." She doesn't want this baby. And something about being married these days, you can't get an abortion unless your husband

agrees to it. [It's difficult to get abortions unless you can prove in court rape, incest, life endangerment, or special "social" circumstances.]

Martina Loersch:

My name is Martina Loersch. I'm living in Bonn in West Germany, and I am a German, Christian-raised woman. I want to tell you something about the Roma refugees which came from Rumania. The common word is gypsies. A lot of them came to Bonn since December or January. At the beginning of August, there were 1000 maybe 1500.

E: They came as a result of what?

M: They came as a result of persecution in Rumania because the Roma people in Rumania were persecuted under Ceausescu and now also under Iliescu. So they came and asked for asylum; they raised up a bunker from the world war in the middle of the city. So about three hundred people were in this bunker, and they had no light in there and also the ventilation was very bad. In the morning, at 7 o'clock, they had to leave this bunker and during the whole day they were without a place to get dressed; they were

without toilets and water. So they had to be in the city and sit there in the parks and some stores forbid them to come in because they stole things there [because] they had no money and they had nothing to eat. And so they had to be in the city and beg.

E: Do you know how many Roma people came to Bonn?

M: We couldn't get any exact numbers...about 3000, but it's not really clear, it's a number that the city speaks about. Another thing about this bunker, there were no sanitary facilities, so they built up some tents where there were showers. Before they could get in [at night], the people had to have a shower and have their clothes disinfected. People who were working at the foreign office were advised to put on some AIDS gloves because they [were] told [Roma] carried some epidemics. They were told these people come from Rumania: they are really dirty, they don't know what toilets are at home, and they do their shit in the gardens and in the parks, and you have to take these gloves to take the papers. And so it was really inhuman how they were treated.

People get really upset about these Roma begging in the city. There were groups [formed] to... pressure...the city to make them leave. The politics of the city is that they are trying to put these people away from Bonn in[to] camps where they should wait [to see] if they can get asylum or not. So they put them in busses at 6 o'clock in the morning, to these

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camps.

E: Do you know anything more specific about the language of the law?

M: The law about the status of foreign people here has been changed, I think it was in May, and [I] know it's much more complicated. [For instance] people who want to stay here have to have a room which is big enough; you have to have the right square meters per person [which] also [includes] babies, when they are two-years-old, they have to have these square meters. So for a lot of foreign families, it is really impossible to stay here because they cannot get a flat which is big enough. And this is also the politics to stop the foreign families from getting more children, because it can mean that they have to leave the country.

E: They don't want to dilute the German blood.

M: The other thing I wanted to tell specifically about this Roma was [that] it was not the first time that many people came to Bonn. When this wall break down, there were a lot of people from East Germany who came and there were a lot of people called Aussiedler, I don't know if there is any English word for that. Aussiedler—means people who live in Poland, Russia, in all countries in Eastern Europe and have parents or grandparents [who] were German. They have the right to come here and stay here. That's what the govern-

ment told them. Many people who came lived really economically poor in these countries. [They] came to West Germany, to Bonn for example, maybe 70 people per week, these so-called Aussiedler, and the city is totally welcoming them...And [the] only thing that people could say is that Roma is not the same as Aussiedler. They said things like "It's not typical for them [Roma] to live in cities, so we have to put them in these camps...It's not typical for them to use toilets and that's why they use the parks."

It was really horrible what they did with these people, especially when you compare it to the welcome with the Aussiedler who have something called German blood.

Modjgan Hamzhei:

I live now in Cologne [was] born and grow up in a small town near Dusseldorf and my parents are from Iran. For the past time, groups of fascists in Cologne have been going out in gangs. And they meet publically in bars.

E: This is since the wall?

M: No, it's been a long time now.

These are young people, they're not older people; these are young people and they're called neo-fascists, or skinheads and other groups, so it's not like the old Nazis.

And there's a mixed, that means

men and women, anti-fascist scene in Cologne, well within the squatters scene. And within this squatted house in Cologne, there's a cafe for lesbians and other women. The reason we say "for lesbians and other women" is to make sure that lesbians become more visible. There's a whole network going on: the men and women in the mixed anti-fascist scene let the women in the cafe know when the fascists are meeting and when they go out in groups.

E: And racially? The mixed group, are they all white or mixed racially?

M: White. They're white leftists. They call them autonom. She and two other Afro-German women lesbians also go to this cafe. And she said that when and if the fascists come and storm into the cafe that she and those two other women would be the first attacked by them. And although they lock the door when they find out that they are meeting and they are going out in gangs, they don't all leave the place together. They end up going home alone. We know the fascists know that there are a lot of lesbians meeting there, and I know that we [as Black women] will be the first ones to be attacked.

E: Have there been any women attacked?

M: Not from my scene, but from stories I've been told there have been a lot of incidents of people being attacked on the streets. Black people.

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encounters **W**ith Borders

by Ika Hugel
translated by Bagmar Schultz

"I know you so well by now, and you have become so familiar to me that I don't realize any longer that you are Black. Racism- is that really your subject- what does it mean to you as a Black German and, above all, how do you live with it?"

Such statements and questions and many others are frequently posed to me, and the bewildered faces of white German women, when I ask them "What is racism doing with you? How can you live

with it?", often are alarming. They move in a matter of course way on the other side, for racism marks a border line. Those who are excluded suffer most from borders. The greatest losses are, however, incurred by those who separate themselves, don't open themselves, don't change their perspective, don't perceive our being Black or question their own viewpoint.

These past days, I often think of my short stay in Berlin in November 1989—of the wall, that border which until then divided this huge city. But who is more in a position to understand a border, to live with a border, than Black Germans? Not without emotion I experienced how this wall

lost its power and how the people on the other side came across by the thousands. I searched their faces and encountered many a rejecting look, examining me in full ignorance of the possibility that I too was German and welcoming them. Borders are insidious, and you can get used to living with a border without being aware how much you are affected by their mere existence.

In the midst of all the people I sensed how proud West Berliners are not to be East Berliners, just like Bavarians don't want to be Prussians and vice versa; more than anything, however, whites never want to be

Blacks. The feeling was frightening, and once again, I was overcome by the certainty that all people are carrying their borders with them. Borders find their most obvious expression in the formation of prejudices and fears.

In that city, in the middle of Berlin, I kept thinking of how it could be to transgress borders. I watched the people and wished that in each of their hearts their own borders could be overcome too. I was aware of how friendly they were with each other, knowing well, their gestures did not include me. Congratulations and embraces; so many hands stretching toward each other, and I was

Ika Hugel works with Orlanda Press, a women's press in Berlin. This article is reprinted from a feminist anthology published by Orlanda with their permission.

moved. I wished being welcome in that way just for a minute, I, we, who do not look German, but are German.

Especially problematic and painful are, then, those borders which you build around yourself and the borders which cut right through your own self and your own identity in your own country.

The ecstasy of feelings swept me along too. I did not know anyone except the friend next to me. Most people had met each other a moment ago. I could see so much that was human. Much of the joy I could not share, rather felt ashamed for it, but where to go with my knowledge that the borders are everywhere, everywhere I can see them and feel them, and sometimes I draw them myself. (Isn't it frequently a matter of how closely the borders are being guarded?)

Wishing to see the wall one more time I got out of the car, standing there speechless and closing my eyes. It is a place which could betray me, disclose my "being-different". I do not really want to see this wall, don't want to see this border, nor the stretch of "no-man's-land".

Memories—memories of those who always wanted me to say farewell. I feel the sweat on my hands and the cramping of my stomach, although I know everything is alright, that I am on the right side. Everything is alright, only with my anger something is wrong.

I kept walking the crowded streets for a long time. Looked helplessly where I could halt. Didn't want to know what I am for all of them—German? My voice, my scream for freedom and a home country, incorporated the secret love in a world, which is friendly not for everyone.

My experiences as a Black German and the daily confrontations involved with it force me always again not to ignore my anger, when it has to hit exactly those in whose midst we move insecure and isolated and who punish any outbreak of anger, as small as it may be, with new exclusion? The fact is that whites do not have to deal with racism, do not have to question their values and identity—quite to the contrary, because for them questioning (i.e., anti-racist engagement),

means questioning their privileges, and who can or wants to afford doing that in the long run? Questioning privileges also means perceiving borders and crossing borders.

Society around me still is far from realizing that crossed borders, as in the example of Berlin, are not surmounted borders, as long as experiences are bound to national borders. For many, the inner borders remain a lifelong handicap, burden and threat.

If we want to move anything together, we have to overcome all kinds of borders, so as to arrive at a new political coalition which includes all people.

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(not listed in the calendar)

SATURDAYS & WEDNESDAYS
(ongoing) advanced, beginning & intermediate moern jazz dance, with Debra K. Floyd and live drumming. These on going 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-SUN., Nov. 2,9,16-17 - "The African Dance Series", featuring Diamano Coura, West African Dance Company, Batucaje, Roots of Haiti, Ladzepko Brothers, Ceedo Senagalese Dance Co., and Fua Dia Congo over 4 nights at the Henry J. Kaiser Convention Center, 10th and Fallon St. in Oakland. All shows start at 8pm. Tickets \$10. For more information call 763-3962.

FRI-SUN., Dec. 14-16 - "The Revolutionary Nutcracker Sweetie", a Dance Brigade Production with musical director Mary Watkins will be performed at the Oakland Scottish Rite Theatre, 1547 Lakeside Dr. in Oakland. Showtimes 8pm. Saturday matinee at 2pm. \$13 adv./\$15 door. Tickets available at BASS. for more information call 465-3686.

◆ EVENTS ◆

SAT., Nov. 10 - Women Against Imperialism proudly

NOV. & DEC. LISTINGS

presents **"Dykes To Step Out For"**, a lesbian dance featuring the sizzling Latin jazz of **Maria Cora and Different Touch**, 9:30pm at La Peña, 3105 Shattuck Ave. in Berkeley. \$7-10 sliding scale. Wheelchair accessible. Alcohol & substance free, no scents please. For childcare, call 995-4735 (48 hrs. adv.)

SUN., Nov. 11 - Theatre premiere of Cherie Moraga's **"Shadow of a Man"** (see theatre) at the Eureka Theatre, followed by a reception at Bahia Tropical, 1600 Market St., featuring music by Grupo Sini-gual. Tickets are \$10, including both play and reception. "Shadow of a Man" starts at 2pm at the Eureka Theatre, 2730 - 16th St. in S.F., reception from 4-7pm. For information call 641-7657.

