

ONYX

BLACK LESBIAN NEWSLETTER



AUGUST/SEPTEMBER 84

S. F. BAY AREA \$1.00 ELSEWHERE \$1.25

ONYX

VOL 3, No. 4

Cover design by Sarita Johnson.

We welcome any and all written and graphic work by black lesbians. Our format includes news, reviews, personal perspectives, political commentaries, interviews, poetry, letters, ads, announcements, humor, and journal entries.

Fictitious names or pseudonyms are standard literary practice and should be used if the contributing artist fears too much visibility. Give us a call if you have an idea that you want to talk about.

ONYX is now a bimonthly publication. (When submitting, please send written work typed and double-spaced if possible).

DEADLINES FOR SUBMISSIONS

Sept. 7th for the October/November issue;
Nov. 6th for the December/January issue.

x x

Because of our increasing costs of production, printing and mailing ONYX(BLN), we have raised our subscription rates to \$10.00/year individual rate (6 issues) and \$15.00/year institutional rate (6 issues). We ask for your continued support.

x x

I have enclosed \$10.00 for a one-year subscription to ONYX (BLN). (Institutional rate \$15.00.) Please note increase in rate after June 15th.

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ONYX (BLN)
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Staff

Marlene Bonner*
Sarita Johnson*
Pandoura*
Camille Barber
Mayrann Turner

*core members

SPECIAL THANKS

Chinosole
Sandy Cavalo

HELP!

We need new members with skills or interest in working with us in the following areas: writing, editing, graphics, distribution, outreach, law, fundraising, advertisements, typing, bookkeeping. Let's hear from you now! Call us at (415) 540-0671.

DONATIONS

We now have nonprofit status through the sponsorship of the San Francisco Women's Centers. Therefore, all donations are tax deductible. Checks should be made out to the San Francisco Women's Centers/Black Lesbian Newsletter in order to benefit from this status.

Outlets

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REPORT ON TW/PC LESBIAN/GAY CONFERENCE

"Claiming Our Identities" was the theme of the 3rd National Third World/People of Color Lesbian/Gay Conference which was held at the University of California, Berkeley, June 21-23. Three hundred and fifty people attended the Conference which, in the words of the coordinator, A. Billy Jones, was called "to bring together Native Americans, Asians and Pacific Islanders, Latin Americans and Caribbeans and African American lesbians and gays to discuss issues and perceptions which unite and sometimes separate us."

Approximately twenty-eight workshops were conducted during the three day Conference. The workshops covered a wide range of topics including, race discrimination, minorities in lesbian/gay business, self esteem, parenting and the family, AIDS and other health related issues and international politics. A series of resolutions were drafted out of the media workshop which included: increasing the number of people of color in the lesbian/gay press; encouraging students of color to consider careers in journalism; prompting news organizations to hold public forums to explain how news is reported and to solicit feedback on coverage; recognizing the need for the straight media "to stop portraying the gay community as exclusively white male." The workshops not only provided a great deal of information, but also gave the participants an opportunity for networking.

A number of resolutions arose from the ethnic caucuses, including a call for withdrawal of U. S. troops and military personnel from Central America and the Caribbean, cessation of the United States' undeclared war against Nicaragua, and a recommendation to South Africa's lesbian/gay groups to unite with South African Blacks in the fight against apartheid and lesbian/gay oppression.

The conference had its shortcomings, but generally it was felt by those who participated that the conference was validating, informative, and most importantly, it gave them a sense of self worth. The next Third World/People of Color Lesbian/Gay Conference is scheduled for 1986 in Los Angeles, California.

JOIN US in supporting our local artists and musicians. These are just a few of the many talented women in our community: Mary Watkins, Casselberry and Dupree, Linda Tillery, Sarita Johnson, Helen Keller, Sharon Page Ritchie, Vicki Randall, Avotcja and Pat Parker.

HUMAN RIGHTS COMMISSION REPORT

In a unanimous decision, the Human Rights Commission accepted the report of the public hearings on the employment and hiring practices of lesbian/gay businesses, specifically regarding race, color, national origin, and ethnicity, and adopted all of the recommendations contained therein at its meeting of May 24, 1984.

