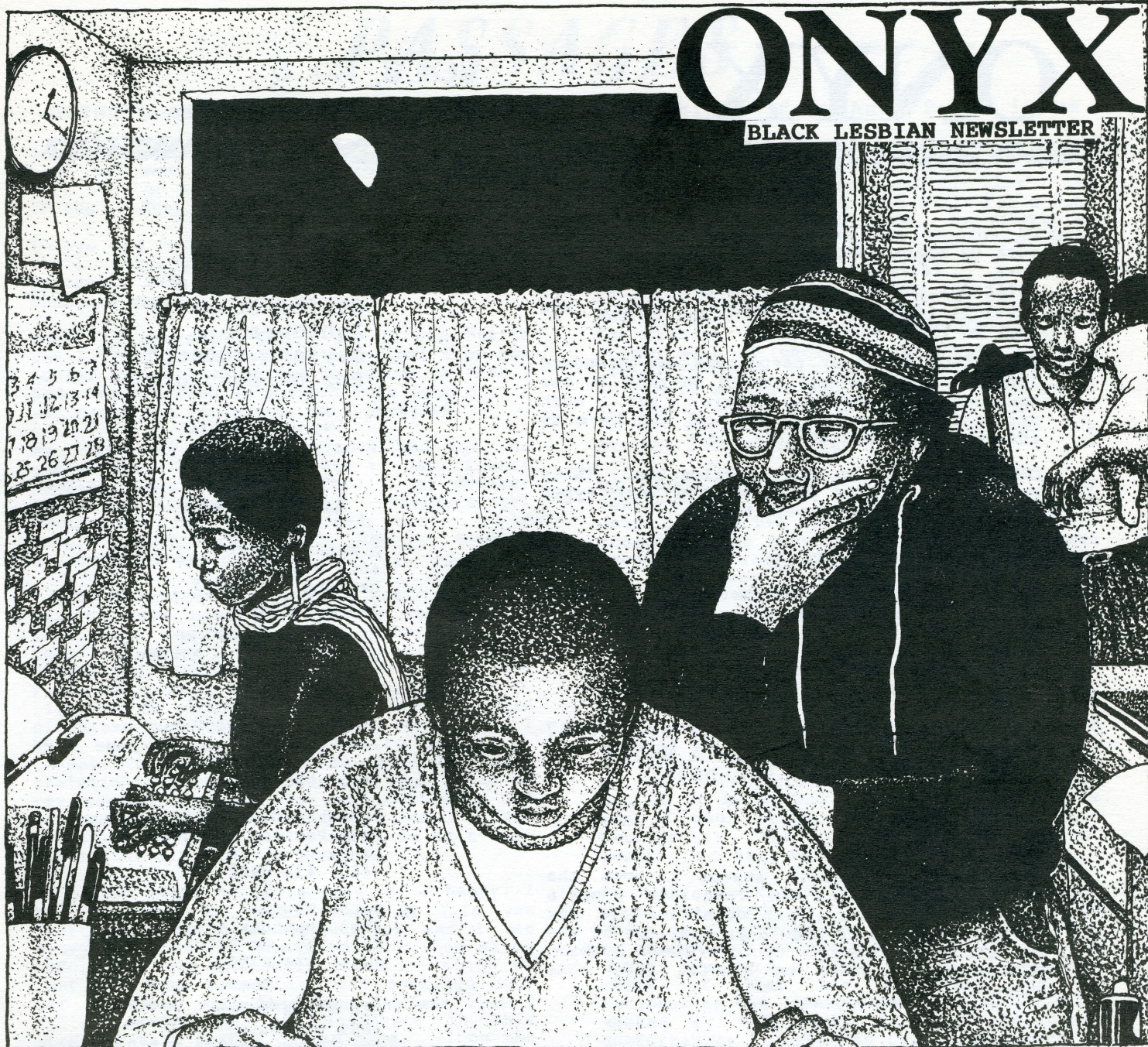


ONYX

BLACK LESBIAN NEWSLETTER



October/November 84

S. F. BAY AREA \$1.00

ELSEWHERE \$1.25

ONYX

VOL 3, No. 5

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

Nov. 6th for the December/January issue;
Jan 7th for the February/March issue.