THUR., Nov. 15 - **April Sinclair** reads from her coming of age novel in progress, Coffee Will Make Your Black, at Old Wives Tales Bookstore, 1009 Valencia St. in S.F. \$3 Donation.

SAT., Nov. 17, Dec. 1 - **"African American Women: The Politics of Empowerment"** is a seminar which will focus on the increased number of impoverished African American women living in this country and the process of breaking the cycle of poverty through the Politics of Empowerment. The seminar will be held from 8am-5pm at the Black Women's Resource Center, 518 - 17th St., Suite 202 in Oakland. \$7. For more information call 763-9501.

SUN., Nov. 18 - **"An African American and Asian American Feminist Dialogue: Forging Alliances Across the Col-**

or Line" Join a benefit for Radical Women's Fund for Feminist Sedition. Merle Woo and Barbara Smith, renowned feminist activists, are the featured guests in a dialogue about interracial conflicts and building multi-racial alliances between people of all races, sexes and sexualities. The event will be held at Intersection for the Arts, 446 Valencia St. in S.F. 3pm. \$5-10. For childcare call 864-1278 3 days in advance.

SAT., Nov. 24 - **Gay Comedy Night** featuring **Karen Williams, Karen Ripley, and Danny Williams** at Josie's Cabaret & Juice Joint, 3583 - 16th St. (at Market) in S.F. 10pm. \$8. For reservations call 861-7933.

SUN., Nov. 25 - **Opal Palmer Adisa & Michelle Cliff** share readings/essays from the 1st International Caribbean Women's Writers' Conference. 3-5pm. Old Wives Tales Bookstore, 1009 Valencia St. in S.F. For information call 821-4676.

TUE., Nov. 27 - **Gordon Parks**, photographer, composer & film director, will be discussing his work and his autobiography "Voices in the Mirror: An Autobiography" at Cody's Bookstore, 2454 Telegraph Ave. in Berkeley. For more information call 845-7852.

THUR., Nov. 29 - **Calendar Publication Party** at Modern Times Bookstore for Morena's 1991 Calendar & Women of Color Resource Guide, featuring poet/musician **Avotcja**; Chicana muralist **Juana Alicia**; African-American artist **Irma Jean**; Morena publisher **Gwen Carmen** and others. 968 Valencia St. in S.F. For more information call 282-9246.

SAT. & SUN., Dec. 8-9, 15-16 - **The Women's Building 12th Annual Arts and Crafts Fair**, showcasing over 150 women artists and craftswomen, featuring many entertainers including on Saturday, Dec. 8th, **Phavia Kujichagulia, Maria Cora & Maria Medina Serafin**; on the 9th, **Belinda Sullivan, Faye Carol & Kito Gamble**; on the 15th, **Luisah Teish** and **Rashida Oji**; on the 16th, **Sharon Page Ritchie, Happy/L.A. Hyder** and **Karen Williams**. The Crafts Fair will be held at Herbst Pavilion & Cowell Theater, Pier 2, Fort Mason, S.F. 10am-6pm. \$4.50-10. For more information call 431-1180.

SUN., Dec. 9 - **Aché Benefit/Service Auction**, to raise money to finance an Aché office, featuring Mistress of Ceremonies/Auctioneer, **Karen Williams**, and an afternoon full of music, laughs, and lively entertainment. Raffle held for original artwork, special edition Aché sweatshirts & lots more!! Come do your holiday shopping or just spend a wonderful afternoon with all the girls, either way, don't miss this!! 2-7pm at the Women's Building, 3543 - 18th St. (between Valencia & Guerrero) in S.F. \$3 door.

◆ MUSIC ◆

THUR., Nov. 15 - Noted vocalist and keyboard artist, **Anna Maria Flechero**, in performance celebrating her forthcoming album. Featuring Sonja Brooks, dynamic poet; Mary Watkins, renowned pianist/composer; and June and Jean Millington, recording artists. Proceeds to benefit album (Scheduled release

NOV. & DEC. LISTINGS

1991). Co-sponsored by the Institute for Musical Arts. La Peña, 3105 Shattuck Ave., Berkeley.

SUN., Nov. 18 - Join **Gwen Avery** for her special blend of soul, R&B, and blues at Josie's Cabaret & Juice Joint, 3583 - 16th St. (at Market) in S.F. 4pm. \$6. For more information call 861-7933.

FRI., Nov. 23 - **Rashida Oji** in a special anniversary performance of guitar & vocals, with a guest appearance by **Anna Maria Flechero**. 8:30pm at Koncepts Cultural Gallery, 480 Third St. in Oakland. Caribbean Queen Productions. For information call 895-6221.

THUR.-SUN., Nov. 28-Dec. 2 - **Hugh Masakela** will be performing at Kimball's East, 5800 Shellmound in Emeryville. For more information call 658-2555.

SAT., Dec. 1 - **Anna Maria Flechero**, vocalist and keyboard artist, will be performing from 8-10pm at Mama Bears, 6536 Telegraph Ave., in Oakland. Reservations suggested. Women only. \$6-8.

◆ NIGHTLIFE ◆

SUN., Nov. 25 - **Hot Colours**, the afternoon spot for women of color featuring special performances from 4-5pm, Carmen Chavez, Denis Goodwin, Donna Ozawa, Omec rap, video by Osa Hidalgo. With DJs Avotcja (of KPOO) and Diane (of Colors) spinning the sound of Hot Colours. 3-7pm at Bahia Tropical Club, 1600 Market St. at Franklin in S.F.

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

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., Nov. 7 & Dec. 5 - "**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., "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.

◆ THEATER ◆

TUES.-SUN., thru Nov. 17 - "**The Gospel At Colonus**" uses gospel and the African American pentecostal church experience to tell the story of Sophocles' Oedipus at Colonus. Co-produced by Oakland Ensemble Theatre & ACT. Or-

pheum Theatre, 1192 Market St. in S.F. For information/tickets call 749-2ACT, 392-SHOW.

WED.-SUN., Nov. 10 - Dec. 9 - "**Shadow of a Man**" written by Cherría Moraga and directed by María Irene Fomes, examines the intimate circle of relationships in a Chicano family. The drama explores the female characters' preoccupation with the male members of their extended family; the frustrated father, the absent son and a revered ghost figure from the family's past. Under the shadow of this unholy trinity, the lives of two generations of women are illuminated. Cherría Moraga is a playwright, poet, essayist, and editor. Her work includes *LOVING IN THE WAR YEARS*, and co-editing *THIS BRIDGE CALLED MY BACK: WRITINGS BY RADICAL WOMEN OF COLOR*. "Shadow of a Man" will be at the Eureka Theatre, 2730 - 16th St. at Harrison in S.F. Showtimes 8pm, Sunday matinee at 2pm. For more information call 558-9898.

WED., Nov. 28 - Back by popular demand, Aché presents the **Sapphire Theatre Co.**, the bay area's wimmin of color theatre group and their presentation of "Lesbfriends," a lesbian situational comedy. 7:30pm at La Peña, 3105 Shattuck Ave. in Berkeley. \$4-7, no one turned away for lack of funds. Proceeds to benefit Aché.

November 1990

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
					African Dance Series "La Verdad Musical"	
				1	2	3
4	5	"The Gospel At Colonus"	"Acoustic Journey" "Spectrum" "The Gospel At Colonus"	"The Gospel At Colonus"	African Dance Series "La Verdad Musical" "The Gospel At Colonus"	Women Against Imperialism "Shadow of a Man" "The Gospel At Colonus"
		6	7	8	9	10
"Shadow of a Man" "The Gospel At Colonus"		"The Gospel At Colonus"	"Acoustic Journey" "Shadow of a Man" "The Gospel At Colonus"	"Shadow of a Man" "The Gospel At Colonus"	African Dance Series "La Verdad Musical" "Shadow of a Man" "The Gospel At Colonus"	African Dance Series "Shadow of a Man" "The Gospel At Colonus"
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
Gwen Avery "Shadow of a Man"			"Acoustic Journey" "Shadow of a Man"	"Shadow of a Man"	Rashida Oj/Anna Maria Flechero "La Verdad Musical" "Shadow of a Man"	"Shadow of a Man"
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
Hot Colours "Shadow of a Man"			Sapphire Theatre Co. Hugh Masekela "Acoustic Journey" Sapphire Theatre Co. "Shadow of a Man"	Hugh Masekela "Shadow of a Man"	Hugh Masekela "La Verdad Musical" "Shadow of a Man"	
25	26	27	28	29	30	

December 1990

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
						Hugh Masekela Anna Maria Flechero "Shadow of a Man"
						1
Hugh Masekela "Shadow of a Man"			"Acoustic Journey" "Spectrum" "Shadow of a Man"	"Shadow of a Man"	"La Verdad Musical" "Shadow of a Man"	"Shadow of a Man"
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Aché Benefit Auction "Shadow of a Man"			"Acoustic Journey"		Revolutionary Nutcracker Sweetie "La Verdad Musical"	Revolutionary Nutcracker Sweetie
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Revolutionary Nutcracker Sweetie			"Acoustic Journey"		"La Verdad Musical"	
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
			"Acoustic Journey"		"La Verdad Musical"	
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31					

BULLETIN BOARD

THE DEADLINE TO LIST ON THE NEXT BULLETIN BOARD IS JAN. 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.

Second stage recovery group for black women. Must have 90 days clean & sober, 10 week interactive support group. Monday nights, 7-9pm at Haight Ashbury Free Clinic, 529 Clayton St., S.F. Call now, space limited. 565-1908.

The dreams of our spirit-self are calling to us to become a part of our awakened life.... If you hear the whisper please join us. New facilitated group forming, the inexperienced welcome. For info: 849-2416.

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. Mondays 1:30-3pm. Sliding scale. For more info call Alesia Kunz at Operation Concern at 626-7000. Intake appt. required.

▼ HOUSING ▼

ROOMMATE NEEDED

North Oakland, room available immediately. For information call 655-1615.

▼ JOBS ▼

WOMEN'S STUDIES, SAN JOSE STATE UNIVERSITY - Asst. professor, tenure track, with specialization in women of color, U.S. or International. PhD or near completion in ethnic studies, women's studies, or any social science discipline. Deadline: Dec. 1, 1990 or until position filled. Inquire for full info to Dr. Lois Rita Helmbold, coordinator Women's Studies Program, SJSU, San Jose, CA. 95192-0123. (408) 924-5591.