As indicated in the report, "Lesbians and gay men of color are weary of fighting racism and educating the rest of the lesbian/gay community about racism. In reality lesbians and gay men of color are not responsible for making the necessary changes nor can they do so while working in a vacuum. The changes can only come about when the entire community addresses racism and becomes anti-racist in attitude and action. It is time that the lesbian/gay community, and its businesses, institute its own affirmative action programs with vigor and sincerity."

Although Jackie Winnow, Lesbian/Gay Liaison and principal author of the report, was elated at HRC's enthusiastic reception, she remains mindful that the real work is just beginning. "The lesbian/gay business community has to work on establishing affirmative action and anti-racist attitudes. The Human Rights Commission plans to assist in that process. A cooperative effort by everyone needs to take place to establish equity in our community."

To receive a detailed report on the findings and recommendation of the Human Rights Commission, call Jackie Winnow (415) 558-4901 or write: Human Rights Commission, 1095 Market St., Suite 501, S.F. 94103.



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PASSAGES

by Mayrann Turner °1984

Continued from June/July issue

Life went on. To protect myself from the turmoil around me, I went into a shell. Time was my friend, as it marched on, I became numb to most emotions.

Although I was in a shell, I was always subconsciously reaching out to find someone to trust and to love completely. I found Bea.

I don't ever remember meeting Bea; I always knew her. She was a year older than me and she was my best friend. With her, I was free from the stress and worry of my young life. We ran and played. We were carefree. Sometimes we would sit in the grass and watch the clouds, shaped like animals, float by. At other times, we would steal apples or plums from someone's tree in the neighborhood who we thought was a meanie. But most of the time, we just enjoyed being with each other, holding hands and walking by the bayou. Our relationship was rare and pure. Even in our small, religious town, we could kiss or slow dance openly and "be cute". Bea was the only person besides Mama that I had ever loved. I began to trust her: I began to emerge from my shell.

As Bea and I grew older, her sisters and classmates began to tease her about our relationship. They said that she was acting like I was her "boyfriend" instead of just another girlfriend. Because of this, Bea grew more and more distant towards me until finally, we were almost like strangers. It had happened again, I had loved and trusted and I had been hurt. I decided then that it would never happen again. Bea started associating with other people: I withdrew into my shell.

Because I had nothing else to do, I studied and read a lot; as a result I excelled in school. None of the other students liked me because of this. Oh, they pretended that they did, but I knew better. Like the time we were in eighth grade and we were voting for the homecoming court. I was nominated. I was sure to win because all of my "friends" had pledged to vote for me. Well, we had a heads-on-your-desk-raise-your-hand election; I peeped and saw that all of my "friends" voted against me. After the election was over, they were sorry that I had lost. I was repulsed. Was there no one besides Mama that I could trust?

When I was in the ninth grade, I had Miss Strawberry for homeroom and English. I had always been smart, but in Miss Strawberry's class, I blossomed. I never got less than an "A" on any exam that she gave. I was enamored of her.

Two incidents added fuel to my love for Miss Strawberry. We were having another election for the homecoming court. The smartest girl and the smartest boy were to be elected. Since Miss Strawberry knew that I was the smartest girl and Kenneth was the smartest boy, she disbanded the election and chose us as Freshman representatives. Not very democratic, but very fair. I was in seventh heaven and I loved Miss Strawberry.

The second incident that further endeared Miss Strawberry to me had to do with my motion sickness. Several students from grades nine through twelve had been selected to go to a major university to compete academically with students from all over the state. I was riding in the car with the principal, Miss Strawberry, and two other students. About halfway through the trip, we ran into hilly country. Up and down, up and down, I began to sweat profusely. "Oh no," I thought, "I am really going to throw up." I let the window down for fresh air, but it was winter and everyone complained of the cold. Up went the window. I was doomed. More sweating. "Breathe deeply and think of something else"...Too late, we went down a deep hill and up came the contents of my stomach. We pulled off to the side of the road--everyone was looking at me and I was soooooo embarrassed.