Please send to:

ONYX (BLN)
1442A Walnut St., #307
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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.

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.

SPECIAL THANKS

Anita Countee

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Sarita Johnson*
Pandoura*
Mayrann Turner*
Roz Darensbourg

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PASSAGES

by Mayrann Turner

continued from Aug./Sept. issue

After graduating from college, I packed my bags and went home to a dying town: there were no jobs and no future for Blacks. Most of the younger generation had already left.

Things had not changed at home. Daddy was still getting drunk, gambling away his paycheck, and threatening Mama. I was in a constant state of turmoil.

Weeks of searching for a job proved futile until finally one day the principal from the junior high school called to inform me that I had been selected as a substitute teacher. I was desperate for money, so I accepted.

My first day as a substitute was for the chorus instructor. Needless to say, I knew nothing about singing--afterall, my degrees were in zoology and microbiology. Fortunately for all involved, there was a record player with records, and the teacher was only ill two days.

I next substituted in girl's P.E. This job was to have been more secure because the instructor was on maternity leave for at least a year. Now, Mama and I were guaranteed some financial security: the first in a long time. However, after that first class with all those screaming little girls and all those hard little exercises, I knew that I was not cut out to be a P.E. teacher (I had never done anything more athletic than walk to school). But I had to try because nothing else was available and because Mama needed me. I had begun to see myself as her only ray of sunshine in a dark situation; her only way out.

After two weeks of pretending to be happy, I had to admit to myself that my life was pretty miserable: I was unhappy and I was decaying rapidly. For the first time since before the gun incident, I had to think of just me. Mama seemed to have accepted both her existence with this menacing man that I called Daddy, and her existence in this stagnant town that I called home. I, on the other hand, could take no more. Something had to give.

I decided to talk to Mama and try to persuade her to leave with me. But first, I called my uncle in Chicago and asked him to help me look for a job. He complied by saying that he was coming to get me within the week. Now I had to step into action. Here was a chance for me to make a new start.

I told Mama that I was leaving and wished that she would come too. To my surprise, she wished me well but said that she had chosen her life there. "For better or for worse" she was staying with her man. I was shocked, how could someone deliberately choose grief and strife or perhaps even death over happiness and peace and life? I didn't argue with her, I just knew that for my own health and sanity, I had to get away from that place.

The days seemed like years, but finally my uncle came. I was overcome with joy. For a fleeting moment, I felt something that I had not felt (and would not feel again for a long while) -- a taste of FREEDOM. As quickly as the feeling came, it went: I knew for many reasons that I was not free yet.

After arriving in Chicago, I began an earnest search for a job (in my field of study) and for freedom: both proved hard to find. I stayed with my uncle and his wife while I looked for work. Although I was surrounded by family members and constantly kept aware of their daily problems, I was lonely. I longed for someone that I could talk to; someone that would listen to me.

To escape becoming further involved in my family's problems, I took two daring steps: I moved into my own apartment and I became more active in the church. Having my own place proved beneficial for my emotional growth. But increasing my activities in the church was another matter.

I soon found a church that seemed to possess all of the attributes that I was looking for. I began to nestle in and to feel at home. Soon, however, I began to notice some very big discrepancies. First of all, the church was totally male-dominated: women were treated as second-class citizens. Now if I was going to obtain any type of freedom (i.e. spiritual, physical or emotional), I could not do it by seeing myself as not equal to men. I soon began to see the Bible as a patriarchal book: there were plenty of heroes, but very few heroines.

Secondly, the church placed many restrictions upon its members: dressing properly, no drinking or smoking, no hair cuts for women, no movies and basically no thinking. But no matter how hard I tried not to, I began to think of what was happening and to rationalize the consequences upon my life. I wanted my hair cut, I wanted to dress comfortably; I wanted an occasional drink; I wanted to go to the movies. I began to realize that the church was another form of enslavement. I had fallen into another trap -- first my family, now the church.

After two months I found a job as a molecular biologist. It was here that I was introduced to the beauty and magic of research.

My life was falling apart, but my job was a joy. It was about this time that I had another clash with my sexual identity.