▼ NOTICES ▼

A HOME OF YOUR OWN

Excellent opportunity to get into home ownership. Lesbian of color seeks woman to share duplex/house in Oakland or SF. Both women to find and purchase suitable space together as tenants-in-common. Woman must have good credit, good income, plus down payment of \$15K. Leave message for Sharry at 469-2034. (52)

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.

We are 2 women, African American & Jewish, both working as group facilitators on multiculturalism. We came together due to our mutual interest in dealing with issues facing women in interracial relationships. We are both in long-term interracial relationships. We have felt isolated due to lack of support from our respective communities and had difficulties in raising issues of race in an intimate context. We realized the need to provide a supportive space where we could bring the issues "out of the closet" while affirming the positive aspects of our relationships. We will be facilitating a workshop in January 1991. (date to be announced). If interested call Toni Taylor, 841-8314, or Terry Berman, 255-9825.

"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. Garris, 655-0545.

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 multi-cultural program. The class is signed for the hearing impaired. For info call Sarah Ludden at 548-6364.

FINALLY! AFRAGODDESS SPIRITUAL & CULTURAL NETWORK: Join our innovative International Sista-hood! Sista-hood 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 Asungl: send a SASE for info/sub: Asungl 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.

BULLETIN BOARD

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, 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.

▼ PERSONALS ▼

BLACK LIPSTICK LESBIAN

Desperately seeking others like me, to join in spirit, friendship and support. I live in Sacramento but I am open to commuting. I am 5'10", sober, sensible and sensuous. If you are interested, don't wait, call me! (916) 362-6923.

▼ 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." Simbwalu, 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. 985-7157.

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.

SUBMISSIONS ▼ WANTED ▼

WOMEN'S GLIB "BLACK HUMOR" CONTEST - \$100 and publication in Women's Glibber. A Collection of Women's Humor will be awarded to the best humorous cartoon, poem, essay, story, photo or other publishable form of expression by a woman of color. No subject matter or length limitations. SASE for return of material. Deadline, April 1, 1991. Send to: Rosalind Warren, Box 259, Bala

Cynwyd, PA. 19004.

Essays are being sought for The Bisexual Feminist: Essays on Feminism and Sexual Identity to be published by the Seal Press. Deadline is January, 1991. For more info write BI Book, P.O. Box 30645, Seattle, WA. 98103-0645.

Seeking stories of lesbians who have lost important relationships with family or friends-temporarily or permanently-due to "coming out". Emphasis is on your coping, growth and insights through this process. Write it, tape it or let us interview you for an anthology to be published by Naiad Press. Women of color especially encouraged to respond. Write Lynne D'Orsay, P.O. Box 332, Portsmouth, NH 03802-0332.

PEOPLE OF COLOR ANTHOLOGY

By the year 2000, the population of the United States will be comprised of more than one-third people of color. In California alone, people of color will comprise at least 75% of the state's population.

Our vision is to create an anthology by works of different peoples of color, an anthology which addresses our need for broad-based multi-racial coalitions. Rather than focusing on white racism, it is time to redirect our attention to ourselves. Let's begin discussing the strengths that we have with each other, as well as the gaps we impose upon our communities through homophobia, sexism, and ignorance of cultural and class differences.

This is a request for poetry, essays, dialogues, and visual art by people of color (both adults and children.) Non-English works are welcome. People who have not had works published before are especially encouraged to submit material.

Topics could include (but are not limited to) the following: language, land rights, U.S. militarism/imperialism, sexuality, immigration/political exile, education, health, child care, community organizing.

For more information, or to send submissions, please contact us before January 15, 1991.

Carla Poindexter
1368 E. 25th St.
Oakland, CA.
94606

Luella Penserga
539 - 34th St.
Oakland, CA.
94609

Please include return address.

Reunification

(continued from page 7)

been a lot of incidents of people being attacked on the streets. Black people.

On the last day of the soccer World Cup, in Cologne as well as all other German cities, people were driving around after they won in open cars with a big German flag...not the Nazi German flag but the [flag of the] 2nd Reich. It's a nationalistic flag. And they were screaming out of the car "seig!" which means victory, but it's really different here to say victory; it's the victory of nationalism, of racism. Sieg like Hitler, and it used to be sieg (pause) heil! ...that's the Hitler salute. And either they did say "sieg hiel" or they said "seig" and then they stopped for a second so you could think that's what they were meaning. And they were also singing the old German song "Duetchland, Duetchland uber alles." Germany above everything. The next morning I heard the story of the Turk who was almost lynched in the middle of town. He was driving, turning a corner, slowly, and everywhere in the streets there was a big crowd of people and they assumed that he was trying to drive his car into the crowd of people. And although he didn't hit anybody with his car, they pulled him out of his car and started beating him up. If the police hadn't come... if they didn't arrive at that time, he would have been dead. A friend of mine lives on that corner, and she saw the whole thing.

This is a story of a friend of mine who is Afro-German. She was

riding in the subway without a ticket. [In Germany the subway is run on an honor system. There are no ticket takers. You buy a ticket and stamp it yourself. There are random controllers who come through, very infrequently, to spot check. If you ride without a ticket and are caught, there is a heavy fine.] And three [white] women came to control the tickets. She told them when they asked her for the ticket that she couldn't buy a ticket because she didn't have small change and that nobody could change her money. They immediately started to grab her, pushed her onto a seat, and they started cursing her out and calling her a refugee pig

happening. One man tried to come between them. He tried to help her get out of the [train]. He got between them, so that she could run away, but they realized what was happening and she couldn't get away. They called the "pigs." And handcuffed her and pushed her into the police car and him too. [The police] are pressing charges against her for assaulting a police officer. When she was in the police station [she tried] to press charges against them, but that's nothing that they accepted. They said that they weren't responsible for that that she would have to get a lawyer or go to another police

"The next morning I heard the story of the Turk who was almost lynched in the middle of town. He was driving, turning a corner, slowly, and...although he didn't hit anybody with his car, they pulled him out of his car and started beating him up."

(it's a person who is looking for asylum here), even though she is a German woman. And although she didn't resist physically, they were attacking her. They threw her all around the car. Afterwards, her clothes were all ripped up and all over her body were bruises; her eye was black and blue. She had marks of being strangled. Because they were three women she was shocked that she couldn't defend herself. She said that you could tell from the response from some people sitting on the subway, that they thought it was good what was

station for that. [Me and a friend] went together to the police station and took her to the hospital and had everything written down at the hospital so that afterward she could do something. The court case is coming up and maybe there will be some solidarity around that from other places. Everything is too much for her right now.

Hakimeh Chahim:

I am living in Tubingen in the south of Germany. I'm born in

Reunification

Frieburg, and I have an Iranian and a German background. Now I tell the story. It happened three years ago in Tubingham. In this story we can see how the German handles and thinks about the racist structures in this society. [In] Turbing there is a camp for refugees. Turbing is a university city, and everybody thinks it's a free-minded city because the inhabitants are students. The left people always speak about the refugee camp [and this incident involves an] Iranian refugee; he didn't have papers yet. He went into the supermarket. The problem of the refugees is that they only get very few monies a month, 70 marks a month. They only have to live in this refugee camp; they are not allowed to leave the city; they are not allowed to work; they cannot buy their clothes as they like; they get a certificate so they can get clothes. The food in this camp is so that they cannot eat it because the food in [their] countries are different and so a lot of them have problems with their stomach. And it's psychologically hard because they don't know how long it will take to get processed. One of the citizens, an Iranian we called Kiroma Yavadi, he went to a supermarket to shop and a [clerk] took him and thought he was stealing something. Nobody knows what is right, if he steals something or not. But he took him and there were a lot of people and he threw him to the ground and he pressed him—strangled him—and [Yavadi] fought against him and shouted for help and there were a lot of people and some people

called the police, but when the police arrived after 20 minutes the Iranian was dead. He killed him in the supermarket.

E: This was a white man?

H: Seventeen or 18-year-old white man, [a clerk]. He worked in this supermarket and caught this Kiroma Yavadi because he is a thief, but not only he's a thief, he's a "refugee" because of [in] racist minds. There were a lot of people behind them. They saw. [When] this came to the court, it was not handled as a racist crime, but they find out that this 17-18-year-old German white man was orga-

killed. And this man has not to go to prison and nothing happened.

E: Nothing happened to him at all!

H: No, they took twice in the court. And also in Turbing, we tried to build up a movement and there was a group and it failed—only two demonstrations and nothing happened. ▽

"[Refugees] have to live in this refugee camp; they are not allowed to leave the city; they are not allowed to work; they cannot buy their clothes as they like..."

nized in a fascist group and was at meetings of them. This supermarket is a chain, they have two in Turbing and in other cities also, and they say to the people who work in the supermarket that if you catch a thief, you get a prize; you get money. It's also a structure that helps for this racism. This man, this 17-18-year-old man always says "It's my order to do this." And all people who were around say, "We don't know what happened. Yes, he took him, but it's his thing to do." It's as if they're stupid. They saw how this man was

[This is the story I told friends about my experiences at the Amsterdam camp. The experience of being there was so upsetting to me that every time I sat down to write this article, I developed a serious case of writer's block. The only way I could think of to get around this was to tape myself talking and then transcribe the tape.]

by **Rebecca Hall**

Alright. All I knew about this camp before I went was that it was the second

WOMEN OF COLOR

SQUAT

the second annual International Camp for Lesbians and other women

year that it was happening. It was supposed to be, like, political. You know, networking, meeting, information-sharing, that kind of thing. Bea [my lover] warned me before I went that there probably wouldn't be hardly any women of color at the camp—last year there were none. But I was so tired of Berlin at this point that I was like, at least I will be in the country and not in Berlin anymore. The camp was ten days but we were just going to stay a few days... which turned out to be rather fortunate. When I got to the camp there were very few women of color, about four. I wasn't very comfortable with the situation. The next day it was really hot, so Bea and I spent the whole day by the lake. At one point, somebody offered Bea some cookies... I have to tell you something first so that you will understand the significance of the cookies. They wanted to organize this camp in such a way that it would be accessible to

everybody, no matter what their economic situation. So you would pay a certain amount to be in the camp, pay on a sliding scale—zero to whatever a day. Once you were in the camp, all of your needs would be provided for: they cooked dinner, and they also had something called the "store" where you could go and get breakfast and lunch foods as well as other necessities like Tampax, whatever. And that was free so you would just go to the store and take what you needed.