Miss Strawberry handled the situation. While everyone was pointing and snickering, she tenderly sponged all that mess off me. Then, she put her cool fingers on my forehead and tenderly held my shaking body in her arms the rest of the trip. Being in her arms was worth all the embarrassment ...

Integration came and everything went haywire. Both Miss Strawberry and I were transferred to different schools. Yet another time that someone I had loved was taken away from me.

At sixteen, I entered college. Since I was so young, I stayed at home and commuted the 80 miles each day. Despite the fact that I was in constant turmoil because of the way things were at home, I managed to do well that first year in college. I vowed to myself that I would move the next year.

The first day that I moved into the campus dormitory, I breathed a sigh of release and relief. No more drunkedness, fights, and fear. Things were going to be different now.

I had a few dates but after a while I stopped seeing men because they all left me feeling so empty. Clearly something was lacking.

One night, I was sitting in the TV room looking at my all-time-favorite-I-never-missed program, when I walked this ravishing Black goddess. I almost died. Never before had I been so physically attracted to a person and especially never to a woman! My palms began to sweat, my heart was throbbing, and I was slightly dizzy. "God, what is happening to me," I thought. "I must be sick-- pneumonia or something." Well, this woman just sauntered right in, smiled, and sat right next to me. I could feel her body heat being transferred to my body. Although she had just showered and washed her hair, I could smell her delightful aroma. I was slightly intoxicated by her nearness. I dared not to leave the room, because I was certain that my legs would fail me. Anyway, I wanted to be near this woman.

During the commercial, we chatted about trivial things; basically, I just listened to her sweet voice and drank in her lovely face. It occurred to me that I wanted to take this woman into my arms, hold her gently, and kiss her passionately. "The flu is going around," I thought, "I've caught it and am delirious with fever: I can't be attracted to a woman; on fire with desire for her. This isn't right...but, oh, it feels so right, and so good!"

I sneaked a good look at this woman out of the corner of my eye. Her hair was still damp and hung in ringlets around her neck and shoulders. I longed to twine my fingers in her hair...to bury my nose and mouth in it...to kiss her neck where that little vein throbbed. Her lips, which were full and moist reminded me of blackberries. I longed to kiss them gently...to run my tongue around them...to explore the treasure hidden within. My eyes dropped to her breast and oh, shock of all shocks, she wasn't wearing a bra! Her breasts were dark and firm and her nipples were erect. I longed to massage them gently...to kiss those buds of joy until... But, oh, the TV program was off and she was getting up to leave. With a cheery "goodnight," she left. I waited for a few minutes to regain my composure before leaving.

After I left the TV room, I hurried to my room, locked the door and climbed into bed. All that I could think of was the woman that I had just left. She was in my mind and I couldn't get her out. I could still smell her, see her face, her lips, her breast...

I was burning with a new desire, a passion that had to be released. I moved my hand slowly down my stomach and past my pubic hairs. My fingers encountered a warm wetness. After lubricating my finger in this nectar, I began, slowly, to massage my clitoris. At the same time I began, in my mind, to kiss the lips of the woman that I had just seen. She responded ardently. I moved my mouth to her neck and lightly licked that throbbing vein. She was blowing hot, wet air into my ear...I trembled with passion. With urgent fingers, she turned my lips back to hers. We kissed a long, wet time, trading tongues--rubbing bodies. While we were kissing, she slid her hand down to my clitoris and began to massage me very gently. I felt a warm glow spread over my body and with a quiet, sweet release, I came. I was eighteen years old and it was the first time that I had masturbated.

Watching TV took on a new meaning for me. It was her favorite past-time too; since no one else seemed to like 'our' TV program that much, we were always alone. That was good because all that I could do was sit there, stare at the screen, and enjoy being near the woman that I lusted for. After that, I would go back to my room and masturbate.