Lee was the editorial secretary in our building. Because I had to deal with her a lot, we became friendly. We had similar interests and quite naturally, began to go places together. I found that I was drawn to Lee. She was the first "free spirit" that I had ever met.

(Continued on p. 8)

Open Letter To The Black Lesbian Community

by Helen L. Keller *1984

Dear Sisters,

This is an urgent call for unity and mutual support from all positive and progressive Black lesbian-women-identified-women. I extend this call because I feel compelled. Over the last few years, I have noticed a definite reactionary shift in attitudes and in priorities of the women's (i.e. white) political/cultural community in the Bay Area. Some say it's "just California" but despite the efforts of publications and organizations like ONYX, BAYBLAG (Bay Area Black Lesbians & Gays) and countless other progressive individuals and groups, the visibility and self-determination of Black lesbians (and all women of color) seem to be diminishing.

I constantly hear the following complaints that there are no places for us to go and really feel comfortable; that there are too few environments in synch with our style of partying and hanging out. Whenever we go to white women's clubs, events, etc., and are gathered in numbers greater than five, white women become threatened by our presence. They become disrespectful, rude and condescending.

The extent of our representation at events like the recent women's music festival in Santa Barbara is reflective of a current trend where women of color are seen and heard from less and less. White women appear to be becoming more comfortable with this trend and not as concerned as they once were about the lack of real cultural diversity at these events and in their lives. One woman who attended the Santa Barbara festival reported that out of at least 2,000 women, there were not more than 20 women of color. She commented that whatever the reasons were for that small number, the environment wasn't very conducive to our participation. She said she saw more than a few confederate flags waving proudly on campsite tents!

I'm sure it's obvious to most of us by now that the "gay world" is basically just a microcosm of the larger society (and more limited). And though lesbians tend to be a little more politically progressive and conscious than the general population (we need to get our spiritual thing more together), we've still got a long way to go.

A few racism workshops and readings of The Color Purple or This Bridge Called My Back, etc., have helped to enlighten some white (and white identified) lesbians about the problems and oppressions lesbians of color face. But the reading of these books has also allowed many of these women to romanticize our lives and distance themselves from the struggles we fight in our own lesbian community. Black lesbians (and all lesbians of color) must deal with internalized racism by working with each other through our societally induced self-hatred until we get to a place of mutual self-love and recognition.

We have all been immersed in the classic American melting-pot identity crisis (to be or not to be an honorary white girl). For the last decade we have vacillated and been in a perpetual state of conflict over who we will identify with. Should we attempt to meld (disappear) into the white lesbian community for support or should we focus more on developing our own cultural structures while maintaining alliances with them? It has been a painful and confusing time. As a result, few of our needs as Black lesbians have been addressed or met. In 1984, many of us find ourselves feeling disillusioned and ripped off. But we know now what must be done. We've got to really get together and deal from a wiser and more loving place.

I am not advocating separation as a solution to our problems but the bitter lesson has been learned by many of us that though we still suffer from gay oppression, our dark skins (quiet as it's kept) are still a fundamental issue that we must constantly deal with in the world-- even in the gay community. We have a lot of hard things to deal with and work through -- so much responsibility that we sometimes feel overwhelmed by it all. As individuals and as a group, we are faced with racism, internalized racism, sexism, homophobia, poverty, alcohol and drug abuse, lack of education and low self-esteem, the list goes on. And the really ironic part is that we have even been subjected to resentment for being "privileged with all these really cool oppressions" from insane and ignorant people whom we mistook as our allies.

We need to have more control over the production and marketing of our energy and talents which are constantly being coopted and ripped off. This would mean taking the initiative to produce concerts, festivals, etc., which presents us with an incredible challenge and opportunity for growth and productivity.

We have to be extremely creative and determined to get our economic resources together. (We do not have the same readily available economic resources that white lesbians have - trust funds or affluent relatives to borrow from, etc.). We have to get and keep our goals and priorities clear. For example, making responsible and disciplined decisions about when, where and on what we spend our money. It means understanding and accepting that we can't work with everybody (i.e., every Black lesbian), but let's work with those that we can.

Although we do not have the past experiences of success in various enterprises, we do have the abilities and talents of true survivors/winners! There is nothing we can't do if we put our minds to it.