There was this additional store which sold luxury goods like chocolate, juice, alcohol, tobacco, hash (it was Holland). The people who ran the store that you actually bought stuff from were from a feminist-type collective, which also had two stores in Amsterdam; they came to this camp and set up this tent store.

So anyway somebody handed Bea these cookies and on the cookie package there was this caricature of a Black woman. You know, one of these Aunt Jemima, bug-eyed, thick-lipped kinds of things. Bea looks at it and asks the woman, "Where did you get these cookies?" And the woman answers, "At the store." So Bea said to me, "I have to go talk to these people." So she went over to talk to them at the store about these cookies and explained to them, because they obviously didn't get it, that it was very offensive, it was a racist caricature, and they should get rid of these cookies. The store woman responded very defensively, that she didn't think anything was wrong with these cookies. It was just a picture of a Black woman, she said, who was happy because she likes the cookies. She couldn't understand why Bea was being so uptight about it. Bea, a little shocked, left the store and came to tell me this. I got pissed. I thought like "fuck these people."

Fortuitously, there happened to be a meeting of the organizers who were planning for the first plenary session at that particular juncture of time. There must have been at about 80 women there. We interrupted them and Bea told them in German what was wrong with the cookies, in case they didn't get it. I added in English (and she translated for me in German), "I want these cookies off the land. I want you to stop ordering them. I want a public apology from you at the meeting tonight and I want a separate public apology from the store woman because she was selling the cookies and because of her behavior." I told

them that if this was not done, I would leave and then they would only have three women of color there. Then I left.

Later that night I went to the big meeting. There were about 600 white women there and about 10 women of color. To come from Oakland to this was just more than I could handle. They started out the meeting, got on stage and said, "We are going to translate this meeting into English and German because most of the women here speak one of those languages except the 30 Spanish women, and their translator wants to translate simultaneously." They explained that they wanted to apologize about these cookies and they were very sorry and you know, whatever, we all have to take responsibility for this kind of thing...just going on and on. Somebody interrupted, I think it was Bea actually...and she said, "What do you mean we all have to take responsibility? You are making the ten women of color here even more invisible. They don't have to take responsibility..."

Everybody exploded before she could even finish. Then the woman from the store got up and said something like "I am not going to apologize! That woman came into my store, and she was saying all of these things that were really hostile to me. Our store is politically correct. We

don't order things from such and such countries, and we are not racist, and I am not going to apologize!" You know, shit like this. A lot of clueless shit was said!

I was not planning to say anything to these fools but I just exploded. I got up and yelled, "You people are a trip!" And there I am talking to 600 white women, which is not my idea of a good time and not something I normally do, but I was angry, and I felt like yelling. I started to

...I felt like yelling. I started to say that it was not about the fucking cookies. That was not the point.

say that it was not about the fucking cookies. That was not the point. And I was going to try to explain, or at least state, that the problem with this fucking camp was that there was no concept of racism. That there was no concept of anti-racism. That the cookies could be here was indicative of that. And the way they were dealing with finding out about that fact is indicative of this glaring absence because they were being defensive, hostile and close-minded.

I wanted them to know that I felt really unsafe here. I just started to try to explain this, but I didn't get to any of it. I started out saying, "I feel really unsafe here..." and one of these assholes interrupts me and demanded, "Why do you feel unsafe?" I told her that she should try to figure it out, and then I tried to continue, but she kept demanding to know why I felt unsafe. She was interrupting me every time I tried to open my mouth. Finally I just screamed at her and said, "Do you want to know why I feel unsafe? Because I have to deal with people who look like you and act like you every second I am in this camp!" She yelled back, "Well, that is a racist statement!" (Oh, please!

Then other women got up and said that they were tired of talking about this and

they wanted to talk about the other things that they had come here to talk about, like the organization of the camp and who was going to do the dishes, and all like that. I was trying to figure out where my stuff is so I could pack... And then this other white woman got up and said, "I don't give a shit about the organization of this camp! Until we deal with this issue, this camp is a racist camp and I am not going to participate in a racist camp. Everyone should just leave this camp." Huge explosions went off for what seemed like hours. As the meeting started to end, I went to the mike and asked all of the women of color to meet tomorrow in front of the kitchen at 10 a.m.

After the meeting broke up, one of the organizers started yelling at the white woman who said that this was a racist camp. They were having this heated fight in the meeting tent when this Black woman named Kim walked by to get through the tent. As she walked by, the organizer turned around and grabbed Kim by her shirt, lifted her off the ground, and yelled, "And you!" Kim said like, "Put me down before I fuck you up." And the woman did. At this point I went to get a beer in the beer tent. Waiting in line, I saw the Spanish translator so I went up to her and asked her in Spanish,

The first demand, I mean let's start with the basics, was that there was to be no more physical violence against women of color in the camp...

"Why did you want to translate simultaneously? That seems like it would be a real burden." And she replied, "I didn't want to translate simultaneously. They made me. They said that it would be a waste of time if there was Spanish over the microphone." I thought what kind of fucking international camp is this! It was only going to be in English and German.

You know what I'm saying? And we weren't even in Germany! Or England, for that matter. But two-thirds of the women on the camp were from Germany, and I had just left that place, because I couldn't deal with this shit. So after this I found Kim and we went off into the woods and built a fire.

The next morning we got together to have a meeting. There were about ten women of color. There were six Black women. There was Kim who was originally from the States, but was in the army stationed in Berlin, before she quit the army and stayed in Berlin. There were three women from England, and one woman from Curacao who had been living in Amsterdam for 14 years. And then there were three women from Turkey, including a Kurdish woman, an Iranian refugee living in Denmark. We decided we were going to make a list of demands that had to be met. That seemed to be a "reasonable" response to the situation.

The first demand, I mean let's start with the basics, was that there was to be no more physical violence against women of color in the camp; no more racist attacks. I was suggesting one demand was that we have a tent of our own. This was a totally foreign concept to all of these woman of color in Europe. They had never

heard of such a thing. They were pretty hesitant about it, like it seemed sort of extreme or something.

But what was happening was that we were sitting outside in a circle and every fifteen minutes white women would come over and just sit down! And we would say, like, "Get up! This is a closed meeting!" and they would respond by giving us one of those "but we are all women" lines. Then one of the women who was the lover of one of the women of color came over with another lover of one of the women of color and they were sobbing. They said, "We

are really sorry to interrupt but we have been all over this camp trying to do anti-racism work and trying to talk to people, but these women were so hostile. They were chasing us and yelling at us and we don't know where to go. Can we stay here?" So one of the Black women said, "Well I hope there are at least some others of you who feel the same. Why don't you go and start your own meeting?" They thought that was a novel idea (this is when the anti-racism meetings started) and someone else said "You can have your meeting close to us." And sure enough, 20 feet away white women started to gather. Within a half hour or so there were about 150 women 20 feet away from the ten of us. It was a little strange. Then other women would come over and ask, "Can I join

you?" And we would yell, "NO! Go to the other meeting." And this one woman said, "Well, I was at that meeting, and it was boring." As this kept happening, the women of color got it that we

needed our own tent.

After hearing that stuff from the Spanish translator we decided that we would run the meeting where we presented our demands, we would say who talks and when and how. We decided we wanted to be in control of everything, which meant that we had to do our own translating. We decided that we were going to translate our demands before we went in there in every language spoken on this camp. It ended up taking us four hours to translate the demands. It was amazing because just among us there was enough of the languages spoken that we could translate several of the languages but there was some we couldn't so we invited a few people in to help us. there was a white woman who was helping with the Dutch. And the Spanish translator from Madrid helped us with the Spanish. A woman from the Basque country translated into her lan-

guage.

But first, it took us about three hours coming up with the demands. There were around ten or fifteen. One was that this camp organize an action against the factory where the cookies had been produced. We wanted them to understand that this would be merely an act of solidarity, although a necessary one, and that this was really not the whole answer, because anti-racism work is a way of life. Another demand was that if we do them the favor of talking to them about their racism, then they do not interrupt us. We wanted them to put that this camp is working *toward* an anti-racist environment on all of their literature so that women of color wouldn't come there thinking that it was safe. We

They said, "We are really sorry to interrupt but we have been all over this camp trying to do anti-racism work and trying to talk to people, but these women were so hostile."

wanted a tent by the end of the day and if they didn't get us one, we would take one. We wanted it put on their literature that there was a women of color tent in the camp as well as separate activities. Another demand was that they do more outreach to women of color and refugee women.

The outreach issue was complicated because I didn't want to demand that they bring more women of color into this shit, but the women who lived in Europe had a very different feeling about it. They needed something and felt this was the closest they could get. Because there were not enough women of color to put together a camp of our own there, they had to carve a space for themselves within this camp. But I am from Oakland! (When I got home from this trip I wanted to kiss the ground and shout "Yay Oakland!!!") The whole process was a real

eye-opener for me and taught me a lot about what you have to deal with if you are really isolated.

So we were finally all ready to go.

We stormed across the camp and walk into this tent where these white women had been waiting for two hours, because they wouldn't talk about organizing the camp until we got there. Everything had ground to a halt until we were ready. We walked through this crowd of women, went up on the stage and said "We have now taken over this meeting." (Lest there be any question in their minds.) We said that we were going to present the demands, and that we did not want their translators. It took

about ten minutes to read the list. We read it in eight languages, starting with the languages that were most oppressed in the camp.

We first read it in Turkish, then Farsi [Iranian], Greek, Basque, Spanish, Dutch (it was Holland after all), English, then lastly in German. They had to sit through all of it. And it probably wasn't until the last two languages that they understood what the fuck was going on. Then Kim said, "The woman who attacked me last night is here and I think she should get up now and explain herself." She got up and said "I am not going to apologize to Kim because it was not a racist attack. I was angry at Kim because she was saying all these things about this camp, like this was a racist camp and whatever." And then the white woman she had been arguing with the night before got up and said, "Kim didn't say that, I said that. She never said anything like that. She was just walking by and you just turned around and grabbed Kim and now you're saying that it was not a racist attack!" Then this huge debate started about was it a racist attack or not. We just left. We

had done what we had come to do and we did not want to sit through that mess again. All of this stuff about apologizing was making me sick anyway. One of the women from Turkey taught me an expression from her country "First they shit in your mouth: and then they apologize."