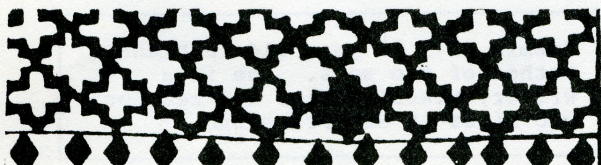
After about a month, I began to wonder if masturbating once a week was too much. After all, everybody knows that people go blind from masturbating. But, I didn't have to worry too long because the next TV night, my fantasy lover announced that she was engaged to be married. I was crushed.

This incident was the catalyst to my coming to terms with my sexuality. I began to realize that I was only comfortable around women and that I was not attracted to men. For the first time I thought seriously about lesbianism. But there was no one to talk to or to confide in. Soon, the enormity of the situation got to be too much for me to handle. I decided to forget about anything to do with my sexuality and concentrate on my studies.

To be concluded...
October/November issue

I was born the year of the Brown vs. the Board of Education decision; supposedly a time of change in the South. Although I now reside in the San Francisco-Bay Area, I grew up in rural Louisiana. My writings reflect that time, that period, that place.

Mayrann Turner



"Trouble with the Term or with the Lying"

Yasmin A. Sayyed •1984

My family, like many African-Caribbean-American families, was/is full of lies. The lies of silence. The show-one face, live-another-lies. The we're-too-good-to-live-around-these-poorly-educated, poorly bred, poor Nigger-lies. The we're-better! - just-getting-on-our-feet-lies.

The lies were pervasive, and they were insidious.

We told them with regularity in and outside of our family until they backed up and choked some of us.

We believed our own lies. Indeed, we did not know we were lying.

We lied because being poor, powerless and Niggers (literate or not) was such a painfully denigrating status to have, that lying salved some hurt on a limited level.

Lying also tempered the enragelement that sometimes swelled and oozed from its dormancy.

Lying buffed the edges and encouraged us to self-present a false image of reality.

Lying was a tranquilizer--an opiate.

I am a lesbian.

I incontrovertibly bond with wimmin on a vast multitude of levels including, yet not exclusively, sexually.

My images both verbal and visual are woman to woman (lesbian)

I am black. Reckon that makes me a black lesbian. A description, label, accusation and honourific title that I feel indubitably comfortable wearing.

I am not a piece of onyx, a black azalea, nor a petunia -

Though I have used petunias, beautiful shadelight flowers, in a series of erotic drawings in celebration of Black wimmin. (Judy Chicago has her image of sisters, and I mine) I am, nonetheless, not a petunia; nor does the name petunia readily identify my political stance, my sure-fired uppitness, nor my ever-ready obscene gesture at a society that is unmistakably gyne-stifling.

I am a woman. A black woman who chooses with unswerving deliberation and undeniable consciousness to identify with and steadfastly love other wimmin.

I am a lesbian, as is my sister, my aunt (and Shh! don't tell anybody, but hear tell my grandmother may be too!)

We are close, we are committed to our bonds, and we've consciously opted not to continue the familial pattern of lying. It feels good.

Being a lesbian has helped elucidatively hone my socio-political and spiritual imagery. It's given form, spirit, colour, movement, aesthetics, honour, and depth to my vision. It is a process by which I bond politically, emotionally, philosophically, ethically, spiritually, hopefully egalitarianly and sexually with members of my own sex.

There are few titles that I've worn that feel as comfortable and as integrable as "lesbian". Lesbian is what I am; it's who I am; It's me.

To deny it would be an act of self-affrontery.

I am a lesbian.

It's not just a sexuality identification tag.

It's an I'm-too-proud-and-too-damn-uppity-to-give-others-the-power-to-silence-me, and to-shame-me-into-being-less-than-honest-identification tag also. It's a lifestyle describer, a welcomed identifier, a warning and a I'm-not-too-modest-to-flaunt-it honourific title.

I am a lesbian.

I bond on many levels with wimmin, lesbian and nonlesbian alike, with wimmin of various class, cultural, ethnic, vocational and educational backgrounds. It's an inclusive process that recognizes that the commonly shared and individuated concerns of wimmin as both a disadvantaged caste and an oppressed class are political and personal issues. It's political not to lie; it's integrable not to lie -- not to our sisters and not to ourselves; not to lie energetically nor to lie passively, for lying enslaves, suffocates and defines the limits of our bondings.