(Continued on p. 5)

Open letter/ (Continued from p. 4)

ONYX, for example, could be a powerful and dynamic vehicle for us to express ourselves and to network and communicate effectively with each other and whoever else is interested. Of course it won't be easy, there will always be ideological and aesthetic problems to work out, but those are just problems to solve. Having to solve problems shouldn't stop us from doing things.

We should think about the tremendous amount of love and work that has gone into the production of ONYX thus far and realize that ONYX can only be what we make it! We must support it. That means subscribe, submit articles, reviews and interviews, place ads and contribute plain hard work.

No, most of us haven't had experience in writing or producing a publication. Doing it is a new and scary experience for most people and definitely for us. We have been deprived access to this kind of experience because of our cultural history, sex and sexual orientation. But developing ONYX into a vital publication can and should be done. Without your active support and input ONYX cannot survive or grow.

We each have something to offer, so I want you all, and I won't loud talk nobody and mention any names (you know who you are), to submit. I want you writers to write. I want you artists to draw. I want you people with all the opinions about everything to let your opinions be known. We need to dialogue, to develop and expand our networks and share our knowledge and expertise with each other. We need love and validation from each other more than from anywhere else. We cannot sit back any longer bemoaning our fate, expecting others to do for us what we must do for ourselves. As Black lesbians we have many wonderful assets, talents and strengths to share, so let's put it out there.

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Helen L. Keller

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WRITERS NEEDED

ONYX needs writers now! Write about local happenings, do interviews, review books, etc. Call and leave a message for Marlene or Sarita at (415) 540-0671 and we'll get back to you.

NEW STAFF NEEDED

We must expand our staff. Women are needed to write, edit, and just plain help pull the newsletter together. Let's hear from you now! Call and leave a message for Marlene or Sarita at (415) 540-0671 and we'll get back to you.

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.

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Tony Henry/M. Midgett - co-chairs - 864-0876

Post for by BAY AREA BLACK LESBIANS AND GAYS

READINGS ... Due to the limited amount of space available in this issue, the bibliography section was omitted. It will be continued in the Dec.-Jan. issue.

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Spoken From the Heart

When I first came out as a Lesbian Separatist I was unaware of the depth and richness of this self-definition. I only knew that I hated men and wanted to be rid of them in the most complete sense possible. I knew that other Separatists also wanted the same and sought this goal despite community antagonism and social reproach.

The first thing I learned as a Lesbian Separatist was that it was not considered the acceptable politic within the feminist community. Now this baffled me then and continues to baffle me now. Why do they hate us so much? I think it has something to do with beating the messenger with the bad news. We point out what men do and the clear pattern of femicide, and women and Lesbians hate us for it, instead of hating the men. How can any Lesbian not be aware that all men are involved in an obvious plot for the destruction of women's bodies, souls, minds and hearts?

The next thing I learned was that Black Women were certainly not Lesbian Separatists because all Lesbian Separatists were the most racist of white women in the movement. Unfortunately, I believed and trusted the sources of this propaganda and consequently stayed away from Lesbian Separatist groups, fearing untold horrors and insensitivities. I remained isolated, a Lesbian Separatist among Lesbian Separatist haters, yet holding on to my politics defiantly. I did and do hate men and felt that directing my anger to its proper source was most healing. I didn't want to include men in my personal life and basically found their energy either draining or just plain boring.

I knew other Lesbian Separatists, but only individually. All of the Black Lesbian Separatists (about four) I knew were just as isolated as myself. At one point, I tried organizing a group but it never got off of the ground. I think the fear of actually

seeing ourselves all together and acclaiming our strength was too intense. Then I met an African-American Lesbian Separatist who dismissed all of the propaganda she had heard. She joined a group, was the only Black Lesbian in the group, which later organized a gathering. She invited me to it, and because I trusted her judgement, I came.

I was a little frightened but basically open and excited. After all, Jamila would be there so there would at least be one person for me to relate to. As it turned out, there were three Black Lesbian Separatists there and we did talk to each other quite a bit. I found the gathering not only fun and informative but also inspiring. It was one of the few times in my life I have been among true peers. Instead of teaching I was being taught by some of the most experienced, politically sophisticated Lesbians I have ever met. The discussion was electric and I felt safe and at home in the setting.