I decided like, okay, time to pack. I had wanted to see that day through, and now it was time to go. But several of the women of color told me that they didn't want me to leave. I told them that I didn't have to deal with this! But they responded that they live here and live with these women and they were so outnumbered that they needed my support.

We walked through this crowd of women, went up on the stage and said "We have now taken over this meeting." (Lest there be any question in their minds.)

This put me in a hard place. I agreed to stay until Tuesday. (This was Monday.)

We took over a tent, because they weren't getting around to giving us one. It turned out that we had taken over one of the kitchen tents. Nice tent! And Bea told me that at one of these anti-racism meetings they were having this big debate about whether they should give us a tent, and Bea pointed out that we had a tent already. They asked which one and she said such and such tent by the kitchen. The kitchen staff got all bent out of shape about being without their tent, and then they got really angry at Bea, demanding to know "How could you do that." She told them, "They took it." But they just couldn't believe that we could have done that by ourselves. There had to have been some white ringleader and it must have been Bea, because she was sleeping with one of them.

I was there for four days and it felt like six weeks. It just went on and on and

kept getting worse. One of the things that was really interesting for me, though, was that a women of color tent had never been done there before so it wasn't set in stone, like it is here, about how it was supposed to be. So we could do it the way we thought it was appropriate for the situation. It was taken for granted that if there was a white woman in the tent it was okay for her to be there, but anyone could ask her to leave if we wanted our own space. This really involved trusting each other's judgement. It might not have always been true that our judgements were

The night after we dealt with presenting the demands the Iranian woman wanted to invite the Spanish women into the tent for a party because, as she put it, "They really know how to party."

actually correct, but having trust for each others decisions allowed for a strong sense of respect between us. It basically worked out okay.

For example, the night after we dealt with presenting the demands the Iranian woman wanted to invite the Spanish women into the tent for a party because, as she put it, "They really know how to party."

In come thirty women speaking Spanish carrying guitars and about twenty bottles of wine and had us all singing songs from the Spanish civil war. They were really helpful, and they were also very clear about who they were. One woman of color told them that they seemed to her like women of color compared to the other white women there, but they were very clear that they were not women of color:

"We are from Madrid, and we are the dominant group there, and we have to deal with our racism too." They told us about the situation for Africans in Spain and how they are treated by the white majority there. "But because of who we are here and because of our language, we

are having some remotely similar experiences and we want to be supportive of you."

The women of color tent was a wonderful place. I had so many intense discussions with women from all over the world who had incredible experiences. We learned so much from each other. One day we had this seven-hour-long conversation in the tent that was about everything that went from our personal experiences to politics to coalition-building to incest to our families to whether there was a safe place for us to live anywhere in this

world. Everyone was being so open and it felt really magical. I learned a lot hearing the stories of the other women, particularly the refugees.

Like the Iranian woman who escaped from jail and walked across the Iranian border during the Iran-Iraq war, while being pursued by the authorities who were trying to kill her because she was a communist. Now she is stuck in Denmark.

Ultimately it was really an exhausting experience. While I was at the camp, various white women would approach me and ask me questions about how I felt about my experiences here or to confess stuff to me. More than one of these women had to start out by saying to me that they wanted to talk to Kim but that I was much more "approachable." Kim is working class and I am not. She says "motherfucker" when she is angry. And these white feminists do not like to here the word "motherfucker." So they feel more comfortable with me because, according to them, I talk like a white person. This was a total divide and conquer tactic. The fact was that Kim was eminently more approachable than me. A white woman

(continued on page 37)

Although, at this point, ISD is primarily made up of Afro-Germans.

The organization has over one hundred members. On the books, though, as usual, there are only 20 active members.

They meet once a month for a general meeting to discuss agenda items. When they first began, they invited sympathetic white Germans to participate occasionally. Inevitably, conflicts arose around issues of control and self-determination. Since then their meetings are closed, though they still do coalition work with some progressive white Germans. They work in coalition with groups of Africans (students and guest workers). It seems they work together on various issues, often breaking down into smaller caucuses. They sponsor cultural events, have women's groups, deal with gay and lesbian issues. At the meeting we had with them, we were struck by the ease with which straight Black men seemed to deal with Gay and lesbian membership and issues. It was beautiful! It's sure to reflect the hand of Audre Lorde.

It seems that Audre Lorde's work in Berlin, in the spring of 1984 with Afro-German women, had a lot to do with the beginning of this movement. Consciousness about race, racism, self-empowerment and pride is very new to Germany. Black people are very isolated as a result of numbers (there aren't that many of them), laws controlling immigra-

tion, and forced assimilation.

ISD started out working with Black children, trying to remedy the problem of a lack of role models. They soon discovered they had to work with the white parents as well.

So, among even progressive whites, there is little to no discussion about racism, particularly their own. It is assumed that they are too progressive, after all they are anti-fascist and talk about the Holocaust—that's more than most Germans do. Many of the Black children have white German

So even among progressive whites, there is little to no discussion about racism, particularly their own. It is assumed that they are too progressive, after all, they are anti-fascist and talk about the Holocaust—that's more than most Germans do.

mothers with absent fathers. Often the fathers are American GIs or students. As a result of Germany's colonialism, some of these families have been there for generations.

Germany is an extremely xenophobic society. It abhors difference to such an extreme that we felt physically unsafe walking the streets. We felt psychically battered riding the subways, being stared down like the worst of New York City. In fact, we were attacked both verbally and physically on two occasions; both totally unprovoked. (Since reunification, ISD has been com-

piling statistics on racist attacks. Hopefully, they'll publish some results or findings and let Aché know about them.)

After a week in Berlin, we were feeling frustrated and angry as hell. We wanted to take some kind of action in solidarity and also to relieve some of our pent-up feelings. We talked that night with ISD about organizing a demonstration on behalf of a sister who'd been killed shortly before we arrived in Berlin. She was a 25-year-old Black woman. She left Johannesburg, South Africa, with her family, and moved to "free" Berlin. One Saturday, she decided to show her friend (lover?), a white woman, East Berlin. She took her to Alexander Platz, which is the central square of East Berlin. It's huge, almost the size of eight square blocks; it's all flagstones; completely exposed; and she went

there around 2 p.m. There must have been thousands of people shopping and milling around. In the middle of the afternoon, out in the open, surrounded by people, she was stoned to death. After ten minutes of being stoned, she was killed when a brick hit her temple. The white woman she was with was also stoned. The last we heard (early September), she was still in the hospital in a coma. We met a friend of hers at a party who told us that they had stumbled into a rally of neo-Nazi skinheads.

The police have done nothing about this. There seems to be no investigation. It was barely men-

tioned in the press. Her parents don't want to release her name because they are afraid for their lives.

There has been no demonstration or public outcry about this murder. During the Exchange*, many of us talked about having a memorial for her at Alexander Platz. The women of color who were at the Exchange met with the ISD to discuss having a joint demonstration with them. The idea was met with open terror on the part of the ISD members at the meeting, most of whom were men. The reality of living in Berlin as a Black person really hit home for us.

It is not often that we see young Black men talk openly about their fear, particularly in a room full of women who are willing to take the risks they're backing out of. They pointed out that we (the women) were not from Germany. We were ignorant about the reality of organized violence in Berlin and, of course, we'd be leaving in a few days. They'd have to live with the repercussions.

The only way that ISD was willing to do this was if we carefully strategized how to accomplish our task without being killed. We agreed that we would rent a bus so that we could all arrive and leave at the same time. Taking the subway was out of the question because of the number of Black people who have been attacked on the subways since reunification. We also agreed to stay no more than one half hour. Any longer and it would give skinheads a chance to see us and organize themselves, coming back to Alexander Platz with at least 50

armed neo-Nazis, who would not hesitate to attack us. Just seeing that many Black people in one place would be seen as a provocation. We were assured that the police would do nothing to protect us.

The demonstration ultimately failed because we ran into a Catch-22 about whether to inform the police before-hand. In Berlin, all demonstrations have to be registered with the police, otherwise they will arrest everyone at the demonstration. But if we informed the police, many of whom are Nazis (the ISD says 70%), then we knew that the skinheads would be there waiting for us.

The fact that there was no demonstration about this woman's murder and that there will probably never be one, impressed upon us how scary the situation in Germany is now. There is certainly racist violence everywhere in Europe (and here, for that matter). The work of organizations like ISD (and Aché) is so important to building communities that can respond to racist violence and to forging connections internationally with our sisters and brothers in the diaspora. This is an important opportunity and a crucial time to work together in the fight, to build solidarity and end isolation.

*Erica and Rebecca attended the International Women's Exchange, which organized around the issues of identity and resistance. For the first time this year, the Exchange introduced multi-cultural coalition building. ▽

would come up to her and ask her a question and she would stay and dialogue with her! Me? As soon as someone started talking, I walked away in mid-sentence. I had nothing to say to them or hear from them. I heard a lot about it second hand after I left the camp.

In the end nothing ever happened at the camp. They didn't do the action at the factory. Someone wrote a letter or something. The woman who attacked Kim never apologized. One of the women of color who stayed for the whole time got so flipped out that she went into the mental hospital with a nervous breakdown. Some of the women raised money for her so that she could stay in the hospital if she wanted. They raised 15,000 Marks (about 6 thousand dollars)—they definitely put her there, so the least they could do was pay for it. One of the English women left even before I did. She said that she loved all of us and loved the tent but that she felt like a prisoner because she didn't even want to step outside the tent. She did not come there from England to be a prisoner in a tent, she said. She told us that she lived in Brixton and did not have to put up with this.

Well that was the Amsterdam camp story. I am so sick of it. I am writing up this transcription for Aché so that I never have to tell this story again. The end! ▽

I AM YOUR SISTER: FORGING GLOBAL CONNECTIONS ACROSS DIFFERENCES

A conference celebrating Audre Lorde and her work

by Reatha Fowler

The weekend following the Harvest moon marked this glorious and herstorical celebration of Audre Lorde: her life, her writings and her political work. *Jacqui Alexander*, one of the conference organizers, summed it up best when she stated in the opening to the conference that "whether or not we know Audre's works, we have lived it." It was a privilege for me to attend and to celebrate Audre Lorde. I was truly moved.