Lesbianism is a way of perceiving and internalizing planetary development.

It's wimmin being internally focussed. It's self-nurturing.

I suppose if I did not feel comfortable with myself, with who and what I am, that I might feel a smidgen more at ease (safe) with some misnomer, with some n'er-to-allude-to-what-I'm about name that would supposedly mitigate the impact of my being a black lesbian feminist with two sons in america.

I'm not minimizing the cost of visibility. I simply believe the alternatives to be far more exhorbitant.

If I were not resolved, a flowery name might offer to mollify, on some miniscule level, that my daring to be my unabated self is much despised.

I am a lesbian,

and by any name, who and what I am is despised --

both in the Black community and the dominant culture.

I don't feel as though I need to give heterosexism power, nor homophobia credence by remaining "discreet" (closeted) or renaming myself (lying)

I am a black lesbian.

An honourific title,

I'm not to modest to wear.

Yasmin is a 38 year old lesbian mother of two sons. She is a writer, visual artist and teacher who lives in San Francisco.

LESBIAN MOAN

My woman done left me
Left me here all alone
My lady done left me
Dropped me cold as a stone
She found another baby
To call her very own

I lived with my woman
Three years and some mo'
I shared with this woman
Now she closed de do'
I lost my lovin' honey
She gone this time fo' sho'

I knew she'd be leavin'
Ain't been lovin' her right
I knew she would grieve me
After our damned fight
So my baby's gone now
Went off de otha night

Her new love is younger
Got long hair on her head
Their lovin's much stronger
And they slept in my bed
Then my woman told me:
"Next to her, you be dead."

Oh, I cried and I cried
'Til I done fold away
Yes, I cried and I cried
And I died everyday
Gotta find a new sweetheart
And this is what I'll say:

"My woman done left me
Walked long time ago
My lover done left me
Left me sorry and so'
But I love you, pretty Momma
Love you fo'ever mo'."

Terri L. Jewell ©1983
Louisville, KY

GROUPS

Pacific Center Groups - see ad for address

SUNDAYS:

LESBIAN INCEST SURVIVORS SUPPORT GROUP
6:00-8:00 PM CLOSED

TUESDAYS:

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8:00-9:15 PM DROP-IN
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7:00-9:00 PM DROP-IN

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7:45-9:30 PM DROP-IN

THURSDAYS:

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7:30-9:30 PM DROP-IN

FRIDAYS:

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4:00-6:00 PM DROP-IN

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READINGS

Beginning with this issue of ONYX, we are introducing a bibliography section that will be an ongoing feature of the Newsletter. We will list reading material we consider to be of value to our readers. If you have some suggested readings, please send us your list with author, title, publisher and date of publication.

Bambara, Toni Cade. The Salt Eaters. New York: Random House, 1980.

Bell, Roseann P., Bettye J. Parker, Beverly Guy-Sheftall, eds. Sturdy Black Bridges, Visions of Black Women in Literature. New York: Anchor Press, 1979.

Bethel, Lorraine, and Barbara Smith, eds. Conditions: Five. The Black Women's Issue. Brooklyn, N.Y., 1979.

Brandt, Beth, ed. Sinister Wisdom 22/23, A Gathering of Spirits. Iowa City, Iowa: Iowa City Women's Press, 1983.

Cliff, Michelle. Abeng. Trumansburg, N.Y.: The Crossing Press, 1984.

Cochran, Jo, J.T. Stewart, and Mayumi Tsutakawa, eds. Gathering Ground. Seattle: The Seal Press, 1984.

Cornwall, Anita. Black Lesbians in White America. Tallahassee, FL: Naiad Press, 1983.

Gomez, Alma, Cherrie Moraga, and Mariana Romo-Carmona, eds. Cuentos: Stories by Latinas. New York: Kitchen Table: Women of Color Press, 1983.

Hansberry, Lorraine. To Be Young, Gifted and Black. Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice-Hall, 1969.