Well, after the gathering I was invited to join the group (S.E.P.S. - Separatist Enraged, Proud and Strong). I joined eagerly. It has become the most important group in my life and I cherish sincerely our meetings. There is not only support, but also much information sharing and many political raps. We share food, humor, tragedies, and personal accomplishments.

Right now we are creating a Lesbian Separatist journal. We will be examining present, past and future theories about Lesbian Separatism and how our reality is defined. We will be discussing healing that comes from the release of anger towards its source of perpetuation. We will take current beliefs and actions and lay bare their hidden motives and agendas. In short, we are going to contribute to a redefinition of ourselves, Lesbian Separatism, and our community in general. We will show our diversity, beauty,

conflicts and connection through articles, poems, graphics and interviews.

There are four of us in S.E.P.S.: two African-Americans and two European Americans. This was Vivienne's story of how she came into S.E.P.S. We are presently looking to expand this core group with more Lesbian Separatists of Color who are deeply rooted in their ethnic cultures and who do not get white-skin privilege, so that Lesbian Separatists of Color will be a majority in S.E.P.S.

We are: Jamila A., (415) 821-7809; Linda Strega and Bev Jo, (415) 482-0635; and Vivienne Louise, (415) 548-6661 (answering service). We will send our biographical information to any interested Lesbian Separatist who sends a self-addressed, stamped envelope to: S.E.P.S., P.O. Box 11469, Oakland, CA 94611-1469.

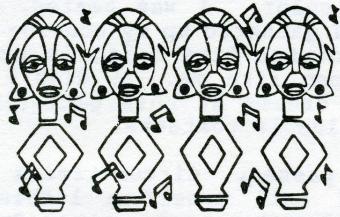
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We in the San Francisco-Bay Area are fortunate in that there are a number of talented Black women artists residing here. One such artist is Avotcja (pronounced Avacha).

Avotcja, who was raised in Spanish Harlem, is a forty-three year old poet/musician/vocalist. She has performed professionally since the age of fourteen. Along with the guitar, Avotcja uses a number of percussion instruments including the chereke (a hollowed-out gourd that has been varnished and strung with beads). Her musical background includes Boleros/Jazz/Calypso/Gospel/African/Blues/Salsa, as well as a mixture of Brazilian music. Avotcja has performed with Rasaan Roland Kirk, Sonida Afro-Latina, Casselberry-Dupree and Terry Garthwaite, among others.

Avotcja's poetry/music, which she does not see as separate art forms, speaks of her life experiences. The detrimental affects of dope and alcohol, callous social workers, ghetto street scenes as well as the joys of love and happiness, are all part of her personal message.

Besides holding down an almost fulltime job, making and selling cherekes, D.J.(ing) on a local radio station*, and performing around town, she has also found the time to write three books: L'a Voz Boricua, Oh Yeah and her newest, Pura Candela/Pure Fire, a book of poetry, short stories and photographs.

To be able to devote full time to the poetry-music, is her dream. But like most entertainers, the money made from performing is not enough to support her. She wishes that our society would value the arts more and realize that artists are as important to our survival as doctors and lawyers.

It was not until recently that women of color began attending her concerts. Avotcja feels that the reason for this turn of events is that some women of color are beginning to tire of the one-dimensional scenes offered by disco and white women's music. Her music differs in that it provides the listener a more inclusive musical program.

We invite our readers to attend one of her concerts. (See calendar listings for dates and places where she will be performing.)

*KPOO, 89.5 FM (Noon until 3:00 PM Fridays)

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by Avotcja

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PASSAGES

(Continued from p. 3)

Lee was rain on a hot summer day; sun on a cold winter night; fresh air in a stale environment. I loved our times together and I always looked forward to seeing her.

Lee and I went to every movie that came to town, we went to "happy hour", we went for midnight swims and we went for long walks in the woods. Of all the good times that we had together, my favorite was when we went to a medieval fair and rode on an elephant.