The conference was appropriately held at an old Baptist church in downtown Boston, near the Commons. The church historically has been a healing place, a place for revolution for people of African descent in the Americas and the Caribbean. It felt good to be in this temple of worship with the women gathered together to talk about creating change and revel in the wonder of sister Audre. The positive healing energy flowed from its seven floors, auditorium with two balconies and huge pulpit with marvelously crafted woodwork.

I was reminded of how much work there is to do when I spoke with white women about the fact that the conference was held in a church. Their feelings of disappointment were foreign to me. I imagine they wanted the space to be non-secular.

FRIDAY EVENING

The conference opened on Friday evening with a ceremony by a Native woman who smudged the auditorium to clear away spiritual contamination. This was followed by Jacqui's welcoming remarks.

She spoke of how "each of us from our individual communities are under siege." She spoke of the sister from Framingham Prison who wanted to attend the conference but could not be there. That we can do our individual work in our individual communities to "stitch together our dreams for new pos-



si
bilit
ies."
The week-
end would
"honor our strug-
gles and our victo-
ries" and "plan for our
future to link the commu-
nity across the globe."

The opening was fol-
lowed by four hours of
poetry, music and dance
by primarily women of
African descent. What a
pleasure it was to in-
dulge myself in such
beauty—the smiles, the
shoulders, the eyes, the
braids, the lips, the
locks, the heads, the Af-
rican fabric, the hips,
and yes, their voices. I
thought I had died and
gone to heaven, as my
friend Avotcja would
say. These sisters vali-
dated my presence on
this planet as a lesbian
of African descent who
cares.

Two young women
from Brooklyn, *Malikia
Cyril*, age 16, and *Nicole
Breedlove*, age 19, turned
out the evening with
their rhythmic revolu-
tionary rhyme, bringing
memories of The Last

Poets,
Soni
a

San
chez
and Gil
Scott-
Heron. Their

poems about ra-
cism, oppression
and life in Brooklyn
as African American les-
bians made one pause for
thought and touched a
deep place within.
They erupted with an
energy and a fierceness
that gave me comfort
that they will carry on
this struggle. Colorful
lines like "cold running
water and always run-
ning roaches" and "my
mouth ain't no tissue and
I ain't kissin nobody's
ass" brought smiles of fa-
miliarity. These young
women are part of a
group of young gays and
lesbians from New York
called the Dark Star
Poetry Crew. One of
their purposes is to pro-
vide a forum for gay and
lesbian youth of color.

Poetry Crew. One of their purposes is to provide a forum for gay and lesbian youth of color.

One of the most entertaining and colorful poems Friday evening came from *Cheryl Boyce Taylor*, a testimonial to the "Dyke in a Dress": "a dyke in a dress will take you from behind anytime, on the stairs...a dyke in a dress allows easy access."

Blackberri's sweet soothing voice rocked us, his locks tied up on top of his head, dressed in shades of purple. *Andrea Canaan* cooled us down with a spiritual. *Sharon Paige Ritchie* provided satisfyingly erotic movements.

I left the Temple full of all the energy of the evening. I felt hopeful. I felt full. I felt wonderful. But, I also felt something was missing for me. It warmed my heart to see all those sisters on stage. But I couldn't stop feeling that there was a glaring absence of



other women of color.

SATURDAY EVENING

Saturday morning featured the panel "Where Are We in the 90's: The Meaning of a Global Struggle." Panel members spoke of their work in their individual communities.

Chrystos' words cut deep when she stated: "You're not my sister" until you understand and work with us (Native people) in our struggle. She was very clear in her indictment of the European imperialist invasion of her homeland and the subsequent overt massacre of her people. Forty million Native people have been killed in the last century. "Our holocaust is re-named civilization...never forget America is our Hitler. They've done such a good job.... They all think we're dead."

Chrystos didn't stop with the rape of her people and land by Europeans. She made many

white women shift nervously in their seats when she attacked the neo-feminists who take the "good" parts of Native culture, i.e. spirituality, and leave the high infant mortality, alcohol and drug abuse, exposure to cancer causing toxins, high unemployment, and poor education with the Native people.

One of the most eloquent speakers on the panel was *Hitaji Aziz* from New York, a woman who works with poor women. *Hitaji* moved the audience to hear/feel her pain when she cried and sobbed openly for almost five minutes because she felt that women who are not poor do not feel or understand her when she speaks of what it is like to be poor. She released and then immediately changed gears allowing truth and clarity to fall from her lips like those tears. She spoke of the "numbing process" that poor people go through to survive. "If they were to feel oppression, they would explode. She wanted us to understand the "soul murder" that takes place living in poverty, the "internalization of poverty."

SATURDAY AFTERNOON

Saturday afternoon's session focused on *Audre Lorde's* landmark essay, "Eye to Eye." In this essay *Audre* wrote of our internalized racism as women of African descent. "When I started to write about the intensity of the angers between Black women, I found I had only begun to touch one tip of a three-pronged iceberg, the deepest understructure of which was Hatred, that societal death wish directed against us from the moment we were born Black and female in America. From that moment on we have been steeped in hatred—for our color, for our sex, for our effrontery in daring to presume we had any right to live. As children we absorbed that hatred, passed it through ourselves, and for the most part, we still live our lives outside of the recognition of

what that hatred really is and how it functions. Echoes of it return as cruelty and anger in our dealing with each other. For each of us bears the face that hatred seeks, and we have each learned to be at home with cruelty because we have survived so much of it within our own lives."

(*Sister Outsider*, pg. 146)

"If we can learn to give ourselves the recognition and acceptance that we have come to expect only from our mommas, Black women will be able to see each other much more clearly and deal with each other more directly." (*Sister Outsider*, pg. 159)

The thousand women and twenty men participants, gathered into their respective groups to interact "eye to eye." The groupings included: Women of African descent living in the states; Women of African descent living outside the states; Indigenous women; Lesbians; Working class women; Bisexual women; Gay men; Owing class; Latina women; Multi-Heritage; Differently-abled; and Asian women.

I participated in the women of African descent living in the states. We comprised approximately 250 women from all over the states. We broke up into smaller groups of about ten to allow for greater ease of communication. Women were able to expose their fears, anger and joy in these groups. It was of interest to me that some women found it easier to be vulnerable with strangers than in their own community because of the threat of gossip.

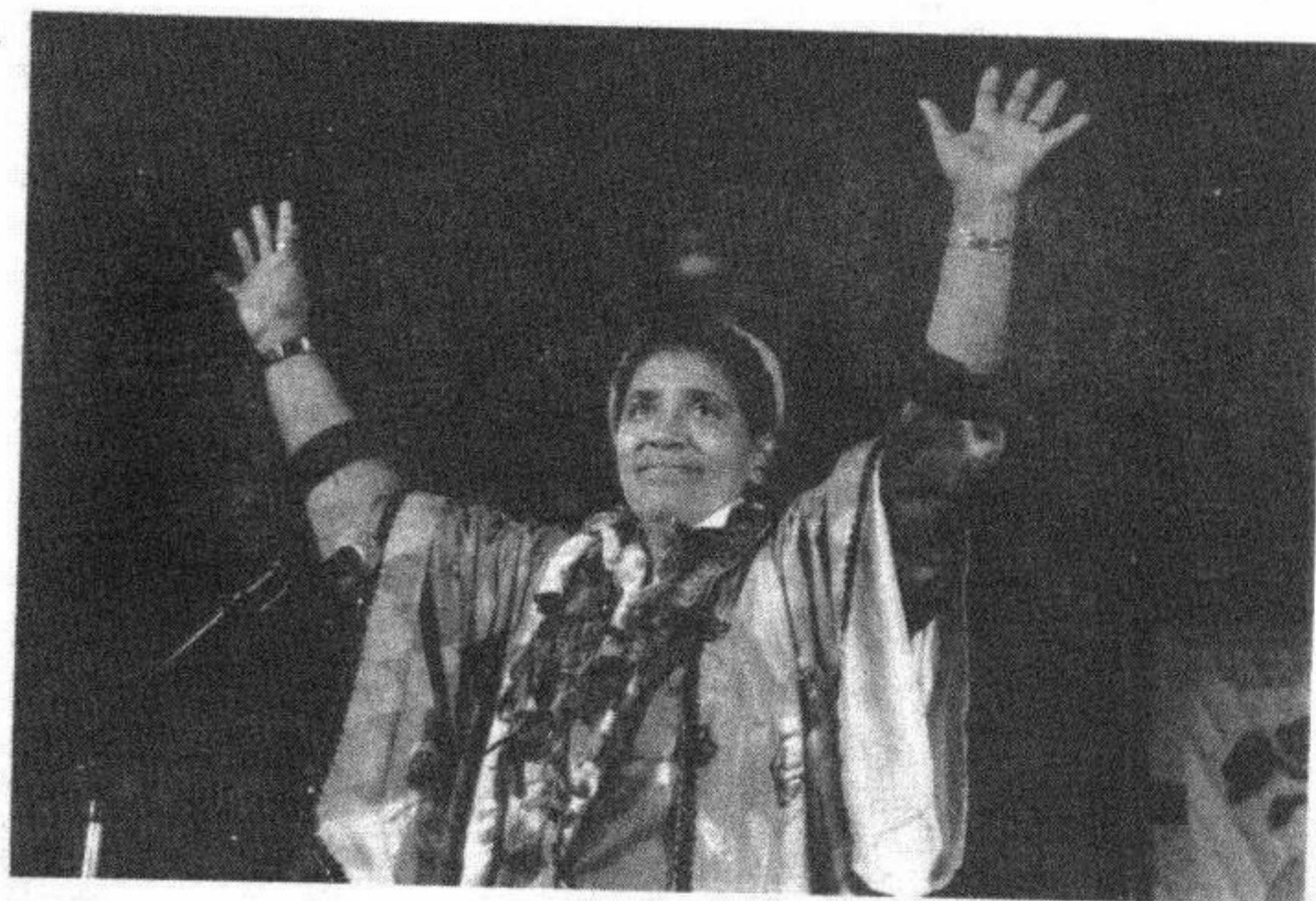
The individual groups subsequently reconvened to discuss the connections we made. We realized we barely touched the surface with our feelings in the groups and that we need to continue to talk to each other in our communities.

SATURDAY EVENING

Saturday evening was a celebration honoring Audre Lorde with poetry, music, dance and song.