Hull, Gloria T., Patricia Scott Bell, and Barbara Smith, eds. All the Women Are White, All the Blacks Are Men, but Some of Us are Brave. Black Women's Studies. Old Westbury, N.Y.: The Feminist Press, 1982.

Hurston, Zora Neale. Their Eyes Were Watching God. New York: J.B. Lippincott, 1939.

Kikumura, Akemi. Through Harsh Winters: The life of a Japanese Immigrant Woman. Chandler & Skays, 1982.

Kim, Elaine H. with Janice Otani. With Silk Wings. Asian Woman United of California, 1983.

Lorde, Audre. Zami: A New Spelling of My Name. Watertown, Mass.: Persephone Press, 1982.

Lorde, Audre. Sister Outsider. Trumansburg, N.Y.: The Crossing Press, 1984.

Marshall, Paule. Praisesong for the Widow. New York: G.P. Putnam Sons, 1983.

Moraga, Cherrie and Gloria Anzaldua, eds. This Bridge Called My Back: Writings by Radical Women of Color. Watertown, Mass.: Persephone Press, 1981.

Morrison, Toni. Sula. New York: Knopf, 1974.

Mccunn Ruth Lum. A Thousand Pieces of Gold. New York: Dell, 1981.

Naylor, Gloria. The Women of Brewster Place. New York: Penguin, 1983.

Parker, Pat. Movement in Black. Oakland, Calif.: Diana Press, 1978.

Roberts, J.R. Black Lesbians, an Annotated Bibliography. Tallahassee, FL: Naiad, 1981.

Smith, Barbara, ed. Home Girls. New York: Kitchen Table: Women of Color Press, 1983.

Walker, Alice. The Color Purple. New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1982.

Walker, Alice. In Search of Our Mothers' Gardens. New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1984.



San Francisco Women's Centers
The Women's Building of the Bay Area

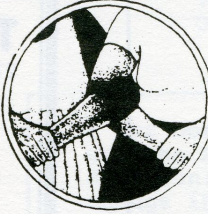
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PERSONALS

My dearest K. Happy birthday! My wish is that we will grow in respect, trust, communication and love. M.

Career-oriented woman would like to meet responsible woman to share like interests: cycling, movies, travel, hiking, etc. Write Ameena, c/o ONYX, 1442 A Walnut St. #307, Berkeley, CA 94709. (All responses will be answered.)

NOTICES

The Black Lesbian Theatre Ensemble is currently seeking new members. We are also looking for scripts (plays, 1-3 acts, skits, etc.). All interested actors and writers, please contact us c/o ONYX, 1442A Walnut St., #307, Berkeley, CA 94709 or (415) 540-0671.

Organization for **INCEST & CHILDHOOD SEXUAL ABUSE SURVIVORS** looking for **WOMEN OF COLOR SURVIVORS** to join. We'll soon be applying for grant funds, for info & referrals, hotline, groups. Please call Travis at (415) 641-4963.

Photography for the woman in your life. Portraits/Groups and fantasy photographs for a special someone. Other services include portfolios, slide projects. Call Lindsay, (415) 533-8153.

Interested in playing volleyball Saturday mornings? We need a few good women to join us. Please call and leave message c/o ONYX (415) 540-0671.

COUNSELING/GROUPS

Pacific Center now has Third World counselors and groups available. Volunteers are needed. Sliding scale. Call switchboard, (415) 841-6224 for information and appointments.

BLACK LESBIANS interested in joining a coming out group, please call Mary c/o ONYX (415) 540-0671.

JOB OPPORTUNITIES

Display Ad Sales Rep. needed for ONYX (BLN). Commission. Call ONYX (415) 540-0671.

PLEXUS has openings for women:
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\$: a little bit. Resumes by 8/15 to: **PLEXUS**, 545 Athol Ave., Oakland 94606. Attn: Kelly Eve. **WOMEN OF COLOR ESPECIALLY ENCOURAGED TO APPLY.**

ATTENTION ARTISTS/PHOTOGRAPHERS

ONYX needs your black and white artwork and photographs. Call and leave a message for Marlene or Sarita at 540-0671.