The elephant ride was a daring thing to do because it was rumored that the year before someone had fallen off of one of the elephants and had been trampled. Nonetheless, our quest for adventure spurred us on. Lee and I decided to go all out and ride on the elephant's neck--the only unprotected area. I was terrified, but Lee assured me that we would be safe. So, we climbed up the ladder to the neck. Lee mounted first and held on to the elephant's ears. After she was secured in her position, I mounted and held on to her. Then the elephant began to move--swaying from side to side in a sort of elegant, hypnotic fashion. I liked the feeling of holding tightly onto Lee and at the same time, feeling the side to side rubbing motion of the elephant's back on my crotch. I relaxed and let myself enjoy the ride. I began to feel a tingling sensation that radiated from my crotch to my toes, to my fingers. Involuntarily, I drew closer to Lee. She, probably thinking that I was afraid, nestled back into my legs and onto my breast. I could feel the warmth emanating from her body. I tried to hold onto that moment, the elephant's back rubbing me in a most provocative manner, me tingling all over, and Lee nestled close to my breast. All too soon, however, the ride and the moment were over.

It was clear to me that I was attracted to Lee. It was an attraction that grew from a special kind of friendship, and a special kind of love. Although she never said anything, I think that Lee loved me too.

It became more and more apparent that I was not expressing my true self. Obviously, a change had to be made.

The opportunity to change my life came in the form of a job transfer. I was offered a position in a branch of our lab that was located on the West Coast. I knew, from all that I had heard and read, that San Francisco was full of gays and lesbians. I felt it would be easier for me to express my true self in this environment. I accepted the position.

When I arrived in the Bay Area a sense of anxiousness enveloped me. I wanted to run right out and meet the woman of my dreams because I knew that the first Black woman that I met would be mine.

Six months later, I had dismissed many of the negative things that had been a part of my life but, I had not met anyone.

By sheer chance, I found out about a party for lesbians of color. I was scared, to put it mildly, but I gathered up my courage and went. I had a wonderful time being in the company of other women like me. I didn't meet the woman of my dreams at this gathering, but I made some valuable contacts.

...Time has passed. Circumstances have been such that I call myself a lesbian. Now, there are other journeys...other Passages to be made.

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 place.

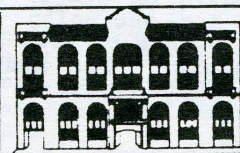
Mayrann Turner

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WORKSHOPS/CONFERENCES

FOCUS ON BLACK WOMEN, a Wash. D.C. - based organization will sponsor a two day conference on Oct. 6th and 7th to provide Black women the opportunity to come together for education and information sharing. Workshops, caucuses and panel discussions will be held on such topics as, single parenting, Black feminism, Self-employment and preparations for attending the International Women's Year Conference in Nairobi, Kenya. For more info about this conference and their other activities, contact Collette M. Hopkins or Ann Tsaubirangi Greene at (202) 462-9014 or write Focus on Black Women, P. O. Box 5724, Takoma Park, MD 20912.

COUNSELING/GROUPS

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

Plans are now being made to set up a support group for lesbians of color whose parents were alcoholic. The group will be held at the Pacific Center. Interested, contact Celinda at (415) 824-7723.

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

NOTICES

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.

Peer counselor training for lesbians and bisexual women begins in October at the Pacific Center. Meetings will be once weekly for 2½-3 hours for approx. 10 weeks. Focus of training will be developing basic counseling skills within a feminist therapy framework. If interested, contact Ann Strack, (415) 548-8283.

Drop-in Legal Clinic for women to get one-to-one legal advice in a supportive setting. Wednesdays 7-9:30 p.m., Community Women's Center, 6536 Telegraph, Oakland. Call ahead if possible. (415) 652-0612. \$3-5 donation requested.

ATTENTION ARTISTS/PHOTOGRAPHERS

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

JOB OPPORTUNITIES

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

PT Circulation Coordinator for PLEXUS, monthly women's newspaper. Record keeping, reports, staff supervision, sales outreach and subscription maintenance. \$5. hr. 60+ hour/mo. Send Resume by Oct. 12 to PLEXUS/Kelly, 545 Athol, Oakland, CA 94606.

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ONYX (BLN)
1442A Walnut St., #307
Berkeley, CA 94709
(415) 540-0671

DEADLINES FOR CLASSIFIED ADS, DISPLAY ADS, AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

Nov. 17th for the December/January issue;
Jan. 15th for the February/March 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.