Maria Cora from Oakland thanked Audre for her support of the Nia Collective, their first year of the Gathering. Audre was encouraging and wise in recognizing the fear we have of each other and how difficult it is for us to come together and touch with feelings as lesbians of African descent.

Maria sang a song in Spanish called "Cancion con Todas" accompanied by Nancy Green on congas. This song is a Latin American unity song. Maria's decision to sing in Spanish was significant. She was one of two performers who spoke Spanish on stage. There were numerous sisters attending the conference whose first language was Spanish. Two translators



Audre Lorde acknowledges her admirers at the conference celebrating her work.
Photo by Jean Weisinger

were provided for them for the entire four days. These women were exhausted by Saturday evening. The performers on stage, including the women who MC'd from "I Am Your Sister," spoke much too quickly to provide adequate translation, despite requests from the translators to slow down. The translators were not given the text of the poetry so that they could attempt to translate the poems, realizing that poetry is difficult to translate. All of this meant that women who spoke only Spanish missed at least half the conference.

Audre's sister, *Helen Lorde*, provided a tribute. Her daughter, *Beth Lorde Rollins* read poetry.

Ellen Kuzwayo, an activist writer from South Africa, deeply moved me when she said to Audre, "Your name is known in Soweto...those who have met you have taken you to Soweto." She spoke of how she wasn't certain if she would be able to come to Boston and the people in her home told her she must go, she must find a way. "If you don't go, we would have failed. You must be there even if it's just to hug Audre." Ellen Kuzwayo is a regal-looking woman. She stands tall and speaks with the clarity that makes revolutions move forward. She requested

she was by all the expressions of love.

Audre closed the evening asking the audience to "take the energy you feel inside...it belongs to you...you can use your energy." She also reminded us that "we are going to survive...we are committed to a future."

SUNDAY MORNING

Sunday's sessions were held at MIT in Cambridge. A roundtable discussion on the difficulties and im-

portance of building bridges

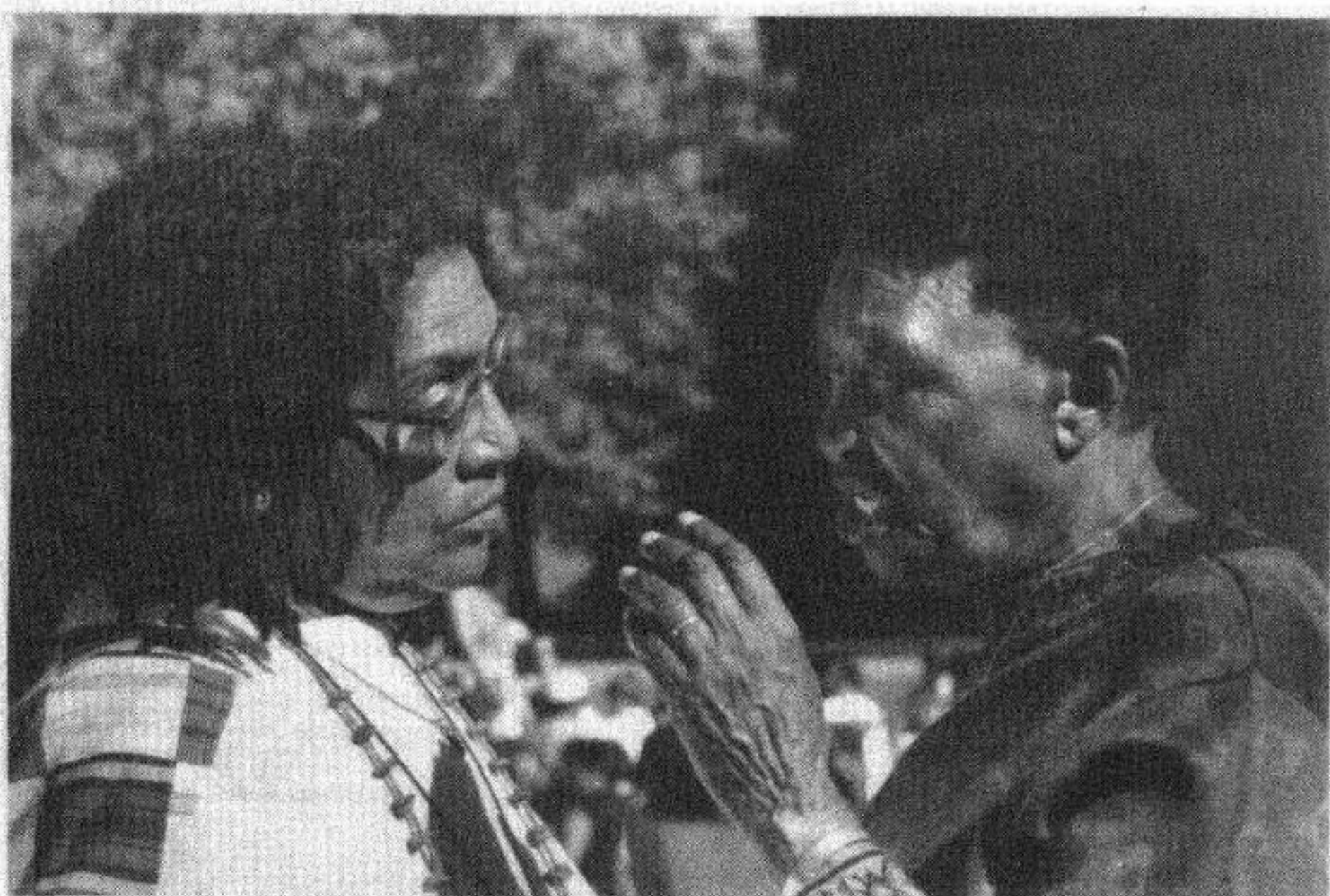
was scheduled. The program was changed to allow time for women who had issues or concerns to speak. We listened to each other for 3 or 4 hours, making no progress. My sentiments were with Barbara Smith when she approached the microphone stating "We don't have time for psycho-babble. We are not dealing with the issues at hand and need to move forward."

SUNDAY AFTERNOON

We moved into Sunday afternoon workshops which included: "I Am Your Sister: Forging Global Connections Across Differences"; "Uses of the Erotic: the Erotic as Power"; "Claiming a Lesbian and Gay Identity in Different Contexts"; "The Master's Tools Will Never Dismantle the Master's House"; "Apartheid Here, There and Everywhere"; "Working Class and Impoverished Women Dialogue"; "Feminist Anti-Racist Organizing"; "Linking National Liberation with Gay and Lesbian Liberation."

MONDAY MORNING

The program for the final day began with the viewing of a film about St. Vincent women and their land issue. Women are working the land in St. Vincent for a land owner with no possibility of ownership. They work for subsistence wages in unhealthy stressful working conditions. Most of the women are mothers and have a household and children to care for



Audre Lorde speaks with Ellen Kuzwayo, activist writer from South Africa. Photo by Jean Weisinger

Audre to come and pass through the streets of South Africa. She wanted Audre to come at this time of negotiation, so that in 3 or 4 years, after the change which will take place, Audre can say "I was there and saw what was." She told Audre, "You have made your mark in this world."

Throughout the presentations of awards and gifts, Audre would approach the stage to receive them. She carries herself with a gentle coolness. How beautiful she looked, her locks with touches of grey, warmth and wisdom in her eyes, clarity in her voice, power in her stance. I could feel how moved

in addition to working the land. Along with substandard working conditions, the women are told which crops to grow. These women are asking for very basic needs. When asked what would help their situation, one of the women responded, "a toilet."

The remainder of the morning was given to women who felt that their voices were not heard. The Asian women were the first to approach the stage. They comprised a group of 12 women, various skin hues from cream to brown and countries of origin. They read a poem together and then one by one approached the microphone sharing their pain, anger and joy to the women sitting tensely in the pews. Some of us holding back our tears, others letting them fall freely, but all of us moved. They spoke so deeply from their hearts of their indoctrination to be silent.

They wanted to break through our ignorance.

Some of the quotes I was able to dictate through my feelings of numbness may give you some idea of the intensity of their pain: "I am not your Oriental ornament to be placed on



some narrow shelf in your mind." "Stop telling me to speak English the right way." "You see beauty only in my exoticism." "I'm not your little Indian doll."

"Stop telling me to give up my sexist culture. Who are you to tell me what sexism means to me." The women left the stage free of some tension with the realization they were clearly heard.

The Native women asked that we "listen to the indigenous people, because we are the ones who have have the knowledge to take care of the land." They asked that we "tell the truth about Columbus." They also expressed anger about the profit-making going on with Native spirituality. "We are not here to serve your spiritual needs to get you into heaven."

They also spoke of the systematic plan to take away treaty rights to get to Native land for its energy resources. It was pointed out that treats rights are connected to the ecology movement.

The Latina women took issue with the lack of their involvement with planning the conference. They felt their inclusion was only when the organizers needed something, e.g., translation. They felt the application process was exclusionary.

The Latina women noted that the conference had as a part of their purpose to build global connections but very little opportunity was given to participants to discuss strategies to move forward in the 90's. Too much time was spent celebrating through cultural work. "Six hours of listening to poetry and only three minutes to listen to women from other countries."

The Latina representatives stated that the Latina women have felt as a women would feel at a male-dominated conference or a lesbian would feel at a heterosexual conference. She said she was "talking about anger and hope."

The conference coordinating committee, Jacqui Alexander, Angela Bowen, Jinny Chalmers, and Jennifer Abod made a presentation. They were proud because women made the conference a reality through contri-

[The Asian women] spoke so deeply from their hearts of their indoctrination to be silent. They wanted to break through our ignorance.

butions of money and skills. The organizers tried to work with the participants by frequently making praise for their hard work. The committee was also responsible for holding a raffle to establish a fund to support the Audre Lorde Writing Sabbatical for community-based Black lesbians. A quilt was the first prize for this raffle. The quilt was created by the Freedom Quilting Bee of Alberta, AL, an African-American quilting collective. The fabric came from donations from all over the planet.

Audre opened her closing remarks stating "it isn't often in my life that I find myself without words." She then challenged us to move forward. "Everything we do is grinding us into dust and we will not be ground...Do not let differences pull you apart, go through them and grow from them...None

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(continued from page 7)

of us can do it alone, but it will be done and we will do it together." She ended her remarks with "The war is the same, if we lose someday women's blood will congeal on a dead planet. If we win there is no telling. We see beyond history for a new possibility."