DEADLINES FOR CLASSIFIED ADS, DISPLAY ADS, AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

Sept. 18th for the October/November issue;
Nov. 17th for the December/January issue.

For classified ads, enclose \$1 per line (\$2 minimum per ad). There are 30 characters per line. Each letter, punctuation mark or space between words counts as a character. We reserve the right to use our discretion in the selection of advertisements.

Name _____

Address _____

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Calendar

Friday August 3rd thru Sunday August 5th

Portrait of a Black Woman. A musical drama. Full Circle Theatre Collective production. Studio Rhino, 2940 16th Street, S.F. 8 PM. Info/res. (415) 861-5079.

Thursday August 9th

Claudia Gomez and Group: Claudia sings and plays acoustic guitar, accompanied by brass and percussion; music from the Caribbean, Brazil and South America; 8 PM La Pena, 3105 Shattuck Ave., Berkeley

Saturday August 11th

"SATURDAY NIGHT SOCIAL" -- A Potluck Party! Please bring food and friends. An opportunity to meet Pat Norman, candidate for San Francisco Supervisor. Everyone Welcome! 437 Webster St. (between Fell and Oak), S.F. RSVP: (415) 864-0876.

Gwen Avery: Piano and vocals; 8 PM Artemis, 1199 Valencia St (at 23rd), S.F., \$4.

Dalila Jasmin: Belly dance "especially for women"; shows at 9 and 10 PM, Community Women's Center, 6536 Telegraph Ave., Oakland. \$4-\$6. No one turned away for lack of funds. For info, call Judith, (415) 654-9633.

Saturday August 18th

A Lesbian Weekend Special. Good food, games, wide screen TV, massages, fireplace, etc. The Place, 160 Haight St., S.F. 6:30-11:30 PM. RSVP: (415) 864-0876.

Friday August 24th

Champagne Reception for Pat Norman. Hosted by members of the legal community and other local community leaders. 214 Duboce Ave., S.F. 5:30-7:30 PM. For more info, call (415) 861-0469.

Thursday August 30th

A Black Woman and A Lesbian in Cuba: Tandy Iles and Donna Levitt present slides from their recent trip to Cuba and discuss their experiences there as a Black woman and a Lesbian; 7:30 PM, Old Wive's Tales, 1009 Valencia St. (at 21st), S.F. \$1. WA CC/SIGN with 48-hour notice.

HELP! In order to provide you with a more extensive events calendar, we need your help. Please notify ONYX (BLN) by mail or phone about upcoming social and political events of particular interest to women of color for our next issue and each succeeding issue. Thank you.

Wednesdays

Women of Color Health Clinic in South Berkeley - for information, call (415) 843-6204.

Lesbians of Color/Third World Lesbians Support Group/Drop-in Group. Pacific Center 8:00-9:45 PM. For more info., call Gloria Rodriguez (415) 548-8283.

Thursdays

Bay Area Black Lesbians and Gays (BAYBLAG) rap sessions, featured speakers, business meetings and open house/potlucks. Pride Center, 800 Hayes St., S.F. 7:00-9:00 PM. For more info, call Midgett, (415) 864-0876.

Fridays

Lesbians Meeting Lesbians. Music, entertainment, food and exciting fun. Call Midgett for info. (415) 864-0876.

conditions

a feminist magazine



Now Edited By:

Dorothy Allison
Elly Bulkin
Cheryl Clarke
Carroll Oliver
Mirtha N. Quintanales
Aida Santiago

We are concerned that women's/lesbian publications have often failed to reflect the experiences and viewpoints of Third World, working-class and older women. **CONDITIONS** includes work in a variety of styles by both published and unpublished writers of many different backgrounds. We welcome submissions from all women who feel that a commitment to other women is an integral part of their lives.

Box 56A Van Brunt Station Brooklyn, NY 11215

Subscriptions (3 issues): \$15. individual; \$25. institutions; \$9. special "hardship" rate; \$20. or more - supporting subscription.

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