Calendar

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.

Bay Area Black Lesbians and Gays (BAYBLAG) rap sessions, featured speakers and business meetings. 437 Webster St., S.F. (between Fell and Oak) 6:30 PM For info call Midgett at (415) 864-0876.

Thursdays

Midgett's Place, an alternative to the bars. Music, refreshments, games, massage, fireplace, etc. 160 Haight St., S.F. 7:00-12:00 midnight. RSVP (415) 864-0876.

SUNDAYS

Bay Area Black Lesbians and Gays (BAYBLAG) hold monthly potluck each third Sunday. 437 Webster St., S.F. (between Fell & Oak) 6:00-9:00 PM For more info call (415) 864-0876.

Sunday, October 7th

Avotcja, Janis Mirikitani-poet, John Santos-percussion/folklorist, Michael Mayo-poet, perform/read at Valencia Rose, 766 Valencia St., S.F. 8 PM \$4 For more info call (415) 863-3863.

The Linda Tillery Band, Bobby McFerrin and dancer Ed Moch perform at the Great American Music Hall, 859 O'Farrell St., S.F. in a benefit show for S.F. supervisorial candidate Pat Norman. 8 PM Tickets (\$8.50) are available at the GAMH (415) 885-0750 and all BASS outlets. Call (415) 621-1780 for details.

Saturday October 13th

Dalila Jasmin does BELLY DANCE "especially for women"; 8 PM, Mama Bear's 6536 Telegraph, Oakland, \$5. For info, call (415) 428-9684. For info about other dates in October, call (415) 654-9633.

Sunday October 14th

"Blowin" A Photo Exhibit of Women Musicians. Photographs by Helen L. Keller. Opening reception, 5:00-8:00 PM Brick Hut Cafe, 3222 Adeline St., Berkeley. For info, call (415) 653-7861. Exhibit runs through Nov. 14.

An all women's CHAMPAGNE BRUNCH for S.F. supervisorial candidate Pat Norman. At the Women's Inn, 3775 25th St., S.F. 10:30 AM-12:30PM \$10. For info, call (415) 285-4140.

Saturday October 27th

HALLOWEEN PARTY with Avotcja, Maria Cora - vocalist/percussion, Chabella Yrigoyen - vocalist/guitar, Susan Pampanin - multi-percussionist. Artemis Cafe, Valencia & 23rd St., S.F. 8:30 PM \$3 in costume, \$4 without. Everyone welcome - children under 10 free. For info, call (415) 821-0232.

Tuesday November 6th

REMEMBER TO VOTE!!

Friday November 9th

Dalila Jasmin does BELLY DANCE "especially for women", Artemis Cafe, Valencia & 23rd St., S.F. A full hour of dance, \$4-5 ss, 8 PM For info about this and other performances in November call (415) 654-9633. WA

GROUPS

Pacific Center Groups - see ad for address

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

TUESDAYS:
LESBIAN RAP GROUP
8:00-9:15 PM DROP-IN
LESBIANS WITH PHYSICAL DIFFERENCES
7:00-9:00 PM DROP-IN

WEDNESDAYS:
LESBIANS OF COLOR RAP GROUP
7:45-9:30 PM DROP-IN

THURSDAYS:
SLIGHTLY OLDER LESBIANS (SOL)
FOR WOMEN OVER 30 ONLY
7:30-9:30 PM DROP-IN

FRIDAYS:
UNDER 21 LESBIANS RAP GROUP
FOR YOUNG WOMEN ONLY
4:00-6:00 PM DROP-IN

SATURDAYS:
LESBIANS OVER FIFTY
2:30-4:00 PM DROP-IN

For information on these groups or any PC programs, call the switchboard at: (415) 841-6224.

THE PACIFIC CENTER

2712 Telegraph Ave • Berkeley • 841-6224

COUNSELING SERVICES
AND PROGRAMS
FOR LESBIANS/GAY MEN/
BISexual/TV/TS

Peer Counseling • Support Groups •
Switchboard • Third World Programs •
Speakers Bureau •
AIDS Support Services •