Audre was given flowers and a doll from two Belizean sisters, indicating Audre was their hero. She was moved and speechless, leaving the stage. She returned to the stage to say, "I am three years away from sixty."

The Audre Lorde Conference impacted Reatha in many, many ways, one of the being a spiritual transformation. She believes that issues were raised that need to be discussed further in her local community and would like to bring women together to participate in a discussion about this conference. If you're interested, please call Reatha at 835-1552. ▽

Photographer Jean Weisinger would like to personally thank the organizers of the Audre Lorde conference. She feels especially positive about the fact that we were able to honor Audre while she is with us and hopes that this is a practice the women's community will continue for women who have impacted our lives such as Audre Lorde has.

Fortunately, the Third National Conference on Women of Color and the Law can be added to a growing list of conferences that in addition to providing a communion and gathering for women of color activists, also offer a participatory space which generates strategies for addressing socioeconomic and political concerns of women of color in the U.S.

Given the academic setting and law school sponsorship, a conference of this nature runs the risk of being exclusionary, and/or elitist in its focus. Women of color (woc) at the Stanford Law Center demonstrated their sensitivity, competence and effectiveness in negotiating difficult class and race barriers. Plenary speaker Mari Matsuda commenting on the organizers collaborative efforts said, "Much of their [woc scholar-activists] theoretical work is informed by their community work, from their struggles, from the streets..." This inter-connectedness resulted in representation without tokenism, cultural symbolism without stereotyping, and collaboration without subordination.

Over 580 participants from across the nation came to hear Angela Davis deliver the keynote address and listened to passionate and sometimes exuberant testimony of the distinguished plenary speakers.* Throughout the conference the powerful oratory of plenary speakers was met with several rounds of standing ovations. The program included four plenary sessions, caucuses based on participants suggestions, and twelve workshop sessions.

A partial list of the workshops includes: Sexism and Homophobia in the Military; Legal and Cultural Definitions of the Family; From Our Own Perspective: Reproductive Health for Latinas; Women of Color Into Legal Academia: Diversifying the Law; Building a Women of Color Public Policy Agenda: A National Advocate's Perspective; Equal Opportunities for Pregnant and Parenting Students; Immigrant and Refugee Women and Domestic Violence; Sister to Sister: A Dialogue Between Straight and Lesbian Women of Color; Protecting Our Heritage, Respecting Our Elders: Native Women Speak Out on Repatriation and Genocide.

The first plenary session, "The Politics of Health," explored how social, economic, and legal

(*Due to travel delays I missed the Davis speech. A synopsis of plenary sessions will be published in the Stanford Law Review. The sessions were also videotaped.)

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forces impact one's health care status. Panelist Dorothy E. Roberts (Assoc. Professor of Law, Rutgers School of Law) presented her analysis on the prosecution of drug-addicted mothers. She noted that Black women are 10 times more likely than white women to be tested for drugs, although white women use drugs equally as much or at higher rates than Black women.

Two major contributing factors for the higher incidence of testing and reporting of drug users, is the fact that women of color are monitored more often by government agencies (e.g., police, social services) and are frequently reported based on the racist suspicions of predominantly white hospital administrators. Roberts pointed out the cultural bias inherent in dominant society's belief that "women of color do not deserve to be mothers; consequently prosecutors are punishing women of color for becoming pregnant and for failing to fulfill the dominant culture's idea of motherhood."

The second plenary session, entitled "The Socioeconomic Status of Women of Color," examined key industries in which women of color tend to concentrate: services, garment manufacturing, and domestic work. Betty Woody (Professor of Economics, Center for Research on Women, Wellesley College) discussed how changes in the economy—deregulation in the 1980's and a long-term shift toward service—affect working conditions. Woody argued that traditional economic theories do not offer a framework for examining women of color in the workforce. Primary reasons given were that

traditional economic theories are based on a white male model and the types of jobs traditionally talked about have shifted: the U.S. economy has shifted from a production economy to a service economy. She said it is a myth that Black women have made large gains in upward job mobility. The job system has been stratified to such a degree that it limits Black women's wages, benefits, and hours growth—over 50% of the Black female workforce is in part-time jobs.

Another panelist Evelyn Nakano Glenn (Professor of Sociology, SUNY at Binghamton) challenged the all encompassing notion of the "feminization of poverty." She argued that women of color face special forms of discrimination in working situations; woc have directly contributed to the higher standard of living for white women; and current wage statistics indicate that white women's median income is slightly higher than Chicano and Latino men in the U.S.

The third panel "Violence Against Women of Color" was by far the most spirited and engaging panel of the conference. The panelists addressed several key questions: 1) Does the law recognize only single facets of the complex oppression that women of color face? 2) Does punishment of the domestic abuser threaten the "cultural integrity" of communities of color? 3) Are there forms of economic violence against women of color that go unrecognized?

G. Chezia Carraway (Coordinator, NYC Task Force Against Sexual Assault) criticized the mass media for perpetuating the

myth of the "legitimate rape." She said, "I'm sure everyone remembers the Central Park rape case versus the JoAnn Little rape case ('which is the one I choose to remember')." The biased media attention and public opinion, Carraway continued, resulted in perpetuating the myth that "the only legitimate rape is one that happens to white women, by strangers, in the dark, outdoors, away from your home." In short, "only real rapes happen to investment bankers in Central Park—your [woc] rape is not real." This attitude is contradictory to reality where the majority of rapes occur within racial groups, at home, and by someone known to the victim.

Carraway also noted that the same Fortune 500 companies that fund milk carton campaigns to help locate missing children, also own pornography. Citing Fatima Cortez's expanded definition of violence to include economic violence, educational violence, and medical violence Carraway suggested these non-traditional concepts of violence must also be examined.

The fourth and final panel "Building Coalitions" posed several questions including: What issues do non-native women need to understand in order to work with native women?; How does homophobia inhibit coalition work between straight women and lesbians of color?; How would a national women of color coalition look and feel?; Haunani-Kay Trask (Professor of Hawaiian Studies, University of Hawaii) acknowledged the influence of African-American women's activism

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in her own struggles for Native Hawaiian rights. She noted that colonized people have a different status than immigrants, and in the case of Asian immigrants in Hawaii, conflicts can arise that pit people of color against one another, while the transgressions of white people go unchallenged. Of special note was Mari J. Matsuda (UCLA Law School Visiting Professor) who "threw down hard" on behalf of lesbians of color. Among other topics she addressed our continuing battles within our ethnic communities to maintain visibility. June Inuzuka (Board Member, National Institute for Women of Color) had the best advice for women of color who must work in

coalition with white women. She said, "When you work in coalition with white women be prepared to be the 'problem child.'" Inuzuka echoed Bernice Reagon's statement on coalitions which was printed in the conference program: "Coalition work is not work done in your house; coalition work is work done in the streets." Inuzuka commented, "No, coalitions are not where you go to find family...in building coalitions with white women--it's more like learning how to swim with sharks and survive!"

Criticism was candid, unrestrained, and well-taken—more than a few conference attendees expressed a concern that there

need to be more discussions and workshops that address cross-cultural conflicts between women of color. Overall there was an atmosphere of cooperation, inquiry, and learning. The conveners of the Third National Conference of Women of Color and the Law did an exemplary job of organizing a conference where women of color were put at the center of analysis, and where the majority of the participants left the gathering feeling truly empowered. *Aché!*

For further information contact WOC at the Center, Stanford Law Center, Stanford University. ▽

A Night on The Town (continued from page 15)

hasn't been a whole lot). My favorite special effect is the video grid where the camera with something like a strobe light attached, records a dancer and displays the dancer on another wall in a 5 x 5 grid. So there are 25 images of the dancer moving jerkily on one wall, and the one real dancer moving smoothly on another wall. You can go from the real dancer to the wall of dancers and back again over and over, for a real visual treat. I am a true country bumpkin when I look at that setup.

The combination of the music and the stage is what makes the Box, well, the Box. When we arrived the people on the stage were doing that big group dance that I seem to see every time I see people dancing these days. You know the

one, where everyone does the same step? Right out in front was this muscular brother who I'm sure was displaying his muscles as much as he was dancing. A sister tried displaying her stomach muscles too, causing Rhesa to comment that they looked "a little wide." I thought they looked just fine.

Well this was the place. There was enough room, people were really dancing, not just watching, even though there was sure enough to watch. The music would not quit. Not a lot of cigarette smoke. Sorry, I don't remember any of the songs, I just remember the feeling like I was wearing special clothes that never got dry. Good dancers all around to check out. Rhesa was

dancing in her own world. She looked at times like she was directing traffic, only the traffic was flying in the air as well as crawling on the floor. My endorphines were flowing. I had enough room to stomp around, so I was happy. Two fellas on the stage were doing some outrageous voguing and there went that strobe camera again. One song after another, they just wouldn't stop. The d.j. was channeling that night.

And, as everything must, especially about 2 a.m. in San Francisco, the music ended. The lights went up and everybody had to leave. We agreed it was the best of the three places. No hassles, great music, interesting people, lots of carrying on in fun. If this club were a barbeque sauce, I'd say it was HOT! ▽

CONFERENCES

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

CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS

BLACK LESBIAN ANTHOLOGY

Seeking quality unpublished, poetry (any length or form) and fiction (including plays and experimental pieces.) All topics and genres desired:

work, family/community, friendship, parenting, religion/spirituality, aging, body image, food, TV, money & class, violence & fighting back, apartheid, being closeted/being out, health & illness, the armed forces, racism & sexism, rap, roles, education, humor & satire, horror, science fiction, mystery, period pieces, and more!!

**All work must be authored
by Black lesbians!**

Send poetry to:

**Terri Jewell, 211 W. Saginaw #2,
Lansing, MI 48933**

Send fiction to:

**Stephanie Byrd, 705 E. Seneca #7
Ithaca, NY 14850**

Please send SASE with each submission and/or inquiry.

**Deadline for submissions:
February 15, 1991**

"Ache." *Aché*, vol. 2, no. 6, November-December, 1990. Archives of Sexuality and Gender, link.gale.com/apps/doc/BHLVIU776733638/AHSI?u=umuser&sid=bookmark-AHSI&xid=3e193942. Accessed 8 Dec. 2022.